

Chilion Pixley's family into the Stewart's. I can't remember who moved into Dr. Robertson's. Sallie Brockington had a smaller house on the side street, west of the Douglas house; Miss Eunice Cloud on the corner just opposite it, and Mr. Gantt on the corner just opposite on the north; and then Winnsboro settled down for a while.

A cotton mill had been built on Spurrier's Hill. The operatives that worked at this mill were very plain people though not without common sense, as any one who can remember "Adam and Eve," as they were called, particularly Eve, can testify. The mill bell roused the neighborhood at dawn.

Appendicitis apparently was still a new disease. Nobody had ever heard of it, but soon it became the doctors' hobby, and everyone operated upon died. Grapes were tabooed, for fear of the seeds. Our Hugh was a victim. His was an emergency case. He was taken to Chester for the operation. It was Sunday morning and, knowing the danger, we promptly requested prayers to be offered up for him. His appendix was ruptured, and in those days of inadequate knowledge of the disease and inexperience of treating it, his life hung on a thread. While at his store, one morning, Joe got a telegram from his mother, who was in Chester with Hugh, telling him to come immediately. The passenger train was due any minute. Joe left, leaving his store open and no one in charge. This happened when Colonel Allston was living. He went into the store, found no one there, and learned from a clerk in an adjoining store what had happened. Taking a newspaper and a chair, he sat down in the front of the store and took charge. He stayed there all day.

Hugh recovered, but it was a long while before he regained his strength.