

wardrobe came from Paris and her lovers from everywhere. Slave to the demands of gaiety and conquest, she was haughty, and considered heartless. Her sway for years was undisputed, and when her financial decline came, she would not recognize a fact which seemed to her so preposterous. She married, but her husband did not prove to be wealthy. From this husband, if I am correctly informed, she was divorced. She was still beautiful and, though divorced from her husband, she was still inseparably wedded to society. But the bright star of her life had begun to grow dim. Her father died and left her with comparatively nothing. She still had offers of marriage, but she disdained them on financial grounds. On one occasion a large party was forming to visit the New Orleans Mardi Gras festivities. She was unable to meet the necessary expenses. A gentleman who had heard her express herself, and with whom she was scarcely acquainted, remarked to her:

"If you will marry me I will take you to New Orleans." "I will," she exclaimed, and they were married. This husband, I think, died shortly afterward. Some time after this she met with quite an accident. While riding in a buggy the horse ran away. She was thrown out and sustained the injury of a broken leg. This might not have proved so serious had she not disobeyed the instructions of physicians and disregarded the advice of friends. She insisted upon receiving visitors, and would sit up all day and half the night, propped up in bed, laughing and talking in her gayest humor. Her restlessness at last rendered an amputation necessary. I met her today. She has just been turned out of a house for failing to pay her rent. A more forlorn-looking woman never lived. She had been out begging, and limping along she carried a basket. She is quite old now, and her hair is as white as the record of St. John. You can tell in a moment she has been beautiful, for her mouth, pearly teeth, her eyes and magnificent brow all declare they were once organized into a convention of beauty, with a rich suit of hair as the chairman. --Opie Read.

The second husband of Sally Faulkner was Philip Trapnall, younger brother of Frederick W. Trapnall. He was born about 1825 in Kentucky, and probably came to Arkansas with his brother. He became a junior partner in the law firm of Trapnall and Cocke, the senior partners being Frederick Trapnall and his brother-in-law, John W. Cocke.

The records at Mount Holly cemetery show that Mrs. Sally Trapnall died on October 30, 1881, at the age of 54 years.

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At the suggestion of J. H. Atkinson and Claude Rankin, the Arkansas Bar Association has agreed to erect a marker at Mount Holly cemetery, at the grave of Daniel Ringo, first chief justice of the Arkansas Supreme Court.