With best wishes for a merry Xmas
from the "Scribe"

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Albert Mead "Scribe"
Myrne " "The Bird"

Five Hundred Miles A-Foot.

-Albert S. Mead-

1900

When our brother lived in Ga
the boys made this trip "a-foot"
because the baggage was all the
horse could carry

In presenting these sketches to his friends, the writer feels that some apology is due for the many typographical errors. The work was performed by a stenographer, and ofcourse such a method can never be entirely satisfactory. Words will become transposed, or misspelled, sentences altered, and punctuation changed.

Nor must these descriptions be received as a literary work, but as a plain unembellished record of the various incidents of our journey.

ALBERT S. MEAD.

DECATUR, GA.

OCT. 15th, 1900.

"Thou who wouldst see the lovely and the wild
Mingled in harmony on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for on their tops
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and tiolsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and around
The mountain summits, thy expanding breast
Shall feel a kindred with that loftier world
To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision."

FIVE HUNDRED MILES A FOOT.

"It was in the month of June
And the flowers were all in bloom
And the birds were singing gaily on the lawn", when we

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"It was in the month of June
And the flowers were all in bloom
And the birds were singing gaily on the lawn", when we first discussed a trip to North Carolina. Ofcourse, nearly every one has, at some time of their lives, a longing to see the mountains, but in comparitively few instances is this desire gratified; and at first it seemed as if our prospective trip was to undergo the fate of many such plans, become mere idle fancies with no chance of fulfillment. However the more we discussed it, the more enthusiastic and determined we became, and as commencement day drew near, our plan began to assume some definite shape and our dreams seemed on the verge of realization.

School closed on Wednesday, June 27th, and we made our arrangements to leave on the following Monday, July 2nd. It must be confessed that we were a little doubtful of the matter for it had rained almost incessantly for six weeks and there seemed to be no prospect of a change; but as there " was less danger of rain after the Flood than there was before" when it did clear up on Thursday we were supremely happy. Such happiness was short lived however, for this very change in the weather presented the first real obstacle to our trip. We had bargained with a farmer for a steed but whn the rain ceased he found that he could not spare this necessary adjunct to agricultural operations.

We did not think much about the loss at the time but two days fruitless search and inquiry revealed the fact that other farmers were in the same horseless or muleless condition. Well, we were in a quandry' To go without a horse was impossible. After some deliberation, we decided to scour the city of Atlanta and beg, buy, borrow or steal some sort of an animal, provided such animal was in good condition and able to travel. After a hard half a day's tramp, we discovered a horse that would meet our requirements, both physically and financially and immediately took possession for fear the owner might reconsider and not allow us to use him.

THE DEPARTURE.

On Monday afternoon, after disposing of several last jobs, and undergoing numerous affectionate farewells, we started. It was 2.30 when we left Decatur and at 5.30 we stopped at Mr. McMullins, two miles beyond Tucker, and nine miles from home. He offered us the use of one of his rooms but this we declined, being anxious to spend the first night in the tent. As it was quite cloudy when we made camp we found it necessary to completely unload the wagon and also ditch our tent. At ten o'clock we retired and hardly had our eyes closed in slumber when "the rains descended and the floods came". Unfortunately in making the ditch we had placed it a little too far out and in a few minutes there was a small creek running over us. Ofcourse this would not do, so we had to get up and pile the valises, bed clothes and such things on chairs. We then tried to pass away the time by reading aloud but in a short while became so sleepy, we determined to lie down, regardless of the matter. Two of the boys took possession of the large a box about two and a half feet square, while the rest of us found a dry spot the size of a handkerchief. We managed in this way for two hours, and at 2.30 the rain having ceased, we succeeded after some difficulty in starting a miserable little fire and around this sat and told yarns until daylight

OUR OUTFIT AND PARTY.

We will here diverge a little and give a description of the outfit and party. The wagon was an ordinary one horse concern in a fairly good condition, though slightly in need of paint. The top was its most distinguishing feature; three oaken bars roughfly made, had been set at various angles and over these had been stretched an old bed ticking. We had run short of the latter article leaving an open space of about two feet between the bottom of the cover and the sides of the wagon. Extending several feet to the

rear were the tent poles, which piled high in the wagon in great disorder and various stages of dilapidation was a collection of valises, chairs, guns, provisions, bed-clothes, coats, dishes, horse feed, azle grease, and such material.

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The members of this select party were equally ridiculous. First,because longest was "Wadey" as he was affectionately called. Wadey is a clever boy whole souled, kindhearted but then so ugly. Six feet two inches tall, weight about a hundred, and as graceful as a grass hopper. Conceited unpractical and childish, such he is and always will be.

Bill, or"Rachel"as we preferred terming him was the opposite of Wadey; he is practical to a degree, energetic witty and slangy. Physically he is very handsome; long stringy golden hair, aquiline features, yellowish eyes large feet and as bowlegged as a pickaninny. Bill, however, has one redeeming qualification; he can shoot a rifle. In that one thing he is undoubtedly a success. Oftimes he would drive in a nail at forty feet, shoot the cap from a shot gun shell, or remove a snakes head with the greatest ease. Another specimen was the "Kid"he is too young to have developed any striking characteristics, with the exception that he is very hard headed, and at times over bearing. He is a pretty decent sort of a chap to have along, as he has a knack for helping around the kitchen and often proved of valuable assistance to the cook.

Then there was the "Scribe", a splendid example of blooming idiocy. He certainly was one of these types"you read about". Even wadey's ugliness is not a circumstance to this ones. Short seedy looking with bushy hair prominent ears, and a great tendency to say much and do little, he was a poor excuse for a companion on such an expedition.

Our colored culinary artist was great. He was intelligent, witty, a splendid driver and a fairly good cook. His corn bread and coffee were delicious, while the way he could scramble eggs and fry chicken was a marvel. He had quite an extensive stock of names, such as Stillmore, Cookmore, Stealmore, and Sappho. The latter we generally used when around hotels as we thought summer visitors could better appreciate the reference.

We must not forget Rover, the dog. Well was he named for he possessed a remarkable talent for rambling over the country for miles much to the dismay of any chickens or hogs that happened to be in his way. Such was our goodly company. Nor can it be denied, that in our hunting costumes supplemented by guns and knives, we were a picturesque though tough looking crowd.

FROM NORCROSS TO GAINESVILLE.

But to return to camp. At 6.30 we left Mr. McMullins, the weather being still threatening. We only covered about a quarter of a mile when the harness broke, due no doubt to the heavy mud. Investigation showed that the horse collar was too small, so Rachel, the Kid and Sappho pushed on to Norcross to buy another, while Wadey and the Scribe tarried with the wagon and amused themselves by playing marbles with some country boys. In about two hours and a half Sappho returned with the new collar, and we immediately continued our journey. Reaching Norcross at eleven we stopped only long enough to drop a line to the home folks, and then pushed beyond Pinkneyville before dinner. Just before unhitching the horse, the kid discovered that he had lost his pocket book and walked nearly two miles in a fruitless search for the missing article. At 2.15 we again started and made good progress until within two miles of Sewanee when the horse got stalled in a bog, and the harness again broke. After considerable trouble we patched up the break and traveled a mile further when the horse appeared to be so fatigued that we thought it best to stop for the night. As it was cloudy we pitched the tent and this time were particular to ditch it properly. We turned in early and slept soundly, not withstanding the ants and the red bugs. Nor did it rain, so all our careful preparations had been for naught.

At 11.30 next morning, we passed through Buford and took dinner a few miles beyond at a gin. From there to Flowery Branch, the road which so far had been remarkably good, was fearfully hilly. It was one continuous up and down, and the hills are so steep that often it was necessary for us to push the wagon. The worst one was Brown's hill, just a short distance from Flowery Branch. The horse got contrary and balked several times

it seemed that we would never reach the top. We were two hours covering as many miles and when night did overtake us a mile beyond Flowery Branch, we were all completely exhausted.

Leaving the other boys to prepare supper, Rachel and the Scribe went farther on to get some horse feed. We had to wade a creek and walk four miles before we could get any. Needless to say we felt pretty well fagged out when we got back to camp. However, it taught us never to let night catch us without horse feed. We did not put up the tent but slept in the

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FROM GAINESVILLE THROUGH TO NACHOOCHEE VALLEY.

We left Gainesville at 3.45 and traveled for five miles, over rather rough roads, to Hulsey's Plantation on the Chattahoochee River. After some hesitation Mr. Hulsey consented to our spending the night in a sort of pavilion in front of his house, provided we behaved our selves After feeding the horse, all went to the river for the purpose of taking a very necessary bath. And such a scrub as we did take; having traveled in the heat and dust for so many days, we could fully appreciate the luxury of once more being clean. The next morning was very hot and although we traveled only fourteen miles before dinner, we came very near giving out.

Ofcourse with only one horse and such a load, we were compelled to walk nearly all the time and consequently felt the heat, at first, very much. Our necks and faces became so blistered from sun burn that they peeled off and caused considerable pain for a few days.

We rested for over three hours at Mossy Creek, a big camp-meeting ground, and then pushed on to Cleveland, the county-site of White. Here we had the horse shod and after buying a few supplies, drove just out of town and camped for the night. The ten miles that we drove next morning were through a very beautiful country. About an hour after breaking camp, we passed around the base of Mt. Yona (3167 feet) "the lonely monarch of the north eastern counties". We would have climbed the mountain for the sake of the famous view but as it was Saturday, we were compelled to hasten on so as to reach a suitable camping place for Sunday.

Emerging from a wild and secluded valley we crossed Duke's Creek, and after climbing a steep little rise, the far famed Nachoochee Valley lay before us. This is considered the most beautiful section of Georgia and well does it deserve the distinction. Hemmed in on all sides as it is by great mountain peaks, the valley seems to be entirely cut off from the outside world and is an ideal retreat for those seeking rest for mind and body That its lovely scenery and salubrious climate are appreciated, is shown by the magnificent summer homes scattered along the banks of the Chattahoochee.

OUR FIRST SUNDAY.

Owing to the lack of good drinking water, we could not make camp right in the valley, but had to go about two miles beyond. Here we found a splendid situation and at once pitched our tent under a large sycamore tree. We certainly could not have selected a better place for a camp; plenty of shade, good water and just a few feet below us the river, clear and cool, affording a delightful bathing place.

While the rest of the boys were getting things in order, the Scribe rode about two miles back among the mountains to get some medicine for the horse, and also to inquire about the roads and look up something to eat, it being that worthy's office to act as quartermaster and general manager.

During the afternoon we washed the horse, our clothes and ourselves and got every thing in shape for Sunday. While several of the boys were in bathing and the camp in great disorder, a wagon load of young ladies from the hotel drove up and great horrors stopped. Needless to say the boys at

ofcourse disappeared, though not until the visitors had indlged in one or two very uncalled for fits of hilarity. The next day July 8th, was an ideal Sabbath. All things seemed to inspire rest and contentment. Nature was at her best, peace and quiet reigned unbroken. The birds, trees, flowers the murmuring of the stream, the mountains all spoke to the heart of a God of beauty and grandeur.

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On Monday morning we left camp rather late, owing to the necessity of waiting for the sun to dry our tent, as it had rained during the night. The road led through a valley even lovelier in some respects, than Nachoochee. We crossed and recrossed the Chattahoochee over a dozen times, often wading up the stream for quite a distance.

UNICOY GAP.

Up to this point the road, while gradually ascending had simply wound among the various mountains belonging to the southern branches of the main system. On this afternoon we were to undergo a new exprience, that of driving over the Blue Ridge itself. We had chosen the way leading over Unicoy Gap, as that was considered the best, but to tell the truth, nearly all mountain roads are horrible. Crossing any high ridge is bad enough under ordinary circumstances, but when you take into consideration that th route over Unicoy is naturally very steep and that it had just been subject ed to the washing of six weeks continuous rain, you can imagine the task we had before us. It is less than three miles from bottom to top, and though our load weighed only about four hundred pounds, it took over two hours of very hard work to reach the summit. The pathway went round and round, ever ascending, here crossing some swift mountain stream, here built half way ou out on some steep declivity where any carelessness on the part of the dri ver meant a fall of hundreds of feet. For most of the distance the road followed the Chattahoochee, which has dwindled into a mere mountain torrent This adds greatly to the beauty of the place for as the stream rushes head long over rock and crag, forming here a cascade nearly a hundred feet high perhaps falling into some deep crystal pool or roaring and plunging through the narrow ravine into the valley below. As we climbed higher the horizon widened and we could look back and recognize the mountains through we had come. The outlook became grander and grander and when the summit was reach ed we could stand in silent awe and admiration. Whether it was the glow of the fast setting sun, or the novelty of such scenery or the bracing effects of the pure atmosphere something seemed to impress on us the loveliness of that view more than any other we saw. On the right and left towering moun- tains cut off every thing but the view just behind and in front the moun- tains back toward Nachoochee were all aglow with crimson and purple and gold, each leafy summit bathed in that soft mellow light which has made mountain summits famous and which once seen will never be forgotten . In front lay the beautiful Hiawassee valley with such great peaks as Old Eagle, Brasstown Bald, Round Top Bill, Knot and Glassy mountains literally surrounding it. Their summits had already passed through the gilding of the sunset and were now clothed in a deep somber purple, evidences of the rapidly approaching night. Ah, it was beautiful, entrancing, wondrous. Not a sound to break the spell, only that marvelous changing of light and color. Truly "moved through sparkling purple air, all bright below, all calm above".

However, as it was rapidly growing dark and we could not spend the night in that exposed spot, we began the descen, though with many regrets that we could not always keep such a picture before us. Immediately after cross ing the Blue Ridge there is a noticeable change in the atmosphere for it has not that close smothered element so common to Southern climes, but is a bracing, salubrious, intoxicating aerification, the quintessence of purity and vitality.

MILK - SICK.

In traveling northward ofcourse there is a variation in the crops. Up as far as Gainesville cotton seems to be the principal product; from there to Unicoy, wheat is mainly raised, while above the Blue Ridge corn is the grea standby. Even the cattle are different. Browsing as they do among those deep valleys and coves, in many of which the sun never shines they become stunted and dwarfed being about three quarters as large as the stock found in the less mountainous sections. The cows become infested with what is

known as milk-sick and while the disease is seldom fatal to them, toany one employing their milk or butter, the result is often disastrous. Th cause of this malady is not positively known, but it is generally thoug to come from some poisonous organic gas arising from the wood mould and damp vegetation of the damp coves. That such a disease is existent is well known and the Government has taken measures to prevent its spreadin by instituting a strict quarantine around the infested counties.

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The natives seldom suffer any inconvenience from milk-sick but strange are not so fortunate. A persistence of milk and butter from animals so diseased will produce a violent inflamation of the stomach accompanied b great pain and oftimes resulting in death. To avoid all danger we discontinued the use of such articles of diet altogether and though our larder was sadly depleted, we substituted honey and soon became accustomed to the loss.

THE COLDEST SPRING IN GEORGIA.

From the top of Unicoy Gap down to the coldest Spring in Georgia is onl a few hundred yards and here we decided to stop for the night. This spring also enjoys the distinction of being the head waters of the Hiawassee River, that stream so far famed for its trout and beautiful scenery. The water has a constant temperature of 49 F. and the sensation either on drinking or bathing in it is similar to that of using ice water.

As it was quite chilly at that elevation we collected over a cord of dry wood and soon had a roaring fire.

Nor were we long about getting supper, for in that climate one generates a most ravenous appetite. After our repast several of us could not resist the temptation of going back to the summit to witness the view by moonlight. It was not so good as by daylight, still there was such an infinite calm and stillness in the air we were enchanted, ecstatic, feeling it a sacrilege to break such peace and solitude.

TRAY MOUNTAIN.

After returning to camp we were joined by two young men, Taylors whom we afterwards found were known all over Townes County for their skill in distilling moonshine whiskey and their mortal hatred of revenue officers. One of them suggested that we go over on Tray mountain in time to see the sun rise, he offering to guide us for a small remuneration. As Tray is the highest peak in Georgia, having an elevation of 4802 feet, and as our would-be escort said it was only four miles from our stopping place to the summit, we accepted his proposition. Packing up we drove half a mile down the mountain to the first house, and here left our horse and wagon stanging beside the road, there being no danger of theives among those simple hearted people.

In fact there seems to be only one crime prevalent in the whole of North Georgia - illicit distilling. As a result of this, the natives are very suspicious of strangers and are liable to be treacherous until convinced that you are not Government officials. Consequently, we thought it best to go heavily armed on our Tray expedition and gave our guide to understand that any treachery would not prove very pleasant for him.

Before leaving the main road and plunging into the deep forest, we turned and looked back to the summit of Unicoy. Never while memory lasts shall we forget that scene. Just over the pass,

"The moon in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light".

The effect was transcendent in beauty and loveliness. All sharp outlines were obliterated, forming one dreamy conglomerate of peak and ridge in that silvery radiance. All nature was glistening with a soft diffused splendor, while every bush and tree took on fantastic shapes under the enchantment. Creation seemed to rest, not a sound broke the mysterious silence except ever and anon the murmuring of the night wind in the dark pines, or the splash of some distant waterfall, or perhaps the crow of some cock in the homes far down the valley.

"From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
Our spirits drank repose,
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there

those
it has borne before
ing of the king of day. Set thy finger on the lips of care,
while faint streaks And they complain no more."
the twinkling. This enchanted scene we turned sharply to the right and followed
became a wood road into the forest. The foliage was so dense the moonlight
could not penetrate, and we soon found ourselves traveling in almost com-
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could not penetrate, and we soon found ourselves traveling in almost complete darkness. In a short while we abandoned the road altogether and took an old trail, almost invisible in daylight, and entirely so in that uncertain light, except to our guide, who followed it with the greatest ease. In fact like most mountaineers, he instinctively kept in the path,although he confessed never to have traveled it but twice before, and then not in over a year. He led off and we followed in single file, as best we might, stumbling over rocks and logs, fearful every moment lest we should hear the dreaded rattle snake or brush into some hornet's nest. Nor were these the only dangers, for often the trail led along the brink of some precipice where a mistep would have meant instant death.

At one point we came a natural vista in the forest, and looking down the Hiawassee Valley could barely discern the summit of Brasstown Ball, or Enota as the Indians called it, twelve miles away. For years it was considered the highest peak in Georgia but recent surveys have determined Tray to be six feet higher.

Going around the base of Little Ball, at twelve o'clock we stopped to rest just at the top of Indian Grave Gap. This place received its name from two Indians having been buried there years ago: originally a rude pile of rocks marked their last resting place, but vandals have scattered them until now nothing remains but a few loose stones. Sitting on those stones at such a ghostly hour of the night, our minds turned to those lying beneath. Who were they? How did they meet their death? When were they placed there? Such were the questions we would like to have had answered, but no man knows their history.

"The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep,
Wave their broad curtains in the South-winds breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death."

Shortly after leaving this lonely spot, we struck off from the trail and began climbing a very steep incline. This continued for nearly an hour, and at times it was almost impossible to walk. We found it necessary to rest quite often, the guide beguiling the time by stories of the animals inhabiting the woods and some of his own narrow escapes at the hands of revenue officers. Several times we discharged our guns for the sake of the echo and the effect was marvelous. The sound rebounded from rock to crag, echoing and reverberating among the peaks, gradually growing fainter until it passed down into the valley and was heard no more.

THE SUMMIT

We reached the summit at half past one, just in time to see the moon go down in bloody splendor behind the great mountains toward the west. We immediately set to work to collect fire wood, as the cold was intense at that altitude, and we had not even taken the precaution to carry our coats with us. We succeeded in finding very little fuel as there is scarcely any growth on such an exposed place, and the excessive darkness forbade our wandering farther down to the timbered portion. With our little supply we started a fire and tried to sleep. The cold was too severe, so the most of us staid awake, huddling together for the sake of bodily warmth. In a short while the fire burned out,and we were left in that mysterious shadowy light that came from the myriads of night lamps in the great vault above. The stars came out that night in unwonted numbers, shining with a brilliancy and splendor never seen in the murky atmosphere of the lower countries. And lying there on that mighty peak, with only the hosts of heaven above and the vast solitude around, we could not but feel that "The Heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

SUNRISE.

Only for a short while were we permitted to enjoy this glimmering beauty as a light soon began to kindle in the east and we turned to watch the com-

ing of the king of day. The intense blue of heaven began to soften while faint streaks of red and orange blushed along the sky. One by one the twinkling stars disappeared and the summits of the nearer mountains became dimly outlined against the brightening horizon. Slowly but steadily, the wonderful transformation went on. Brighter and more brilliant were the varying colors. The whole sky seemed over flowing with an ethereal splendor of purple, and crimson and gold. "Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of nigh dissolved into the glories of the dawn". Unicoy was beautiful but this

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For over an hour we watched this wondrous display and felt well repaid for our hard tramp. One thing should be mentioned about the sunrise on Tray; the mountain is so high that the sun seems to come up from below it, for it takes about five minutes from the time it appears above the horizon for its rays to actually reach you. We were told that with a powerful glass Sol is seen to rise from the ocean but we were a little sceptical about accepting such a statement. One thing is certain however, daylight begins there much earlier than in the valley, the first light appearing at two o'clock and the sun rising at half past three.

We had suffered so from the cold that we only waited until it was light enough to take some photograps and then hastened down, though regretted that we could not spend the day in such an enchanting spot.

BACK TO CAMP.

The journey back to camp was without incident, except that we found a fine patch of huckle-berries and helped ourselves. We reached camp at 8.30 completely exhausted, for instead of it being only eight miles to the summit and back, it was sixteen, our guide having had reference to the air line when he gave the distance as four miles for one direction.

We were too tired to wait for breakfast so all threw ourselves down beside the road and slept for several hours. While we were thus resting a very wrath provoking event occurred. We had provided some chickens for the meal, and as we dreamed of them fried in Sappho's inimitable style we were suddenly awakened by that party who informed us that some of the numerous hogs grazing around had slipped up behind him, and made way with every vestige of our much longed for fowls. It may be useless to record our expressions were anything but mild and that there-after we were sworn enemies of swine.

HIAWASSEE.

Later in the afternoon we moved four miles farther down to Mountain Scene and camped on a sandbar on the edge of Hiawassee River. We had intended taking a plunge but as the openess of the country necessitated a walk of over a half a mile, we contented ourselves by simply wading.

Leaving there early next morning, July 11th, we reached Hiawassee, the county site of Townes before dinner. Through the kindness of Mr. John McConnel, we secured the use of a room during our stay. We had intended stopping there only for the remainder of the day, but as several of the party were expecting letters we waited until Friday morning.

During the afternoon of our arrival we watched a thunder storm around the head of Enota, just seven miles away. At times the entire mountains became wrapped in clouds, then suddenly the mantle would be rent and the great

peak again appear, wild and majestic, against the dark lurid back ground of threatening thunder heads. Like contestants in some titanic conflict, the great clouds rolled back and forth against the mighty summit as if trying to demolish the everlasting crags.

All in vain for shortly the sun came to the rescue and driving away the legion of vapors crowned the sombre hued heap with a victors wealth of gold. Ere long this too passed away for

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"Now from yon peak departs the vivid ray,
That still at e'en its lofty temple knows;
From rock and torrent fade the tints away,
And all is wrapt in twilight's deep repose".

During the night we were awakened by some drunken rowdies standing before our door and shooting a pistol. Three of us were instantly on our feet, well armed, for we did not know but that they were attempting to kill Rover, as he had been rather obstreparous when they first came up. They soon left however, and there was no further disturbance. The "little un" as we sometimes called Paul, beseeched us to shut and fasten the door, he having suddenly become very chilly. At least he so declared, and we could not but believe him as his teeth were chattering like a pair of castanets. We did not comply with his request, but promised the young man a thorough warning if he did not go to sleep. He hushed but would jump about two feet at every sound from some of the boys under the house.

The next day July 12th we spent in looking around the town, talking to the natives and making acquaintances. One thing the place is sadly deficient in, it contains no pretty girls. We were told of the belle, who, so our informant said, was beautiful charming and well worth meeting. At first we did not know how to accomplish this, but finally as she sat alone on her front veranda, the Scribe accompanied by Wadey, went over on the very slightest pretext, introduced himself and friend. An attempt to describe this fair creature would be useless, except to say that she was exactly oposite to what we had expected, and that we made an extremely short call.

Taken altogether, Hiawassee is a very disappointing town. Hogs are allowed to graze anywhere and every where, and the majority of the inhabitants seem to be utterly devoid of all sense of hospitality and common courtesy.

Although the much longedfor letters failed to come we left Friday morning with Buck Creek, North Carolina, as our destination. Rachel was sick during the whole day and spent the most of the time in the wagon.

About 9.30 we crossed the North Caroline line six miles from Hiawassee and one hundred and eight miles by wagon road, from home.

SHOOTING CREEK AND ISABELL.

Along towards night as we were going down a steep hill, one of the rear wheels became dished, necessitating our unloading for repairs. On investigation, Rachel who was the mechanic of the party, thought he discovered a fracture in the back axle, due to the rupturing of an imperfect weld. We placed our stuff in shooting luck school house and while the others prepared supper, Wadey and the Scribe drove two miles over a very rough road to the nearest black smith shop. On examination the supposed fracture was found to be dried wagon grease. Rachel looked badly crest fallen, when the joke was told as he was a little proud of his practical ability.

We left the school house early next morning as it was to be used as a registration bureau, and we did not care to be stared at and questioned by the hoosiers who were gathering from all sides.

About eleven we reached Isabell, the site of the largest corundum mill in the world. Owing to some pending lawsuits because of the failure of the machinery to work according to contract the mill was not in operation at this time; never-the-less we went through the immense plant, learning all we could of the various processes connected with the extraction of the mineral. The product from this particular locality is known as "sand corundum" because of its finely divided condition when mined and though only five per cent is extracted from the earth poured into the hopper it is considered a good investment and will doubtless be fully developed.

THE HAIGLER KINDNESS.

Living close to the mill was a German family, Haigler by name, who

treated us royally. They begged us to take dinner with them and when their invitation was declined, the lady gave us some excellent light bread and jelly. More than that, they gave us some recent papers, insisted that we should visit them during the week we expected to spend at Buck Creek, five miles away, and in every way possible showed us the greatest kindness. In fact we had never witnessed such true hospitality on the part of perfect

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It may be interesting to add that there was a very pretty young lady in the family and perhaps it was her charming face, coupled with a cordial invitation, that made us leave with many regrets and a full determination to make the family another visit.

CHUNKY-GAL GAP.

Immediately after leaving Mr. Haigle's we began the ascent of Chunky Gal Gap, and though the road was not so rough as the one over Unicoy, still it took three hours of hard work to reach the top. There seems to have been some engineering skill employed on the laying out of this drive way, the grade being gradual most of the distance. The ascent is made by a series of terraces across the face of the mountain, some of them quite close together for at one spot we could see the road bed in five places above and below us. The trip to the top was uneventful, with the exception that once while we rested, Rover showed his hunting propensity by bringing in a good sized ground hog.

There is some doubt as to the origin of the name Chunky Gal. Some claim that it is derived from the resemblance of two of the adjacent peaks to the figure of a very short young woman; others insist with more probability of being correct, that it is anglicized from the Cherokee word "Chunakee". At any rate, few of the natives ever pronounce it Chunky Gal but abbreviate it to something like "Chungle".

BUCK CREEK.

During the descent Wadey and the Scribe walked ahead to get a cabin and have it ready for the others, as it was growing quite late. Emerging from the deep woods at the foot of Chunky Gal We crossed Buck Creek and climbing a little eminence got our first glimpse of the little settlement. Imagine a little clearing of only a few acres, with mountains, lonely wild and rugged, rising close on all quarters; the creek brawling and rushing through this little opening, only three small log cabins visible - such was the locality known as Buck Creek. Forbidding as the prospect would have been to some, to us it appeared an ideal resting place . The whole scene was suggestive of peace and quiet; the cattle slowly wandering home from the surrounding hills, and the smoke lazily curling from the cabin chimneys, while over all the little valley the dying sun cast its effulgent rays. No wonder we hesitated before interupting this picture of perfect contentment.

With very little difficulty we secured a vacant cabin and immediately swept it out and collected enough wood to cook supper. The house was a low built mud thatched log building supplemented by a great open fire place and veranda and we considered ourselves lucky indeed to have obtained such an elegant chateau, the more so as we had no rent to pay.

The boys soon came up or rather drove and we at once unloaded. Owing to the severe shaking he had received Sappho was quite sick from the downward trip and was immediately ordered to bed. The temporary loss of our cook coupled with the fact that the rest of us were too tired to take his place, was so discouraging that we turned in without any supper, simply satisfying our hunger with a drink of creek water and a few onions that we happened to have. Strong diet, was'nt it? Buck Creek is certainly a fine place in which to rest and recuperate, but it will not do for these who have any social aspirations. Situated forty miles from a railroad, twenty from a town, nine from a store or post office, and five from any intelligent people the society is naturally not the best, or most highly cultivated. We had gone there however to fish for mountain trout, it being considered one of the best locations in North Carolina for that sport, and did not mind the lack of social excitement.

The next morning being Sunday we would have preferred staying quietly in camp as was our custom, but having arrived so late the evening before we had purchased no meat or vegetables and were compelled to spend the morning in foraging. The little 'un went a mile for some honey and on his return joined Rachel and the Kid on a fishing expedition, while Wadey and the Scribe walked five miles looking for chickens, succeeding in getting two very undersized ones and a few Irish potatoes. Further-

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Just after dinner we were given an evidence of the proximity of the still. Two mountaineers, both well filled with corn liquor and a gallon extra in their jug came up on thin horses. Like the majority of men in this condition they were very affectionate and becoming extremely generous, wanted us to drink all we could. When they could not induce us to partake, they took several drinks themselves and then offered to leave us a supply. We finally accepted a half a pint to be used only in cases of sickness or rather snake bites.

FIRST TROUT.

Later in the afternoon took a bath in the creek but found the water too cold to be desirable for that purpose. At supper we had our first taste of speckled trout and we did full justice to this dainty, experiencing but one difficulty in regard to them, we could not get through.

During the night Rachel and the Scribe were taken sick and while the latter was well in a day or so, it took Rachel ten days to recover.

The sun rose bright and clear the next morning, bringing out the vegetation with wonderful vividness. The mountains were covered with Spruce cedar and great masses of pink and white laurel interspersed here and there with banks of the most delicate ferns. Scattered throughout the clearing were clusters of spirea, with their snowy white blossoms and deep green foliage all forming a beautiful display of Nature's lavishness.

TROUT FISHING.

During the afternoon, Wadey, The Little 'un and the Kid went trout fish- but caught only five. To be candid we had very little success with the fishing line, which is contrary to the tales told by most fishing parties. The trouble was we were novices at the business and then we did not have the requisite amount of patience. In our expedition we generally walked several miles up stream and getting in the middle of the creek, would wade and fish back to camp. The water varying in depth from six inches to nearly three feet, was very cold and extremely swift with the creek bed made up with slippery boulders and holes. Consequently walking under such circumstances was quite difficult and this may have had a great deal to do with our lack of the proper sportsman's spirit. Ofcourse after people fished there and caught them too, but we generally preferred staying in company or tramping over the mountains for the sake of the views.

EIGHTEEN MILES FOR SUPPLIES.

In leaving Hiawassee, the Scribe had bought a bountiful stock of provisions but unfortunately he had miscalculated and the supply failed to satisfy the demands of the party. Consequently on Tuesday morning he was compelled to take the team and accompanied by Wadey, drive nine miles over the mountains to the nearest store. And even then we were able to buy only the barest necessities for meat and lard as high as twelve and a half cents a pound, and everything else proportionally as dear, we had to practice econ-

omy. The trouble was also aggravated by the low state of our finances. Ofcourse we could have had more money sent us, but situated as far as ~~we were~~ from a postoffice, and that a miserable tri-weekly one, we often had to trust to the honesty of some passer-by to bring us our mail

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On our return trip we were nicely treated by the Haiglers. The young lady kindly favored us with several selections on the piano, while her mother insisted on our acceptance of more of her delicious lightbread. We made quite a lengthy call and were sorry indeed to leave such charming company.

WILD HOGS AND HORNETS.

During our absence, the boys had gone fishing and though out most of the the day, caught only twenty three trout. The day was not devoid of adventure, however. At one time Sappho and the Kid, having become tired of such fruitless fishing, wandered off into the forest looking for Indian relics. Suddenly they heard a great rushing through the underbrush and then without any other warning, they were attacked by a drove of wild hogs. Having no guns the boys resorted to stones as a means of defense and although for years Sappho had been a base ball pitcher and an adept at throwing it was several minutes before they could drive off their assailants. It was for a while quite a serious matter, for as the Kid told it, when Sappho would hit one of the brutes with a blow sufficient to demolish an elephant the hog would merely turn around and renew the attack with increased vigor. At any rate the boys looked for no more relics that day, but kept close to Rachel and his rifle.

Little 'un and Rachel also had an experience which though not so serious as a hog fight, was extremely ridiculous. They too became fatigued and sat down under a laurel bush to rest. Little 'un slipping off one of his shoes. Just as Rachel was making a cigarrette and Little 'un unlacing the other shoe, Rover disturbed the bush over their heads and the bunch of blossoms less than two feet from their faces became transformed into an enormous hornets nest with the hornets pouring out in a cloud of fury and indignation. With one terrified yell, the boys took to the water, plunging and falling and splashing for about a quarter of a mile the very mountains shaking from the victims outcries. For a time it looked as if they could not recover their fishing tackle, guns, or shoes, but after waiting awhile the hornets quieted down and the Kid went after the missing articles.

A MOUNTAIN COVE.

The next morning several of the boys were suffering from falls received the previous day, so we attemted nothing more tiresome than a three mile tramp to Reilley's Cave. Ever since leaving the low country, we had heard the natives speaking of "over in the caves" and were anxious to see such a place. As mentioned before cows become milk-sick from grazing in these localities, and it is no wonder for it looks as though they might become afflicted with anything but sun stroke. In the first place the cowssare always on the north side of the mountain ranges and in their natural formation resemble ravines more than anything else. The trees grow so thickly thatcthe sunshine never penetrates the dense foliage and as a result the ground becomes over spread with a mat of ferns, rank weeds and decaying logs, all covered with a thick coat of green mould or moss. The air wreaks with damp unwholesome vapors and the atmosphere breathes of disease and decay. These coves abound in rattle snakes and though we saw none that morning, we were on the alert for their hideous warnings. Why we did not is a mystery, for only ten miles from Buck Creek was High Cove, where we were told, three men had gone squirrel hunting a few weeks before, and running into a den of the reptiles, were compelled to shoot sixty of them before they could get out. Our narrator also added by way of parenthesis, that he "lowed the mon were powerful scairt".

SPECIMEN HUNTING.

That afternoon all climbed up on Chunky Gal mountain just back of the cabin, to what is known as "The Red Corundum Hole. Some twenty years ago the country around Buck Creek was worked for this valuable mineral, and at the time of our visit, many of the old miners shanties were still standing. We often scrambled over the dump heaps finding specimens of yellow, red, pink, and blue corundum. The pink is beautiful and

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SAPPHO THE HARPIST.

When at the last town we had bought Sappho several Jews harps that being the only instrument on which he could perform. With these he beguil beguiled many an hour, either as a soloist or in playing our accompaniments. In the evening we would sit on the porch of our palatial residence and sing by the hour, or rather make efforts in that direction, the neighbors getting as far away as possible at the beginning of the entertainment. We could not feel hurt at their lack of appreciation for with Wadey and Little 'un too low, the Kid with his beautiful tremolo way up in the sky, and Rachel and the Scribe going like a combination of Georgia mule and jay bird, tis a wonder we were not ejected as public nuisances. " Surely music hath charms to soothe a savage"else we would have been lynched.

On several nights Wadey and the Scribe slept on the "piazzy" in the hammocks. This did very well until just before daylight, when it became so cold we would have to go inside, even then the evil was not eradicated entirely, for at that altitude the nights are always chilly. Often disagreeably so. Once or twice it was almost cold enough for frost and at no time did we find a fire disagreeable.

INDIAN RELICS.

On the afternoon of July 19th we tramped several miles in search of Indian relics. This section of Clay county is just as the aborigines left it, thirty five years ago, and is full of flints, knives, tomahawks, pipes, and pottery. Arrow heads are very common. We found forty on this occasion. With a little tact among the natives, one can really obtain a splendid collection of such things right in the vicinity of Buck Creek, as the people are only too willing to sell anything of the kind.

We also visited what were supposed to be three Indian graves, and laying aside all respect for the dead tried to dig up the bodies. For a good long while we pulled and hauled and struggled with the roots and rocks and then becoming discouraged over finding no curiosities, gave up the job. We afterwards found that our graves were a part of an old mine, so ofcourse the laugh was on us.

DR. MANEY'S KINDNESS.

On returning to camp we found several letters and a package of sugar which Mr. Maney had very obligingly brought to us. Under ordinary circumstances this would not have been considered such a great favor, but when youvremember he had walked eighteen miles, driving a refractory drove of cattle, and carrying a sack of flour half the distance, and then had burdened his only free hand with that troublesome little parcel, the real kindness of the man is shown. And this is not the only evidence of his accommodating disposition for during our whole stayhe was complaisant, kind and obliging.

THE SOCIAL AND MORAL LIFE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Physically Mr. Maney was a typical mountaineer. Tall, gaunt slightly stooped, with sun burned features and long stringy hair, such is the appearance of most of the men. Like him they too are ignorant, pitifuuly so, with no knowledge of the great world except that in their vicinity. Mr. Maney would sit quietly and for many hours, opening his eyes in utter

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The condition of the women is even worse than that of the men. They too are tall, cadaverous looking, with the same stolid expressionless faces. With their limited mental faculties, extreme ignorance and monotonous existence, they look forward to no brighter future, but merely live on, hopeless and despairing of any thing better. Poets often sing of the rosy cheeked graceful young women of the mountains, but we did not see any. They must have become extinct, for those with whom we came in contact were coarse featured, awkward slovenly, barefooted creatures, totally devoid of any thing resembling grace or beauty.

The spiritual status of these mountaineers is very low though crimes are unknown, illicit distilling being their only offense, yet most of the natives are almost utterly ignorant of the Bible and have no conception of the world to come. Ofcourse there are a few churches but the population is so scattered and the churches so far apart that many of the people rarely ever hear a sermon. Then when they do hear a preacher he is generally so ignorant that the sermon amounts to but little. The mountaineuss sections of Georgia and Nort Carolina offer a great work to our missionary boards and these are now doing much to mitigate this condition of affairs.

FAREWELL TO BUCK CREEK.

On Saturday afternoon we made a brake for the wagon. So far we had used lock-chains, but this was so injurious to the wheels that we thought it best to try something else. Our tools were very dull and few in number so it took half a day to devise and make our brake although it was the simplest kind of mechanical work.

On Sunday we packed up and made all preparations for an early start the next morning. During our stay we had been constantly annoyed by the ravages of several hogs so the day before leaving Rachel settled up all score by shooting off their tales. Ofcourse it was cruel but our patience had reached its limit and it certainly was laughable to watch the dismay depicted on their features as they were suddenly deprived of their terminal appendages.

By this time our supplies had become entirely exhausted and we had had nothing to eat for the last two meals but a small piece of cold bread. Naturally when we started on the road again about daylight Monday morning we did not feel the best in the world particularly as we had to cross two mountain gaps before we could get dinner.

THE ROUGHEST ROAD IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The first of these Black Gap, was quite an improvement on Unicoy or Chunky Gal and we were quickly over. Nor did we experience any difficulty in getting to the top of Nantahala Gap, but when we started down the condition was different. In the first place, the eastern side of Nantahala is very steep and then the loose formation of the soil had permitted all the dirt to be washed from the road, leaving great boulders and gullies throughout its whole length. Rachel drove while Sappho managed the brake, both boys having all they could do. The wagon slid and jumped from rock to ditch until it seemed it would be completely wrecked. Once or twice it became necessary to make the horse slide on his haunches, the hill was so steep. It was really dangerous for many teams had broken loose down that fearful hill, resulting in the destruction of vehicle and often the death of the driver. It was the coolness and skill displayed by Rachel that

saved our load, for only the best of horsemen can take a team in safety down that incline well called "the roughfest road in North Carolina"

A BIG DINNER.

Just at the bottom we laid in a supply of apples, of which there were quantities all over Clay and Macon counties and as a storm was rapidly approaching, took refuge in a barn. The weather was so very threatening

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A BIG DINNER.

Just at the bottom we laid in a supply of apples, of which there were quantities all over Clay and Macon counties and as a storm was rapidly approaching, took refuge in a barn. The weather was so very threatening that we decided to purchase dinner from the lady of the house, Mrs. Oliver, and not wait until we reached the store. After some hesitation she consented to cook us dinner for the nominal price of ten cents a piece, Poor woman, she did not know we had been nearly starving for three days or she would have hesitated still longer. The amount we consumed was fearfulM we ate until we could'nt and then sighed for more room. She had prepared food for her own family and ourselves, but when we were through she had to cook more for the home folks. Never before had we really so enjoyed a meal for to miss one in that atmosphere produces ravenous hunger. After dinner we retired to the barn and slept on the hay until the rain passed over.

A NIGHT IN A HAY LOFT.

Leaving Mrs. Oliver's at three o'clock we drove five miles to Nonah. This little settlement is situated in the midst of the beautiful Cartoochays Valley, one of the loveliest sections in the western part of the State. It is litterally hemmed in by mountains, many of them five thousand feet high. Conspicuous among them is Warrior Bald, the camping resort of Franklin and the surrounding country.

The valley itself is extremely fertile and is in a high state of cultivation. Plums and apples were plentiful while the corn was the finest we had seen.

While we were waiting for supper the post master of Nonah came around and invited us to his house where we passed a very pleasant hour discussing the topography and geology of the proximate regions. He has the reputation of being the best read man in Western North Carolina, and could tell many interesting stories and incidents. He also gave us several fine mineralogical and Indian specimens.

It was so damp under foot that we didi not put up the tent but retired to a hay-loft congratulating ourselves on such an elegant sleeping apartment. We should not have been so confident for there were forty or fifty chickens in the same loft and then Rachel had a high fever, making the night a sleepless one for several of us.

FRANKLIN.

The seven miles from Nonah to Franklin, the county site of Macon, were through the lomeliest country we saw during our tour. The road is almost level and follows the Cartoochays Valley for most of the distance.

Franklin itself is a lovely little town, situated in the beautiful Tennessee Valley and enclosed on all sides by mountain ranges. The town is naturally attractive and more so since the citizens have laid it off with an eye for the beautiful in regulation as well as scenery. While its elevation is not so very great (2200feet) still the climate is delightful, and the place would undoubtedly quickly become a favorite summer resort were it not as inaccessible.

With very little trouble we secured a splendid six room house belonging to Mr. R. L. Porter, a prominent gentleman of the community. He not only loaned us his house but during our stay, insisted upon supplying us with stove wood, vegetables, milk and numberless other little luxuries. He was a perfect type of hospitality, and showed us so much kindness that we really felt embarrassed. Never before had we been treated so royally, and by unanimous vote of the crowd, he was pronounced the cleverest man in North Carolina. Nor did his kindness end with such material gifts, he even invited us to his beautiful home where as he expressed it, he had"a little girl" that had been studying music at Shorter College..

We accepted the invitation and were simply carried away with the "little girl" . She played so beautifully and was irresistably charming that we at once decided not to leave on the morrow but prolong our stay for at least another day.

Still the Porters were really not different from the rest of the inhabitants as every one received us courteously and cordially. It seems to be an instinctive trait for not a person in the community but what appeared glad to have us there and delighted to show us any kindness their power. Although in our trip we traveled five hundred miles and

Still the Porters were really not different from the rest of the inhabitants as every one received us courteously and cordially. It seems to be an instinctive trait for not a person in the community but what appeared glad to have us there and delighted to show us any kindness in their power. Although in our trip we traveled five hundred miles and visited upwards of eighty towns and settlements we found the people of Franklin, as a class, the best example of genuine hospitality and true cleverness.

In the afternoon of the second day of our stay, July 25th, Mr. Porter gave us a delightful treat in the shape of a straw ride. Accompanied by several ladies, we drove up on Tremont, a mountain about three miles out where we saw another magnificent view. While not as extensive as the ou look from Tray, from an artistic standpoint the scenery is more beautiful as Tremont is rather isolated and consequently affords a magnificent vie of the two near by valleys the Tennessee and the Cartoochays and the encircling mountains.

On the downward trip, the rain poured in torrents and as the trees grew so low over the road as to prevent the use of umbrellas we were completel drenched. This did not detract from our enjoyment of the occasion, for we boys would have undergone several soakings to be thrown in such deligh ful company. On reaching home we showed our disregard of the matter by purchasing all the ice cream in town and sitting out in the wagon in the rain to eat it.

We had accepted an invitation to dine at the Porter's that evening and as the shower had saturated our best clothing, we did not know how to dress for the occasion. We were not to be deterred from going, however, and when we reached camp, stood aound the fire and dried out as much as possible. As our coats were rather heavy we did not attempt to dry them but went in our shirt sleeves. The ridiculous effect was heightened by the leggins, belts and dark military shirts which all wore.

It had been our intention to stay only one day in Franklin, but Miss Porter proved so fascinating that we lingered for over three days, spending most of that time with our fair enchantress. Ofcourse we had to offer some excuse for our not leaving as first planned, so we laid the blame on the threatening state of the weather. Like the people in the fairy-tale, we might have staid there forever had we not promised Little 'un to be in Highlands by Saturday night, he being compelled to go home from there.

As it was we left Friday forenoon with many sincere regrets that we could not remain longer. O, how we wished it to rain that morning, for then ofcourse, we could not have ventured out. Fates were against us though, for the sun came out bright and clear and we just had to go. It certainly was a miserable feeling for we had enjoyed our stay so much, and had become so attached to all the people, (not individuals) that our hearts were sore at the idea of departing.

In mentioning our visit, the society editor of the local paper made quite a laughable mistake. When Rachel gave him the names of the party he happened to state that three of the boys were senior students of the Georgia School of Technology and when the paper came out, the reporter had put the whole crowd as such, including Sappho.

IN A CORUNDUM MINE.

At Cullaraja, seven miles from Franklin, we went in the corundum mines belonging to the Bidwell Bros. On e of these mines consist simply of a long crooked tunnel, with the side walls and top held up by immense logs, while between the ties of the tram railway, are puddles of muddy water. We went several hundred feet back into this hole, at times almost crawling to keep from bumping into the logs overhead. After emerging we went to another mine, and were let down in a bucket eighty feet before getting into the main passage. Verily, it was a dirty place; the half decayed l logs were coated with fungi, the walls dripping with moisture, and the ground covered with water and mud. The miners had just been blasting and the shaft was filled with blinding sulphurous smoke. It did'nt seem possible that men could stay in such a hole, for the air was so damp and unwholesome and the whole place so saturated with moisturethat pneumonia seemed inevitable. Yet the poor fellows do work there, twelve hours a day, for only a dollar and a quarter constantly risking life and limb for

this mere pittance.

Really we should not have gone in the mines as the rope by which we lowered was so badly worn that it was unsafe. Still we did make the ~~adventure and considered this being worth~~

this mere pittance.
Really we should not have gone in the mines as the rope by which we lowered was so badly worn that it was unsafe. Still we did make the descent for we were out for adventures and considered this being worth of notice.

BACK TO FRANKLIN.

Rachel and the Scribe had left Franklin in a rather despondent frame of mind and after visiting corundum Hill, decided to go back to town to see about - well, the mail ostensibly. Leaving the others to find a suitable campingplace for the night, we started back at four o'clock and in less than two hours covered that eight miles of rough road. Ofcourse we found her and were just anticipating a two hours tete-a-tete when the Kid appeared on the scene. This completely frustrated our plans for no one can talk properly with an uninterested party present.

Consequently we left in a very little while expecting to overtake the boys before morning but it was so dark and the road so bad that the end of five miles we were completely exhausted and lay down on a pile of rocks to sleep. In about an hour it began to rain and we staggered on another mile to a blacksmith shop we had noticed while coming over. We found this fastened and though the owner lived only a few hundred feet away, we broke open the door and slept on a hard carpenters bench until half past three. Then slipping out before being discovered, we hurried on and caught the others at six o'clock in Cullasaja shoolhouse.

While it is only fourteen miles to Highlands, the ascent is so continuous that it took us all day to cover the distance. Highlands is nearly two thousand feet higher than Franklin and the whole difference is made in that one fourteen mile hill, there not being a half mile of down grade the whole way.

Just as we stopped for dinner the rain came down in torrents and as our wagon top leaked badly everything was soon soaked. We sat and endured it for about forty minutes, then leaving the other boys to hitch up Rachel and the Scribe went ahead to get a house and have a fire going.

In a half hour we came to a little log cabin just off the road, and the temptation was so strong that we could not resist asking for some "cold 2ittles". This the people would not hear to, but insisted that we come in and dry our clothes while they cooked us dinner. We could not refuse such hospitality but enjoyed that dinner hugely, leaving the rest of the boys to drive by in the blinding rain. It was a mean way to treat the boys, but still our entertainers would probably not have fed the whole crowd and Rachel and his partner could not let a little matter of ethics prevent them taking that meal.

After finishing dinner it became necessary to overtake and if possible get ahead of the wagon as we knew the boys would never forgive us if they should discover our deception. We ran nearly five miles taking all the short cuts, the rain still coming down as hard as at first. Just as the wagon reached Highlands we caught up, much to the surprise of the rest of the crowd as they had imagined that we were ahead. When asked for an explanation we simply told them we had been wandering around in a lot of side trails. This seemed to satisfy their curiosity. Wadey even going so far as to explain what trails we must have taken. Ofcourse, Rachel and the Scribe agreed with him and has never yet told anything about that dinner.

HIGHLANDS.

We reached Highlands at five oVclock, cold wet, and tired and hungry. The town is situated on the top of the Blue Ridge and at that elevation the temperature is low even in July, and particularly when one has on wet clothes and the rain is still pouring. We had expected to get a house with but very little trouble but were wofully disappointed. The people are exactly oposite to those of Franklin; they are ignorant, unaccommodating, mean and were altogether the biggest set of lunes found.

For two hours we waded around the place, wet and nearly frozen, and not a person could or would give us any satisfaction. We went to see a man having the appellation of Smith, about a place and after keeping us in the rain for half an hour he condescended to come out and talk to us.

He reluctantly gave us permission to use a house in his charge but investigation showed the rooms to be in such a filthy condition that we could not stay there. We certainly were mad and only the barest necessity made us tarry there a moment. We would have left at once, but it was nearly dark and as the surrounding country is very thinly settled we did not know how far we would have to travel before finding a stopping place. The natives were not only utterly indifferent to

He reluctantly gave us permission to use a house in his charge but investigation showed the rooms to be in such a filthy condition that we could not stay there. We certainly were mad and only the barest necessity made us tarry there a moment. We would have left at once, but it was nearly dark and as the surrounding country is very thinly settled we did not know how far we would have to travel before finding a stopping place. The natives were not only utterly indifferent to our wants, but some of them were even mean enough to guy at our outfit appearance of pity. There is no denying that we were a sorry looking set; all of us as wet as drowned rats and shivering with the cold.

Sappho suffered intensely from a chill and only the copious use of corn whiskey prevented his having pneumonia. His hands shook so could hardly drive and the poor negro actually cried with the cold. After our patience had been exhausted, and we were on the verge of doing something desperate our man consented to rent us a house though with a great deal of unwillingness and much unnecessary delay. This place also was extremely dirty and we accepted it only as a last resort. It took only a short while to start a fire and get into some dry clothes and then we cooked and ate 'till midnight.

It seems strange but the people of Highlands treated all visitors as they did us. It is a great summer resort and ofcourse the hotel keepers are civil enough but the natives have no sense of hospitality or politeness. They are known everywhere as the meanest people in North Carolina and they well deserve that distinction.

The town is well situated for a resort. Located almost on top of a range as it is, the weather is never warm and the nights are glorious. Such pests as musquitos and red bugs are unknown, while the water is unexcelled. Then there are many attractive places within a short distance, most of them reached by an excellent road. The hotel accommodations are also very fine, there being several new and very luxuriantly furnished houses for any one having money to stay at one of these. Highlands is doubtless an ideal resting place.

OLD WHITE - SIDE.

Early Monday morning July 30th, we set out on foot to climb Whiteside, fitly called "One of the grandest mountains in America". Its name arises from the formation of its eastern face, a sheer precipice eighteen hundred feet high and two miles long which reflects the rays of the sun until the side of the mountain glistens like white marble.

From Highlands we took a narrow trail through the forest and after walking in about five miles we emerged from the woods and Whiteside rose before us like -

" A fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the world
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the floods drowned them."

The wagon road reaching almost to the summit was in good fairly good condition and it took us only a short while to get to the highest point from where is seen one of the sublimest views in the whole Alleghany system. Standing there on that stupendous dome, we were overwhelmed at the magnificent panorama, the culmination of all the wonderful scenic beauty through which we had passed.

As far as the eye can see stand the giant peaks, Yellow Mountain, Toxaway, Chimney Top, Hog Back, Black Rock, Bear Pen, Rabun, Short Off, Satulah, and a host of others, each with its peculiar characteristic, all forming one vast assemblage of sentinels guarding the inner shrine of this sanctuary of the mountain world. From the great Smokies, rising in misty grandeur on the northwest to the fertile Piedmont Plains of the South, the eternal battlements rise like waves in a mighty sea, forming an enchanting combination of mountain peaks, lofty crags and lovely valleys a veritable "Garden of the Gods".

Whiteside itself is beyond description. With its butting crags and dizzy precipices it stands out alone the sublimest feature in that whole section of diversified scenery.

" Steep is the western side shaggy and wild
With mossy trees and pinnacles of flint

And many a hanging crag. But to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs
Huge pillows, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather beaten capitols, here dark wit

And many a hanging crag. But to the east,
Sheer to the vale go down the bare old cliffs
Huge pillows, that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather beaten capitols, here dark wit
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness when the thunderbolt
Has splintered them."

We walked along the edge of the precipice after pausing to look over into the frightful depth. To any one with a light head this is a dangerous path for the least dizziness or misstep means a sheer plunge of eighteen hundred feet on to the jagged boulders below. The heart shudders to think of any one slipping over that edge, tumbling and whirling through space at a terrific rate then dashing with a sickening, mangling and grinding on some sharp edge crushed into a mishapen mass of bleeding quivering flesh. People are said to have gone crazy from looking over that awful precipice and well may the stories be believed for the sight is one to shake the nerves of the strongest.

Several times we sat down with our feet over the edge, or lying with face downwards would creep out and peer into the fearful abyss. Ah, it was awful,nay grand to lie there and look along the face of that stupendous wall at the world in animation beneath, or listen to the wind howling beneath in the clefts and crevices.

At the northeastern end of the mountain there is a shelving rock hanging forty or fifty out on the valley and about twelve hundred feet from the base of the cliff. We crawled out on this to see back into the cavern underneath and finding that we could not get an extended view under such conditions, two of the boys would hold another by his feet and gradually shove him out over the edge. The sensation was simply horrible; as long as you crawled there was no dizziness but the instant the boys began pushing the whole mountain appeared to be giving away and the plain below flying up in your face, everything rose in a dizzy, sickening frightful whirl while the heart almost stopped beating as you hung suspended over that awful brink. Only for a moment could the human frame stand the sight for the effect was exactly as if you were plunging over that terrible crag.

The echoes on Whiteside are particularly fine. After firing a gun there is a moments silence then the sound comes back from across the valle striking the cliff beneath, rebounding from peak to crag reverberating here and there until the whole plain below seems filled with the echo, continuously rolling back and forth like breakers on some rocky shore.

It was our intention having traveled the length of the mountain, to descend at the northern end, but the cliffs were so precipitous that we coul not get down so that we had to go back to Highlands by the way we came. We reached camp at seven o'clock completely exhausted, but feeling more than repaid by our twenty mile walk.

Highland, Naiad and Cullasaja Falk.

Wednesday morning, Aug. 1st. the Little 'un left us, being called home by the ill health of his Father.

The same morning found us tramping to Cullasaja Falls. We had seen Highland Falls a day or so before and the picture had deeply appealed to our sense of the beautiful. The stream pours gently over a rock some fifty feet high and after breaking into a cloud of feathery spray on the boulders below

"Runs o'er, and round, fern flowers and ivy creep,
Fantastically tangled", making the scene one of sylvan beauty.

Cullasaja Falls are grand and were by far the finest display of water that we saw during our trip. The river rushes through the chasm with arrowy swiftness, then suddenly makes a giddy plunge of over a hundred feet. The stream pours over a shelving rock, and under this is a cave from which the sight of the cataract is glorious. There is a continual roar and the very earth seems to tremble beneath the irresistable torrent.

"Gushing, and plunging and beating the floor,
Of the rocky basin in which it falls."

Around the side of this basin there is a narrow ledge on which we walked to, when the blinding spray completely enveloped us and the water dashed against our feet. Just below us was a great whirlpool in which, should our footing on that wet slippery,three inch shelf of rock have failed, we

would have been hurled by the stream pouring from above. And yet the sight along the face of that snow white, shimmering wall was so beautiful, so grand, we forgot the danger, forgot the dark pool below, forgot everything but admiration and awe for that dizzy thundering mass

would have been hurled by the stream pouring from above. And yet the sight along the face of that snow white, shimmering wall was so beautiful, so grand, we forgot the danger, forgot the dark pool below, forgot everything but admiration and awe for that dizzy thundering mass of rushing waters.

Climbing to the top of the bluff we waded the river and lay down on a rocky parapet immediately over the falls. Here the effect was even more beautiful than from below. The sunlight was reflected from each drop of water until the river seemed a shower of crystals, with the foot of the downpour hidden in a cloud of feathery drifting spray.

In wading back, the Scribe partially lost his footing and for an instant thought he was gone. We crossed less than twenty five feet above the brink, and in that swiftly rushing torrent, the undertaking was attended by great danger for should we have fallen, no power on earth could have prevented our being instantly swept over into the seething caldron below. We were foolish to make such a trip, and it was only the mercy of Providence that kept us from a horrible death,.

On our way back to Highlands we made a slight detour to visit Naiad Falls another one of those beautiful bits of scenery which make that section so famous. Its beauty is entirely different from the turbulent grandeur of Cullasaja, for instead of one mighty cataract, there are six charming cascades, each a miniature Niagra, and all forming a picture of indescribable loveliness.

WHITESIDE AGAIN.

Thursday morning, Rachel, Wadey and the Scribe drove out to Whiteside again, taking along a good supply of rope to be used in getting over the crags. There was a slight haze, but this did not effect the grandeur of the river. We were impressed more than ever and sat for a long time gazing at the five hundred peaks encircling and paying homage to their monarch, Old Whiteside.

At the highest point of the precipice is a needle jutting out about fifteen feet and less than six inches thick at its outer end. This has long ago been condemned as unsafe but we ignorant of this, crept out to the point and looked in beneath us. It was awful, terrifying and as never before we felt that"It is a fearful thing -

To stand upon the butting verge and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and at the base
Dashed them in fragments, and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depths, and hear the sounds
Of winds that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lonely round, a beautiful river there
Wandered amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upwards to the hills beyond,
Above the hills in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven".

We ate our lunch with our feet over the edge of the cliff where the wind blew so fiercely from below that all high objects were carried up instead of down. Rachel accidently cut his hand and by simply extending his arm allowed the blood to fall over a thousand feet. Truly a grand dining table well fitted as a feasting place of the Gods of the mountain world.

During the afternoon we tried to make the descent on the western side but could not find a trail. We struggled for hours in great tangles of laurels and ferns, many of them five feet high, and at times impenetrable; climbed over rocks and logs expecting every moment to tread on a rattler, pulled up by vines and roots, tore our clothes scratched our bodies and then had to give up in despair.

Crossing back over the summit we worked our way down over the rocks at the southeastern corner of the mountains to see Bears Den. This is a cavern just below the edge of the precipice which in front of the cavity slopes for a short distance at an angle of seventy five degrees.

into the den. Taking off their shoes to facilitate climbing over the slippery rock, Rachel and Wadey crawled and pulled up this little gully. The undertaking was extremely hazardous, for several times they came near rolling down that steep incline from which they would have dropped off a thousand feet into the valley. It was the Scribes intention to undertake the feat but after they reached the top, the boys so much regretted their position for there was really nothing to see, and real-

into the den. Taking off their shoes to facilitate climbing over the slippery rock, Rachel and Wadey crawled and pulled up this little gully. The undertaking was extremely hazardous, for several times they came near rolling down that steep incline from which they would have dropped off a thousand feet into the valley. It was the Scribes intention to undertake the feat but after they reached the top, the boys so much regretted their position for there was really nothing to see, and realizing they had simply taken their lives in their hands, insisted that he should not join them. Consequently he did not and has never regretted it for when the two made the descent they were pale with fright and declared that nothing could induce them to repeat the performance.

The Bears Den is formed by the projection of an immense ledge known as "The Nose" from the profile of a human face traceble in its outlines.

For ages has that massive countenance hung there, calm impressive, sublime, the eternal monarch of that vast mountain world.

"I wear a crown of the sunbeams gold
With flaming gems on my forehead old,
A monarch crowned by God."

FAREWELL TO HIGHLANDS.

We left Highlands Friday morning, Aug 3rd., regretful to leave the beautiful scenery and yet glad to get away from such a miserable community.

The road was magnificent and we quickly crossed the Blue Ridge and once more found ourselves south of the mountains. The difference in climate and vegetation were at once noticeable. The spruce pines and laurels were succeeded by the short leaf pine and persimmon, while cotton and sweet potatoes took the place of corn. The heat was very severe, as there were no northen breezes, and the sun's rays were reflected from the Southern face of the mountains until the atmosphere felt like a furnace. It was particularly hard on us for in less than an hour we had come from the pure air and cool breezes of an elevated section to the smothering, sweltering dusty lowlands.

For two or three miles the road wound round the base of Satulah mountain And the sight of that great pinnacle towering directly over the way was grand. It is nearly five thousand feet high, and while not as sublime as Whiteside, impresses the mind with its mighty proportions and rugged formation. During the forenoon we crossed the line and were again in old "Georgy". We did not stay here long however, for after driving over six miles of bad road through a very thinly settled section and passing through Pine Mountain, the last town in the north eastern part of the state, we entered South Carolina at Russell, on the Chattooga River just three miles from the point where Georgia and the two Carolina's come together.

We had been trying all the morning to purchase some green corn, but the natives refused to let us have it. Therefore when we reached the Chattooga Valley and saw an immense field of the most luscious maize we could not resist the tepptation of taking about two dozen ears.

We stopped for dinner near the home of Mr. W. G. Russell, often called the "Half Way House", between Highlands North Carolina and Walhalla, South Carolina. Like the people of Franklin, Mr. Russell possessed the attribute of genuine hospitality. He gave us milk, horse feed, doctored our horse pulled a tooth for Sappho, begged us to spend a week with him, and in every way showed us the greatest kindness.

He also took us to the coldest Spring in South Carolina just back of his house and one of the most remarkable fountains we ever saw. The water flows out from under a hill with such volume that it is impossible to bail out the spring and it is so cold as to cuse pain when used for bathing. Icy as it is, it does not equal the temperature of the water on Unicoy or a spring we saw at Buck creek, the coldest in North Carolina and probably one of the coldest in the South.

During the afternoon we crossed a low spur of the Blue Ridge at Calass Gap and camped at Mountain Rest, twenty five miles from Highlands.

TUNNEL HILL.

Getting an early start next morning, we pushed on rapidly for a few miles and at light reached Tunnel Hill. The place receives its name from

an old tunnel which was started there before the civil war and abandon-

an old tunnel which was started there before the civil war and abondon-ed at the outbreak of that conflict. We first climbed a hill to the tunnel pit, a shaft two hundred and seventy feet deep and twenty five feet in diameter. It is cut through the solid rock and forms an immens cistern with a constant supply of nearly a million gallons of water.

Up to this time no use has been made of this great reservoir, but the is some probability of its being connected with a cotton mill as a fire well. The tunnel itself is nearly a half a mile long and will some day be finished by a railroad company. There has been talk of such a thing for a long time, the latest rumor crediting the Black Diamond Company with the undertaking.

Driving farhter down the hill, we tied our horse and went in the tunne proper. With the exception of the light from the entrance and a faint glimmer from the shaft some six hundred feet farther in, we were in com-plete darkness and the sensation of wandering around under such circum-stances in eighteen inches of water was not a pleasant one. We stumbled and crawled and splashed over rocks and logs until we reached the shaft and looking up three hundred feet saw the over hanging bushes and beyond this the blue sky and drifting clouds like a great kaleidoscope picture.

The effect of sound in the place is wonderful,ordinary tones of voice became transformed into shrieking roaring thundering reverberations suggestions of souls in torment. The whole passage is filled with fearfu outcries and screams of horror until it seems as if all the howling fu-ries and infernal ghosts had broken loose and were rending the very earth until their hideous yells were in frenzies of agony.

Such was the result of conversation, but when we fired a gun the effect was ten fold more intense and startling. The ears were deafened while th walls seemed to quake with the frightful tumult. We would have gone to t end of the tunnel but the action of the water has so underminded the wall that it is no longer considered safe, so we contented ourselves with ligh ting a candle and penetrating only a short distance beyond the shaft.

WALHALLA.

Leaving Tunnell Hill at ten o'clock we reached Walhalla, the county site of Oconee by twelve . This is the nearest Railroad station to Highlands, and the sight of a locomative made us again feel civilized. The town has about a thousand inhabitants and contains several business houses. It was founded just fifty years ago by the Germans and the pres-ent citizens seemed to have inherited the proverbial thrift and enterprise of the early settlers.

We stayed around town two hours and not finding a suitable place to camp over Sunday, drove about two miles out to a school house. We readily ob-tained permission to use this, and soon made ourselves comfortable.

Living near here was a gentleman, Maj. Stribling, whom we soon found to be extremely cordial and hospitable. His wife was an excellent lady and she quickly wen our hearts by sending down an immense pitcher of delicious sweet milk accompanied by an invitation to call. Rachel and the Scribe went that afternoon and nothing would do but that we should stay to supper. And how we did enjoy that meal; it was the first time we had sat down to a table since we left Franklin, and this together with the entertaining con-versation of our host and hostess and the pretty face of their daughter, made the occasion a memorable one.

Their home was the most elegant one we saw during our trip and it cer-tainly was a luxury to sit on that spacious veranda in a comfortable rock-ing chair and once more talk with educated refined people.

The noext morning we got up so late that the country people had assembled for Sunday School in a nearby building and we had to make our toilette and eat breakfast whilh being stared at by about fifty hoosiers. They had intended having services at nine o'clock but became so interested in watch-ing us that they forgot all about the time and did not begin until eleven.

It certainly was a misedable two hours to us for they took possession of our chairs and hammock asked a thousand questions and made themselves gen-

erally disagreeable. Ofcourse they were ignorant of the trouble they were causing and were only trying to satisfy their natural curiosity, consequently we had to excuse them.

Bidding farewell to the Striblings early Monday morning, we drove back into Walhalla and having obtained a letter of introduction from Maj. Stribling, inspected the cotton mill in the town. The Supt. Mr. Lucas, was extremely courteous and spared no pains to make our visit a pleasant and instructive one.

After stopping at Sewanee only long enough to eat dinner we reached Newry during the afternoon. We went to this place in order to visit the Newry Mills, but it was only by the most persistent efforts that we got in. The establishment is considered the model Mill of South Carolina and the officials are very strict in regard to visitors. At first they flatly refused to admit us but after Rachel had seen the Superintendent and talked for a half an hour he finally consented, and sent for a foreman to show us around. But even this did not end our trouble for just as we started one of the managers came along, and desirous of showing his authority, ordered our guide to take us out. This he would not do, but informed him we had permission from the Supperintendent. This silenced any further objections, andwe were allowed to continue our inspection in peace, though not with the kindest feelings for the authorities.

CLAMSO TO TOCOA.

We reached Clamson about seven o'clock and after considerable trouble received permission to camp about three hundred yards from the building of the South Carolina Mechanical And Agricultural College. Early the next morning we visited this institution and were well received by Pres. Hartzoy. Clamson is the rival of our own beloved Technological School and consequently we were interested in comparing the two. We found the South Caroline School to be better equipped with dormotories chemical and electrical labratories and machine shop, while the Tech is far ahead in wood shop, black smith shop and textile department.

Clamson posseses an incalculable advantage in having a reservation of twelve hundred acres and a yearly appropriation of eighty thousand dollars. In reality it should be far ahead of the Georgia College for we have only nine acres and thirty thousand dollars. And just such conditions we found are existent in all the schools of the two States.

South Carolina is far more generous towards her institutions which none of those in Georgia receive money enough to pay current expenses. Such parsimony is a disgrace on the commonwealth and well deserves the condemnation of every true citizen. Proper support of its Colleges is a crying need and one in which all loyal Georgians should be interested, especially since a state of such far imperial wealyh and power as South Carolina so nobly cares for its students.

During the same morning we visited the old estate of John C. Calhoun and was shown into the room where he had prepared so many wonderful speeches and important documents. During the day we suffered greatly from the heat and dust and at times almost gave out. We took a good long rest at dinner and then drove steadily until half past ten that night, covering twenty one miles. We stopped just a mile from Westminister, and spreading the tent on the edge of the road used it as a mattress. We had just got to sleep when a crowd of negroes returning from church came along, and their language when they made a turn in the road and suddenly saw us lying there was amusing though not elegant.

After breakfast the next morning the older boys inspected the Westminister Shuttle factory, the only institution of the kind in the South. Being textile students we were naturally interested in anything connected with the cotton industry and seized every opportunity to visit all manufacturing establishments. The Shuttle factory was very poorly managed and at the time of our visit was turning out only ten dozen shuttle and fifteen hundred spools per day, though it could easily have made twice the number of each. The Suptintendent seemed utterly ignorant of the first principals of mill ecomomies and seemed to make no effort to save either time or material. We took dinner at a beautiful spring, just a few hundred yards from the bank of the Tugalu River which we had

crossed as the Chattagoo at Russell. ~~We rested for over two hours~~ and then took a plunge in the stream. The water was warm the bottom level and sandy and the depth just right so it is needless to say we enjoyed that bath very much. Leaving there at five o'clock

crossed as the Chattagoo at Russell. We rested for over two hours and then took a plunge in the stream. The water was warm the bottom level and sandy and the depth just right so it is needless to say we enjoyed that bath very much. Leaving there at five o'clock we reached Tocoa a little after nine, and stopping only long enough to indulge at the Soda Fountain and chat with a couple of Tech boys, we drove out to Tocoa Falls.

TOCOA FALLS.

Much to our disgust we found that some enterprising man had bought th surrounding land and by putting up a high fence compelled visitors to pay for the privilege of seeing the Falls. Ofcourse, when any one goe to a lot of expense to enhance the natural charms of a locality there some excuse for charging admission, but when such a place as Tocoa Fal is fenced purely as a money making scheme it is a disgrace. Beautiful scenery was put here for the enjoyment of all and either the State or counties should purchase all points of natural interest within their boundaries and open them to the public.

A fitting ddescription of the Falls is impossible. The mind fails when it attempts to picture the scene. The loveliest we saw during ou tour. The water drops a hundred and eighty five feet and before reac the bottom is often broken and tossed by the wind until it becomes a cloud of mist and spray. It is not grand but beautiful. Not turbulent and wild but quiet and gentle a dream of loveliness.

"Nature, with folded hands seemed there
Kneeling at her evening prayer".

At the time of our visit the moon was at the zenith changing the water into a luminous vale of sylvery light. The air seemed enchanted. The whole landscape under some mystic spell. We sat at the foot of the cataract in complete silence listening to its story, and drinking in th marvelous scene. It was heavenly; we were oblivious to the world and became ecstatic before that scintillating, effulgent curtain of water. We felt transported to some far off spirit land a place of elysian delight and wondrous beauty. The water glistened and shone and sparkled until it seemed imbued with the very essence of light and we sat enraptured before this perfect peace of Natures handiwork.

TALLULAH.

During the forenoon of Thursday Aug. 9th we reached Tallulah. The site of one of the most remarkable series of waterfalls in America.

Pitching our tent in a beautiful grove containing five springs we rested until late in the afternoon. We found thepeople of the little town as unaccommodating as those of Highlands. They have been complete ruined by the extravagance of Summer Visitors and when they perceived that our coming was not a financial advantage the natives immediately lost all interest in our affairs. They care only for what they can make out of you, and are sadly deficient in commom civility. Just before sunset when some of us went to the Falls, often called the Niagra of the South. Beginning at Panther bridge the stream rushes between rocky palisades and towering cliffs for over two miles forming a magnificent succession of rapids whirlpools and roaring cataracts. The walls rise almost perpendicularly nearly fifteen hundred feet and the view of the river and the overhanging crags is one of rugged beauty and wild grandeur. Tallulah is a Cherokee word for "~~XXXXXX~~ "terrible" and well di the Indians name this magnificent assembly of dizzy precipices and irre istable torrents. Early the next morning we start at the head of Grand Chasm and worked our way downward omitting no point of interest or beauty. There are in all six different cataracts, varying in height fr sixteen to ninety feet. None of these have a direct fall but are more less sloping. The first of the series is L'Ean D'Or (46 feet) which emties directly into Harthorns pool. This is an immense pot hole or basin, the depth of which has never been ascertained and across which no man has ever been able to swim. Several have tried the feat and was only by the most heroic effobts on the part of spectators that they wer saved from drowning. Owing to its apparently very slow circular motion the water does not impress one with its terrific force or hideous pow of drawing objects into its mighty vortex, and consequently people ofte in attempting to swim across do not realize the danger.

Directly below Hartshorn Poll is Tempesta (81 feet) by far the grandest and most terrifying of all the falls. The water runs down a short declivity, then striking a ledge makes a tremendous lunge against the base of an overhanging cliff. The spray is thrown in all directions while the roar is deafening. During the morning the sun

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Hurricane pours into another immense basin and fifty feet about this great oak has grown out in a horizontal direction. Rachel crawled out in the branches and sitting ther above the rim took several photographs.

Beyond Hurricane there are three other falls, Oceana, Smet, Sixteen and Bridal Veil, the last one being especially beautiful. The water flows over an immense sloping ledge in a thin sheet of the whitest foam, well reminding one of a delicate veil of some lovely bride.

Turning to the right at this point, we scaled the cliff and after an hour of the most severe exertion, stood on a pinnacle nearly a thousand feet above the water. Here the river was magnificent. Across the river rose tier after tier of hills culminating in the Blue Ridge. Each imminence clothed to the summit with a garment of brilliant green, broken here and there by a projecting boulder or the cottage of the summer visitors. Below the river sped on its stormy way, falling, whirling and lashing around rocks and o'er rapids until it turned the base of Turners Point, and was lost to view.

Many of the walks around Tallulah are extremely dangerous. Often they are laid out along the edge of a precipice with nothing like a guard rail to prevent falling over. Formerly there were many little bridges, benches, ladders and rails to help the sight seer in climbing around the ravines, but most of them have rotted down and those left standing are in a very unsafe condition. The authorities should repair or else have them removed.

Just as an instance, we can mention the "Five Story House". This is a series of enclosed stairways leading to the bottom of Tempests Falls and perched just at the edge of a large pool. The sills have all decayed and the house is held up entirely by two slender iron rods driven in the face of a bluff. Should one of these give way there is nothing to prevent the structure from falling into the water. As it is the building sways and trembles under the weight of one man and unless torn down will one day be the death of some one. It has simply been marked as dangerous, and is left wide open for the careless public. A veritable death trap.

The Railroad brought in a big excursion of the countriest sort of people which were there and we had several experiences with them. We were down the river when they first got in And Sappho said he never had such a time in all his life. They litterally surrounded our tent, took possession of our dishes and chairs , examined our outfit and worried Sappho nearly to death. Rachel and the Kid reached camp before the rest of us and the green horns thoroughly stared at and criticized them. One of them noticed Rachel's leggins and after looking him over from head to foot, turned to his companions and remarked in a very knowing way "That fellow has been in Cuby."

Wadey and the Scribe also came in contact with some of the same crowd. They took our cameras for a medicine case and wanted us to doctor some of their party. Spying the trout flies we had in our hat bands, they asked what kind of squirrel tails they were and when informed that the articles were flies, they wished to know where such insects grew.

Later in the afternoon two of us went up to "The Lodge", the finest hotel in the place, to see about some mail. We wore our tramping regalia of heavy shoes, leggins and such like and you may imagine how awkward and ill at ease we felt in walking across a waxed ball room floor crowded with pretty girls and well dressed men.

TALLULAH TO ATHENS.

As the days were so intensely warm and the moonlight nights so beautiful

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Journeying under such circumstances was not only pleasant, but we obtained a great deal more fruit, it being much easier to invade an orchard after dark than to purchase from the owner in the day time.

Ofcourse we did wrong, but we could not or rather did not resist the temptation; then we really harmed no one for we took only a little just enough to supply our immediare wants. Rachel and Sappho were particularly adept at locating water-melons, grapes and peaches and would wander around all night in quest of such delicacies. They generally got something though often chased by dogs and frightened by scare crows.

One night they had a particularly laughable adventure. Leaving us to drive on, they turned into a side road in search of water-melons. After going a little ways, Rachel sent Sappho across the fields to overtake and hold the wagon while he made a more extended investigation Sappho started allright, but when he came to a public road took it for the by which we just had come and set off in a good trot at right angles to our course. Consequently when Rachel overtook us, fifteen minutes later, Sappho had not shown up and after waiting a few minutes Rachel went to hunt him up. After yelling and calling until all the farmers in the neighborhood were aroused, Rachel at last received an answer from away back in the hills, at least two miles away. They followed each other by the noise and when Sappho finally did get back to the wagon, after five miles of hard running he was completely exhausted. After that he was very careful not to try short cuts for as he expressed it he "was shorely tired".

We left Tallulah just after dark on Friday and found splendid roads for several miles. About ten o'clock we came across a negro church where a revival was in full blast and we went in to watch the proceedings. The congregation did not seem to be very enthusiastic, so Sappho took a front bench and excited their fervor by frequently shouting "amen" "yes" and similar expressions. We went to several negro services the next week and it was always a peculiar spectacle. The worshippers would moan and shout, and rock back and forth as though they were demented.

They were desperately in earnest and would sing pray and plead with far more feeling and power than many of our more educated church members.

The fifty miles from there to Athens were through a very uninteresting country and devoid of incident. We slept in the day as much as the excessive heat and flies would allow and traveled at night. During Friday and Saturday nights we passed through Clarksville, Demorest, Cornelia, Homer, Harmony Grove, and Nicholson, reaching Athens about two o'clock Monday morning. We stopped just on the edge of the City under a rail road trestle and slept soundly until morning, in spite of the trains passing directly over our heads.

HOME.

As we could find no suitable place to camp for the day we took the horse to a livery stable and went to a resttaurant for breakfast. Later on we rode over the town on the electric car and visited the Athens mill. This was to me quite a curiosity for nearly every piece of machinery was thirty or forty years old and looked crude and slow compared with our modern high grade mechanisms. We also went through the grounds of the State University and would have gone through the buildings but were unable to find any one who could admit us.

Leaving Athens at noon we spent the afternoon on the Oconee River, four miles out and then drove to Carl before daylight. The next six miles were over fairly good roads, but after that they were simply horrible for ten miles. It had rained and the roads were fearfully muddy; then the moon did not rise that night until ten o'clock ; finally it was the roughest road in Guinnett county anyhow, so you can imagine what a time we had. At times it looked as if our horse would give out entirely and it was only by the hardest kind of work that we reached Lawrenceville. Here we bought a lot of canned goods for our supper and having disposed of them to our satisfaction, drove three miles further to

Gloucester. We would have traveled all night but the horse had become exhausred over that bad piece of road that we thought it best to stop.

The next day we started early and drove steadily to Tucker. We were to cook dinner here but were in such a hurry to get home, and so averse to soiling our dishes that we bought six water-melons and dined on them. From Tucker to Decatur is only seven miles, and it may be needless to add that we covered the distance in double quick time.

During our trip none of us had taken the trouble to shave and when we drove into Decatur with our scrubby beards tanned faces and tough appearance generally, very few people recognized us. We got there about five o'clock in the afternoon Aug. 16th, when all the young ladies were out walking and they were certainly very distant until they found out who we were.

And how glad we were to reach home. We had enjoyed the trip immensely but it was so nice to think of being clean once more and to sleep in a sure enough bed. Never before did a bath look so inviting or a bed so restful as on the first night of our return. For nearly seven weeks we had slept on rocks, the ground, floors, in hay lofts, hammocks and every other conceivable kind of couch and when we did once more strike a real bed, it was not long before were in a good sound sleep.

And now farewell, thou enchanted land of mighty peaks, beautiful vale butting crags, and glorious waterfalls. Every day spent in thy bounds is fast on memory's page; the magnificent scenery and sublime grandeur of thy realm stand forth vividly in our remembrance; the long walks, hard climbs, cheerful campfires, jolly companions and all the many little incidents of our journey, none are forgotten and all recall the happiest summer of our lives.

Beautiful mountains, thou art to me what the patriarch of old saw when sleeping on his stony pillow "a stairway on whose assent of gold heart and hope and faith and life rise heavenward so high, that at times my soul catches the angel's minstrelsy and the sheen of that dazzling throne whose radiance kindles into life every sun and star whose cycling march measures alike the saint's immortality and the eternity of God."

ALBERT S. MEAD.