

**Murder of James S. Ledford.**  
Thursday morning news came to this place that Mr. James S. Ledford, until recently a resident of this place, had been foully murdered by a band of desperadoes on Tuesday afternoon, at Landrum Station, in South Carolina, three miles below the Block House, on the Spartanburg & Asheville Railroad. An excursion party left Spartanburg on the day mentioned and run up to Landrum, where there was a sale of town lots. Among the excursionists was Ledford, who informed his friends here by letter that he was going there to buy a lot. Messrs. C. W. Duncan and Col. Jones, two young men of this place who were temporarily stopping in Spartanburg, accompanied Ledford. Shortly after the arrival of the train at its destination, Ledford approached his friends and said:  
"Boys, yonder is Weaver, a man I arrested about three weeks ago for violation of the Revenue laws. He sent me word that if he ever saw me, he would kill me."  
Soon after this conversation Weaver stepped up in front of Ledford and said: "I suppose you are the Revenue man that shot at me?"—Ledford replied, "I'm the boy that done it."—"Well," said Weaver, "do you want to try it over? If you do I'm ready for you. Had you any authority?" Ledford replied, "yes; and if I had the same authority I would do just what I did; but I have no authority now and want no difficulty." Weaver then walked off but in a short time returned, and said: "I believe you are the damned Revenue that shot at me? and any time you get ready, I'm ready for you. If you are ready, just step your distance, and I'll try you."  
Ledford repeated that he wanted no trouble and again left him. This occurred shortly after the arrival of the train—about 11 o'clock a. m. Throughout the day and up to the time of the homicide, the associates of Weaver tried to get Ledford off, on the pretense of wishing to take friendly drink with him; but Ledford, believing their object to be his assassination, declined to go.  
Thus matters stood till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, the hour for the departure of the train. All the passengers were aboard, and among them Ledford, who was sitting on an improvised seat on a flat car. Weaver and his gang collected around the car, and after cursing Ledford and defying him to come down, Weaver said: "You damned cowardly dog. Boys, pull him down." At this bidding a desperado named Casey seized Ledford by the arm, and jerked him down. Then ensued a struggle between the two, in which Ledford threw Casey. While leaning over him, he was beaten over the head with sticks and pistols, and finally pulled off his antagonist. Before he could regain his feet, he was fired upon by both Weaver and Casey. One of the balls entered behind his left shoulder blade and lodged in his lung; the other carried off the second finger of his right hand. While in this condition the father of Casey—a man 70 or 75 years of age—ran up and stabbed him three times in the back. Ledford exclaimed: "Oh Lord! I'm dead." The murderers then desisted, and commenced to flee. Sheriff Thompson ordered those present to arrest them, and two or three followed Weaver, but were intercepted, and warned that if they continued the pursuit, they would do it at their peril.  
Ledford was carried to a box-car where everything was done to relieve his sufferings. He survived only about three-quarters of an hour, but was conscious of his condition during that time. He conversed with those around him. Among his last expressions were: "I always thought I was to die this way. I knew I would be killed." He requested Mr. Carpenter, a merchant of Spartanburg, to secure his pocket-book and watch and send them to his father; and to send for his brother Andrew, who was then at Cross-Anchor, in South Carolina, about 25 miles from Landrum. The body of the unfortunate man was taken to Spartanburg and placed in a metallic coffin. Wednesday about 11 o'clock Andrew Ledford, Charles Duncan and Calvin Jones left that town with the remains, arriving here about daylight on Friday, and he was buried the same day in the grave-yard at Jarrett's meeting-house, about three miles from here, and not far from the residence of his father. His mother is interred in the same place.  
The deceased was deputy sheriff of this county under J. M. Young, and marshal of the town in the year 1875. In these capacities he led a stormy life, as it brought him in contact with some of the worst elements of our society. In the discharge of his duties he always exhibited a remarkable degree of intrepidity and firmness. He was about 26 years old.—*Asheville Pioneer.*

**War Gossp.**  
THE WATCH ON THE DANUBE.  
LONDON, June 12.—A dispatch from Erzeroum reports that the Turks have assumed the offensive. Moukhtar Pasha detached a flying column to attack the Russians at Olti. The Russians, fearing an attack, have retired to Penyah.—Moukhtar Pasha holds possession of the roads from Olti to Delibaha, a town forty-eight miles southeast of Erzeroum.  
The Grand Duke Michael, commanding the Russian army, accompanied by a portion of his staff, is personally reconnoitering the environs of Kars, which still holds out against the Russians, notwithstanding the severe freezing weather. The town is closely invested and an attempt will probably be made to take the place by storm. Heavy firing was reported yesterday in the neighborhood of Livana.  
LONDON, June 13.—A special despatch from Vienna says the Turkish detachment which has entered the Russian district of Achaich is threatening Russian communication with Ardahan. Now, should the Turkish command succeed the task of victualing the Russian armies will be very difficult.  
*Nova Free Press.* Vienna, has a special despatch from Erzeroum, which says that on the approach of the three flying columns sent by Moukhtar Pasha against the Russian right wing, the Russians not only evacuated Olti, but Pennek, at the foot of the pass over Kanly Range, leading to Ardahan. Both Olti and Pennek were recaptured by the Turks, who also went in pursuit of the Russians.  
The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, speaking of the well-confirmed reports of the Fabian tactics on the part of the Russians in Asia, says if the Russians really retired beyond Pennek without resistance, this would seem to show there was only a small force there, and that the bulk of the Russian column is still on the Ardahan side of the Kanly range. Possibly, after all, the Russians, before advancing on Erzeroum, will make an effort to bombard and reduce Kars, so as to leave their rear quite free.

ANOTHER USE OF COTTON SEED.—A Florida paper mentions a new use to which cotton seed has recently been put, that is of no little importance. It is in the shape of a non-heat-conducting cover for steam boilers, and is described thus: "It is the cortical part of the seed with the little fuzz attached that is used. A layer of these cotton seed hulls is put around the boiler with the aid of slats, and then the whole is covered with a layer of plastering. With twenty-five pounds of steam on, the surface of the casing was barely warm; and we are assured that both in the engine and fire rooms the temperature had been greatly reduced, so as to be much less oppressive, since the casing was put on. This seems to be something entirely new, and though in the present instance it is highly satisfactory, the party who tried it thinks he can suggest some improvement so as to render the non-conducting of heat still more perfect."

**The Weekly Union Times.**  
R. M. STOKES, Editor.  
UNION, FRIDAY JUNE 22, 1877.  
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
1 Copy, one year, IN ADVANCE, \$2.00  
2 Copies one year, " " 3.50  
10 " " " " " 10.00  
ADVERTISING.  
One square or one inch, first insertion, - - - 1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, - - - .75  
Liberal discount made to merchants and others advertising for six months or by the year.  
Obituary Notices of ten lines or less, inserted free.  
Over ten lines, charged as Advertisements.

A head of wheat was plucked from a field belonging to Col. Davidson, on Thickety Creek, which contained 109 grains. It had six grains to the mesh.  
The rainy spell wound up with a heavy thunder storm last Monday. We are informed that it did much damage to the bottom lands on Fair Forest, and blew down the wheat in many places in that region.  
The good reports of the wheat crop continue to come from all quarters of this and adjoining Counties. If the present clear weather continues a few days the largest crop of wheat ever grown in the upper County of South Carolina will be safely harvested.

The kind words of the *Charleston News and Courier*, in behalf of the *Union Times*, is highly appreciated. Coming as they did from a paper acknowledged to be one of the best conducted journals in the South, the value of the compliment is greatly enhanced.  
"MY MOTHER'S DAUGHTER."—"My Mother's Daughter," an intensely interesting story from the pen of Mrs. Ophelia Reid, of Eatonton, Ga., will be commenced in the *Savannah Weekly News* of June 20th, 1877. The price of the *Weekly News* is only \$1.00 for six months, or \$2.00 per year, postage paid.

Our sweet little friend, Miss Tallula Gregory, is entitled to our thanks for a bucket of delicious plums. They were greatly enjoyed by "we, us and family," and we feel thankful that we are not forgotten by the "young folks at home." We wish all our friends were as anxious to "plum(b) the mark" with the Editor, as Tallula is.  
Lest some of our citizens should overlook or forget that the neglect or refuse to pay the poll tax is now a penal offence, we remind them that a tax of \$1 is levied upon all male citizens—with the usual exceptions—between the age of 21 and 60, and a fine of \$5 or imprisonment for 30 days is the penalty for not paying it.

We regret to state that Mr. Phillip Dunn met with a serious accident some days ago which came very near being fatal. He was walking in the road, leading a mule, with the reins hanging on his arm, when the animal suddenly became frightened, knocked him down and tramped on his breast and side. For some days Mr. Dunn lay in a very critical condition, but we are pleased to say he is now fast recovering.—It would have killed a man of ordinary physical strength.

We are compelled to omit two communications from much respected friends. We are not in the habit of publishing praises and commendations of our own efforts and the paper over which we have control. This may be a fault in us, but we cannot overcome our repugnance to such apparent self-laudation. One of our correspondents has a perfect right to be heard through our columns, because, six years ago he paid in advance for ten years subscription to the *Times*. Both communications shall appear next week.

The papers throughout the State report generous and welcome rains during the first three days of last week. The crops have generally recovered from the drought and begin to look promising; but all reports state that the crops are from three weeks to a month later than last year. An early Fall would, consequently, materially shorten the Cotton crop. From almost every county we learn that the wheat crop is very fine. In this County it never was better, but there is danger that the eight days rain has done it some damage.

We have been requested to publish gratis, long communications from State officials to County officers, upon matters of importance to the people, which we have declined to do, upon the business ground that we find the same communications appear in the daily papers of Columbia and Charleston as regular advertisements. We can no better afford to do such work for nothing than our city contemporaries. And further, if those State officials wish their communications to reach the people living off the lines of railroads they will, undoubtedly, request the Country papers to publish them.

Whenever an Editor reports any production or occurrence beyond the usual standard, he is at once accused of lying. Such was the accusation by many of our readers against us when they read our report of Dr Fowler's wheat with seven grains in a mesh; but what will those doubting Thomases say when we tell them that a very reliable gentleman informed us last Monday that a head of wheat had been found in a field belonging to Mr. J. C. Spears, on Thickety, with nine grains to the mesh?

Upon hearing the latter, we confess that we felt somewhat like the man who heard a fellow tell two marvelous stories about his dog. The last story was so very doubtful that he exclaimed, "d—d if I don't doubt the other now."  
Heretofore we have been publishing all calls for public meetings and other announcements for the public benefit, without receiving any pay. Our advertising columns are, thus, as the bolts of Dry Goods are to the merchants,—for sale by the inch. No people would ask a Merchant to give one or two dollars' worth of cloth at every public meeting, and we don't see the justice of asking us to donate that amount of our goods every time a portion of the public may see fit to call on us.  
Hereafter we shall charge our regular price for all advertisements, whether for private or public benefit or convenience. Those ordering the advertisements must pay for them before they will appear.

The June Term of Court was opened last Monday, Judge Northop presiding.  
By the late law the June or spring terms of the Courts throughout the State are set apart for the consideration and trial of cases on the General Sessions docket, consequently no other business has been transacted, and as the Judge and Solicitor will commence court at Spartanburg next Monday, the court here cannot be prolonged after tomorrow.

The Judge delivered his charge to the Grand Jury, which was replete with sound legal instruction.  
Solicitor Ball was promptly at his post and energetic in the discharge of his whole duty:—His high-tone and courteous deportment to all in the court room, his unflinching determination to "let no guilty man escape," his evident purpose to deal justly with all and allow neither fear nor favor to swerve him from the strict line of his duty, his fine natural and acquired abilities, have made for him many warm friends in this county.

The crime of cattle and hog stealing is so alarmingly on the increase in this county that four-fifths of the cases on the sessions docket, at this time, are for those crimes, and the Solicitor is determined to do all in his power to stop it.

The following bills were sent to the Grand Jury and acted upon by that body:  
State vs. Andy and Rufus Jeter Grand Larceny. True Bill. Tried and found "not guilty."  
State vs. W. R. Briggs. Unlawful entry on lands after notice. True bill. Continued.  
State vs. Thos. Isley, alias Thos. Ivey.—Grand Larceny. True Bill. Guilty.  
State vs. Jack Rice, alias Jack Jeter. Grand Larceny. Tried, and resulted in mistrial.  
State vs. Ben Gore, Grand Larceny. Tried and found guilty.  
State vs. Perry Gist, Dick Davis, Frank Wright, Alison Wright and Garland Hughes. Grand Larceny. True Bill.  
State vs. Charner Gist. Assault with intent to murder. True bill.  
State vs. Fred Gist. Burglary. True bill.  
State vs. Jack Jones and Ben Gore. Grand Larceny. True bill.  
State vs. Thos. McGraw. Assault with deadly weapon. True bill. Continued.  
State vs. Jos. Thomas, alias Joe Jeter. No bill.

State vs. Frank Webster and Noah Webster. Assault with deadly weapon. True bill. continued.  
State vs. Wm. Palmer, Isaac Rogers, Reuben Cheek. Grand Larceny. True bill as to W. Palmer and J. Rogers.

The power and effect of the straightout policy is now exhibited in every election in the State. In Chester, Orangeburg and Richland, three of the strongest Republican Counties, elections have been held since the Hampton government was firmly established, and in each of those counties straightout democratic candidates have been run, and elected by handsome majorities.—Last Tuesday an election for Probate Judge was held in Richland County, and Mr. Andrew Crawford, a pronounced democrat was elected over the Radical candidate, J. I. Boone. It was a square fight and right, and justice won. And we believe that even Charleston will, at the special election next Tuesday, elect a full democratic delegation to the Legislature. This is just what we repeatedly stated would be the result of straightoutism. The upper counties could and would elect a democratic Legislature and State officers, and then secure to Charleston free elections and a fair count, by which, with proper and energetic efforts, the best men in that county could always be elected. Were we right or wrong? Let the people of Charleston answer us next Tuesday.

**A Chicken Dispute.**  
FRIEND STOKES.—In your issue of the 25th ult., you make the following statement: "Our champion hen is whipped. A hen in this town last week brought forth eleven chickens from ten eggs. That lays in the shade the theory that an egg with a double yolk won't hatch."  
Now, has it ever occurred to you that a hen does sometimes lay an additional egg after she has gone to sitting? May not this account for the additional chicken?  
As you seem to be learned in the chicken business, I wish to propound the following questions:  
1. Suppose you should place ten duck eggs under a sitting hen and she should hatch eleven ducks, which would be the lone Mother of the ten ducks—the hen that hatched them or the duck that laid the eggs? Also, which would be the mother of the eleven ducks? An answer will oblige many readers of the *Times*, and an  
ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

Probably the hen did lay an additional egg after she had gone to sitting. As we did not own the eleven-out-of-ten hen, we cannot gain-say your theory.  
As to the lone maternity of the ten or eleven ducks we will answer you somewhat catechetically by steam!  
In the reproduction of the animal kingdom, without a single exception, the male and female is necessary. Now, steam or heat are of no gender, and yet both are successfully employed to hatch eggs. You can't, therefore, claim that steam or heat is the mother of the hatched ducks so you must either say the ducks hatched by that process had no mother or come to the conclusion that the duck that laid the eggs was the "lone mother" of them.  
Again, Anxious Enquirer, you know as well as we do that in all crosses—take the mule as an example—the progeny exhibit points indicating both parents, but did you ever see a duck hatched by a hen show points to indicate that it was a cross between a chicken and a duck?  
If you can enlighten us upon these points, we are open to conviction.

Ice cold Soda water at Mrs. Shodair's.  
A. A. SARRATT.

**Public Meeting.**  
NARROW-GAUGE ROAD TO CHESTER.  
At a meeting of the most influential citizens of this town, held in the Court House on the 15th inst., Dr. B. F. Rawls was called to the chair, and A. R. Stokes requested to act as Secretary.  
Mr. R. W. Shand stated to the meeting that he, with other friends, had lately visited Chester and while there became much impressed with the efficiency and cheapness of construction of the Narrow-Gauge railroad now in operation to that town, and concluded by stating that such a railroad could and ought to be built from Union to Chester.

Hon. T. B. Jeter addressed the meeting in earnest advocacy of the road, and gave much valuable and encouraging information upon the topography of the country through which it would pass.  
Mr. Munro also earnestly advocated the building of the road and showed the immense advantages which must accrue to the County from it.  
Every one appeared deeply in earnest upon the scheme.

Mr. Shand offered the following:  
Resolved, That a Committee of ten be appointed by the chair to enquire into the practicability of organizing the Chester and Union Railroad at an early day, and that they confer with the citizens of Chester for that purpose.  
The resolution was passed without a dissenting voice, and the chair appointed the following gentlemen as the Committee:  
R. W. Shand, Hon. T. B. Jeter, W. Munro, R. M. Stokes, H. L. Goss, A. H. Foster, W. A. Nicholson, F. M. Farr, J. E. Colton and J. M. Gibbs.

R. M. Stokes offered the following, which was adopted:  
Resolved, That said Committee also confer with the citizens of Gaffney City in reference to building a railroad from Union to that point.  
Mr. H. L. Goss offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:  
Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the Town Council of Union will subscribe \$25,000 towards the building of such a road.  
On motion of Mr. W. A. Nicholson the proceedings of this meeting was ordered to be published in the *Union Times* and that the *Chester Reporter* be requested to copy.  
On motion, the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the Chairman.

**The Johnson Rifles.**  
This Company assembled on the Academy Green last Friday afternoon, and engaged in the preparatory drill, from Upton's Manual. So ardent was the Military esprit that the squads readily mastered the preliminary steps of the Soldier, which was an earnest of the accuracy and efficiency they strove to attain. Union has material to form a Company of which the County and State may be proud, and it should be the effort of every one to give to this organization their hearty support, to place it in the position held by the old Johnson Rifles.  
There is magic in the name of "Johnson Rifles." A name endeared to our people by old associations and sacred memories. A touchstone, at which our hearts throb with pride, kindling the same feelings that the mention of the "old Guard" calls up in the breast of the French Veteran. Where are those whose heroic deeds kept green the laurels of South Carolina's Battalions? Terrible in war, are they laggards in peace?  
Will they not again enroll their names and lend to the young guard that counsel and advice which their hard earned experience so well enables them?  
To those whom the cloud of war did not envelope, restrained by swathing bands from responding to their country's call, a club of this kind has many attractions, and not the least of them is Target shooting for Prizes. The natural desire to excel should urge them to come forward and take an active part.  
The beat of the drum inspires to deeds of prowess, and he whose ardour it fails to stir is recreant to chivalry, and deserves neither the fellowship of brave men nor the smiles of fair women.  
The papers are filled with accounts of the revival of old volunteer Companies in almost every part of the State, and each day adds numbers to their ranks.  
Let it, then, not be said of us that we manifest no interest in perpetuating the time honored institutions of our fathers.

**YOUNG GUARD.**  
For the Times.  
SKULL SHOALS S. C., June 18th 1877.

MR. EDITOR: Allow me through your columns, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, to state that certain individuals, it is thought, will (if they have not already done so) invoke the aid of the County to open a new road in the direction of Flat Rock Church, crossing Paeolet River about four or four and a half miles below Grindal Shoals, and to build a bridge at that point, which would be highly beneficial to the citizens about Skull Shoals, which is really the proper place for a public bridge, as it would accommodate all that section of Country in the fork of Paeolet and Broad Rivers.  
While I have no desire, even if it were in my power, to abridge the rights of the citizens, I at the same time believe that a bridge at Skull Shoals is a necessity and would be of immense importance to our County seat; and think the matter should receive the careful and impartial consideration of our County Commissioners.  
This community has heretofore presented several petitions, with liberal private subscriptions from the citizens, but failure rewarded our efforts. Owing to the hard times, we have not as yet petitioned the present Board, but we have an abiding confidence in their intelligence and sense of justice, believing that nothing can cause them to move indiscreetly or in a wrong direction, for the special benefit of any private person or party, that would not be conducive to the best interests of the county. It is to be hoped that the day of Radical jobbery and wire-pulling is forever gone, and that those in power and authority will for the future consult the best interests of the people, as a whole, before acting upon any important public matter.

**Letter from Charlotte.**  
Leaving Union on Thursday morning we reached Yorkville the same evening about sundown, quartering for the night at the King's Mountain Hotel, under the management of Mr. Rawlinson, who "knows how to keep a Hotel." The fare is excellent and the rooms scrupulously clean and neat. It was our first visit to York since the war, and we were surprised to find such little improvement in the place. On the York side of Broad River we found the crops rather in advance of those in Union, especially so as we neared Yorkville—both corn and cotton looking healthy and fine, and wheat excellent.  
At eight o'clock next morning we took a run down to Chester, on the Chester & Lenoir narrow gauge Railroad. It was the first Narrow gauge road we had ever seen and was quite a curiosity. The passenger Coach is neat and comfortable, with the advantage of single and double seats, as one may prefer. The road bed is in good order and the ride delightfully easy and comfortable—free from jolt and jumps. The Engine is quite a curiosity, being so very diminutive, having more the appearance of a little toy than a Railroad locomotive. It is much smaller than the little "Tom Thumb" of the S. & U. Road, famous for its track-jumping, which many of your readers no doubt remember. How much greater would have been the advantage to the Merchants and Farmers of Union, had the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars voted to the Spartanburg and Asheville road been appropriated to building, with the aid of Chester, a Narrow-Gauge road to the latter town, where we would have been placed in open communication with the outside world and in competition of freights via. Norfolk, Wilmington and Charleston.  
In Chester we found more of the life, stir and bustle of a City, and apparently more business doing than in Union and York combined. Leaving Chester at half past two o'clock P. M., we reached Charlotte, the "future London of the South," at six o'clock, under the care of our polite friend Capt. Briggs Green, of Columbia, who is now Conductor on the C. C. & A. Railroad. Let me here mention that we passed through a portion of Mecklenburg County, N. C., where the stock law is in force, and as the train stopped at the different stations I took particular pains to inquire of White and Black as to how they liked the change, and I have yet to meet the first one who is not more than well pleased. I was particularly desirous of finding some of those who objected to the law and voted against it; that I might get their views now that it is in force. I found such of both colors, who are now among its strongest adherents. One colored man said he had bitterly opposed it, voted against the stock law and against the Democrats and found that he was wrong every time, and henceforth he would act with the true whites as they were his best friends and advisers.  
The people in that portion of York County north of the Catawba River, joining Mecklenburg—I believe the section is known as Catawba Township—all fence their stock, by unanimous consent. Charlotte, like all other places, feels the stringency of the times, and is now almost at a stand still. Trade is dull compared to the rush and bustle of two years ago; yet the city has not entirely ceased to grow, as some magnificent residences recently completed testify.—For its size Charlotte can boast of as much wealth, culture and enterprise as any similar city in America, and is even in advance of some cities more pretensions. With her six Railroads, magnificent Hotel accommodations, the energy of the Merchants, coupled with the probability of the early reopening of the U. S. Mint for coinage—now only an assay office—will soon place Charlotte as a city of no mean significance.  
N. V. J.  
For the Times.

**Pic-nic at Cross Keys.**  
MR. EDITOR:—I would respectfully ask a place in your columns for the purpose of giving a short sketch of the pic-nic at Mr. W. T. Bettsill's, near the Keys, on last Friday. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat and extreme dryness of the weather, Cross Keys sent forth her prettiest belles and most gallant knights to participate in the joyous festival. Being unavoidably detained, it was late before your correspondent arrived on the grounds; but I was surprised, knowing that it was the busy season, to meet so many bright faces and pleasant acquaintances engaged in an animated but social conversation. The beauty and chivalry of Cross Keys and other townships was well represented. It seemed that all had determined to throw aside their cares and have a good jolly day.  
The party soon repaired in one solid procession to a hall near by, prepared for the occasion, to engage in whatever amusements their inclinations suggested. Some were soon lost in the giddy mazes of the dance, whilst others led their lady loves to some retired nook to pour into willing ears the story of their loves. Cupid was evidently there, arrayed in all his glory and splendor, as alternate expressions of pleasure and pain could be observed. Sitting out the countenances of his subjects; and it was especially marked on a young M. D.'s face, who had ridden miles through the heat and dust, with the determination written upon every feature to learn his fate with a sweet blade of about sixteen summers. Others amused themselves in talking of the dry weather, the Hampton government, and the "No fence law," which is received by many with applause.  
Dinner was then announced, and on returning we found a table spread in a beautiful grove in front of our host's residence, groaning beneath luxuries and substantial for the inner man.—There was not only enough for the party assembled, but several of the dusky tribe were noticed to grow sleek around the table, after the last of the white party had left. Our kind host and hostess did all they could to make the day enjoyable. After some time spent in promiscuous conversation, we returned to the hall, and the amusements as before filled up the afternoon. Our dusky friends about this time appeared on the scene, peeping in from doors and windows, with glaring eyes and open mouths, drinking in with amazement the whole proceedings, seasoned occasionally with a morsel of black gait, as some one remarked, making a good hive for the troublesome tribe. Thus the evening passed with romantic inklings and trite sayings, and discussions of the various topics of the day: until the darkening shadows and advancing beams of a western sun brought the social joys to a close, and with a heavy sigh we reluctantly turned from a place that had given us so much pleasure.

**For the Times.**  
A. A. SARRATT.