

is cut out for her, she ought to come ahead of the gentlemen dogs in any historical statement or reminiscence.

When I first heard the story, considerations of local pride led me to feel that Rowan had been unjustly robbed of the credit that belonged to him; but time cools the ardor of youth, and mellows and sweetens the sources of partisanship. I can say now that Rowan had small advantage over his two famous rivals, when the scent was as high as the saddle-skirts and the pace the kind that kills.

Mr. Kilpatrick used to tell the story as a joke, and frequently he repeated it merely to tease those who were interested in the results of Whalebone's exploit, or to worry his fox-hunting rivals, who were his dearest friends. But the story was true. In repeating it I shall have to include details that Mr. Kilpatrick found it unnecessary to burden himself with, for they were as familiar to his neighborhood audience as any of their own personal affairs.

The way of it was this: One day in the beginning of December, 1860, Colonel Elmore Rivers, of Jasper County, put a negro