

ARP IN WIREGRASS.

He Sees the Spot Where His Father Taught School.

Bill Jenkins, the Rebel-Old Man Arp Had a Hard Time with His Red-Headed Scholar—An Interesting Fight.

It is good for a man to travel and study geography without a book. I am down here in the wiregrass talking to the people living along the line from Cordele to Savannah. This is a new road to me. It is only ten years old and is called the "SAM" road. The seaboard has got it now. Sal has bought Sam and is running him. If railroads have sex the feminine is ahead. Some mighty big things are feminine. Ships are called she, but that they say is because the rigging costs more than the hull.

An old man showed me the spot at Mt. Vernon where the old log schoolhouse stood in which my father taught school some 50 years ago. Father used to tell us his varied experience there. How some bad boys had run three teachers off in succession and broke up the schools and how reluctantly he undertook the work of reforming them. He had about 80 scholars, boys and girls, and their ages ranged from eight to 18 years. The oldest boy was six feet tall, a sapling with long arms and legs, a red head and a freckled face. He was the ringleader in running the teachers off and father was cautioned about him. The first day he made them a good kind, friendly talk, told them he came to do them good, to teach them books and morals, and manners, and he wanted them to obey the rules and help him to make the school a success. "You can't afford," he said, "to grow up without some education. No nice young man would marry the girl, and no smart girl would marry an uneducated boy. Now, boys, when you come into school after dinner I want you to come in good order. Don't rush and crowd the doorway like you did this morning. You run over a little girl and throw her down and hurt her. Be quiet and orderly and come in two or three at a time, and before you take your seat make a little bow to me. That's nice; that's good manners. I will like that and I want all of you boys and girls to do that. Will you do it? If you will please hold up your hands." All hands went up promptly except those of Bill Jenkins, the red-headed rebel. Next morning he declined to make a bow, but looked sour and defiant. When school turned out that evening, father heard him say: "I'll be darned if I'll make a bow to any Yankee." Next morning two other big boys failed to bow. Bill Jenkins had worked on them. That evening father told Bill to stay in a little while, as he wished to see him after school broke up. He stayed and the door was shut. The other boys peeped through the cracks between the logs to see and to hear what was going on. Father talked to Jenkins kindly and told him of the bad example he was setting, and so forth, and begged him to conform to the rules. "Now," said he, "William, will you promise to make a bow to me to-morrow morning?" "No, I'll be darned if I do," said Jenkins. That settled it. The crisis that father had dreaded had come. He got between Jenkins and the door and said firmly: "Well, sir, you have got to do one of three things. You have got to bow, or quit school, or take a whipping. Which will you do?" "I'll be god darned if I'll do any one," said Bill. Father's hickory was within his reach between two logs. He seized it and began on Jenkins with stinging strokes and Jenkins made for him with his long arms, and used curs words abundant. They fought like wild cats, turned over benches, broke the water bucket and for ten minutes the conflict raged, for father was stout and was in the right and kept the hickory going and fended off the strokes of Bill's long arms. After awhile they clinched and father got him down between two puncheon seats and pummeled him good. He hollered enough and to let him up, and after they got their breath father said: "Now, Jenkins, what will you do?" He blubbered out: "I'm gwine home and stay there. I'll be god darned if I'm gwine to school to you any more." "Well, why didn't you say that at first and save the whipping?" said father. All this time there were a hundred eyes peeping through the cracks between the logs, but not a word was said. Jenkins never came back and the crisis was over. From that time on for two years there was a good, orderly school and my father's reputation was made. The Yankee had whipped Bill Jenkins and that settled him in the favor of his patrons.

I wish everybody could visit the little village of Longpond. It is in the country, eight miles from Mount Vernon, and eight miles from a railroad. I never was in a better settlement of farming people. I spoke there in the daytime and those country people came from far and near and spread before me the finest picnic dinner I ever saw. It is a Scotch settlement, and their fathers and grandfathers all came from Robeson county, in North Carolina. At least three-fourths of the names begin with the prefix of Mc. I made a memorandum of the many Mcs I was introduced to—all different—such as McArthur, McRae, McAllister, McLung, McNair, McLaurin, McLemore, McGuffie, McDuffie, McConnell, McDonald, McDaniel, and so forth. There were 37 of them and many of these had sons and brothers and kindred of the same name, and so it was

Mc something everywhere. If a man's name begins with Mc in that region it is a guarantee of good stock. It is a fine farming region and these people are almost all farmers. I never saw finer corn and cotton in upper Georgia. The women, matrons and maidens were all well and neatly dressed and were good looking, good size and healthy. They could handle their skirts as gracefully as a city lady and as my old friend Bill Rainey used to say: "Major, these women are well coupled and stand up square on their paster joints." Rainey had dealt in horses for 50 years and talked horsetalk about women and everything else. He was a genuine David Harum. I have most pleasing recollections of Longpond and its people.

My next call was to Hagan-Claxton, a double town only three miles apart, but whose people work in harmony and have a very fine high school and school building called the Hagan-Claxton institute, that is just midway between them and is sustained by both. The teachers' convention was in session there—about a hundred teachers from Tattall and other counties—and I say truthfully I never looked upon a more thoughtful, intelligent and earnest body of teachers, both men and women. By request I made some fatherly remarks to them and then had to stand up and receive a hearty handshake from everyone. That night I gave my lecture, "Behind the Scenes," in the beautiful large hall where 450 good people from the twin towns and adjacent country had gathered. How easy it is for a lecturer or a preacher to please and magnetize a large audience when they are packed close together. The standard of teaching is rising higher in this region. The county school commissioners are good scholars, graduates of our colleges, and they are exacting in their examinations. Nineteen applicants were rejected recently in one county. This is an interesting region and farming is easy and prosperous. The long staple cotton is grown here. I did not know until now that the bloom was first yellow—a bright canary—and then turned red. The seed are black and are rolled out instead of being ginned out. It is harder to pick this cotton from the bolls and 75 pounds is a good day's work. It is now 20 cents a pound. Sugar cane abounds here and is the most luxuriant crop I know of. But it is the turpentine and lumber business that scatters money so freely in all this region. I visited the Perkins mills. They are up to date in all respects and cut and kiln, dry and dress 75,000 feet in a day, and give employment to several hundred hands. Pine lands are now bringing eight to ten dollars an acre for the timber and the owner keeps the land after the pines are cut away. It is right and to see all these beautiful forests passing away, but this is destiny. While sojourning here I was the guest of Judge Williams. I felt very much at home, for his lovely wife and 12 children adorn the large, inviting home. These children are from two to 20 years and are well behaved, obedient and kept their faces clean. The two younger ones began to call me grandpa as soon as I arrived. Beautiful fruit abounds and I get as much of it as I wish and it keeps me in good health.

Yesterday I visited McRae-Helena, the twin city. McRae is the boy and Helena the girl, and they get along in harmony like Winston-Salem in North Carolina. There is but one college and one of the newspapers is the Twin City News, published by two of these same Scotchmen—McIntosh and McRae. This is a new, lively and progressive town adorned with pleasant homes and cultured people. It is high, dry and gently rolling, and quite a resort for sick and tired people. I forgot to mention that Hagan-Claxton, the other twin towns, have no corporation and don't want any. No mayor or aldermen, no marshal or police. It is like Pelzer, in South Carolina. Judge Williams said why should the good people of a town require these officials in the country. If they behave they are not needed and they do behave here. I've been living here six years and have not yet heard of a fight or even a quarrel, and if a blind tiger or one that wasn't blind should come here we would strap him over a log and run him off in two hours. This Scotch blooded stock has ramified all over this region and make laws for themselves when necessary. I met Rev. Mr. Walker, of McRae-Helena, to-day and he told me he had 27 McRaes in his church book and half the other names began with Mc.

Tattall county was named for Josiah Tattall, who was governor just 100 years ago. His son Josiah was in the United States navy and commanded the Grampus, a man-of-war, in 1858, while England was fighting China. Tattall was ordered there to watch and protect American interests, but to preserve a strict neutrality. His vessel got stranded on a rock in the China seas and he was in distress until an English man-of-war came to his relief and helped him off. Soon after this the Chinese were getting the best of the fight and Tattall pitched in and helped the English to whip them. For this he was court-martialed when he came home and when asked why he did it answered: "It was gratitude to our kindred. I couldn't help it, for 'blood is thicker than water.'" That reply acquitted him and made him famous.

But I must close. Good-by, dear friends of the wiregrass, good-by, Mc-Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

Cocaine Paralyzed Him.
A dentist of Flatsburg, N. Y., applied cocaine to the gum of Henry Slowson, of Sterlington, to desden the sense of pain, as the latter required a difficult tooth pulled. After the tooth had been extracted, Slowson's body became paralyzed. He has since partially recovered, but one of his arms is still useless.



The tripping feet—the sparkling eye—the graceful movement—be long not alone to the budding maiden. These graces are the right—aye duty of every woman until the hair whitens—and regal dignity replaces them. The mother who guards her strength has so much more to devote to the care and education of her dear ones. She should be a comfort—a cheer—always. Yet how many feel that they have the strength to properly balance the home? The world is listless, weary and morbid. Its blood moves sluggishly and is full of impurities. It needs a kindling, invigorating tonic to set it afire—it needs Pe-ru-na.

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His Point of View.
Fair Medical Student—What do you think of women for physicians?
Old Doctor—I think they are all right. Why, we derive two-thirds of our income from women.—Chicago Evening News.

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The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of **GUOV'S TARTARUS CHILL TONIC**. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

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Pao's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Eadsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1902.

Man's economy is in tellin' his wife how to save money.—Arkansas Thomas Cat.

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