

YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

LEWIS M. GRIST,
Proprietor.

An Independent Family Newspaper: For the Promotion of the Political, Social, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of the South.

TERMS—\$3.50 PER ANNUM,
Payable in Advance.

VOL. 14.

YORKVILLE, S. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1868.

NO. 18

Miscellaneous Reading.

From the Stanton Spectator.

GLIMPSES AT THE PAST.

BY CHAS.

I remember well an actor by the name of Simonds, the "funny man," of the Augusta, Georgia, theatre, who was not only a wag, but delighted in mischief.

One day while he was seated in a restaurant with empty pockets and an empty stomach (for the treasury of the theatre had repudiated all claims for two weeks) a tall, double-breasted fellow, with a wide-brimmed straw hat and muddy spatterdash on, entered the bar-room, and after surveying the company for a while, took his stand in front of the theatrical poster that graced the walls, announcing that Mr. Cooper would appear that night in his popular character of Macbeth. He continued some time spelling the words and connecting them so as to form the sentences, much to the amusement of those seated around.

Simonds had no dinner, and it was now late in the afternoon. Here was a "green 'un," and a fair chance for a good meal; so, he determined to enact the Jerry Diddler for the special benefit of a craving stomach. He consequently stepped up to the cracker, (a name given to the people of the upper counties of Georgia) and politely bowing to him, put the first question—

"From Columbus, sir—I presume?"

"Wall, stranger—I reckon you do presume, for I haint from that 'ere place," was the calm reply.

"Oh—ah—from Milledgeville, then?"

"No—I haint from that, nyther."

"Ahem! so I thought. How are the roads between here and Macon?"

"Pretty well, I thank ye, how are yours?"

"Oh—amazingly well. You came that route, then?"

"No, I didn't, nyther."

"Humph! may be you're from Atlanta?"

"I thought be and I might not—but I aint."

The actor seemed rather non-plussed, and, placing the forefinger of his right hand upon his forehead, he stood musing for sometime, when the stranger asked him what he was thinking about.

"Why, sir," replied Simonds, "I'm trying to think how the devil you got into the city?"

"Wall, I reckon I ought as well tell you all at once, stranger, for I see you've got an enquiring mind. My name is Hugh Jackson—I've come down the Savannah river on a raft loaded with cotton, and I'm going to git a little refreshment, when I'm let alone."

"Oh—ah—yes," stammered Simonds; then, looking good-naturedly into the cracker's face, he continued, "I say, my friend, you're an original; I like originals, and we will dine together. I was just about ordering a turtle steak and a dozen oysters. Will you join me?"

"I reckon I will, and thank ye too. I don't want no turtle, though—so, I'll take a couple of dozen oysters fried."

"Order them, my dear fellow—it's all right."

Hugh strutted up to the bar-keeper and said: "Here, mister—give me a couple of dozen fried, and while you're about it, bring 'em along with this gentleman's turtle steak and a dozen raw—May be we'd better have a couple of brandy toddies, so, fetch 'em along with the rest."

The compounder of "evil spirits" nodded to the green 'un, and gave a knowing wink to Simonds. In a few minutes the table was furnished, and the twin sat down with appetites as keen as an east wind. The luxuries were discussed with much ardor, and toddy followed toddy in quick succession. Simonds told some very pleasant stories which so delighted the cracker, that he swore he must be an "actor man," a truth which Simonds most positively denied.

Evening began to close in upon the convivial party, and, with his shades condensed the actor's anxiety to know how to make a clever exit, as he had to personate Hecate that night. He arose to make a speech and plead urgent business, when Hugh pulled him roughly down and said that he was too much of a good fellow to lose so soon.

"I say, Mister, What's your name," said he, making a forward lurch, "you ain't settled the bill, and—"

"Oh! that's all right," replied Simonds, "I'll be back in a few minutes, and then we'll square up."

With this he made a desperate effort and tore himself from the grip of the up-lander.

"The bill's three dollars, sir"—said the bar-keeper.

"Wall, I reckon it is, and I'm soked in by that fellow," responded Hugh. "Here is your money stranger, but, if I don't get it out of 'is hide, my name's not Hugh Jackson—that's all."

He rose, as well as he was able, and followed after Simonds. It was a bright moonlight winter evening, and the "funny man" made his way toward the theatre as fast as circumstances would allow. Hugh followed close in his wake, ever and anon bowing out, "I say, stranger, stop a leetle, I've something to say to you."

The appeal was in vain, for the actor had suddenly disappeared through the private door of the theatre, an entrance only used by those connected with the establishment, and which led through the trap falls and machinery to the dressing rooms of the actors. The moon added her influence to the bewilderment of the enraged cracker; what liquor had left unfinished she completed, and he heeled to and fro like a ship on a stormy sea. At length, with a desperate lurch, he reached the private door, entered and groped his way through the dark passage, until he came to what he thought a vault of the Inquisition, ropes, scaffold, coffins, rusty armor and human skulls met his view—his blood chilled and he began to think of a retreat, when he stumbled and fell over the stuffed figure of a skeleton. There he lay, half stupefied and half afraid to face the horrors of that infernal abode of mystery.

While prostrate, a strange sound crept through the air—it was music, but of such unearthly nature that his senses became more and more bewildered. When the weird strains had subsided a small bell was heard to tinkle, and then arose a thundering noise, mingled with loud yells and a sound resembling the shuffling of shingles together. All the demons in pandemonium appeared to be let loose for the purpose of an infernal concert. Again silence prevailed, and then voices were heard above, uttering some strange gibberish. Two cut-throat looking rascals now appeared before the bewildered cracker. Said one to the other—

"I think we'll do his business nicely for him to-night. Have you got the bloody dagger?"

"Yes, here it is," replied the other, looking at his gory hands; "I want more blood, and must have it."

The wretches walked away, doubtless to steep their hands in blood. Hugh breathed again.

After awhile a haggard old woman appeared, followed by another with a broomstick in her hand. In the face and voice of the first, Hugh thought he could trace a faint, but very faint resemblance to the man he was seeking—however far kept him silent.

"I'll be the death of that fellow!" exclaimed the first witch. "Such a diabolical butchery I never witnessed before. It was deliberate murder. If the cauldron does not burn well, I'll throw him into it. Who's to cut Banquo's throat?"

"I—for I have to double," replied the second witch.

"Are the ghosts all ready?"

"Yes. That dagger scene was well done. Here a number of figures robed in white appeared. Pale and ghastly were their looks, and Hugh was not a little shocked when he heard one exclaim—

"I'll be d—d if I ain't the best looking ghost in the whole lot."

After a slight pause, a voice shouted—"Witches wanted! Ghosts up!" With a wild "who!" the whole of the goblin party disappeared. Then came a horrible looking apparition in the shape of a warrior with shining mail, scaled gauntlets and Scotch bonnet. His features were of a chalky whiteness and his throat displayed a gaping wound which reached from ear to ear. Pointing with his gloved finger to the bleeding gash, and directing his glance toward Hugh, he exclaimed, "That's it—I've got it now." He then passed on to make room for a pale and melancholy lady with her face bound up and a lighted candle in her hand. She placed the light upon the floor, and commenced rubbing her hand in downright earnest, exclaiming, "Out, damned spot!—but the spot seemed inclined not to go out, and so she rubbed again with redoubled vigor, and placing her nose to her hand, continued, "Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh!" Here the specter passed slowly out of sight, and Hugh made a desperate effort to rise from his couch in the spirit-land, when the ghosts again appeared and joined in a church-yard laugh toward the ceiling to a chorus of voices above; and there was a strong smell of pitch and sulphur, and flashes of lurid fire occasionally made the darkness visible.

At length the leading witch appeared again, and taking her wig of long, shaggy hair off, began to sing "We fly by night," in a register of voice anything but soprano. Hugh plainly recognized the features of his quondam messmate, and while making another effort to rise from his horizontal position, was discovered by Simonds; who, whispering that Hugh could not hear him, all clasped hands and began to concentrate on the terror-stricken intruder, until they came quite close to him. Two of them brought a coffin over for mimic funerals, and placed it by his side; one, a ghost with a brass helmet on, seized a large sheet of iron used for manufacturing thunder, and began to shake it lustily, while the murderer with bloody hands whetted his knife on a red paint pot. The leading witch, (Hecate) bending over the stupefied cracker then exclaimed—

"Four in row's blood, that hath eaten Her nine farrow; gress that awakens From the murderer's gibbet, thro' The flames!"

The whole gang then joined in chorus—

"Babble, bubble, and trouble, Fire burn, and custom bubble."

This was too much for Hugh's nerves to bear; he shouted lustily "Help—murder!" and, with an effort, made desperate by terror, arose, and after proving the spectres to be substantial by knocking over two or three of them with his fist, he made his escape out of the den of mystery—reached his raft—and "sleep, tranquility to dream" of his first appearance under a stage.

The reader must be aware that the green horn had witnessed the performance of the tragedy of Macbeth behind the curtain, or rather under the stage.

From the Advertiser.

THE DEBT QUESTION IN EDGEFIELD.

On Sales-day in April, in response to the call of the Committee appointed by the Meeting held in the early part of March, to prepare a report proposing some acceptable plan for the settlement of old debts, our citizens, from all parts of the District, flocked to the Court House.

The meeting was extremely large in numbers and very earnest in spirit and intent. At the time the report was submitted, the great Court Room was densely thronged. The approval and adoption of the report was most emphatic and unanimous.

Below will be found the proceedings of the meeting, as we received them from the Secretary.

The meeting was organized by calling Ex-Gov. Pickens to the Chair, and appointing J. H. Mims as Secretary.

The Chairman, after succinctly stating what had been done at the previous meeting, read the following report of the Committee:

COMPRIMISE SETTLEMENT OF DEBTS.

The Special Committee have had under consideration the matter submitted to them by the general meeting held Sales-day in March, at the Masonic Hall, and beg leave to report as follows:

According to the Census, the District of Edgefield had in round numbers, 22,000 slaves. These at a valuation of \$500, for which they sold before the war, would be eleven millions five hundred thousand dollars (\$11,500,000). This was considered safe and stable property, as much so as anything held in the South, and it was all swept off by the results of the war, and the acts of the government. The whole population went into the war with enthusiasm, and are equally responsible for it. We have no data upon which to estimate the capital vested in stocks and money, to be loaned out, but there is no just reason why those who held notes or bonds for money, should not lose anything from the face of the notes or bonds, and that the whole amount, interest and all should be paid up, by forced sale, dollar for dollar, while those who owned land and negroes should be entirely sacrificed by a war, in which all engaged alike, and for the consequences of which all should suffer equally.

Land has been reduced in value to almost nothing when forced to be sold in order to pay money bonds, notes and mortgages. The labor that made them valuable has been abolished, while most of our taxes are raised upon land, and note and bondholders are comparatively but lightly taxed. Now we think it but proper and right that a community thus situated ought, as just and patriotic men, to come to some fair and equitable compromise, by which the settlement of debts should be made. As neighbors, as fellow-citizens, raised up together in the walks of life, we owe it to ourselves, to justice, to honor, after our terrible calamities, to make a fair and friendly adjustment of our debts, and thus set an example to other Districts in our ruined and disheartened State, so that we can see that the District that was amongst the first to lead off in the war, as a band of brothers, was the first to show that we are still a band of brothers, and that brave men are always just and magnanimous.

We would, therefore, respectfully recommend to the people of Edgefield District, that all notes, bonds, mortgages or debts, now held, involving any consideration, or based upon any obligations incurred during the recent war, from 1st Jan., 1861, to 1st May, 1865, shall be adjusted and settled upon the basis of a gold standard at the date of the contract or obligation, and then placed upon an equal footing with debts before the war.

We further recommend that all notes, bonds, or money obligations of any kind, made or executed prior to 1st January, 1861, with interest, shall be reduced to twenty-five cents in the dollar, and paid in currency.

We earnestly urge the general basis of settlement to be made by all our neighbors and fellow-citizens, and whenever it is not agreed to, then we

recommend that it be submitted to an arbitration of three or five men as the parties may agree upon, and the whole matter referred to these for full and final settlement. This would relieve us all from the heavy expenses of litigation in our Courts, and be a fair and equitable compromise, inasmuch as the best men are selfish brutes so far as babies are concerned.

SPANGLE AT HOME.—I will say, though, of all the children I have, Spangle is the biggest baby. 'Tis true he was through with the most of the ailments I have enumerated before I got him, but in a thousand other respects he still is, and always will remain in that chronic state of babyhood which ever attends over-indulged and spoiled husbands. When we were first married my old baby would almost break his back to pick up my fan, and he would kill a fly in a minute if the fly manifested a disposition to alight on my nose.

Now I have to almost literally dress him in the morning. I have to get his boots together, one of which he generally kicks under the bureau, the other under the bed.

I always have to find his cravat. If I go to bed first, in the morning I find his clothes scattered over the room, as only a man can scatter clothes. He would never put on a clean shirt if it were not scattered in the room. His shoes and buttons are taken out and put in by me, when taken out and put in at all. I do not believe that he has combed his own head since we were married. He can't even wash his face properly without being told, like any other child. If I do not wash him, his ears and the back of his neck would be a sight to behold.

SPANGLE ON A SICK BED.—Albeit he has no patience for others who have pains and aches, yet you ought to see him when anything is the matter with him. He hears and screams, and grunts over a slight attack of colic in a manner to keep every one awake in the house. At such times he always believes he is going to die and will suffer me to leave him for a moment.

Yet with all his faults I—well, you know the quotation—I believe he is the best man living, and would not give him for a ten-acre lot full of men like the scapegrace of a husband which your foolish, credulous correspondent, "Dolly Dash," is so silly about.

THE CELEBRATED GAINES CASE.

The final decision of the suit of Mrs. Gaines against the city of New Orleans, by the Supreme Court, terminates one of the most extraordinary cases of litigation in the whole history of civil jurisprudence. It is remarkable, says the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, in an able review of the case, for the curiosity of the case itself; for the large amount of property which it involves; and for the wonderful display of enduring pertinacity with which the plaintiff has devoted her life to the prosecution of what has long been held to be a hopeless cause. Seven times has Mrs. Gaines pleaded her case before the Supreme Court, and sometimes with partial success, sometimes with none, until, at last, after forty years of incessant litigation, she has won the day, and established her claim to a large portion of the city of New Orleans valued, very modestly, at \$5,000,000. This fight has been fought by Mrs. Gaines single-handed. She has travelled over the country, always intent upon the one great business of her life. "With a buoyancy of temperament that knew no abatement, with an abiding faith in the justice of her cause and of its ultimate success; with few friends and very limited means; with life slipping away under the long delays and slow processes of the law, this truly remarkable woman has persevered until she has conquered fortune.

A brief outline of this singular case will be interesting to our readers: In 1794, Zulime nee Carrierre, a beautiful Creole of New Orleans, married one Jerome des Granges, in New Orleans. In 1802 or 1803, Daniel Clark, a prominent citizen of New Orleans, became attached to Madam des Granges, and, about the same time, it is alleged that it was discovered that des Granges had a wife living in France, and that, the second marriage thus proving invalid, Daniel Clark privately married the lady in Philadelphia. This marriage the present plaintiff claims to have been born in Philadelphia, in 1802 or 1803. Her mother and herself were committed to the care of her father's friend and partner, Mr. Daniel W. Cox, of this city. She afterwards became an inmate of the family of Colonel Samuel B. Davis, and was known among her school-fellows, some of whom still remember her, as Myra Davis. When she grew up, it became known to her that her true name was Clark, and she has established the existence of a will of Daniel Clark's, acknowledging her mother, who, during Clark's life, married Mr. Gaudet, a well known citizen of Philadelphia, was never summoned as a witness by Mrs. Gaines, and her father, Daniel Clark, during his wife's life, addressed Miss Caton of Baltimore, who, however, did not accept his advances.

Myra Clark married Mr. Wm. Wallace Whitney, of New York, by whom she had two children, a son and a daughter, still living. After Mr. Whitney's death, she married Gen. Edmund Pendleton Gaines, who died in 1849. One child, the issue of her second marriage, died in infancy.

Daniel Clark owned large tracts of ground within the limits of New Orleans, which have become immensely valuable. More than a thousand suits have been instituted by Mrs. Gaines to recover these properties, upon which many of the finest improvements now stand. The decision of the Supreme Court only applies, directly, to three suits, but its ruling will cover the whole ground.

This case has been one of singular intricacy, and has turned, as will be seen by the above brief statement, upon the question of the legitimacy of Mrs. Gaines. It is but fair to say that even now, after nearly forty years of litigation, three of the ablest members of the Supreme Court, Grier, Swaine and Miller, dissent from the conclusions of the Court.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—"Do you ever trust Mr. Astor?" inquired Mr. K.

"I do not credit strangers, sir, unless they furnish satisfactory city references," was the reply.

"Then," quoth Mr. K., "the skins I have selected must suffice this time," and paying for the same departed.

On the afternoon of the same day, just before the sailing of the New Bedford packet, the young returned for his lot of furs. Throwing the whole pack of furs upon his back, he left the store, but had not proceeded a dozen yards from the store, when Mr. A. called his name, bidding him come back.

"Sir," said Mr. A., "you can have credit for any amount of goods you require, provided they are to be found in my store."

"But," stammered Mr. K., "but, my dear sir, I can give you no city reference—I'm a stranger here."

"I ask no further recommendation," responded the rich merchant, "than that already furnished by yourself. The man that is not above his business need never be afraid to apply to John Jacob Astor for assistance."

Thus commenced a trade between two merchants, which was continued to the mutual satisfaction and advantage of both for a long term of years. Mr. K. is now one of the most eminent capitalists in New Bedford.

THE NITRO-GLYCERINE SCARE.

When General Superintendent Kennedy reported the terrifying fact that five cases of nitro-glycerine were missing from New York, and that it was feared that they had been sent to Washington to demolish the Capitol, people generally were disposed to regard it as a capital joke; but the Springfield Register, of Illinois, received a variety of telegrams from the doomed city, which we subjoin, and which shows that it was a more serious matter than any had supposed. The following are the telegrams:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 10 A. M.—The packages which were supposed to contain nitro-glycerine have been opened, and found to be filled with pickled cabbage.

10:10 A. M.—Senator Yafes has made an affidavit that there is nothing dangerous to Congress in pickled cabbage. He has frequently carried large quantities into the Senate chamber.

10:15 A. M.—A special committee has been appointed to inquire into the probability of Members of Congress being blown up by their constituents. Thad. Stevens testifies that he has been frequently blown up by his constituents, and that he never hurt him.

Gen. Butler was requested to appear and testify as to the effect of the explosion of the powder ship at Fort Fisher, but refuses to attend.

10:20 A. M.—Gen. Grant requests that any nitro-glycerine arriving in that city be bottled up and sent to his headquarters. He says he will put it where nobody will ever see it.

10:25 A. M.—A respectable looking man has been arrested. He was carrying a can containing a quart of coal oil. He was taken before Judge Carter and ordered to give \$500,000 bail.

10:30 A. M.—A boy has just been arrested for offering to sell matches on the steps of the Capitol. The arrest was effected at the instance of Mr. Cullom, of Illinois.

10:35 A. M.—Senator Yafes has arrived at Wilkes' bar-room. He says the whole Capitol building was blown into fragments about five minutes since. He is entirely divested of clothing, with an insignificant exception.

10:40 A. M.—Mr. Trumbull suggests that nitro-glycerine might be used with effect in removing Johnson, the traitor, from the Presidential office, and thus save the expense of the process of impeachment. Mr. Trumbull is strongly in favor of an economical administration.

10:45 A. M.—A train of cars, which is supposed to be loaded with nitro-glycerine, has been halted about four miles from the city.

10:50 A. M.—The train has been allowed to proceed, at the request of John A. Logan, who states that it contains whiskey belonging to loyal men, who are shipping it to Smyrna.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK.

The prevailing vice among New Yorkers is gambling. The wives and daughters of our most wealthy citizens are afflicted with the mania, and play as deeply and heavily as their husbands and fathers. In Twenty-third street, near Madison avenue, is a gambling house patronized exclusively by females. With the kind permission of your readers we will visit it. It is a modest, unpretentious-looking house, the entrance scrupulously clean and presenting no different appearance externally than those adjoining, save the blinds are all tightly closed. Ringing the bell, we are admitted by a gorgeously appareled woman, who acts as janitress. Ascending the stairs, we are ushered into the parlors on the first floor. They are elegantly, even luxuriously furnished. The person who fitted up these rooms must have had exquisite taste. The staid August Belmont has offered \$20,000, and been refused. Seated around the room and at the gambling table, are a number of ladies, all of whom are dressed in the height of fashion. The players are flushed with excitement, but the dealer sits calm and collected, and rakes the "chips," with the utmost sangfroid. Ever and anon some player, when a heavy bet is lost, calls for wine, which is speedily supplied by an attentive and demure looking Hebe. That lady in the centre of the table is the wife of one of our most wealthy merchants. I could tell you her name, but tales must never be told out of school. Observe that young lady, with a bonnet no larger than a cockle shell, and Bismark brooch ribbons; the one who is now taking off her sardine ring to stake, and which she will lose as sure as eggs is eggs, is the daughter of an ex-Judge. Ah! our wealthy merchant's wife is a loser; she rises from the table biting her lips, till the blood comes, to conceal her emotions. Come, let us away, such scenes do not make our opinions of poor, weak human nature more exalted. Is it any wonder that we so frequently see rewards offered for lost diamond rings, necklaces and bracelets? If we had the power of divination, we would see these "lost" articles in the safe of one gentleman who has for his sign the old Lombardy emblem of three balls. The thirst for gambling will be satisfied, and money must be obtained. Yes, yes, Hamlet was right, "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

AN AFFECTING CASE.

A young gentleman, who says he lives in Culpeper county, Va., has recently met with experience in New York which gave him entirely new ideas in regard to the female character. He states that, as he was crossing Washington Park about 10 o'clock one evening, he was accosted by the "loveliest girl he ever beheld," who told him that she had a dying mother at home, and begged him to hasten thither, and, if possible, to save her parent. The young Culpeperian, overcome by the appeal, drew the suppliant's arm within his, and set out for the "scene of suffering." They had not gone far, however, when a stout and frolicsome-looking man suddenly sprang upon them, and exclaimed: "Ah! I have you now! You're a prettily claimed, aren't you? And you, young rascal! You're the villain who has poisoned my home and broken my wife's heart! But I'll have vengeance now!" The girl sobbed and begged "her father" not to kill her, and also to spare "Harry," whom she loved dearer than her own life. The young gentleman was perfectly bewildered. He could only account for the condition in which he found himself upon the hypothesis that in some oblivious moment, when in a state of intoxication, he had thrown the affections of the lovely girl by his side, and ruined the peace of a once happy family. He was recalled from his speculations on the subject by the gleam of a pistol barrel, the muzzle toward his brain. The "outraged father," with forceful imprecations, ordered him to prepare for "instant death." The girl implored her "inexorable parent" to relent; which at last he agreed to do on condition that the infatuated pair should agree never to see each other more. To this the young Virginian readily and fervently assented, whereat the devoted young lady seemed much pained; and, after embracing him violently, she walked away with a melancholy air. The "father" watched her until she disappeared, and then with a warning gleam departed. As soon as the young man recovered from his astonishment he felt for his watch to see the hour, but his watch had unaccountably disappeared, and so had his purse! Then the young gentleman from Culpeper county understood the whole matter.—Newark (N. J.) Journal.

WOMEN AND LADIES.

In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are.

WOMEN AND LADIES.—In the days of our fathers, there were such things to be met with as men and women; but now they are all gone, and in their place a race of gentlemen and ladies—or, to be still more correct, a race of "ladies and gentlemen" has sprung up. Women and gentlemen are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the things that are. "Ladies and gentlemen" are the things that were; but "ladies and gentlemen" are the