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BILL ARP'S LETTER.

GET OF WIT AND COMMON SENSE.

How he and His Children Also Fun With Labor.—Work Always Ennobles.

The nights are getting cool, and the days are getting shorter. The fodder is all pulled and safely stored away in the barn loft.

If facts are stubborn things, then pulling fodder in the low grounds is a fact. There ain't a redeeming circumstance about it. Its working on a continual strain to pull it, and there's no fun in tying it up, and I reckon that the totting of it two or three hundred yards to the wagon road, ten bundles at a time, stepping like a blind horse over corn-stalks bent down, and tripping up in tangled morning glories, and every now and then losing your hold and having to load up again, and all the time smothered up so that you can't see where you are going, and not a breath of refreshing air to cool you, is about the meanest business I have ever experienced.

I've been diggin my taters, Me and the children have been looking forward to this interesting side show to the farming business with pleasant anticipations. I always did love to follow after the plow and see 'em roll out and tumble up, and pick up the big ones and feel the weight of them, but I didn't calculate on having to make a full hand.

For two whole days my boys pressed me into carrying them, and I was tired of picking up and totting off in the baskets to the ends of the rows where the vines would be handy to cover 'em up. My farmer boy stripped the vines with a horse-rake of his own invention, and it done it better and cleaner than I ever saw done with a plow.

I could run round the rows pretty well, but when I came to where they open the middles the plowed thing seemed to get cranky, and would run out and run in, first on one side and then on the other, and the furrows I left behind looked like the track of a crazy snake. I used to get to plow, but it looks like I have lost the lick. My boys was a-lookin at me and smotherin their faces and askin the time, and I thought you had a touch of St. Vitus dance, as you was following that plow. Let the boys do it, and come to the house and rest. But I wouldn't. I'm not going to give it up yet by no means. I'm not going to get old before she does any time. So I stuck to the patch until the job was done and I got the sticky turpentine juice that milks out of the yams all over my hands, and the staid dink my fingers an' in a row, and it wouldn't wash off nor scorb off, but it's all honest, and is a sign of work.

IN A RAWHIDE RAIN.

Mrs. Ann Holke Tremans a Six-Foot Boston Editor.—She Files a Singing Whip.

VOLUME 17--

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PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA.

Its Effect in Atlanta and the Different Counties That Have Tried it.

In a recent interview at Atlanta, Governor Gordon said that prohibition has been tried through local option in 119 out of the 143 counties in the State of Georgia, and that not one county has gone back on its action. He did not hesitate to pronounce the result good. He declared that Atlanta had not been damaged by it. All fears of trade being driven out of the city had been proven groundless. He said the change had noticeably benefited the freedmen.

This is very important evidence on a subject upon which many contradictory statements have been made. Governor Gordon certainly has not been known as a temperance advocate, and therefore, it cannot be said that his statement is the evidence of a partisan. His high character as a man, and the excellent position which he occupies, are a guarantee that his evidence is impartial and supported by facts. It must then be accepted as true that the prohibition of the sale of

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