

# The News and Herald.

VOL. I--NO. 18.]

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JANUARY 31, 1877.

\$3.00 A Year  
In Advance.

## SCENES IN THE SENATE.

### THE GIANTS GRAPPLING WITH THE GREAT PROBLEM.

Speech of Edmunds on Saturday--An Able Effort--Morton "Eatin' Crow" on Monday.

Special to the Philadelphia Times.

WASHINGTON, January 20.—Crowded galleries looked down upon a quiet Senate. No sign there gave notice that anything unusual was about to happen. The little quick-footed but soft-stepping pages flitted about. The secretaries busied themselves over their ponderous journals. The official reporters had no thought outside of the curious characters of their sound-writing. The President of the Senate buried his hand in his long beard, and faced, but evidently did not listen to, the Virginia Senator on the floor.

### THE SENATORS IN COUNCIL.

A heavy figure makes its way with difficulty through a side entrance. The difficulty arises from the management of a stout crutch which supports the massive shoulders of the low, stooping man, while the other hand makes a leaning post of a stick that might have been a belaying-pin snatched from the deck of a pirate. His slow, labored procession across the floor gives time for all to notice this man, who if his antecedents do not belie him, will become the Danton of the American Senate. A gloom seems to surround his very person. It may be physical pain which accounts for the deep scowl set into his broad, intellectual forehead, but the black, ill-fitting clothes, the dark, stained hair and overhanging eyebrows and bristling moustache, when brought into contrast with the clammy whiteness of the skin of his face and pate, gives to the spectator an impression which results in a shudder rather than a sigh. As Senator Morton plunges his huge form into his seat he brushes the shoulder of his next-door neighbor, a thin cadaverous-looking man, whose iron-gray whiskers and moustache show intimate acquaintance with an industrious pair of scissors, and his deep, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and pinched visage seem to tell of bile on the stomach and narrowness of the soul. The very orange that Senator Sherman takes from his pocket and lays on the front of his desk seem to have a sour look.

### HOW CONKLING LOOKS.

Across the central aisle an entirely different sort of a man sits dallying with his handsome hands. The occasional flash of a knife blade shows that no more serious thing is engaging his attention than his nails. When he rises up you will see a tall, symmetrical form, neither too large nor too small, dressed in the latest fashion. The "cardinal" in his cravat and the scrupulous care with which his light-colored, curled hair is banked up on each side of his Vandey head give his appearance a touch of dandyism. Senator Conkling winks quietly in his seat, with one shapely foot swinging lazily over the other, until his great empeer enters the expectant Senate to begin the debate—the debate which will become as memorable in the histories of peoples as any that ever echoed in the halls of legislation.

These are the figures in the immediate foreground of the Senate of the United States. The Senators who sit around are hardly less conspicuous. The eye running over the chamber will rest easily upon the almost unnaturally heavy shock of snow-white hair of the venerable Senator from Pennsylvania, who look Sumner's place at the head of the foreign relations, and whose son holds the father's old portfolio in the War Office. Far back of him, on the last row, sits the Senator who counts, in piles hundreds of times bigger than his little body, his ingots of silver dug from the bowels of Nevada's earth. The Senator from New Jersey, whose name tells of the Dutch ancestors whom Irving has immortalized, and whose seat in the Senate is now trembling in the balance with the odds of a majority of one on joint ballot against him, sits beside the desk of the speaker of the day. The Grocer of Groton, whose retirement from the Senate in favor of Judge Hoar seems to give such universal satisfaction, chats with the carpet-bag Senator from Alabama, whose fat, venal figure seems to express the character of the man. Boutwell looks as though he knew this was the last session his iron-grey whiskers and mixy eyes will be seen in the Senate.

### THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

Over on the Democratic side, to the right of Ferry's chair, the almost boyish, clean shaven but strongly marked face of Bayard, of Delaware, suggests the statesmanship and love of country that made this seion of a house of statesmen and patriots be among the foremost of the signers of what will be the second Magna Charta of the American Republic. The strong Scotch face of Wallace, of Pennsylvania, looks serious as he sits in the fore-

most row, the better to hear the great lawyer who will lead the debate in favor of "the fair course of equal law which shall justly settle this dispute." Thurman's grey head is seen among the officials at the clerk's desk, where he looks directly at the whole Senate. Ransom, the Confederate General, who will be known hereafter as the Signer of the Peace Measure, talks quietly to his brother officer in the late war, General Gordon, of Georgia, whose check shows conspicuously the plowing path of a "Yankee" bullet.

### THE ENTRANCE OF JUDGE EDMUNDS.

But it is five minutes before 1 o'clock, the hour set for beginning the famous debate. Judge Edmunds comes in quietly at the Senate library door with a couple of law books in his hand, one of which he will use in his speech to quote a sentence from a case in which the Supreme Court of "the great State of Pennsylvania" and the Supreme Court of the United States joined battle over a slave. The Chairman of the Judiciary Committee and the first signer of the report on the act providing a plan for the counting of the electoral vote gives unmistakable token of being a great man as he rises in his place, sends to the Clerk's desk a morocco-bound, gilt-edged copy of the Constitution, and asks that the twelfth article may be read. His stature is tall and his figure rather spare, but his face is the face of one of those fine old Puritans with whom we associate the very foundation of the Republic. It is impossible to ignore the whispers around you, from men capable of judging, that he is the finest constitutional lawyer of them all.

"If he errs at all, he will err in being too technical," remarks one of the ablest of the Senators, as they all push forward into the vacant seats nearest the speaker. A momentary pause, while "Ulysses Junior" (a boy just springing out of his teens) announces a message from his father, and the Senator begins.

### THE SENATOR ON HIS FEET.

He rises with dignity, but without any of the fuss of outward preparation. His desk is free from papers or notes of any kind, the two law books on his desk being the only sign of an intended speech. He speaks slowly and deliberately, with a distinct articulation, and the listening and crowded Senate and galleries lose no word of the masterly effort. After the first sentence, spoken with his hand clutching the lappet of his coat, he moves out to the front of the desk, and raising his voice slightly proceeds with his opening of the case in "which ten millions of voting citizens have been engaged in a contest so close that it has become a matter of serious dispute between five million on one side and five million on the other, as to whom they have chosen to the highest place in the Republic." He does not make an exhaustive argument on the act, but takes up the most salient points. The allusion to the different geographical sections of the country in which the Judges of the Supreme Court live is the finest bit of descriptive word-painting in the speech. He brings out strongly his view that "this is a tribunal to pass, not upon a future or a policy, but upon accomplished facts." The right to go behind the action of the State Returning Boards he discusses with all the skill of the jurist, and leaves the ascertainment of that right under the "now existing laws" to the tribunal to decide. When he comes to the right of Congress to pass this bill, and the "pretension," to use his own word, that the occupant of the Chair of the Senate has the sole and exclusive right to count the vote, he riddles the arguments of the holders of this view and sums up President Ferry and the paramount Congress in the sentence, "the Judge in a tribunal decides, the clerk counts." The only suspicion of a departure from the gravity of the occasion occurs when he says, after stating several propositions, "to borrow a phrase from my friend from Ohio (Thurman), 'that won't do.'"

He closes in the hearing of Garfield and Scott, Lord and Clymer, and any number of members who have come over from the other chamber and filled the lounges and chairs of the Senate's floor, with this sentence:

"Having said so much, Mr. President, for he present I dismiss this subject in the hope that the Senate will carefully consider whether it is wise (by stimulating doubts in their own minds, or by allowing their wishes to outrun their judgment) to send this Republic on the first Thursday in February or the second Wednesday in that month, like the mountains that the poet has spoken of, that are evermore tumbling into seas without a shore, or whether it is better that in the fair course of equal law the dispute shall be justly settled."

### The Debate on Monday.

All the world and his wife went over to the Senate this morning to see—or rather to hear—Morton "eat crow," for in the debates a year ago he expressed the very sentiments in regard to the Presidential count which he is now combating so fiercely.

### THE BORN.

The great orator of the bloody

shirt had, if possible, a larger audience than Senator Edmunds on Saturday, everybody knowing in advance that he was to speak. The favored ones admitted to the floor of the Senate were also more numerous. There was fighting "Bob" Ingersoll, lolling back on a sofa, with legs crossed and with the general "jakey" air so noticeable in the brilliant stump orator of the West. As though to accord with the enternal fitness of things, the great candidate for the Presidency at Cincinnati, for whom Ingersoll made the greatest speech of his life, sat down on the front row of the Senators' benches waiting for a lull in the morning hour's business to permit of the veteran Senator Hamlin's rising and saying, "Before the Senate proceeds, I desire to have my honorable colleague take the usual oath of office," and the heavy form of Blaine, of Maine, moves sharply across the Senate floor, and as he kisses the Book he becomes formally a Senator of the United States—certainly to listen attentively to and probably to take part in the discussion of a question which will give another man the place he so much coveted. He goes back to his seat, where a handsome bouquet is and listens attentively.

William M. Everts' tall, gaunt figure also comes in the privileged door and he slips across to a quiet corner to listen to a debate which will result in the seating of a President, and as he does so recalls the time when he was the leading advocate in that very room, before that very Senate, to defend a President from the attempt to unseat him. General Sherman, too, comes in, armed cap-a-pie with his military cloak and peaked hat, to hear Morton speak. He is destined to hear his own Senator brother make the laughing-stock of a listless Senator by the biting sarcasm of Edmunds and Garfield, the leader of the Republicans of the other House, comes over and sits behind Morton to get whatever may be said against the bill by its most powerful opponent, in order that he may use it in his own speech to-morrow, when the debate begins in the House. British Minister Thornton is also there to see how we do things in a Republic.

### MORTON'S MANNER.

Morton moves his chair out into the aisle and sits still as he speaks. His voice is low at first and he complains of sickness, but as he warms to the subject his voice is raised high and loud and his gestures show the man of warm feeling. His very beginning partakes of the nature of a threat—a goad to the weaker Senators. He says "the shadow of the intimidation which operated so successfully in Mississippi has entered this very chamber." He insisted that Rutherford B. Hayes had been elected, and he "must be inaugurated, unless a bill is passed which will count him out." He saw the "erow" before him staring him in the face, and he gulped it down with the sauce that "few men can claim to be entirely consistent. I have not been so myself."

### THE VERDICT OF THE JURY.

Senator Morton also ran across a snag which compelled an advocacy of States' right to prevent anybody from going behind certificates of the electors. He kept his breeches from being torn in getting over the fence by saying he was not the advocate of States' rights. He laid the most stress on the jurisdictional section of the bill, calling it its vital part. The kernel of the nut lay in whether the State seal could be gone behind, and he declared that this bill requires the tribunal to go behind the returns.

And then the Senator broke abruptly off, pleading sickness. He sat, however, through the whole session, and even endeavored to lend his aid to his neighbor Sherman when that Senator had been battered down into his seat by Edmunds in the rather warm debate which ensued. Morton's speech is regarded on all sides as a most absolute fizzle, not because of his sickness, but from lack of argument and want of the impetuosity with which he usually bulldozes the Senate. This speech received great attention, but failed to convince.

### SIMON CAMERON SPEAKS.

Then Frolinghuyzen, Sherman, Bayard and Thurman successively ventilated their views.

Then the Senate saw another sight, one which had not been witnessed for years. Senator Simon Cameron rose to speak. He plumped out in a most unexpected way that the bill was a Democratic measure (laughter); that he had prejudices against all compromise measures, and that three of the ablest Republicans in the Senate had gratified their political opponents. "I am a plain man and I like to tell the truth," said he. "What's the difference whether the majority be one or twenty-one?" The occupant of the seat of the scholarly and eloquent Sumner created quite a sensation by his abrupt speech, and the old gentleman was probably astonished himself, if his nervousness in twitching at a bit of red tape in his hand gave the true indication. This closed the debate for the day.

## A SLIP ON SLIPPERS.

### THE SAD EXPERIENCE OF A BIG FOOTED BROKER.

Illustrating at the Same Time the Size of the Chicago Foot.

Augustus Harrison is one of the gay society young men of the West side. He is handsome, he dances well, he waltzes beautifully, says witty things which makes everybody laugh, and parts his hair exactly in the middle. His graceful figure is one of the most familiar at all of the club dances and private parties in that part of the city.

Augustus a day or two ago was in love—deeply, madly in love with Evangeline Jerome, a pretty blonde, who lives on West Monroe street. He first met Evangeline Jerome at one of the club parties given at Martin's last season. He loved her at first sight. Once, while looking over a volume of poetical quotations preparatory to going to Brown's party, which everybody remembers, he came across the line,

He only loves who loved at first sight, and exclaimed, "That's the gospel truth."

He lavished chocolate caramels on that girl, and the coarse thought that she was the champion caramel-chewer of the West side never flashed upon his intellect. When his sister confidentially told him that Evangeline "toed in," his love was not shaken in the least. Had she told him that his Evangeline had a big mole on her back, he would still have loved that girl. One night this winter he froze his nose while taking her sleigh-riding. Yet he murmured not, though the skin peeled off and made it look like a piece of raw veal cutlet. Oh, he madly loved his Evangeline, and thought she adored the ground—the considerable area of ground—that he stood on.

Wednesday evening he rang the front door bell of the Jerome family mansion. The servant girl came to the door.

"Is Miss Jerome in?"

"Yes. Walk into the parlor, Mr. Harrison. She is dressing. I will tell her you are here."

He walked into the parlor and sat familiarly down in the large arm-chair, which he often convinced Evangeline was big enough to hold them both, and bright expectant smiles agitated the waxed, needle-like ends of his small moustache—the moustache which Evangeline, the flatterer, always said tickled go. Five minutes dragged slowly away. Five more minutes successfully accomplished a similar proceeding. Augustus yawned and wondered why she didn't come, while, as a matter of fact, Miss Jerome had but just put the finishing touch upon the first soap curl. Then he sauntered to the centre table and looked at the photograph album, although he remembered very well that Evangeline had showed them to him the first time he called upon her. Then he sauntered to the little what-not in one of the back corners of the room. A paper parcel, loosely done up, lay on one of these shelves. Augustus picked it up. A pair of slippers dropped out of the paper.

"My Christmas present," he murmured softly as he picked them up. "Darling girl, Oh! how I love her," and he fell to admiring the embroidery and the pleasing pattern. On the side of each slipper was a dog with a cardinal red head, a black body, and a pink tail, chasing a green deer with solferino antlers and a manure tail around each tail around each heel. On the other side of each slipper was a magenta lake, into which these singular deer no doubt intended to plunge to escape these peculiar dogs. "Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Augustus. "Dear girl, I know she would remember me." At this instant he glanced at the sole, and an expression of acute pain, which would have been less inexplicable had it been the green-apple season, passed across his face, and he groaned, "Gracious heavens! number nines. Impossible!" and he held them to the light and looked again. "Yes, number nines. Oh! Evangeline! Evangeline! is it possible? Can it be? Is there another? Oh! cruel, false, heartless, fickle Evangeline. She loves another because he has small feet. The deceitful jade, Oh! how I loved her. Loved her? Ay, worshipped her, adored her. Heaven help me bear this. She has broken my heart," and he mused up his hair which he had so carefully oiled and slicked, and threw his arms wildly about and paced the room in great excitement, looked extremely wild and haggard, indeed. "Oh, the perfidious wretch! Oh, the deceitfulness of woman!" he groaned as he knoeked over a chair which stood in his way. "The heartless monster. Only to think how I loved that girl; how I brought her chocolate drops and froze my nose for her. Cuss it!" The last two words referred to a foot rest which he kicked over in his mad career.

"Only to think of her falling in love with a man just because he has small feet. How shallow. Oh, Evangeline, I fondly thought you were a woman of mind, of soul."

"Why, what's the matter, Gus," said Evangeline in great surprise, as she entered the room at this juncture.

"Can you ask me what's the matter? Oh, Evangeline, how could you?"

"How could I? How could I what?"

"Do not try to deceive me, Evangeline."

"What do you mean?"

"Those slippers."

"Well?"

"They are not for me. They are for another, a hateful rival."

"How do you know they are not for you?"

"They are number nines. You know, Evangeline, I wear eleven."

"Oh, you stupid! They are for Uncle George."

"You never had an Uncle George. You are deceiving me."

"I am not."

"You are."

"Can't you believe me?"

"No."

"You are no gentleman."

"You are a deceitful hussey."

"I hate and despise you."

"I don't doubt it."

"I shall call papa."

"You may, for I care."

"Papa! Papa!" called the lovely Evangeline.

Papa immediately entered the parlor and asked excitedly.

"What is the matter, my child?"

"This man has insulted me."

"Insulted you, my daughter! Get out of my house, sir!"

"I will go when I get ready, you baldheaded old fool, you."

"You infernal rascal, you'll go now," and Mr. Jerome planted a kick in the neighborhood but slightly protected by Augustus Harrison's broadcloth coat-tails.

Augustus then threw a fancy glass paper weight at Mr. Jerome, which struck that elderly gentleman in the head, and glancing therefrom, smashing a Sevres vase which stood on the mantle piece, and young Jerome rushed out of the house and bawled "P'lice! P'lice!" and Augustus was in the hands of an officer by the time he could slip into his overcoat and put on his hat.

Evil-doers on the West side eventually find their way to Justice Seely, and that grave man of the law frowned upon Augustus Harrison on yesterday morning, and after hearing the evidence from the several witnesses, fined him \$10 and rebuked him with a severe reprimand.—Chicago Times.

## The Truth About South Carolina.

### New York Sun.

The official report of Colonel Hunt of the United States army, stationed in South Carolina at the time of the November election, which we print to-day, is an interesting and important document. It shows conclusively that the election in that State was exceptionally quiet and peaceable, and that whatever attempts at intimidation were made came from Republican negroes, who in several instances assembled in armed bodies for the purpose of preventing colored Democrats from voting for Hampton. The testimony of this officer, supported by the reports of subordinate officers in command of detachments of troops that were sent to various parts of the State, will hardly be questioned by any party.

Colonel Hunt's account of the riot in Charleston on the day after the election, when the negroes fired into the office of *The News and Courier*, and undertook to take possession of the principal streets, is of peculiar interest, as it shows that under the most aggravating circumstances the Charleston rifle clubs acted only as conservators of the peace, aiding Colonel Hunt in his efforts to maintain order and cheerfully obeying the instructions in every regard. It also exposes the conduct of the Republican Mayor, Cunningham, at that occasion, in a most unpleasant light. That civic functionary, who has just been indicted for fraud, was evidently indisposed to co-operate with Colonel Hunt in his exertions to protect the city from riot; and when his acts are considered in connection with the communications he was having at the time with Governor Chamberlain, it is difficult to believe that he was not willing to encourage the rioters, in the expectation of making political capital for his party should serious disturbances occur.

Another fact that is clearly shown in this report is that the troops in South Carolina were intended to be used by Chamberlain and his confederates, not for the preservation of the peace, but for partisan ends. Because Colonel Hunt would not disarm peaceable white citizens, Worthington, the Collector of the Port, declared that he should be removed within twenty-four hours by the War Department, and removed he was. But he had saved the city of Charleston from what would probably have been a fearful massacre of blacks and whites, and his removal from his command for doing this can hardly feel to be a humiliation.

As the facts of the recent election are investigated, every day brings forth new evidence of the falsity of the pretence that Tilden gained his majorities in the South through the intimidation of voters; and every day affords new proofs of the monstrous character of the means employed by Hayes supporters. The proceedings in South Carolina were of a piece with those in Florida and Louisiana, and they can only be characterized as utterly infamous.

### A Novel Hair Restorative.

Persons afflicted with baldness will be glad to hear that a luxuriant growth of hair may be produced by a very simple process, described by a British consul at a Russian port in his commercial report. In the summer of 1875 his attention was drawn to several cases of baldness among bullocks, cows and oxen, and the loss of manes and tails among horses. A former servant of the consul, prematurely bald, whose duty it was to trim lamps, had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in his scanty locks, and after three months of lamp-trimming experience his habit procured for him a much finer head of glossy black hair than he ever possessed before. Struck by this remarkable occurrence the consul tried the remedy on two retriever spaniels that had become suddenly bald, with wonderful success. His experience therefore induced him to suggest to the owner of several black cattle and horses affected as above stated, and while it stayed the spread of the disease among animals in the same sheds and stables, it affected a quick and radical cure of the animals attacked. The petroleum should be of the most refined American quality, rubbed in vigorously and quickly with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days, six or seven times in all, except in the cases of horses' tails and manes when more applications may be requisite.

Amid the uncertainties and anxieties attendant upon the political complications it is pleasant to reflect that some of the ultra Radicals of the Senate, who have been foremost in fomenting trouble and keeping up the bitter feelings growing out of the late war, are being gradually left out in the cold. Boutwell, Hitchcock and Frolinghuyzen have given way, the first two to Conservative Republicans and the latter to a straight-out Democrat, while the Illinois Republicans have withdrawn the malignant Logan.

A suit was begun on Monday in the United States District Court of New York before Judge Blatchford against Gov. Tilden for the recovery of \$150,000, alleged to be due the Government on unpaid income tax. This is the case about which so much was heard during the campaign. Mr. Tilden denies the allegation.

## A TURKISH SLAVE MART.

### HOW THE HAREMS ARE SUPPLIED WITH BEAUTIES.

Circassian Girls at Two Hundred Pounds Turkish, and Georgians One Hundred and Twenty--Black Girls at Thirty-Eight.

A correspondent of the Paris *Gauche* describes a recent visit to a slave sale in Constantinople. Notwithstanding the nominal abolition of the slave trade in Turkey, through the efforts of the civilized European Governments, it still continues in a furtive way. As long as the harem exists, this trade will exist.

This sale was in a house. All the windows facing on the street were closed. The correspondent accompanied an Egyptian friend and his valet in a carriage to the mosque of the Sultan Mahomet, at which point they turned into narrow and complicated streets, which finally became impassable. They alighted before a pile of mud which could be crossed only on foot. Reaching the house, they were introduced into the selamluk or chamber reserved for male visitors. Here they found the slave dealer standing, a short pipe in hand. He was a little old Tripoli man, Gassiri-Messoud-Aga by name. He has followed the business for forty years. After the customary salutations, pipes and coffee were offered and taken with the si fence usual to Orientals before any business transaction. An ebony young eunuch soon entered and whispered in Messoud's ear. The latter made a sign of acquiescence, and, turning to the guests, said: "Boutyouren" (permit me.) The guests rose and followed him into the room of the harem. A long divan, about a foot and a half high and four feet wide, surrounded three sides of the chamber. An excavation in the wall held the cushions and coverings used at night. The floor was covered with mats and loose pieces of carpet. Upon the divan were seated, side by side, two white girls from Circassia, in the dress of their country. Opposite were three other women, one of whom was white, from Georgia, and the others black. All arose as the visitors entered. One of the Circassians seemed scarcely 14. She had bright chestnut hair, long dark eye-lashes, which shaded eyes of liquid blue; a light, well-rounded form and regular features, overcast with melancholy. She was a beauty of the first class. Her companion, aged 18, was slightly less beautiful, but was a performer on the kemedija or Turkish violin. In addition, she was recommended as a good cook, seamstress and washer. Her brown hair fell to her knees. She looked at the visitors coolly, and fixed her eyes on the Egyptian with an expression that seemed to ask him to purchase her. At a sign from Messoud one of the black girls disrobed the Circassians. This was not a complicated process, as their dress was simply a tunic, a pair of trousers and a chemise. The younger seemed distressed; the other simply fixed her eyes upon the floor. Messoud passing his hands over them, called attention to their good points, and made them show their regular, pearly teeth. He dwelt also upon the strict decorum of their antecedents. After an examination of the Georgian and a glance at the black girl the party returned to the selamluk to close the bargain. The younger Circassian was quoted at 200 pounds Turkish, the older at 130, the Georgian at 120. The Egyptian found them too high priced, and took one of the black girls for 38 pounds. He simply wanted a house servant. The sale being completed, the party were again served with pipes and coffee, and left the house.

The preliminaries to this were conducted with great caution. The valet of the Egyptian was sent the day before to announce his master's desire, and Messoud immediately came to the latter to assure himself that all was right for a personal inspection of his customer. As a mere visitor to the harem would have been eyed askance, the correspondent was introduced as Tahir-Bey, a Syrian gentleman who wished to take a chambermaid home with him.

The condition into which the business interests of the country have been thrown by the Presidential middle is clearly shown by the petitions sent to Congress by the great trade centres in favor of the passage of the electoral bill. The whole country waits the matter settled speedily, and Congress will hardly be able to withstand the pressure.

"It is a gratifying fact in this connection," says an exchange, "that few women have two husbands." That may be, but no man can go to bed such weather as this and find any gratification in the fact that he hasn't two wives.

Out West the ladies have organized a society where they meet to mend their husbands' socks. It is a sort of hit at the men's clubs where they meet and swear, while the ladies meet and darn.—*Our City Derrick*.