

# THE WEEKLY UNION TIMES.

Devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Domestic Economy, Literature, Politics, and the Current News of the South.

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**LETTER FROM HON. D. WYATT AIKEN.**  
COKESBURY, S. C., April 9, 1877.  
Messrs. Hoyt & Co., Anderson, S. C.

**GENTLEMEN**—Your note of the 6th inst. was received Saturday afternoon, and as requested I reply at once.

You write me thus: Give us for publication your views as to President Hayes' Southern policy; whether it is proper that Democrats should seek or accept office at his hands, and what will probably be the result upon the destiny of the two National parties from this change in policy by the Republican party?

At present it is difficult to define President Hayes' Southern policy, but as the latter portion of your inquiry implies that, by consent of party, he will assume a conciliatory policy towards the South, I think we should unhesitatingly accept every Federal appointment proffered us. Our country does not belong to the Republican party, neither should any of these National appointments be construed to be partisan preferences. I imagine a United States District Attorney in the South nowhere finds Republican rather than Democratic laws to be administered, because, forsooth, he holds office by the will of a Republican President. Neither does a collector of the ports at the South recognize any thing peculiarly Republican, rather than Democratic, in his revenue collections because a Republican guards the threshold of our National treasury. For the same reason I can see no partisanship in the office of post master, or mail agent, or any other strictly National appointment.

If in accepting an appointment a Southerner (Dem.) were required to compromise in any way his political creed, of course he should reject the proffered position. For this reason I regretted to see a Southern man, regarded as a Southern Democrat, go into the Cabinet. Not that he would compromise the South, but because he would of necessity be a mere figure-head, or become identified with the administration in party feelings. The Cabinet are the President's counsellors, and should be in sympathy with him in all his political views. His Southern appointees are agents paid for doing service to our common country, unbiased by party exactions, and in the case of Democratic appointees unswerving by party affiliation.

I believe President Hayes received his office through fraud, but I am far from believing that he is himself a fraud. And what effect his policy (which seems to foreshadow that of the wrong man in the right place) may have upon the two National parties, I am unable to foresee. Should it shatter both of them through the North, it would be a God-send to the South. We are under no obligations to either of them.

It is a very corrupt and anti-Southern to the core. True, we have hosts of friends at the North, but we have more enemies, and as many of either can be found among the Democrats as among the Republicans. None of them believe that we have accepted in good faith the Amendments to the Constitution, and they have a mistrust as to our loyalty to the Union, which can never be obliterated but by time.

I have ever found more congeniality amongst Northern Republicans than with Northern Democrats, and I believe an average representative of the Republican party North is more nearly akin in feelings, sentiment and thought to a Southern Democrat than a similar representative Northern Democrat. Carpet-baggers, scallawags and negro politicians belong to neither party by any kind of political right. They are mere barnacles that have befouled the Republican party. Once rubbed off, they will sink in the slough of contempt, to be forgotten, but not forgiven.

No honest man, unless totally ignorant (as most Northern men are) of Southern affairs, can for a moment believe that, upon principle, Mr. Hayes can maintain himself in office and recognize the Nicholls government in Louisiana. The very same fraud that placed him in the Presidential chair would install Packard Governor. And yet we know that the very political existence of that State depends upon the installation of General Nicholls as Governor. Sooner or later Mr. Hayes must see this, and must inevitably recognize the Nicholls government. When this is done, the South will be a political unit. If, then, the Southern States so legislate as to convince the colored population that the laws recognize no distinction on account of color or race, there will, in my judgment, be a political revolution throughout the North in less than four years as potent for good to the South as was that between 1861 and 1865 for evil to our distressed country.

Not that there will be war again—far from it; for the recent presidential election proved that Northern Democrats will not fight Northern Republicans, however willing either party might be to fight Southerners. But in that event parties at the North will be so divided, and so clamorous for Southern patronage, that the South need only stand firm and united, and she will hold a balance of power that will be effective in restoring this Government to its wonted purity, and the people to prosperity.

can or peculiarly Democratic in the platform of either party North to-day. But establish confidence between the races at the South, and at once a platform of principles will be promulgated by parties North, bidding for Southern co-operation, and we will then have the privilege of choosing the lesser evil, for I have no idea that during this generation any National party North will consent to a platform entirely acceptable to the South.

Trusting that I have been at least sufficiently explicit to show you exactly my position upon the inquiries you propounded, I am, gentlemen, with much esteem,  
Your obedient servant,  
D. WYATT AIKEN.

## ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—The following important circular letter has been addressed to the United States District Attorneys by the Attorney-General to be sent on Monday:

Sir: As I enter upon my official duties I find that the appropriation for the expenses of the United States Courts for this fiscal year is rapidly approaching exhaustion, and that Congress denied all the applications that were made by my predecessor for an increased sum to bear these expenses, the duty is thus forced upon the officers of this Department to retrench all possible expenses.

To a great extent the attorneys of the United States are responsible for the expenses incurred, and naturally the call is made upon them to stop all expenses that can with propriety be stopped. I urge upon you the exercise of extreme caution and economy. There is nearly a full quarter of the fiscal year still to run, during which time expenses must be kept to a minimum point. I hope to have your hearty co-operation in the work. Your discretion and economy will be shown in the subpoenaing of those witnesses only who are important and necessary to a case; in holding them only so long as they are needed; in setting for trial none but important cases; those which the course of justice and the interests of Government absolutely require to be tried; in dismissing, by advice of the court, the petit juries at an early day, and in urging upon the grand juries but a short session; select very few cases for trial, those only best supported by evidence, and in which all legal questions are likely to arise; the other cases should be allowed to lie over, the parties not being discharged.

As far as lies in your power the trials before the United States Commissioners must be watched and their expenses curtailed. It were well if all such trials were stopped for the remainder of the fiscal year, and all cases pending postponed.

In every possible way economy must be enforced upon the officials. I call your attention to the circular issued on this head by my predecessor, and reiterating their injunctions. I add that no money will be furnished to the marshals to conduct the business of the courts beyond the amounts of which they were advised a month ago. Knowing this you will be forewarned in ample time to avoid the contracting of expenses that cannot be paid.

CHARLES DEVENS,  
Attorney General.

## HAMPTON'S PHOTOGRAPH.

Hampton, like the great Lee, is remarkable for the strength and perfect symmetry of his form, morally and physically.

His speech, without ornament or effort, is exactly his thought. So simple and so truthful, that the honest man reads it as a child reads the smile of his mother. The man speaks, the whole man, heart, soul and mind speaks—speaks the truth, nothing but the truth, and nobody doubts it. That is Hampton's photograph, and that was Washington. Perhaps no single natural gift of Washington, or Lee, or Hampton can be properly called transcendent; but the symmetry of the whole man—the simple beauty and power of the perfect proportions combined, is what constitutes this type of man. Like the greatest inventions in machinery, it is so simple that every man understands it as soon as he sees it, and wonders he hadn't discovered it long ago! That is Hampton! He talks just like any common man, in a plain way, without any fancy flights, and so true to the common apprehension, that the audience say "of course, but why didn't we see it in that light long ago?"

It has ever been so with the greatest men of the ages. It is the power of truth which distinguishes the great man from the charlatan. Good, hard, common, horse sense, and undaunted courage in thought, word and action—in the discovery of truth in the utterance of the truth, and in the execution of his purposes according to truth—distinguishes Wade Hampton from his opponents in this great crisis.

Read his speech! So simple that a child can understand it; so courteous that the President must feel its power; so kind and just, that the colored man accepts it; so true that the arch fiend himself can neither deny or resist it; so plain and practicable that the young men of the country will bow in acquiescence to its wise counsel.—Greenville News.

**RIDICULE.**—Remember that the talent of turning people to ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day as ever.

Col. Richard Rankin, of Gaston County, N. C., felled a water oak on his place, on Stanley Creek, from which he made 6,500 shingles, 150 rails, 50 loads of wood, and there still remains about twenty feet of the huge trunk lying where it fell. The stump measured four feet nine inches in diameter, and the "rings" marked about 160 years' growth.

## TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST.

DETAILS OF A FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION.

St. Louis, April 11.—The Southern Hotel was burned at 2 o'clock this morning. Appalling loss of life, which was at first supposed to be 200, but is now reduced to 50. Many were killed jumping from the third, fourth and fifth story windows. Kate Claxton, the actress, who so narrowly escaped from the Brooklyn horror, broke both legs jumping from the third story. The fire originated in the upper stories. The windows in the upper stories were crowded with shrieking men and women, whom it seemed impossible to save. A few were rescued by ladders placed on Fourth street portico, but on the other three sides of the building, bounded by Fifth, Walnut and Elm streets, the fire raged furiously.

Mr. Peter Blows, son of the former Minister to Brazil, was sleeping in his room on the sixth floor, and succeeded, after strenuous exertions, in escaping with his life and a broken arm.—The building was six stories in height, and Mr. Blow thinks that the majority of inmates of the two upper stories of the building must have perished. Two men were recognized were killed by jumping from the third story windows, and a third one was badly mangled. Five women were rescued from the sixth story on the Fourth street side by the heroic efforts of firemen, who, after ascending the patent ladders, succeeded in getting a rope to the half suffocated creatures.

It is supposed from forty to fifty were burned to death directly, or first suffocated. The fire originated in the store room in the basement. It first came through the ground floor, north of the office, ascended the elevators and rotunda and spread over the sixth story, occupied by employees, mostly women. The smoke was so dense in some of the halls that the gas jets were extinguished, which rendered access, even to those most familiar with the building, a matter of great difficulty. The density of the smoke in the halls drove many guests and boarders back in their rooms, and they rushed to windows as a means of escape.

Ladders were raised as soon as possible, and the women and children, with nothing but their night clothes on, were taken from the burning building. Some, fainting from fright, and others sank exhausted to the ground from nervous prostration. The ladders generally were too short to reach to the fifth and sixth stories, but by hoisting some of them on the one-story balcony on the east side and the two-story balcony on the north side of the building, these floors were reached, and all those at the windows were rescued. The Skinner fire escape was also used, and saved many lives. While this work was going on, some frightful scenes occurred. One man who had been occupying a window on Walnut street, in front of the hotel, becoming desperate at seeing the delay in effecting his escape, with nervous hands he tore down from his bed into stirrups, tied them together fastening this improvised rope to the window sill, and disregarding the fact that it did not reach more than twenty feet, he let himself down hand over hand. Those below, who saw his position, turned away their faces to avoid witnessing the sickening event that was inevitable. Finally he reached the end of the rope, and then, for the first time, he seemed to realize his position. He stopped, threw his head back, revealing a ghastly face, and swung slowly to and fro, swayed by the breeze which the roaring flames above created. His limbs swung around convulsively, as though to catch upon something; then he let go, and groans went up from hundreds as he whirled round and round and finally struck on the stone flagging with a sickening thud. He was carried to a saloon across the street and died in a few minutes. Two other men jumped from the fourth story window—one of whom seemed not to be dangerously hurt.

**LATER.**—The fire engines are still playing on the fire. A force has been organized to search for the dead bodies, and several bodies have been taken from the ruins in a more or less burned condition, but have not yet been identified. Also, several dead bodies are at the morgue awaiting identification. Mrs. Moran, a servant, was killed by jumping from a window. George Frank Goudy, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Free Masons of Missouri, is supposed to have perished. Six persons, whose names are unknown, were killed, either by jumping from the windows or were suffocated by smoke, and dragged out of the burning building. It is difficult to procure the names of the dead, but it is hoped a complete, or nearly complete, list will be obtained this afternoon. Sidmore Hayden, superintendent of the American Express stables, is among the killed; also Henry Hazen, deputy auditor of the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company. An Englishman named Adams, said to be a commissioner of education, was identified at the morgue.

A woman at a fifth story window on Fifth street front became panic stricken, jumped out, alighted on her feet, was carried to St. James Hotel, and is still alive. Her husband, who had been standing by her side, then descended by a rope made of bedding. A man named J. E. Wilson jumped from a fourth story window and was killed. Andrew Bosman and Mrs. Scott met their deaths the same way. The mortality among the female help of the hotel was great. There were 200 of them, all of whom were lodged in the upper story of the building. The panic among them was perfectly terrible. A number jumped from the upper window on Elm street, on the rear side of the house. Kate Claxton, the actress, had another escape, but was injured. Among the known saved was H. Kretz, of Texas. Dr. Goriact, the German Consul, jumped from a window and broke a leg. His wife was unhurt. Chas. Teenan lost his life while attempting to

save others. Philip Gerald, a boarder at the hotel, was brought out alive, but entirely devoid of reason. At a quarter-past 2, or about half an hour after the fire was discovered, the entire roof was ablaze, and the flames were rapidly descending to the lower stories. A half hour later the floors and interior walls began to fall. The roof fell in. There is now nothing left of one of the finest hotels in the country, except the Walnut street front and parts of Fourth and Fifth street faces. Loss on the building and contents from \$75,000 to \$100,000; insurance unknown.

**THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.**  
O'Leary's Victory—500 Miles in 144 Hours—The Western Champion Wins.

The great walking match between Edward Payson Weston of New York and Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, ended at Agricultural Hall at 12 o'clock tonight. The pedestrians started last Sunday at midnight to walk six days (144 hours) for a wager of £2,000, or \$10,000 gold.—Owing to the backers of the men being prominent noblemen, great interest was manifested in the affair, and thousands of pounds have been wagered by all classes on the result.

At the start Weston was the favorite at 5 to 1, but after the first 48 hours walking, the odds fell slightly, O'Leary having obtained a lead of 15 miles. In the first 48 hours Weston covered 179 miles, seven miles more than in his contest with O'Leary in America, and O'Leary covered 196 miles, beating his record in America by six miles. On Wednesday O'Leary covered 98 miles and Weston 96. In 72 hours Weston had walked 32 miles further than he did in his contest in America, while O'Leary had beaten his previous performance by 23 miles. On Thursday, the terrific pace O'Leary had kept, told against him, and he was advanced on Weston. Odds of 100 to 70 pounds being offered in his favor. O'Leary now began to complain of dizziness and finally left the track for several hours.

Thus encouraged Weston increased his pace and was soon on even terms with a decided lead and was several miles ahead.—After the first 84 hours walking, Weston was eight miles ahead, but O'Leary, who had recovered, started in and did such fast walking that he was greeted with tremendous cheers. On the fourth day Weston covered 98 miles to 76 for O'Leary; in the 96 hours O'Leary had completed 370 miles and Weston 373. Weston had beaten his record with O'Leary in America by 69 miles, while O'Leary had beaten his own record by 20 miles.

The brilliant records of both men and the interest of the spectators in the great contest, had attracted an immense multitude to Agricultural Hall, and encouraged by the presence of the multitude of spectators, O'Leary exerted himself to cut down Weston's lead, and by Friday morning had accomplished a total of 410 miles, Weston being then 17 miles behind, having stopped to rest at 390 miles. All day yesterday the rush into Agricultural Hall was tremendous. O'Leary still kept ahead, receiving the encouraging plaudits of the assembled crowd. At 5 P. M. Friday the score stood, O'Leary 427 miles, Weston 411 miles.

The betting was now even. Both men kept up a terrific pace, though Weston took longer rests than his opponent. Weston only accomplished 66 miles Friday, making his total for the five days 439 miles, beating his five days American record 39 miles.—O'Leary covered 83 miles, giving him a total of 453 miles, and beating his record for five days in America by 33 miles. To-day the hall was packed with a surging throng and cheering was incessant. Both contestants struggled gamely, and Weston spurred frequently to overcome his opponent's advantage. O'Leary's backers were jubilant and offered long odds on him, with no takers. At 1 o'clock, O'Leary had accomplished 492 miles, and Weston 477 miles. During the afternoon Weston rested two hours and a half and was almost exhausted. At 3 P. M., O'Leary completed 500 miles, and was then 23 miles ahead of Weston.—The announcement of the completion of the five hundred mile was greeted with deafening cheers, and it was almost impossible to restrain the excited crowd from rushing on the track to greet and congratulate the plucky pedestrian. This is the fastest walking on record.

**A LINE TO BUSINESS MEN.**—Don't wait for business to wake up, but wake it up. Don't sit down to wait for business, business will sit down to wait for you.

Don't wait for brisk times to advertise, for then you will not need the help of advertising.

Don't think your last year's advertising sufficient, for your customers may conclude you expired with the old year.

Don't become disgusted with business or business may become disgusted with you.

Don't think because you know where you do business, and what you keep to sell, that all the world knows it as well.

Don't go out to see what your advertising neighbor is doing, for if you do you may conclude to spend a little money in advertising yourself.

Don't advertise, for if you do you might have to employ another clerk, and that would be an additional expense and an injury to the community.

Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge, who was thought to be antagonistic to his client, intimated his dissent from the arguments advanced by a shake of his head. "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head. Persons unacquainted with his lordship would be apt to think this implied a difference of opinion; but be assured, gentlemen, this is not the case. When you know his lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there really is nothing in it."

**TIME TO ME.**  
Time to me this truth hath taught,  
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;  
More offend from want of thought,  
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,  
There's a time we should convey it;  
If we've but a word to say,  
There's a time in which to say it!

Many a beautiful flower decays,  
Though we tend it o'er so much;  
Something secret on its rays,  
Which no human aid can touch!

So, in many a loving breast,  
Lies some canker-grief concealed,  
That, if touch'd is more oppressed,  
Left unto itself—is healed.

Oh, unknowingly, the tongue  
Says a word, or doth a wrong,  
Pains the heart almost to breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,  
Many a fault of human blindness,  
Had been soothed, or turned aside,  
By a quiet voice of kindness!

Time to me this truth hath taught,  
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;  
More offend from want of thought,  
Than from any want of feeling.

**A VICIOUS FISH.**—Right whales frequently find their way into the Bay of Fundy, and are there captured. The bay is also a favorite resort for the thrasher and the swordfish. I have heard old coasters say that they had seen thrashers forty-five and fifty feet long, moving with great velocity on the surface of the water, their heads raised ten and twelve feet above. Bay of Fundy fishermen, in speaking of them, say they are the greatest of sea villains. Twenty odd years ago one of these sea monsters got caught on a sandbar, where he was left by the rapid falling of the tide in the Cumberland branch of the Bay of Fundy, and was killed by the people on shore after an exciting struggle. He measured forty-six feet in length. As Capt. Nemo says, the head is flat and serpent-like, the eyes almost red, with ugly white circles over them. Indeed, nothing could be more repulsive than the head of this sea monster. The only other sea villain they are known to fraternize with is the swordfish. Both are well known to old coasters and fishermen as the deadly enemy of the whale; and it is the common belief that they hunt in couples, and on finding the whale make immediate war, the swordfish attacking beneath and the thrasher on top.

The common belief is that the thrasher has a huge weapon, very like a sledge hammer, protruding from his mouth, with which he administers on the whale's back those terrible blows you can hear ten or twelve miles off. The thrasher and swordfish were overlooking the Bay of Fundy, and witnessed three of these terrible battles between a whale and his enemies, the swordfish and the thrasher. The swordfish did his deadly work underneath, while, as Capt. Nemo says, the thrasher coiled himself half over the whale, and applied the blows with his ponderous tail. In the distance, however, the thrasher seems to raise and let his weapon fall very much as a blacksmith's helper handles his sledge. You could see the weapon rise and fall; you could hear the blows distinctly, although the distance was believed to be not less than ten miles from shore, and you could also hear the whale bellow and see him blow. On one of these occasions the terrible contest lasted nearly three hours, the water in the vicinity being red with blood. About every fifteen or twenty minutes the whale would disappear in an attempt to escape from his enemies; but they would quickly pursue him and force him to the surface, where the combat would be renewed.

These two sea villains, the swordfish and thrasher, invariably kill the whale when they get him into close quarters; and as soon as the combat ceases, which can be clearly seen by the whale's body floating, motionless, the thrasher will proceed to clear water, where, raising his serpent-like head in triumph, ten, twelve and fifteen feet above the surface, he will continue for fifteen and sometimes twenty minutes lashing the sea into a foam.

**MAGPIES.**—A magpie was in the habit of hiding bits of food, not immediately wanted, in some long grass at the bottom of a row of iron hurdles. This hoard was discovered, and often robbed, by a favorite terrier. One morning Mag was observed in great excitement, hopping and chattering incessantly, rapidly repeating every word in his vocabulary at the dog, who was busily engaged in rifling the storehouse. In his search, however, he passed over a tuft of grass in which a piece of beef was concealed; Mag was at the spot in an instant, drew forth the treasure, and securely fixed it on the highest bar of the hurdles, far above the dog's reach. He then, at a little distance, began plucking his feathers, chattering to himself with a very self-satisfied air, and occasionally hopping back to take another look at his recovered meat, evidently priding himself in his skill. The conduct of this magpie is quite in keeping with the old adage of "Set a thief to catch a thief." His pilfering habits are notorious. He is also a sad poacher. Not only the eggs but the young of pheasants, partridges, and other game, are destroyed by the magpie; nor are the unfledged chickens or ducklings of the farmyard safe from his mischievous attacks. In captivity he is very amusing, and notwithstanding his thieving propensities, no one can contemplate his dark, arch eye, his inquisitiveness, his familiarity, and hear his efforts at mimicry, without interest. That he is not wholly devoid of grateful feeling the following anecdote shows: A favorite magpie had been accustomed to receive daily bits from the mouth of its mistress. One day it perched as usual upon her shoulder, and inserted its beak between her lips, not as it proved, to receive, but (as one good turn deserves another) the grateful bird dropped an immense green fat caterpillar into the lady's mouth.—Leisure Hours.

## A PACING RACE.

From 1830 to about 1848 there used to trade in stock to South Carolina a Kentuckian named Wm. Myers, commonly, and by himself, called Bill Myers. During the last years of his trading he made Abbeville one of his points. He was a jolly and rollicking fellow, and besides those looking to his coming for a fine horse or a pair of them, his arrival was hailed with joy by the 'boys,' for he was 'one of them,' although in his last visits he had reached over his fifty birthdays by several. He was full of jokes and stories, telling them well and without, at all times, special regard to truth; so that he secured the title and answered to it of 'lying Bill Myers.' He used to tell his first introduction

to the truth of the statements. His first visit was in 1830 during the height and excitement of nullification. He was at home a Henry Clay Whig, but in South Carolina abroad he was like St. Paul—all things to all men to advance his cause (to wit, selling fine stock.) He supposed from his reading that South Carolinians were all Nullifiers and he came down to be a season one of them. He crossed over the Soluta Gap and his first stoppage was at Hodges, where he found a crowd, and raising his hat he sang out, 'hurra for Nullification, and the first he knew a huge fellow bawled 'hooray, for Ben Perry and the Union,' and struck him. He got out by 'explaining' from a severe thrashing. He concluded he had got the wrong end of the story, and prepared to correct himself at once. Going down into Laurens he came upon a cross-roads store and grocery where he found a crowd assembled, and alighting and walking in to the 'wet' and he shouted raising his hat: 'hurra for Henry Clay and the Union,' which brought in front of him a flinty little fellow muttering between his teeth, 'whee-ray for Jim Yarby and nullification and dang your buttons,' and gave him a dig under the short ribs. Quite astonished again he asked leave to make an explanation, which was that he 'was a Nullifier all over,' and which he confirmed by a treat to all such. After these two lessons he never developed his political status until he had sounded the locality and then he fell in with the majority, looking well always to his personal safety.

Myers dealt only in the finest stock and his customers were the aristocracy who always had opinions. He always had fine pacers and trotters, and to introduce them he was neither averse nor afraid to stake a little on them. About 1843 he brought with others a pacer for which he asked \$300 (and I think sold him for that to John Campbell Martin) and challenged with him for a fifty yard race. The challenge was accepted for fifty yards by two nabobs and patrons of the 'short turf' from upper Trickeen, one of was Eli Jenkins Davis, a prince of that realm, with the privilege of substituting a pacer with two legs and two arms, a huge fellow with bare feet and copers breeches, named George Washington Scoggins, present. The gallant Kentuckian 'did' want a safer bet. The stake was \$25 on each side and would have been any higher amount the Trickeenites could have borrowed.—They piled all they had or could get. The ground was measured in the flat on the Anderson road above Judge Wardlaw's. At the signal Scoggins struck on his hands from a leap ten feet in front, threw out his legs (frog fashion) and gave a squall from which Myers's charger, ridden by himself, ran back, and before spurs could bring him again to the starting point the stakes were won by the man-pacer passing out. The Kentuckian threw up his hat declaring he had never won a race that afforded him half the satisfaction as losing that, and asked leave to add to it a gallon of peach brandy. He said Abbeville was renowned for her Calhoun and other great men, and now he could add his personal testimony to its justice and truth.

It was said by him that he hired Scoggins, and took him to Edgefield and won back with him double his loss in Abbeville.—Abbeville Press and Banner.

**HAD A RIGHT TO LAUGH.**—There is a legend affirming that one day nearly a hundred years ago, the snow was seven feet deep on the streets of Detroit. On that day not a woman was seen down town, but next day, when the snow had settled a foot or so, they were abroad as usual. They were out wading through the slush and jumping the pools, and one of them fell "kersplash!" as she passed the soldiers' monument. A man standing thirty feet away began laughing uproariously. He got red in the face, tears came to his eyes, and his hat fell off as he laughed and cried out:

"Went right down like a bag of sand—slush a foot deep—starched up to kill—never saw anybody look so cheap—oh ho! ho! ho!"

"You are no gentleman, sir!" remarked a man who had witnessed the mishap.

"Can't help that—ha! ha! ha! ho!" laughed the other, bonding almost double.

"You haven't the first instincts of a gentleman, sir," continued the other, growing very mad.

"I know it, but ho! ho! ho! screamed the other. "I know just how she felt as she went down carrying all that style, and I—ha! ha! ha!"

"I don't see anything so very funny in it," growled the other. "No, you don't, but I—!" And he hung to the lamp-post and laughed till his legs weakened. When he had recovered his breath he explained to the crowd: "It was my wife, you see.—She probably wanted a pair of shoe strings or two cents' worth of silk twist, and it took her three hours to curl and twist, and powder and to fix up to come down here and wade around. Then to fall flat with all her best duds on, and to be helped up by a rag-buyer, and to hear the boys yell out, why, it just takes all the—ho! ho! ho! muscle right in! ha! bout of me."