

One Dollar a square for the first week, and  
Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter.  
Sixteen lines or less will make a square—  
Deductions made in favor of standing mat-  
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When directions are not given how often  
to insert an advertisement, it will be publish-  
ed until ordered out.

Poetry.

The Contented Man.

Why need I strive for wealth?  
It is enough for me  
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health  
A spirit glad and free:  
I gratefully receive,  
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.  
On some, what floods of riches flow!  
Houses, herds and gold have they;  
Yet life's best joys, they never know,  
But fret their hours away.  
The more they have, they seek increase;  
Complaints and cravings never cease.  
A vale of tears this world they call,  
'Tis me it seems as if  
It countless pleasures hath for all,  
And none denied a share.  
The little birds on new-fledged wing,  
And insects revel in the spring.  
For love of us hills, woods and plains  
In beautiful lines are clad;  
And birds sing far and near sweet strains  
Caught up by whose glad  
"Rise," sings the lark, "your task to ply"  
The nightingale sings "dubiously."  
And when the golden sun goes forth,  
And all like golden rain,  
When bloom overshadows the glowing earth,  
And fields have ripening ears,  
I think those glories that I see,  
My kind Creator made for me.  
Then lo! I thank the Lord above,  
And say in joyful mood,  
His love is linked to Father's love,  
He wills to all men good.  
Then let me ever grateful live,  
Enjoying all He deigns to give.

Miscellaneous.

Hon. John A. Dix.

We publish the following extract  
from the truly eloquent speech of the  
Hon. John A. Dix, at the late great  
Union Meeting in the city of New  
York, we regret that we are not able  
to publish the entire speech for it is  
well worthy of perusal for its stirring  
eloquence:

"Yet the question of union or dis-  
union, must be met and should be dis-  
posed of as patriotism and justice dic-  
tate. A combination to act against  
the Southern States, has recently been  
disclosed, not by information given by  
any one implicated with the rest, but  
by the failure of the initiatory enter-  
prise, undertaken with force and seal  
with blood. He proceeded to show  
the serious nature of this movement,  
notwithstanding the attempts made to  
mislead the public judgment upon the  
subject, as if it should be measured  
only by its result. The object was  
to stir up an insurrection of slaves  
against their masters. And if the move-  
ment had been responded to as it was  
anticipated it would be by its leader,  
it would have been most disastrous to  
the peace of the country. The design  
and its possible consequences, (not its  
failure,) should be the measure of our  
reprobation of the act. He remarked  
upon the degrees of legal or moral re-  
sponsibility of those who knew more  
or less of the design which had been  
entertained for years among the con-  
spirators, and yet had done nothing to  
prevent its fulfillment. That the com-  
mon government must ensure domestic  
tranquillity in order to be upheld.  
That every community is responsible  
for the acts of its citizens, between  
States as between nations. That we  
are bound by the constitution to ful-  
fill all its requirements, and to dis-  
charge the offices which belong to good  
neighborhood among the States. His  
position was illustrated by the suppo-  
sition, that if we were in the condition  
of our Southern fellow citizens, we  
should not be patient under such treat-  
ment as they had to suffer. That we  
should resent such aggressions as ex-  
citing to insurrection in our families,  
breaking up our homes, destroying our  
property, and putting our lives in  
peril. We should rather encounter  
all the horrors of disunion, by which,  
if all else should be lost, honor and  
self-respect might be preserved.  
Inasmuch as the constitution pro-  
vides for the return of the fugitive  
slaves, as an essential compromise be-  
tween the several States, and on which  
as a foundation the fabric of the Union  
was built, to surrender a slave who has  
escaped from his master, is as much a  
duty, as it is to yield obedience to any  
other provision which has been made  
by the constitution for the general  
welfare and security. We can no  
more evade or violate any one of these  
duties, than we can throw off our alle-  
giance to the government itself—while  
claiming or enjoying its protection.—  
We should go farther, and punish with  
the severest penalties all attempts to  
seduce slaves from their obedience,  
to disturb the peace, or to interfere  
with the domestic arrangements and  
institutions of our sister States."

Married Life.

The affections that link together  
man and wife, is a far holier passion  
than the enthusiasm of young love.—  
It may want its gorgeousness—it may  
want its imaginative character, but it  
is far richer in holy and trusting at-  
tributes. Talk not to us of the ab-  
sence of love in wedlock. What! be-  
cause a man has ceased to "sigh like  
a furnace," are we to believe that the  
fire is extinct? No, it burns with a  
steady and deep flame, shedding a  
benign influence upon existence, a  
million times more precious and de-  
lightful than the cold dreams of phi-  
losophy.—Charlotte Bulletin.

The Soft Answer.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I'll give him law to his heart's con-  
tent, the scoundrel!" said Mr. Single-  
ton, walking backward and forward,  
in a state of angry excitement.

"Don't call harsh names, Mr. Single-  
ton," said Lawyer Trueman, looking  
up from the mass of papers before him,  
and smiling, in a quiet, benevolent  
way, that was peculiar to him.

"Every man should be known by his  
true name. Williams is a scoundrel,  
and so he ought to be called," respond-  
ed the client, with increasing warmth.

"Did you ever do a reasonable thing  
in your life, when you were angry?"  
asked Mr. Trueman, whose age and  
respectability gave him the license to  
speak thus freely to his young friend,  
for whom he was endeavoring to ar-  
range some business difficulty with a  
former partner.

"I can't say that I ever did, Mr.  
Trueman. But now, I have good reason  
for being angry; and the language I  
use in reference to Williams is but the  
expression of a sober and rational con-  
viction," replied Singleton, a little more  
calmly.

"Did you pronounce him a scoundrel  
before you received his reply to your  
last letter?" asked Mr. Trueman.

"No, I did not. But that letter con-  
firmed my previously formed impres-  
sions of his character."

"But I cannot find in that letter any  
evidence proving your late partner to be  
a dishonest man. He will not agree  
to your proposed mode of settlement,  
because he does not see it to be the  
most proper way."

"He won't agree to it, because it is  
an honest and equitable method of set-  
tlement, that is all. He wants to over-  
reach me, and is determined to do so  
if he can," responded Mr. Singleton,  
still excited.

"There you are decidedly wrong,"  
said the lawyer. "You have both allow-  
ed yourselves to become angry, and  
are both unreasonable, and if I must  
speak plainly, I think you the most  
unreasonable in the present case. Two  
angry men can never settle any busi-  
ness properly. You have very unnee-  
sarily increased the difficulties in the  
way of a speedy settlement, by writing  
Mr. Williams an angry letter, which  
he has responded to in a like unhap-  
py temper. Now, if I am to settle this  
business for you, I must write all let-  
ters that pass to Mr. Williams in fu-  
ture."

"But how can you properly express  
my views and feelings?"

"That I do not wish to do, if your  
views and feelings are to remain as  
they now are; for anything like an ad-  
justment of the difficulties under such  
circumstances I should consider help-  
less," replied Mr. Trueman.

"Well, let me answer this letter, and  
after that, I promise that you shall  
have your own way."

"No, I shall consent to no such thing.  
It is the reply to that letter which is  
to modify the negotiation for a settle-  
ment in such a way as to bring success  
or failure; and I have no idea of allow-  
ing you, in the present state of your  
mind, to write such a one as will most  
assuredly defeat an amicable arrange-  
ment."

Singleton paused for some time, be-  
fore making a reply. He had been  
forming in his mind a most cutting and  
biting rejoinder to the letter just allud-  
ed to, and he was very desirous that  
Mr. Williams should have the benefit  
of knowing that he thought him a  
"tricky and deliberate scoundrel," with  
other opinions of a similar character.  
He found it, therefore, impossible to  
make up his mind to let the unimpass-  
ioned Mr. Trueman write this most  
important epistle.

"Indeed, I must write this letter, Mr.  
Trueman," he said. "There are some  
things that I want to say to him, that  
I know you won't write. You don't  
seem to consider the position in which  
he has placed me by that letter, nor  
what is obligatory upon me as a man  
of honor. I never allow any man to  
reflect upon me directly or indirectly,  
without a prompt response."

"There is, in the Bible," said Mr.  
Trueman, "a passage that is peculiarly  
applicable in the present case. It is  
this:—'A soft answer turneth away  
wrath; but grievous words stir up an-  
ger.' I have found this precept, in a  
life that has numbered more than dou-  
ble your years, to be one that may be  
safely and honorably adopted, in all  
cases. You blame Mr. Williams for  
writing you an angry letter, and are  
indignant at certain expressions con-  
tained therein. Now, is it any more  
right for you to write an angry letter,  
with cutting epithets, than it is for  
him?"

"But, Mr. Trueman—"  
"I do assure you, my young friend,"  
said the lawyer, interrupting him, "that  
I am acting in this case for your bene-  
fit, and not for my own; and, as your  
legal advisor, you must submit to my  
judgment, or I cannot consent to go  
on."

"If I will promise not to use any  
harsh language, will you not consent  
to let me write the letter?" urged the  
client.

"You and I, in the present state of  
your mind, could not possibly come at  
the same conclusion in reference to what  
is harsh and what is mild," said Mr.

Trueman; "therefore I cannot consent  
that you shall write one word of the  
proposed reply. I must write it."

"Well, I suppose, then, I shall have  
to submit. When will it be ready?"  
"Come this afternoon, and I will give  
you the draft, which you can copy and  
sign."

In the afternoon, Mr. Singleton,  
came, and received the letter prepared  
by Mr. Trueman. It ran thus, after  
the date and formal address:

"I regret that my proposition did  
not meet your approval. The mode of  
settlement which I suggested was the  
result of a careful consideration of our  
mutual interests. Be kind enough to  
suggest to Mr. Trueman, my lawyer,  
any plan which you think will lead to  
an early and amicable adjustment of  
our business. You may rely upon my  
consent to it, if it meets his approba-  
tion."

"Is it possible, Mr. Trueman, that  
you expect me to sign such a cringing  
letter as that?" said Mr. Singleton,  
throwing it down, and walking back-  
ward and forward with great irritation  
of manner.

"Well, what is your objection to it?"  
replied Mr. Trueman, mildly, for he  
was prepared for just such an exhibi-  
tion of feeling.

"Objection! How can you ask such  
a question? Am I to go on my knees  
to him, and beg him to do me justice?  
No! I'll sacrifice every cent I've got  
in the world first, the scoundrel!"

"You wish to have your business set-  
tled, do you not?" asked Mr. Trueman,  
looking him steadily in the face.

"Of course I do—honorably settled."

"Well, let me hear what you mean  
by an honorable settlement."

"The young man hesitated a moment,  
and Mr. Trueman said:

"You mean a settlement in which  
your interest shall be equally consid-  
ered with that of Mr. Williams."

"Yes, certainly. And that—"

"And that," continued Mr. Trueman,  
"Mr. Williams, in the settlement, shall  
consider and treat you as a gentleman."

"Certainly I do. But that is more  
than he has done."

"Well, never mind. Let what is past  
go for as much as it is worth. The prin-  
cipal point of action is in the present."

"But I'll never send that mean,  
cringing letter, though."

"You mistake its whole tenor. I do as-  
sure you, Mr. Singleton. You have al-  
lowed your angry feelings to blind you.  
You, certainly, carefully considered,  
before you adopted it, the proposed  
basis of a settlement, did you not?"

"Of course I did."

"So the letter, which I have pre-  
pared for you, states. Now, as an honest  
and honorable man, you are, I assure,  
willing to grant him the same privi-  
lege which you asked for yourself,  
namely, that of proposing a plan of  
settlement. Your proposition does not  
seem to please him; now it is but fair  
that he should be invited to state how  
he wishes the settlement to be made.  
And, in giving such an invitation, a  
gentleman should use gentlemanly lan-  
guage."

"But he don't deserve to be treated  
like a gentleman. In fact, he has no  
claim to the title," said the young man.

"If he has none, as you say, you pro-  
fess to be a gentleman, and all gentle-  
men, should prove by their actions and  
their words that they are gentlemen."

"I can't say that I am convinced by  
what you say; but, as you seem so bent  
on having it your own way, why, here,  
let me copy the thing and sign it," said  
the young man, suddenly changing his  
manner.

"There, now," he added, passing a-  
cross the table the brief letter he had  
copied, "I suppose he'll think me a low-  
spirited fellow, after he gets that. But  
he's mistaken. After it's all over, I'll  
take good care to tell him that it didn't  
contain my sentiments."

Mr. Trueman smiled, as he took the  
letter, and went on to fold and direct it.

"Come to-morrow afternoon, and I  
think we'll have things in a pretty fair  
way," he said, looking up with his usual  
pleasant smile, as he finished the direc-  
tion of the letter.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Singleton," he  
said, as that gentleman entered his of-  
fice on the succeeding day.

"Good afternoon," responded the  
young man. "Well, have you heard  
from that milk and water letter of  
yours? I can't call it mine."

"Yes," said the old gentleman, "here  
is the answer. Take a seat, and I will  
read it to you."

"Well, let's hear it."

"DEAR GEORGE:—I have your kind,  
reasonable, and gentlemanly note of  
yesterday, in reply to my harsh, un-  
reasonable, and ungentlemanly one of  
the day before. We have both been  
playing the fool; but you are ahead  
of me in becoming sane. I have ex-  
amined, since I got your note, more  
carefully, the tenor of your proposi-  
tion for a settlement, and it meets my  
views precisely. My foolish anger  
kept me from seeing it before. Let  
our mutual friend, Mr. Trueman, ar-  
range the matter, according to the  
plan mentioned, and I shall most heart-  
ily acquiesce. Yours, &c."

"He never wrote that letter in the  
world!" exclaimed Singleton, starting  
to his feet.

said Mr. Trueman, handing him the  
letter.

"It's Thomas Williams' own hand, as  
I live," ejaculated Singleton, on glance-  
ing at the letter. "My old friend,  
Thomas Williams, the best-natured fel-  
low in the world!" he continued, his  
feeling undergoing a sudden and entire  
revolution. "What a fool I have been!"

"And what a fool I have been!" said  
Thomas Williams, advancing from an  
adjoining room, at the same time ex-  
tending his hand toward Singleton.

"God bless you, my old friend!" ex-  
claimed Singleton, grasping his hand.  
"Why, what has been the matter with  
us both?"

"My young friends," said old Mr.  
Trueman, one of the kindest-hearted  
men in the world, rising and advanc-  
ing toward them, "I have known you  
long, and have always esteemed you  
both. This pleasant meeting and re-  
conciliation, you perceive, is of my ar-  
rangement. Now let me give a pre-  
cept that will both make friends and  
keep friends. It has been my motto  
through life; and I don't know that  
I have an enemy in the world. It is:  
'A soft answer turneth away wrath;  
but grievous words stir up anger.'"

The Brown Towel.

"One who has nothing can give nothing,"  
said Mrs. Sayers, the sexton's  
wife, as the ladies of the sewing soci-  
ety were busily engaged packing the  
contents of a large box, destined to a  
Western Missionary.

"A person who has nothing to give  
must be poor, indeed," said Mrs. L., as  
she deposited a pair of warm blankets  
in the already well filled box.

Mrs. Sayers looked at the last nam-  
ed speaker with a glance which seem-  
ed to say, "You, who never have known  
self-denial, cannot feel for me," and  
remarked, "You surely think one can  
be too poor to give."

"I once thought so, but have learned  
from joyful experience, that no better  
investment can be made, even from  
the depths of poverty, than lending to  
the Lord."

Seeing the ladies listening atten-  
tively to the conversation, Mrs. L. con-  
tinued, "Perhaps, as our work is fin-  
ished, I can do no better than to give  
you my experience on the subject. It  
may be the means of showing you that  
God will reward the cheerful giver."

"During the first twenty-eight years  
of my life, I was surrounded with  
wealth; and not until I had been mar-  
ried for nine years, did I know a want  
which money could satisfy, or feel the  
necessity of exertion. Reverses came,  
with fearful suddenness; and before I  
had recovered from the blow, I found  
myself the wife of a very poor man,  
with five little children, dependent up-  
on our exertions."

"From that hour I lost all thought  
of anything but the care of my fam-  
ily. Late hours and hard work were  
my portion, and to my unskillful hands  
it seemed at first a bitter lot. My  
husband strove anxiously to gain a  
subsistence, and barely succeeded.—  
We changed our place of residence sev-  
eral times, in hopes of doing better,  
but without improvement."

"Everything seemed against us.—  
Our well stocked wardrobe had become  
so exhausted, that I felt justified in  
absenting myself from the house of  
God with my children, for want of  
suitable apparel. While in this low  
condition, I went to church one even-  
ing, when my poverty stricken appear-  
ance would escape notice, and took my  
seat near the door. An agent from  
the West preached, and begged con-  
tributions for the Home Missionary  
cause. His appeal brought tears to  
my eyes, and painfully reminded me  
of my past days of prosperity when I  
could give from my abundance to all  
who called upon me. I never enter-  
ed my mind that the appeal for assist-  
ance in any way concerned me, with  
my poor children banished from the  
house of God by poverty, while I could  
only venture out under the friendly  
protection of darkness. I felt the  
church more submissive to my lot, with  
a prayer in my heart that those whose  
consciences had been addressed might  
respond. I tried in vain to sleep that  
night. The words of the text, 'Give  
and it shall be given unto you: good  
measure, pressed down, and shaken to-  
gether, and running over, shall men  
give unto your bosom,' seemed contin-  
ually sounding in my ears. The elo-  
quent entreaty of the speaker to all,  
however poor, to give a mite to the  
Lord, and receive the promised bless-  
ing, seemed addressed to me. I rose  
early the next morning, and looked  
over all my worldly goods in search  
of something worth bestowing, but in  
vain; the promised blessing seemed be-  
yond my reach."

"Hearing that the ladies of the church  
had filled a box for the missionary's  
family, I made one more effort to spare  
something. All was poor and thread-  
bare; what should I do? At last I  
thought of my towels. I had six of  
course brown linen, but little worn.  
They seemed a scanty supply for a fam-  
ily of seven, and yet I took one from  
the number, and putting it in my pocket,  
I hastened to the house where the  
box was kept; and quietly slipped it  
in."

"I returned home with a light heart,  
feeling that my Saviour's eye had seen

my sacrifice, and would bless my effort  
to do right.

"From that day, success attended  
all my husband's efforts in business.  
In a few months our means increased  
so that we were able to attend church,  
and send our children to Sabbath  
School, and before ten years had elapsed,  
our former prosperity had returned  
fourfold. 'Good measure, pressed  
down, and shaken together, and run-  
ning over,' had been given us."

"It may seem superstitious to you,  
my dear friends; but we date all our  
success in life to God's blessing, fol-  
lowing that humble gift, of deep pov-  
erty."

"Wonder not that from that day I  
deem few too poor to give, and that I  
am a firm believer in God's promise  
that he will repay with interest even  
in this life all we lend to him."

Glances of deep interest unmix-  
ed with envy, were cast around from  
the windows at Mrs. L., as, after bidding  
the ladies adieu, she stepped into her  
luxurious carriage.

Her consistent benevolence had  
proved to all, that in her prosperity  
she still retained the same Christian  
spirit which in her days of poverty  
had led to the bestowal of the brown  
towel.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Sayers, "if  
we all had such a self-depriving spirit,  
we might fill another box at once. I'll  
never again think I am too poor to  
give.—Lyon."

Direct Trade with Europe.

A New Orleans letter to the Charle-  
ston Courier says:

"Any of your readers who feel an  
interest in the development of the pro-  
ject of Direct Trade between the South  
and Continental Europe, will be pleas-  
ed to learn that the leading advocate  
of that project, Mr. C. G. Baylor, who  
obtained his first idea in the matter,  
years ago, from Mr. Calhoun, has suc-  
ceeded in originating here an associa-  
tion to carry out the scheme in a  
practical business manner."

He was sent over here by an associa-  
tion of Belgian bankers, merchants,  
manufacturers and others interested  
in the development of the commerce  
of that flourishing and wealthy coun-  
try. They have formed a 'Societe  
Generale,' worth a capital of ten mil-  
lion francs, in shares of one hundred  
francs each, and the last Independence  
Belle from Brussels, announces the  
definitive organization, under Govern-  
ment patronage of the Societe. The  
King of Belgium took a strong inter-  
est in this project from the start. Mr.  
Baylor presented the idea of connect-  
ing Belgian manufacturers with the  
Southern States, Cotton and other  
staples, in a series of able articles in  
the Independence Belle, (one of the  
leading journals of Europe, who are  
aware,) and in the *Monteur des Inter-  
et Economique* of financiers, on the  
continent of Europe.

This serial exhibit of the resources  
of the South, and the wide field she  
offered for a mutual interchange with  
Belgium of the original staples and  
the manufactured products, excited  
much attention in commercial, finan-  
cial and manufacturing circles in Bel-  
gium, and attracted to its author much  
and very flattering attentions; the  
King finally sending for Mr. Baylor,  
and holding a long and highly inter-  
esting conversation with him on a topic  
in many respects novel to him as to  
his subjects; and which promised, if  
carried out, to do so much for Bel-  
gium. The royal favor most distinctly  
expressed, quickly obtained that of  
the leading men of the country; and  
Mr. Baylor's plan of a stock company  
to take the question into practical  
consideration, and, at the same time,  
to interest the largest number of Belgian  
citizens, was finally adopted.

The object of this association, this  
*Societe Generale*, is simply to exchange  
the manufactures of Belgium—her  
cloths, linens, cotton goods, laces, pa-  
per, cutlery, steam engines, freemans,  
leather, carpets, etc., together with  
natural products, coal and iron—for  
the cotton, tobacco, sugar, rice and  
other staples of the Southern States;  
the exchange to be effected at first by  
lines of sailing vessels and then by  
steamers. The Belgians' idea is to  
send, once or twice a year, say to  
New Orleans, a large and most com-  
plete assortment of their manufactures,  
and dispose of them after the plan of  
the Leipzig fairs, or the "trade-sales."

One of our young merchants, an  
Englishman, educated in Germany,  
with several years experience in large  
business houses in Europe and in Rio  
de Janeiro, with over ten years ex-  
perience in leading business operations  
here, with energy, determination, cred-  
it and enterprise, and with a thorough  
knowledge of laws and ways of com-  
merce, has consented to take the man-  
agement of the New Orleans Associa-  
tion. He will buy the cotton to go  
direct to Belgium, advancing seven-  
ty-five per cent. on it, and guarantee-  
ing balances, receive and sell the car-  
goes sent here from Belgium, and act  
as agent for any line of ships or steam-  
ers that may be established to effect  
this interchange of commodities. His  
bank credits have already been sent  
to Brussels to the *Societe Generale*,  
and that body will no doubt respond  
at once in the same manner.

Two influential and wealthy gentle-  
men from the interior—one from Ar-  
kansas and the other from Tennessee  
—have gone into this association with  
zeal and spirit; and one of them (the  
former) has already returned to his  
section to make arrangements to have  
all the cotton he can influence sent  
next year, if not this, to Belgium di-  
rect, and to receive thence direct the  
goods needed in his section, on the  
plantations and in families. This lat-  
ter item alone will throw \$40,000 in-  
to the hands of the *Societe Generale*.

Mr. Baylor has gone to Texas,  
where he has many relations and  
friends, and where he intends arou-  
sing public sentiment on this question.  
His field of action will, of course, be  
in the country, among the planters,  
and his ready powers as a speaker and  
writer, his familiarity with Southern  
planting interests, and his zeal in the  
cause, will no doubt, now that the ma-  
chinery is ready to work, soon pro-  
duce abundant material for its opera-  
tion.

ANON.

Jack Rink and the Yankee.

"Few communities are more strong-  
ly imbued with a passion for horse rac-  
ing than the good people of Natchez.  
In New York folks talk 'soger' and  
'engine' in Paris they talk horse. They  
believe in quadrupeds, and nothing  
else. To own the fastest horse in  
Natchez, to enjoy the free simple of an  
honor in comparison with which a mem-  
ber of Congress sinks into nothing-  
ness."

In October last the 'fall meeting'  
took place and led to more than the  
usual quantity of excitement and brandy  
cocktails. The last race of the last  
day was a sort of a 'free fight,' open  
to every horse that had never won a  
race; purse \$500; entrance \$25.

Among those who proposed to go  
in, was a Yankee pedlar, with a sorrel  
colt, of rather promising proportions.  
He thus addressed one of the judges:

"I say, captain, I should like to go  
in for that purse?"

"With what?"

"That sorrel colt."

"Is he speedy?"

"I calculate he is, or I would not  
wish to risk a load of tin ware on the  
result."

"Do you know the terms?"

"Like a book—purse \$500, and en-  
trance fee \$25—and there's the dime's."

Here Yankee drew out a last cen-  
tury wallet, and socked up two X's  
and a V. Among those who witness-  
ed the operation, was Jack Rink, of  
the Bellevue House. Jack saw his  
customer, and immediately measured  
him for an entertainment. After the  
usual fuss and palaver, the horses were  
brought out, saddled, and prepared  
for a single heat of two miles. There  
were eight competitors besides the  
Yankee. The latter was a sorrel colt  
with a fine eye, and a lift of the leg  
that indicated a speed and bottom.

"Bring up the horses," said the Judge.

The horses were brought up—  
Yankee gathered up his reins and ad-  
justed his stirrups. While doing this  
Mr. Rink went to the rear of the sor-  
rel colt, and placed a chestnut bur  
under his tail. The next moment the  
order to 'go' was given, and away  
went nine horses of all possible ages  
and conditions.

The Yankee was ahead and kept  
there. 'Tin Ware' was evidently pleas-  
ed with the way things were working,  
and smiled a smile that seemed to say—  
"That puss will be mine, in less time  
than it would take a greased nigger  
to slide down a soaped liberty pole!"

Poor fellow! he hadn't reckoned on  
that chestnut bur. The 'irritant' that  
Jack Rink had administered not only  
increased the animal's velocity, but  
his ugliness. He not only ran like a  
deer, but he refused to 'do' anything  
else. As the Yankee approached the  
Judge's stand, he undertook to pull  
up, but it was no go. He might as  
well have undertaken to stop a thun-  
derbolt with a yard of fog.