OLD PACKET BOATS MADE LYNCHBURG IN NEARLY 3 DAYS

Almost Unbelievable Fare Served in Cabins of Canal Vessels.

JOURNEY WAS HOLIDAY FOR TRAVELERS THEN

Ships Were Built for Comfort and Luxury of Their Passengers.

BY C. A. BRYCE, M. D.

The last trip I took over the James River division of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad in its comfortable coaches reminded me of my first trip from Richmond to Lynchburg when travel was by way of packet boats on the canal. Comparing the methods then and now over this historic and picturesque route, we have gained much in time-saving through the adoption of the railway, and lost much in other respects, which made a trip in these fine packets a regular long drawn-out pleasurable cruise among a lot of genial and companionable persons who made themselves agreeable in order to lighten the tedium of a day or two of travel going only 150 miles or less.

In their day these packet boats were elaborate affairs, built for the comfort and luxury of their patrons who were their guests often for a day and a night and longer, when there were unavoidable delays. The servants were usually bright mulattoes trained in politeness and efficiency in making the travelers comfortable. The sleeping berths were arranged along the sides of the boat in tiers of three—lower, middle and upper—and were curtained off, making them private. They were about like the arrangement we find today on our sleeping coaches or coastwise steamers, though not so elaborate in detail.

Best of Fare.

It was the pride of these clean, bright spick and span boats that they provided the best bill of fare on their tables to be found in Virginia, and this was acknowledged by all who traveled over the line. Traversing the rich James River Valley these boats were always supplied with the choicest products from the farms, and could always furnish their tables with broilers, fat fowls, choice butter, fresh eggs, milk and cream, to say nothing of lamb, veal, tender steaks and the freshest vegetables. It was also not uncommon for the bill of fare to include venison killed by huntsmen along the route.

No hotel in Richmond could surpass the splendid meals furnished, and many persons made the trip between Lynchburg and Richmond for the sole purpose of a day's recreation and good meals served. The passengers had fine lounging-rooms, music and games in the cabin, and when the weather was fine, spent much of their time on deck chatting in groups and enjoying the scenery. At frequent points the canal was crossed by bridges from farms. Usually they were high enough to permit the boats to pass under and carry a passenger seated on deck without striking him, but the steersman always gave warning as he approached by singing out in a loud voice, "Bridge! bridge!" and when it was unusually low he would say, "Bridge! low bridge!"

Passengers Would Duck.

This warning generally caused all on deck to squat very low, and some doubtful ones would sprawl flat upon the deck to be doubly sure of getting under safely. Habitual travelers on canal boats got so accustomed to ducking when they heard the word, "bridge," they sometimes ducked when there was no bridge.

An old friend who had traveled upon the packet boats and also on the liners across, told me that on one occasion when crossing the ocean he observed a new-rich woman and her two daughters out on deck and who seemed very anxious to impress her fellow-travelers with the idea that she had traveled extensively by telling what a good sailor she had always been. Our friend becoming disgusted with her airs, offered to bet a companion that he could demonstrate that she had never been on anything before but a canal boat. His friend took him up, and then and there in midocean and in view of many others on deck, he suddenly yelled out, "Bridge—low bridge!" when all three flattened themselves on the deck.

Drawn by Horses.

These boats were drawn by three splendid horses, driven in tandem and drawing a long rope which was attached to the bow of the boat and allowing quite a lengthy play of distance where the towpath swerved from the canal. The horses traveled along the towpath—a smooth, hard roadway running alongside the canal bank. The driver rode the "near" horse and carried a bright brass horn and a long whip, which he never had occasion to use. He blew his horn when approaching the "locks," for the keeper to have the gates open for the boat to enter and be either raised or lowered, according to the direction in which he was going. The horses went at a trot, and were changed about every ten miles for a fresh relay, which was always in readiness—horses champing at their bits and restless for the start when the boat arrived.

Even with this quick service, so considered in those days, I think it took a day and a night and a part of the next day to make the trip between the two cities. I remember taking passage on a one-mule freight boat that took a week to come from Lynchburg to Richmond. But this was a real pleasure trip for me, for it gave me time to go out in the near-by fields and hunt, and meet the boat whenever I got tired or hungry. When night came we anchored and took the mule on board and put him in his stall on the bow-end of the boat. Then we gathered in our cabin at the stern, where we had a good supper, played checkers or cards, and frequently had a little banjo and fiddle music, after which we crawled into our bunks and slept as only the tired-free can. At points along the canal where there was considerable curve or bend in the river, I have known huntsmen to leave the packet and hunt across the adjacent fields while the boat was making its long trip around the curve.

Like Family Gathering.

Taking officers, servants and passengers all together, these packets furnished a good picture of a great, big, good-natured family gathering. When meal hours were announced, the captain took the head of the table, and, with his white-jacketed waiters, saw to it that everyone was properly served with such dishes as were desired. In asking his guests to be helped, it was not the ordinary stereotyped invitation, but a genuine solicitation to pass up your plate and "let me help you to just a little more." You could see that it was a pleasure to the captain to serve you abundantly.

The boats usually left Richmond in the afternoons. No tickets were sold, and passengers settled for fare and berths after all got started. When ready to take up fares, the captain would go into his office and make it known that he was there for that purpose by having one of the stewards go through the boat and out on deck ringing a brass bell and repeating a sing-song couplet:

"All who have not paid the fare,
Step to de cabin and find de cap'n there."

The captain required you to register your name, address and destination, and entered the number of the berth assigned to you. I found there was much depending upon the selection of a berth after my first trip, as I experienced personally. Thinking that the middle berth was more convenient to get in and out, I took one. But I had not thought of the possibilities of passengers above and below being disagreeable neighbors. About the time I was snugly settled down some farmer got on the one below me, and another climbed into the upper one over me. Unfortunately for me, they were acquaintances, and instead of going to sleep they improved their opportunity for exchanging all the neighborhood news and discussing politics and crops—and literally talked over me, under me and through me the whole night. At the beginning of this conversation I felt indignant at the disregard they showed for my chances of sleep, but as I got awake and became interested in the news and noted the ludicrous position we all occupied I became amused and listened until long past midnight, when they actually talked me to sleep.

Discussed the News.

These loquacious fellows would exhaust a subject, rest for a while and break out again from above or below with:

"Say, Bill, have you heard of Sissy Jones' elopment?"

"Naw, what about it?" from the man below.

"Nothin', she jest runned off with that no 'count Tom Larkin and got married."

"Whar she now?"

"Back home and her daddy is taking care of her as before."

"Whar's her husband?"

"Old man Jones took his shotgun and runned him out the county."

"Ha, ha, ha!" from both of them.

In addition to this gossip, I also learned that one of them had sold a good milk cow for $10, and was hoping to get $1 a bushel for his wheat, while his butter brought 75 cents a pound and eggs 8 cents a dozen.

When I go through the markets today and pay 70 cents a pound for butter and 80 cents for eggs, I actually begin to doubt whether my memory of 8-cent eggs was a dream or a delusion.

When River Was High.

At certain points the canal boats would go out into the river where it had been dammed up and afforded good depths for miles. This saved a great deal when constructing the canal, and served the same purpose. But occasionally when the river was very high from freshets, it became a menace to the boats when they attempted to enter the canal; sometimes boats would be carried over the dam before they could get into the canal lock. The scare given the passengers and the loss of time was usually the extent of damage done.

It was related to me by the genial Captain Woolling that a passenger who had been rather bibulous and slept while his boat was swept over the dam, awoke when it had drifted near the shore into shallow water, and hearing talk about its going over, thought he would save himself by jumping out before it went over and swim to shore, raised his window and jumped in the river to find himself in water that was only waist deep. So he just waded back to the boat and climbed in again amid the laughter of all on board.

It is with some hesitancy that I mention cock fighting as one of the established sports along the upper James in the days of which I write. And while the better people frowned down upon this rather cruel form of amusement and money changing, nothing would draw a crowd from all classes like a regular chicken fight when the word was passed around. It is not my purpose to mention names in speaking of these affairs, nor to describe the fighting and its results, but it is interesting to recall the mixture of rich and poor, high and low, and good and bad that I have seen witnessing and apparently enjoying the fights between pure games and their backing by some of the best-known sports in the Old Dominion.

Conducted With Care.

Like bootlegging, cock fighting had to be conducted with proper precautions against surprise, arrest and confiscation, and for this reason these fights were staged in some secret hall, big basement or some out of the way barn, and those who saw them were there either by invitation, or admitted after being vouched for by someone in the "inner circle," though I have seen them in the open, and all the world looking on. Of course, the rough element was expected to be there, the gamblers and horse-racers were always there, but the thing that surprised me most was the presence of many persons that I did not expect.

At one of these big contests I saw lawyers, doctors, school teachers, deacons and any number of simple good ones, but we all felt safe in the confidences of each other.

The history of the foundation of James River and Kanawha Company and its efforts in obtaining satisfactory charters, selling enough stock and building the canal would be interesting reading, but too long and is obtainable from other sources. It was a bold and costly undertaking to "connect the tide-water of the James River with the waters of the Ohio River by canal or rail," but the company accepted the charter and went to work with a will, and November 25, 1840, the president and directors of the James River and Kanawha Company left Richmond in the first packet boat for Lynchburg, the canal having been completed to that point. This was the occasion for great public rejoicing.

It was estimated that the trip between the two places could be made in thirty hours, and I do not think it was ever made in much better time until the steam engine traveled the tow path and the old horses were pensioned.

Recalls Old Days.

Today I know of no prettier little bit of river scenery than the trip I recall the panorama unfolding as I recall the panorama unfolding as the easy-going packet glided along the curvier banks of the James, passing fine old estates and big plantations with fields of waving grain, with cliffs overhanging as we come in sight of the mountains, and the country grows rugged. I fain would call back the time when goodly company gathered on the deck of the old packet boats and the driver's horn blew musically for the "open lock."

ARCHER HOUSE WAS ONCE CENTER OF OLD DOMINION'S HOSPITALITY

Socially Historic Edifice Still Stands at Sixth and Franklin.

SWEET FLOWER GARDEN IS REMINISCENT OF PAST

Dr. Edward Cunningham Built Residence More Than Century Ago.

BY EMILY TAPSCOTT CLARK.

There is no lack of reminders, in tablet form, of the places in Richmond where history was made, but there are, of course, no outward signs to mark the spots where social history was made. Yet it is in its social life that Richmond, like New Orleans and Charleston, has long been celebrated among American cities.

Other towns may truthfully claim to be larger, richer, and along certain lines, more progressive, but they also admit that the art of gracious living has reached a standard here which many of them have not attained. Of the houses where many brilliant men and lovely women have gathered none is more notable than the "old Archer house" at the corner of Sixth and Franklin Streets. It also has the good fortune to have remained in the same family during a century.

Built in 1815.

Edward Cunningham, grandfather of Dr. Frank D. Cunningham, built the house in 1815, and in 1825 Dr. George Watson, grandfather of the present owners, bought it from him. Dr. Watson, who was a member of the Watson family of "Ionia," in Louisa County, was one of the most distinguished physicians in the South. He married a daughter of Joseph Riddle, of Alexandria, well-known in that section of Virginia. There is an old "ladder-back" chair in the drawing-room of the Archer house, brought there by the Alexandria bride, made from the same design by the same man who made chairs for General Washington at Mount Vernon, only a few miles away.

Miss Anne Virginia Watson, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Watson, married Major Robert S. Archer, son of Dr. Robert Archer, United States Army, and lived in the house during a long lifetime. It is now owned by Mrs. Archer's daughters, the Misses Archer and Mrs. Andrew H. Christian.

Surrounded By Wall.

Surrounded by its garden and high brick wall, the gray house with the white portico is like an unexpected oasis in the life of modern Richmond. The enormous old sycamore tree, which, until recently, grew out of the middle of the sidewalk on Franklin Street beside the garden wall, was a Richmond landmark. This tree, as well as the house, was used by Miss Ellen Glasgow in her "Romance of a Plain Man." They were part of the environment of the heroine, and represented to the "plain man" all that he lacked and meant to have. The garden, at the back, like English gardens, is of the delightfully rambling, informal variety peculiar to the period. The two magnolia trees are of extraordinary size, and the box bushes also, are as tall as any in Virginia. Crape myrtles, which shed their rosy glow on nearly all true Virginia gardens, are also a part of this one. There is an Italian seat and gray urns, and an old greenhouse which includes among its treasures a pink camillia and an orange tree.

Old-fashioned roses, lily of the valley, calycanthus (sometimes called "Sweet Betsy" in the old days, and which is now growing rare), snowballs and narcissus are to be found there, and are fragrant reminders of several of the most famous gardens of the South.

It was a pretty custom, when the garden was made, for the "grande-dames" to exchange flowerslips from their grounds and greenhouses. Memories of the Byrds, Carters, Harrisons and Rives are renewed each springtime in Richmond, for Westover, Shirley, Brandon and Castle Hill have lent their sweetness to the Archer garden. Pecans and fig trees also flourish there, and the old "pit" greenhouse for winter time is one of the few still in use today. As Virginia social life was formerly inextricably mingled with gardens, the exchange of flowers was a peculiarly intimate token of friendship.

Visited by Weir Mitchell.

This same garden helped form the background of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's childhood, for when the great man was a small boy he used to visit the Watson relatives, and loved to play under the magnolias and on the brick wall. From the wide back porch the old office building may still be seen, which was used by Dr. Watson in his lectures to the students who came from the Medical College of Virginia to hear him; for Dr. Watson had studied in Paris at the Sorbonne, and at the University of Edinburgh. The original smoke houses and outside kitchen can be seen when one enters a brick courtyard by way of the moss-covered steps at the side, and add a special piquancy to the garden because of their rarity today.

There was a time when many gardens bloomed near-by, and the Archer garden covered a quarter of the block. Dr. McClurg lived at the other corner, and George Wythe not much more than a block away, where Mrs. Beverly R. Munford now lives. The garden of the Dunlap House on Fifth Street, now owned by Miss Ellen Blair, ran the length of its block, from Franklin to Grace.

The Archer house is massively built, with brick floors and bricks brought from England, and is the work of a famous Northern architect of a century ago, R. A. Mills, who built the old Wickham house, now the Valentine Museum; Monumental Church, and the Marks house, which formerly stood at the corner of Fifth and Cary. Much of the furniture was brought in wagons from New York at the same period.

In those days letters of introduction were frequently exchanged between residents of different cities, and Dr. Watson's house was headquarters for many representatives of New York, Boston and Philadelphia families who traveled South in their coaches.

Clay and Webster.

The Sears and Thayers, of Boston, and the Hamiltons, of New York, were among the guests entertained in the house, but the greatest men of the period who were received in the wide drawing-room were Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. From the Virginia counties numbers of visitors came. William C. Rives, ambassador to France, grandfather of Amelie Rives, the Virginia writer, now Princess Troubetzkoy, was a guest there, for one of Dr. Watson's daughters married his brother, Alexander Rives. James Barbour, Governor of Virginia and later ambassador to England, whose son married another daughter of the house, was also a visitor there.

Chief Justice Marshall, too, frequently came from his quaint, square house on the other side of Broad Street, to visit the Watsons' in the more advanced part of town. The shining door bell was the first seen in Richmond, as knockers prevailed everywhere, and was considered quite a smart innovation in the days of Clay and Webster. To the right of the wide hall are the drawing-room and "parlor," and to the left the dining-room and breakfast-room. A lovable feature of the house is the fact that the rooms still retain their old titles. There are even a "lodging-room" and a "pink-room." The tapestries and portraits, as well as the furniture, are interesting, and the old spode ching is especially alluring.

Many Old Portraits.

Several of the portraits date back to 1690, and St. Memin, Jarvis, Chester Harding and Sully, the celebrated pastel artist, are among the painters represented there.

The huge steel grate, placed in the drawing-room as the first step away from the logfire, is unique, for its carved brass mounting was made in England, and flaunts in its center the symbol of the United Kingdom—rose, shamrock and thistle combined. One of the most beautiful examples of the early post-Colonial style of the house is the high marble mantel with its fluted Greek columns.

These rooms are high-pitched, with fine old cornices, and in the drawing-room and dining-room a wreath of magnolia leaves is carved around the chandelier, with charming effect, showing the acute sense of eternal fitness possessed by the architect of long ago.

In the large hall there is an odd "bull's-eye" in the newel post of the white-spindled stairway, with its mahogany rail, and the brass stair rods are unusual. The high window ledge with its fan light makes the landing a place to linger in, and the big beams across the ceiling of the top floor are equally fascinating. A narrow flight of steep stairs leads past several mysterious "cuddles" to a trapdoor in the roof, which is a delightfully appropriate culmination to a journey through the old house.

Was Notable Year.

In the year 1824, especially, many distinguished guests were entertained in the house, for the entire city was agog over the visit of the Marquis de Lafayette. A dinner was given for the marquis in the Eagle Tavern, between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, on Main Street, followed by a brilliant ball at Union Tavern, at Ninetenth and Main Streets. The hospitable houses of the city were all thrown open for the occasion.

Entertained General Lee.

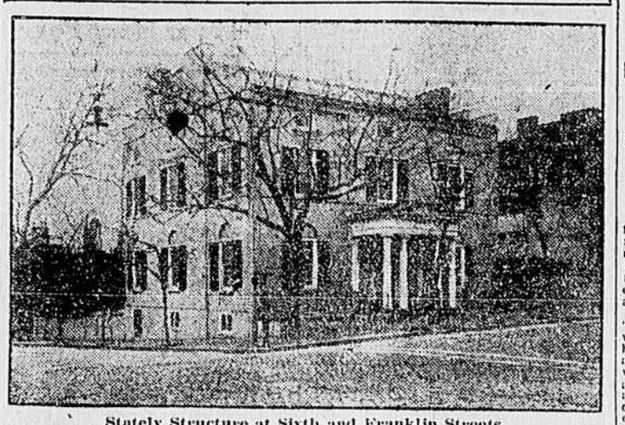
But the greatest and best of all the visitors to the house has yet to be mentioned. General Lee, whose entrance into any house cast a glamor over it which can never die, was a frequent and honored guest there between '61 and '65. Many other officers and belles of wartime Richmond liked to gather there. As General Lee's headquarters was only a block or so away on Franklin Street, history was made rapidly in that neighborhood during four glorious and terrible years. When the Confederate house kept in her breakfast-room a bust of President Davis, by Galt, which she was advised to hide several weeks before Evacuation Day, but the bust is still there, unharmed.

When the threads of life were picked up again, a new generation of beauties grew up in that part of town. Among them were Mary Triplett, afterwards Mrs. Haxall, whose lovely face may still be seen in the drawing-room of the Archer House, and "Bazie" Cabell, now Mrs. Ritchie, mother of Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, who presides in "Government House" at Annapolis today. Mattie Ould, whose wit and charm have become traditions, lived in the neighborhood and, with the others, was often in the house.

Brings Back Memories.

There have been surprisingly few changes in the regime of the Archer home, for it has not changed in any of its essentials since the days when great coaches rumbled South and stopped at the house. The seclusion of the house in its ivy-walled garden made a Richmond man once say that the place was irresistibly connected in his mind with an old verse:

"The inexpressing charm of a dream that is fled,
The roses that breathe when the rose is dead;
The echo that lives when the song is done,
Sunset glories that follow the sun;
Everything tender and everything fair,
That was, and is not, yet still is there."



Stately Structure at Sixth and Franklin Streets.

UNWANTED MAN IS FINALLY PUT IN JAIL

Meanderings of Expatriated German Almost Rival Those of Castro, of Venezuela.

PARIS, Jan. 1.—Following two years of forced travel through Switzerland, Italy, Spain, England and France, William Schoenberg, a German, has been sentenced to thirteen months' imprisonment in Paris for returning to France after being expelled.

Schoenberg's adventures since the war recall those of Castro, the Venezuelan president, who was "asked to leave" nearly every country in Europe.

Married to a Frenchwoman, Schoenberg before the war was representative of Paris of various German houses. When the war started he declared himself to be an Alsatian. The lie was discovered, and he was sentenced to detention for the remainder of the war.

After the armistice Schoenberg was released and expelled from France. In Switzerland he learned that he had been condemned to death in Germany for high treason as a deserter. Then he was arrested in Switzerland and returned to France because he did not have a German visa on his passport. Entering Spain, the same thing happened, and Italy and England both closed their doors to him as an undesirable immigrant.

Forced to remain in France, Schoenberg settled the problem by giving himself up to the police, who promptly imprisoned him again.

On his release a year hence, Schoenberg hopes passports will have been abolished, in which case he intends going to the United States. During the war his wife divorced him.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH MECCA OF ALL WHO COME TO RICHMOND

(Continued From First Page.)

stately men in knee breeches and wigs and the dainty women with their powdered patches, although it is not to be supposed that life then was one long minuet. Try to summon a picture of this imposing dame:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
JANE
WORTHY CONSORT OF
FRANCIS LECLER
A NATIVE OF GLASSFORD
PARIS, SCOTLAND.
DIED NOV'R 1851.
IN THE 55TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

Think of the dignity as well as the subtle tribute to the estimable Francis implied in the statement that she was "a worthy consort," or imagine for a moment any woman of the twentieth century desiring the following epitaph, and who would be justly described by the words:

UNDERNEATH THIS STONE IS LAID
THE REMAINS OF
MRS ROSA ANNA DIXON
THE AMIABLE SPOUSE OF
MR JOHN DIXON
PRINTER TO THIS COMMONWEALTH
SHE DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 5TH DAY OF
APRIL, 1790 AGED 51 YEARS.

Although there is no rule against the continued use of the cemetery, so far as is known, no one has been buried there in recent years except the rectors of the church and their families, the latest grave being that of the Rev. Robert Archer Goodwin, D. D., who died in 1911. According to Antonio Graffunia none of the lots is owned, no deeds of conveyance existing. Since early in the nineteenth century, however, persons wishing to inter relatives at St. John's have had to obtain permission from the Mayor and from the committee appointed by the church.

In addition to the old graves and stones there is a boulder on the south side of the yard. It is to the memory of Alexander Whittaker, the first minister of Henrico parish, who served from 1611 to 1617 in the little church at Dutch Gap, the site of which was marked a few years ago. He lost his life in the river nearly 100 years before the founding of St. Johns, where the Rev. Hugh Sublett preaches each Sunday from beneath the ancient sounding board.

Only As "Sightseers."

Comparatively few Richmond people visit this sacred acre on Church Hill and then only when they take guests to "see the sights," and although changes have been made, such as replacing with a larger one the bell which called to order the great convention of '76, the original being in care of the Virginia Historical Society, yet the ancient font, which is thought to have come from old Curl's Church, below Richmond, and which was lost for several years, is again in place. The communion service, while not the original one, has been in use many years, and the old-fashioned pews have doors which fasten one in securely. With the sole exception of St. Paul's, no church in the city has windows so beautiful; they are sacred to the memories of those men of culture who helped toward the establishment of a great republic where all men might be free, and were placed by descendants not less worthy.

INDIAN SQUAW CLAIMS HER AGE IS 120 YEARS

Says She Saw Passing of Great White Chiefs in Lewis and Clark Expedition.

[By International News Service.]

THE DALLES, ORE., Jan. 1.—Mary Spadis Shoo-Noo-Wa, an Indian squaw who claims to be one hundred and twenty years old and new resides in the village of Wisham, four miles north of here, claims to have seen the passing of "The Great White Chiefs" and their boats in the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805.

Attorney Glenn H. Rank, of Portland, visited the Indian tribe to which Mary belongs, in connection with a suit which the Indians propose to file against the United States government because of the burning of their village and stampeding of their horses by United States soldiers during the Yakima War of 1855. Chief Spadis, who is sponsoring the action, according to Rank, speaks excellent English, and introduced the attorney to his aged grandmother.

OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GAS

BURNS 94% AIR

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U. S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

The inventor, L. T. Johnson, 14 Washington Place, New York, is offering to send a lamp on 10 days' FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him today for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency and, without experience or money, make $250 to $500 per month. —Adv.

RURAL FUN-MAKING WAS CHIEF EVENT OF OLD COURT DAYS

Countryside Folks Gathered En Masse to Watch Sports.

LIVELY PERSONAL TILTS OFTEN FOLLOWED RACES

Crowd Seldom Attended Court Sessions, but Loafed and Traded on Town Streets.

BY C. A. BRYCE, M. D.

With the exception of the annual fairs, the County Court days always drew the largest crowds ever brought together in the counties, and I remember now very distinctly the first one I ever attended when a boy. Truly those were memorable days, for the variety of equipages, vehicles and conveyances used to reach the courthouse was simply beyond description. They ranged from the very fine and (then) fashionable barouche with its rich upholstering and prancing horses down to the ox cart. They rode horseback and muleback and they walked miles and miles, having no business whatever but to loaf around all day and see what went on.

Of course, where there were trials of acquaintances and friends or relatives, there were many who went to court to be near and help out with evidence in favor of the defendant or with funds to help pay fines, etc. Apart from the interest in such cases being tried, the bulk of persons attending these court days found amusement and business among the great crowds scattered all over the court green and along the roadsides and near-by grounds. While there were many exciting things to attract one's attention, there were certain things never omitted on these occasions, and they struck me forcibly when I visited the courthouse for the first time.

Trading, drinking, fighting and horse racing were never lacking at some time or other during these days. The main feature early in the day seemed to be the brisk business of selling and trading one thing for another. If a man had a kicking or balky horse he consoled himself with the thought that the next court day would enable him to palm him off on some other fellow for a better one, and that other fellow might have a good-looking animal that could step lively for a little trial and would be nearly dead with the heaves after a five-mile drive. Such men, eager to get rid of their undesirables, were quick to trade and usually both got badly disappointed, as they deserved. Nearly every farmer brought something with him to sell or swap. Generally it was horses, cattle and vehicles of all kinds, but many of the very poor people brought things made by themselves and of common use about the house, such as shuck foot-mats, brooms, "split-bottom" white oak chairs, white oak baskets and some very pretty woven willow baskets, etc.

Sale of Slaves.

While speaking of the various articles sold and exchanged at these occasions, I have yet deeply impressed in my memory one sale that saddened my whole day and many days thereafter when I thought of it. I noticed a white man and a negro woman and a little colored girl standing on some kind of a platform and a crowd gathering around them. My curiosity carried me up to see what was going on, and I noticed that the poor creature was clinging with one hand to the little girl and wiping her eyes with a red bandanna handkerchief as her tears fell. The man was what was known as a "negro trader," and I witnessed that day, for the first time, the sale of a human being.

He described the good qualities of the woman, declared her to be in perfect health, and sold for no fault, but simply because her owner had to raise money. He offered to sell mother and child together or separately, and at this latter proposition the poor creatures begged someone in the crowd to buy them both that they might not be separated. The bystanders were sympathetic and refused to bid for them singly. They were finally knocked down to a farmer for seven hundred dollars, and I believe they found a good master, if his kind words to these two poor negroes was an index of his feelings.

This was the first and only public sale I ever saw in Virginia of a slave. I am glad to say even at this late day, that the relations between our white people and their colored servants were too kindly universally to permit such scenes, and the warm affection existing between master and man during the perilous times of war, when the servants remained at their homes and took care of "mistis and the chillun" until all was over; and even now among those who are still left in the land of the living makes me feel towards them like some of the family.

The Country Bully.

I noticed a rough-looking big man in the crowds who seemed to be intent on making himself disagreeable to everybody, and trying to provoke a difficulty with some one. I was told that he was the county "bully," and that everybody was afraid of him, and that he just ran over any and everybody rough-shod. He was prancing around the grounds slapping off hats, kicking some fellow's dog, and daring any man to tackle him, when a smaller man with a very pleasant face went up to him and told him if he didn't behave himself and make less noise he would thrash him on the spot. Of course the big fellow roared like a lion and threatened to eat him up alive, but the young man held the crowd to form a circle around them and see fair play, which they acceded to at once. It was arranged that it should be a straight, clean, fist fight—no clinching or tripping; just a clean, knock-down-and-out. It happened that the young man was a skilled athlete and boxer brought from Baltimore to attend to this big bully, and it was a test of educated power against brute force, and it was but a little while before the big fellow was yelling, "Nuff! nuff!" and the last I saw of him he was washing his bruised face at the pump, amid the hoots and jeers of an unsympathetic lot of onlookers.

"Gander Pulling."

This was another feature of the court day that I saw for the first time. A lot of these fun lovers would get up enough money among themselves to buy two or three old ganders for the pulling, which was conducted in this way: Two upright posts were set across the road, or in an open field, and a beam put across on top high and wide enough for two or three horsemen to ride under with uplifted hands. The old gander was picked of all feathers from his neck to his body, and the neck was thoroughly greased with tallow. His feet were securely tied, and he was suspended, head down, from the cross-piece overhead. The sport consisted in riding at full gallop and catching the gander's neck and pulling his head off or breaking him loose from the beam.

All who were entitled to ride for the prize were counted out and stationed in order to take a ride in his proper time. In this way they followed each other in close order, so that as soon as one passed, another took a chance at the greasy gander. It was one of the most difficult things to catch the gander's neck, for he was on the alert and would give a squawk and jerk his head up or aside just as the rider would make a grab at him. It was even more difficult to get any kind of hold on the slippery neck. But these wild, country riders enjoyed the sport, and so did everybody who saw it. It was better than any tournament, and the riding and catching was almost a repetition of the attempts to take the ring in tournament riding. I think it took nearly an hour for those fellows to get three old ganders down.

Shooting for Turkey.

Shooting for turkey was a sport much indulged in also on court days. The turkeys were purchased by the crowd intending to shoot for them, and each man had his chance or chances. They used a target at a distance of sixty or more yards, and there was no restriction on the kind of gun used, but I think they did limit the size of shot, so as to make the number of pellets somewhat even. These backwoodsmen and farmers brought all kinds of guns and all kinds of loads, but the main idea was to see who could get the most shot in the black. The target had a number of circles and in the center a black spot about as large as a silver dollar, and each man would have his shot scored by a keeper until all had had their shots, when it would be decided who had won the turkey. I noticed that one old fellow with a long-barrel squirrel gun got three turkeys, and they finally ruled him out of the game because the gun was "unusual" in length and performance.

Interesting Horse Racing.

The great sport, however, was the promiscuous racers and racing which everybody who had a horse took a chance at, and frequently the result of a race between two horses insured selling the lucky one for a good price. Those races were really good ones and were the source of much amusement and excitement. Everybody who had a horse or mule with any sort of record would pit him against someone's animal and win or lose a dollar or so at the end of the track. The race course was either down a straight portion of the public road or in some large field, and the distance was seldom over a quarter of a mile, and never but two at a time—a regular side and side dash as hard as they could put foot to the ground.

The two contestants were ranged alongside and the word given, and it was a sight worth seeing when bareheaded and with a big switch they whaled their horses into a frantic rush, followed by the yells and hurrahs of the crowd of onlookers. These races were occasions for changing a little money on the sly, selling more than one horse for a fool price, and now and then a pretty lively little fistfight where matters were in dispute, but, all in all, it would not be a court day without these things happening.

Being a boy, I was most interested on those days with what went on on the outside. I never witnessed the trials of the offenders against the law, no rnever saw anyone hung, though some man showed me a big beam on top of two stout and tall pieces of timber behind the jail which he said was used for hanging people. He said that formerly the condemned person was made to stand up in a horse cart and when tied and blindfolded was driven under this cross-beam and a rope from the beam was tied around his neck, and when the word was given the cart was driven from under the victim and the job was done. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, but have since heard that this was one method of hanging in this State long ago.

There is one bright spot in my memory of those days and it centers around the stand at which was displayed for sale the genuine "horse cakes" and candy bull's eyes. This was all the peddler had to catch youngsters like myself, and it was happiness enough for me to get a half dozen of those big brown molasses cakes with a streak or so of white of an egg across them, and as many of those red and white balls of cheap candy. When I had seen the day through and had gotten these good things I was ready for home with something to talk about until next court day.

Female Rasputin Is Preaching New Wars

BY KARL H. VON WIEGAND, Universal Service Staff Correspondent.

BERLIN, Jan. 1.—A Bolshevist prophetess—a "female Rasputin"—is reported to have arisen in Soviet Russia and rumor credits her with great influence in the Kremlin, the Bolshevist "White House" in Moscow.

Olga Goorokoff, aged 23, according to the Neu Wiener Journal, of Vienna, is the new "Egeria" and is alleged to be one of Lenine's closest advisers. It is told of her that she goes into trances, sees visions of Bolshevism dominating the world in the near future and preaches war against England in Asia as the right means of breaking the power of the British lion.

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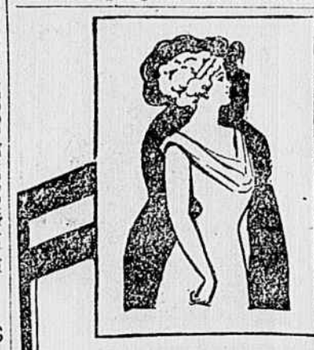

Get Rid of Your Fat

If you are needlessly burdened with superfluous fat, read the following carefully. See how easily others have reduced by my simple and efficient method of fat reduction. *Some have reduced over a pound a day.* All this has been accomplished without resorting to diet or tedious exercise.

Miss O. Whitlow *writes:* "I have lost 76 pounds as result of your treatment and have never felt so well in my life as I do now."

Mr. S. Santee *writes:* "I have lost 70 pounds as a result of taking your treatment. I feel better in every way. I can now take long walks without becoming tired or short of breath. I thank you very much for what you have done for me."

Mrs. E. Horner *says:* "Well, I am glad to inform you that I have lost 48 pounds in six weeks."

Miss C. Felker *says:* "I thought I would let you know how I am getting along. I am feeling fine and have found the treatment pleasant to take at all times. I have not weighed, but my measurements show that I have reduced six inches from my bust, five inches from my waist, and 12 inches from my hips. Of course, I am pleased with the result."

I am a licensed practising physician and personally prescribe for each individual case, thus enabling me to select remedies that will produce not only a loss of weight harmlessly, but will relieve you of all the troublesome symptoms of overstoutness such as shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, indigestion, rheumatism, gout, asthma, kidney trouble and various other troubles which often accompany overstoutness.

My treatment will relieve that depressed, tired, sleepy feeling, giving you the renewed energy and vigor which come as a result of the loss of your superfluous fat. My treatment is the only scientific treatment known that will produce a loss of weight with positively no harm to the system.

You are not required to change in the slightest from your regular mode of living. There is no dieting or exercising that you have to follow. It is simple, easy and pleasant to take.

If you are overstout do not postpone but sit down right now and send for my free trial treatment and my plan whereby I am to be paid only after reduction has taken place if you so desire.

DR. R. NEWMAN
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