

MOUNTAIN RETREATS

A top a pretty knoll, far a-way view;
This cozy furnished home is made for you.
For Sale or for Rent, move in soon;
Be happy as Sweethearts on a full Moon.

Here's another: 50 acres of "no man's land";
With a little imagination, you can make it grand.

A Cottage in deep woods with Springs and streams;
Believe it or not, it's an answer to your dreams.

A Mountain Cabin with shotgun on the wall;
For less than \$2,000, you'll make a big haul.

A "Garden of Eden", fruit trees galore;
Springs a-spouting, streams and waterfalls pour.
If you love Nature, a showplace to feature;
Better wake up, you slow moving creature.

Franklin's 100th Birthday on 16th of June;
Come—all you rounders with Banjos in tune.
Mountain Men are cooking a big-barbecue;
While some are stirring old Georgia Brunswick stew.
Our Ladies are pretty, our whiskers are long;
We'll have gallons of coffee good and strong.

If it's Mountain Real Estate that you require;

See —

Owen C. Furlow

"To fill your desire"

Furlow Springs

Franklin, N. C.

**4---Month School;
Streets Of Mud**

By MRS. W. D. ELLIOTT

I'm writing just what I know and have seen in Franklin and vicinity.

I'm not yet 100 years old, but only 72 in a few days, and what education I have, I got in a 4-month school each year. You may know what anyone could get in that length of time.

There was no law at that time to make you attend school, and of course we had to help our father on the farm. Our oldest brother died in the Spanish-American War, and my sister and I, being the next oldest, it made it harder for us, we had to work harder than boys do nowadays; no tools to work with except a hoe and a cultivator plow. Our harrow was made by my father. It was made in a V shape and the teeth were made out of some kind of hardwood.

They didn't have the opportunity in that day like we have these days. Wheat in my day was sowed by hand, with no fertilizer under it, then just plowed under with the cultivator plow.

Our living was made by canning and drying fruit and berries, selling dozens of eggs at eight and one-third cents a dozen, and selling frying sized chickens at ten cents a head. We had sheep and goats and got 25 cents a pound for wool. Also we had geese and ducks and what we didn't use for feather beds, we sold for 25 and 50 cents per pound.

Sometimes we would card and spin stocking thread double and twist it on the spinning wheel, put it in hanks, and sell it to the merchants; then it was sold to the women who knit it into socks for the men to wear in the winter.

Well, as for the streets in our town, I have seen the mud so deep that it was to the axle of wagons. I have seen them stall in the middle of the street. There were broad planks from one sidewalk to another in different places to get across the mud to the other side; the side walks were made of brick where it wasn't just the ground where wagons crossed.

There weren't many stores in Franklin in my early going to the city. The Sloan Brothers, Mr. Pendergrass, George Dalrymple, John Wright, and a (ladies) hat store or two; one in Mr. Jim Moore's store. Also Mr. E. H. Franks had a big store, the first one from the post office on the left, going west. There is where we hitched our horses while we traded.

Congratulations,



1877

FRANKLIN,

on your

100th Birthday!

My! how styles have changed!

I can't see how Franklin got along 98 years without a Men's Shop.

We carry a complete line of clothes and shoes for men and teen-age boys, in the latest styles.

DRYMAN'S

Macon County's Finest Men's Shop



Persons in the picture include the Rev. J. R. Pendergrass, (right); Henry G. Robertson, (with cane); and Vivian Hill (standing in doorway). The two boys at the left could not be identified.

At the extreme left is the old Pendergrass home.

Note the "uppin' block" (at Mr. Pendergrass' right), used, especially by ladies, in mounting a horse.

Pendergrass' Store

Franklin's Oldest Mercantile Business

This is the old store, site of our present one, photographed when snow was on the ground. The picture was made about 1901.

The store was established by the Rev. J. R. Pendergrass in 1895, in the Myers Building. In 1900 he bought this property from the Bells, and moved his business to the same site it has occupied for 55 years.

Since his death, the business has been operated by his son, J. B. Pendergrass.

J. B. PENDERGRASS