

A SHORT HISTORY OF MACON COUNTY
(Continued from page one)

a ham. Third, pepper him and salt him and bake him in the stove. There was a lady on Cartoogechaye who said she was crossing the mountain with her husband once, and about every fifty yards he would say: "There I killed a turkey." He had brought in as many as three big gobblers many a day in succession.

The Phillips family located on the river very early. They lived near where the Cullasaja flows into the Little Tennessee. An old Indian chief lived just above them on the river. He was a glum old chief and had his moods. When he was in a good jovial mood, he would often invite Father Phillips to eat a meal of hominy with him. The white man and the Indian then dipped into the same pot and partook of the savory food. Then the pipe of peace would be smoked, and a social chat would be had.

Indians made up their corn meal into dough, rolled it in a shuck, and cooked it in the ashes. They boiled great pots of roasting ears with the shucks on them. They claimed that the taste of the shucks made the roasting ears taste better. The Indians were very religious. There was a white boy that was reared by a nice white lady, who wanted to buy a chicken from an old Christian Indian on Sunday. "You come back to me thru the week—I will sell you chicken," said the Indian. The boy said it hurt him very much to be reproved by an old Indian, after being reared by such a mother as he had. This shows that the Indians learned much from Humphrey Posey and Joshua Ammons.

Humphrey Posey was an intelligent and scholarly man. He aided the early Baptists to appreciate real gospel preaching. Much of the early preaching by the more illiterate preachers was mere sentiment and appealed only to the emotions. There was much shouting over silly tales that appealed to the sympathies.

A story is told of a good gospel preacher of the early times who went to a certain place and preached a fine gospel sermon. Not a tear was shed and very little interest was shown. An illiterate preacher followed him and told a story of a man and his wife and children crossing a creek carrying in the wagon a little dog. The little dog fell out of the wagon and was struggling in the water. He pictured the dog looking up with a pitiful expression and calling upon the children to save him from this terrible fate of drowning. The women of the audience began to shout. The illiterate preacher shouted out: "Shut your mouths. I have been only telling you a dog story and you shout. This godly man has preached a full gospel, and at the close of his discourse you did not shed a tear. Go and learn how to recognize and love the gospel of God when you hear it." Such are the stories they tell of the early times in the mountains.

The members of the Franklin church living in the territory of Dillard, Ga., asked for the privilege in 1825 to meet and have worship and receive members as an arm of the Franklin church, which was granted. The Carters, the Pinsons, and the Edwards lived in this section at that time.

By the year 1825 other families were added to the membership of the Franklin church, viz., James Poteat, Peter Mason, Thomas Jennings, John Kirby, Edward Carter, Joseph Pinson, Martin Angel, Tavenor B. Moore, Thos. McClure, and Young Ammons. The Dickeyes, Craigs, Ainsleys, and Woods also lived in the county and were members at Franklin. There was no church in the county in 1825 but the Franklin church, and members in north Georgia came far to church. The Burch and Stewart families in Georgia also became members. This shows how great was the religious destitution of the times. Many of the members of the church rode or walked twenty miles to attend services. The Poteat family was a noted family. They have furnished to the Baptists college presidents, missionaries and scholarly pastors throughout the South.

Ledford and Bryson families were in the section early. They waged against the Indians, and had many encounters. The great battle of the...

Other families were the Redmonds, the Hicks, the Rogers, the Carters, the Martins, the Johnstons. A few people had slaves. The Love family had many slaves, it is said. Elizabeth Love was one of the first to be interred in the Franklin Baptist graveyard. The present pastorium plot was secured from the state by a state grant in 1829. The sum of eleven dollars and twenty-five cents was paid for the three acres. The Baptist church plot is one of the earliest plots in the city. There is a spring at the bottom of the hill that used to have an abundant flow.

The Bryson family has furnished many excellent citizens to the county and South. A native intelligence of noted strength seems to characterize this old stock. School teachers and preachers have come from this noted family. The early ideas learned how to sprout under the tutelage of the Bryson school master. The rod was not spared in those days. An irate parent who came to remonstrate with the teacher, was summarily dismissed. If a word did not suffice to make the enraged one depart, a chair was always handy. The boys used to fight a great deal on the way home from school up on Ellijay. They stripped to fight, and the best man frequently went home bloody. The one who was worsted went home in a worse condition.

The boys went to school for a few months in the year when it would not interfere with making a crop. A steer was usually given to a boy to plow. The steer was more sure-footed than a mule and could stay on the hillside better. One day an Ellijay youth was plowing, when the July sun was blistering the hillside. He said to his steer: "Well, Buck, when we finish this cut, we will go to the creek and get some water." About that time old Buck caught a glance of the shimmering waters of the cool creek, and decided he would go for the water at once. He raced across the field, headlong down the hill, with the little strippling being dragged across the corn rows. The boy met up with several strong sprouts and bushes in his swift descent, and was considerably scratched when old Buck reached the creek side. This is a true story of old Ellijay days. It was so cold up on Ellijay that they used to kill hogs in the summer time. It was only necessary to keep the flies off the meat, and the coolness of the weather would save the meat. It was both hot and cold up on Ellijay even in

BAPTIST NEWS

(Continued from page one) and Howard Wilkie, Jewel Alice Lee and Velma Peek sang the Golden Bells.

Forty thousand five hundred chapters in the Bible have been read to date. The church voted and asked that 50,000 be read by January 1, 1930. It is hoped that this will be done.

Pine Grove Sunday school is said to have reached an attendance of 119 last Sunday. This is a fine record.

Mr. Herman Childers had a fine attendance at the Intermediate B. Y. P. U. The adult B. Y. P. U. had a good attendance. The Senior B. Y. P. U. is making progress. A little misbehavior is reported among the Junior B. Y. P. U. Parents are asked to investigate.

Mrs. Arthur Waldrop made several beautiful artificial bouquets of red flowers for the decoration of the pulpit. Holly leaves and red flowers are a proper decoration for the Christmas season. These flowers are appreciated.

College night will be observed at the evening service on December 29, when our college boys and girls from the various colleges of the state will speak. The orchestra will be present in full force that night. Miss Willie Mae Ledford is appointed committee on arrangements. A program will be furnished by the Southern Baptist Sunday school board. Each student will be given a subject.

Christmas music will be sung next Sunday morning by the choir and church. The pastor will preach a Christmas sermon. All members are asked to attend.

The pastor visited the jail and preached and prayed with the prisoners last Friday. Mrs. Peek and several of the girls of her class visited the jail and sang for the prisoners. The pastor distributed tracts and Christian publications in the jail among the prisoners.

Bro. J. B. Stallcup paid a fine compliment to the members of the church choir and its director, in compliment of the music. He made a talk about the pavement in front of the church.

Bro. Stallcup lacks \$56 of having enough to pay for the new pavement in front of the church. Let us help him. No more...

Personal Mention

J. E. Rickman, Jr., of the U. S. S. Trenton, is spending the holidays in Franklin with home folks.

William McGuire, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McGuire, who is a senior at Davidson college, is at home for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Sue Hunnicutt, senior student at N. C. C. W. has returned to Franklin to spend the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hunnicutt.

Miss Edwina Dalrymple, teacher in the primary grades of the Hayesville school, is at home for the Christmas season.

School girls' haircuts in all latest styles, 35 cents. Munday Hotel Beauty Shop.—Adv. 3tpj2

Andy Andrews, who has been at the Maxwell school for boys in this county for the last seven years, is learning the printing trade at The Press office. Andy's home was originally in West Virginia.

Miss Ann Moore came through Franklin last Saturday on her way to Ellijay where she will spend the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Moore. She is attending Sylva high school.

Mr. Charlie Moore was in Franklin last Saturday from Ellijay.

Miss Amy Henderson visited in Franklin last Saturday.

Ed Carpenter, of Higdonville, was shopping in Franklin last Saturday. Mr. Carpenter is principal of the Higdonville school.

Tribute in Memory Of W. J. Jenkins

Another voice is silenced. One has gone from our midst out into the fields of Paradise, roaming in eternal bliss.

This time it was our own dear father, W. J. Jenkins, who departed from this life October 4, 1929, about 6:30 a. m. Already we are missing his presence. His kind, quiet, unselfish habits are visible to us no more. No more do we hear that counseling voice which rang in tones so pure.

He was sick about eighteen months, although not confined to bed all that time. Times were when we had much assurance of his recovery. All during his sickness he spoke of death, and freely asserted his willingness to die. When the last moments came he was conscious to the last, and knew, as he expressed it, that he "was going out." The last gentle stroke was so light that there seemed to be no "sting in death." All that he wished we granted, if it was within our power.

To live to see the new church finished, which he was doing much to construct, was a wish of his that was fulfilled. The church was being used for services and was near completion. To die in autumn when Nature had finished her tasks and put on her colors was a wish divined by One who knoweth best.

All through life I knew my father to be grave, pious, and careful what he said about others. His daily life suggested one in close touch with God. He was self-sacrificing and humble. My earliest recollection of him extends to a time when I was very small. A meeting was in progress at Snow Hill. After supper he would take mother and us children to church—a mile away—in the twilight. A younger sister he carried, and led me by the hand. An older sister did not have to be led. I may not have been more than three years old. Father was a loyal friend to his family, always interested in their moral and religious affairs.

I felt some emotional effect in his love and interest in me when he employed a noted musician and lady of much accomplishment, Mrs. W. B. Marritt of Black Mountain, to teach us music.

Father was a member of the Snow Hill church for about sixty years, and a Sunday school superintendent most of his life. At Sunday school was where you would find him and the ministers of the gospel knew where he lived. Once at home when I was hardly grown, he told about his early Christian relations and said he "certainly did meet with a change." He mentioned many things about the profession of religion that I haven't time to enumerate. He belonged to Snow Hill church longer than any other church at present. He said

schools in Macon county. He received employment in the State Legislature for more than a quarter of a century, and has been entrusted with many things in life that showed his ability as well as his reliability. At his little reading table was where he was often seen at home. Any intelligent man was papa's teacher. He always provided his family with religious literature. The strongest advice ever given was his caution, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," from the Bible.

I understand my father vividly in his little book of poems, "Mountain Rhythms by a Mountaineer," but still nothing dear in my father's career goes so deeply in my heart as the memory of those early scenes when he led me by the hand.

I used to note how elderly women mentioned their father in such an interested way, but while I always had much regard for my own, the word "father" now falls on my heart with unusual force.

MRS. DORA ELMORE.

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