

TOWNS COUNTY NEWS

HIAWASSEE, TOWNS COUNTY, GEORGIA, THURSDAY FEBRUARY 3, 1916

NUMBER 5

VOL. 1.

Will Brown Hanged

On Friday Jan. 28th, 1916, Will Brown paid the death penalty at Clayton, Ga., for shooting and killing another negro by the name of Will Sweet, at Lakemont, Ga., on April 30th 1915.

This killing was done at a negro frolic, and it developed at the trial that the negroes were all drunk. Brown claimed that he did the killing in self defense and many of the people here who believed Brown's story, do not believe that he was guilty of wilful murder and some of our best lawyers and many of our best citizens volunteered their service to try to save his neck, but with no avail, as this is a special period of time just now to see that the laws are enforced. And the law said to hang him, though ten of the jurors, the Solicitor General, the trial Judge and a large number of our citizens asked for a commutation to life sentence, but the Prison Commission and Governor said no. We have heard a number of good citizens say since this hanging that they were opposed to capital punishment, and that the man with wealth, friends and influence

could get commutation, clemency and a pardon but the poor fellow without money and friends would have to abide by the strong arm of the law. The time is coming when civilized nations will not resort to capital punishment and when we reach that period of civilization people will know what they may expect from the law, which will help to do away with mob violence and lynchings. Like all transition periods, a civilization brought about by Christian education is the only thing that will do away with capital punishment, mob violence and lynchings.

The colored Methodist preacher held services in the jail Thursday and Brown joined the Methodist church and was baptised. He claimed until the end that he did the killing in self defense. He did not make any talk at the gallows, but said that he was ready to die.

Sheriff J. B. Dockins and Deputy Sheriff L. F. Rickman conducted the hanging in an orderly and commendable way. The Sheriff and Deputy with doctors and special guards were the only ones allowed in the inclosure.

Rev. George W. Seay offered

the following prayer, which was taken down in short hand at the time:

"Almighty God! these are times and scenes that test not only our nerve but also our faith in Thee. We bless Thee, O' God, for thy great love which causes Thee to forgive sinners in this world. Help us to appreciate freedom and the influence of Thy love upon us in causing us to obey the laws of the land and in keeping us in peace and in the enjoyment of freedom. We confess that as free men we do not appreciate Thy love—Thy goodness as we should, and we pray Thee to impress this lack of appreciation of Thee upon every heart and mind here today. Cause Thy influence to weigh upon those present that they may appreciate their freedom and the cause of their freedom. Thy goodness, O' God! Help us to obey the laws.

We bless Thy name for having forgiven this man, who is so soon going out into the unknown to meet Thee. We are glad to hear this man say that he is ready to go to Thee. Sustain him, we pray Thee, O' God! In this hour of death, that he may meet Thee in peace.

Grant too, O' God, that the souls of all here present may also meet Thee in peace when death comes to them. Grant, O' God, through Thy infinite power and mercy that the hands of all men stained with blood or crime or sin of any sort may be washed clean in the blood of our merciful and loving God, that we may all be prepared to die—to stand before the throne of Justice, justified because of the redeeming grace of Jesus.

Bless this man, O' God, whom we shall soon see no more!

Bless this occasion, O' God, to the welfare of the unsaved wild young men here. Cause it to make a change in their lives for the better, and cause them, from fear if not from love of Thee, to obey the laws and become better men and better citizens.

God, bless us all, for Christ's sake, Amen."

Sheriff Dockins and his Deputy Rickman placed the black cap on the doomed man's head and the rope around his neck in the presence of fully eight hundred people. His last words were in a choked voice, "Good bye men, good bye, Mr. Rickman, you have been good to me." The Sheriff, then knocked the trigger and the hanged man fell fully six feet from view and was pronounced dead in sixteen minutes.

This ends the story of Will Brown, though the white folks are furnishing the pistols and the liquor and the negroes are repeating this act daily in this good land of ours.

Tate City News

Mrs. W.R. Eller has been very ill for the past few days, but is improving some at the present.

Mr. Hiram Nichols caught a fine trout, 17 inches long last Thursday.

* Mr. Pince Nicholson, of Franklin, N. C., is visiting his brother J. F. Nicholson.

Mr. Roscoe Ledford was the guest of Miss Addie Shook Sunday.

Farm Exhibit---Train Visited By Big Crowd

Tuesday was a bad disagreeable day, but it did not keep the progressive farmers of Rabun County from attending the Live Stock and Home Grown Feed Stuff Exhibit given here by the State Agricultural College. More than eight hundred people stood in misty rain and mud and listened to the speeches delivered by Prof. R. M. Gridley with the State College of Agriculture, who spoke on Live Stock and Live Stock Farming; Geo. Reese with the Southern R. R., who spoke on Diversified Farming; Prof. C. J. Goodell, with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who spoke on Beef Cattle; Prof. W. M. Brown, with the Southern R. R., who spoke on Seed Irish Potatoes; Dr. A. L. Hirtleman, with the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who spoke on Hog Cholera and its Control, and Prof. Paul Tabor with the State College of Agriculture, who spoke on Home Grown Feed Stuff. The speakers were introduced by F. D. Singleton.

Among the visitors from Clarksville, were: Editor, R. L. Johnson of the Clarksville Advertiser, G. P. Jones, Clerk Superior Court, Prof. Frank Garrison, with the Ninth Dist. A. & M. School and a number of his pupils. This exhibit is a great success and is doing much for the farmers all over the state. Better stock can hardly be visiting this exhibition you get a vision of what the State College of Agriculture, the Government and the Railroads are doing for Georgia.

—The Clayton Tribune.

Senegambian Sentiment

I'mer speakin' ter de culla'd men,
Talkin' ter my culla, dat am all,
'Bout drinkin' gin and playin' skin
An why so many fool niggers fall
Now to begin—you niggers drink gin,
An you think it mighty, mighty fine.
Den yer play der game ob skin
In thickets ob de oak and pine.

You begin ter mix and mingle
Wid yer friends an niggers strange.
When yer blood begins ter tingle
And yer pocket's full ob change.

Den yer git inter dis little game,
An pass yer gin aroun'
Don't keer who, nor what's his name,
His money's on de groun'.

De skin game am er skinner—
You kin try it fer yerself,
You just keep on skinnin', sinner
An yer'll hab no money lef.

Yer'll go ter church—ter meetin',
An yer'll take yer razer 'long
An yer'll wind up wid a beatin',
Stid ob jinein in de song.

While de parson am er preachin'
'Bout de jedgment an all dat,
You niggers am er eachin'
Fer ter git inter a spat.

Some nigger'll steal yer lickin',
Den he'll run out in de dark;
When yer pull yer nigger sticker,
Pistols 'gin ter pop and bark.

While de parson am er sketchin',
Niggers fallin' out de do,
Deacon Jones he am er watchin'
He am er gwine to 'port yer sho.

You'll nebber git ter hebbin'
Till yer change yer wicked way
Dough de dice may roll a sebben
An yer take some change away.

You headin' fer de convic camp
Dars whar yer boun ter go;
De jedger am waiting fer de scamp
Up on de court-house flo.

My Lord in hebbin', nigger man,
You better walk upright,
De way dat man—dat Cap'n Rob'son
Works niggers am a fright.

G. W. B.

Riding The Editor

From the Bulloch Times:

Everybody rides the newspaper man. And why shouldn't they? He needs something to keep him busy—might get into mischief, you know, if not held down.

Hundreds of people who take the paper and never pay for it, excuse themselves on the ground that the editor must be kept busy. Hundreds more who do not take it borrow copies occasionally from neighbors to look for their cards of thanks which they have sent the editor for free publication. The editor must have something to "fill up on," you know—that is, fill up his paper with, not his purse (he can fill that with newspaper clippings if it must be filled.) And a lesser number send in the little political puffs which would be so interesting to themselves and their few friends. All this is offered as "filler" because the paper must have something in it, otherwise it would be empty, you know. Of course it doesn't cost more than a dollar a column in actual cash to set this matter in type, and the printers must be kept busy to earn their little wages, otherwise they would grow stale. Nothing will keep a printer busier than to set a column obituary, ending with steen verses of rhyme, "Darling loved one, thou has gonest." He likes to set it in type just for practice, especially when sent in by an admirer who never has per in all its existence, and who requests sample copies free to all the relatives of the one who has "gonest."

There is yet another grafter, however, on a bigger scale and with bigger nerve, and that is Uncle Samuel, of the post office department. He collects from us weekly at the rate of a cent a pound for postage—more than the express companies would charge for the same service; makes us pay additional box rent every time he makes any sort of a change in postoffice arrangements and calls it an improvement; uses our money to pay every employee in his service a good salary, with a holiday with pay every year; handles our papers when it is only convenient to do so. To show his appreciation for our needs, he keeps an extra man on the pay roll at headquarters to write interesting advertisements about rural route examinations, postal rules, savings banks, parcel post, etc., etc., all of which are business enterprises, and hands them into the office with a clock-work regularity—just as "fillers." This "filler" business is one of importance with everybody from Uncle Sam on down to the humblest citizen. They are all bent on giving the editor something to fill up on—fill up his columns, not his purse. Everybody rides the editor—then why not Uncle Sam?

Franks & Franks

Attorneys and Counselors
At Law

HIAWASSEE, GEORGIA

Subscribe for the News.

J. L. HOOPER,

Druggist

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet
Articles, Candy, Cigars,
Tobacco, School Supplies,
Garden Seeds,
Paints and Dyes.

HIAWASSEE,
GEORGIA

Towns County News

Official Organ of Towns County

MAILED AT HIAWASSEE, GA.

Published Every Thursday at Clayton, Georgia.

F. D. Singleton, Editor and Proprietor.
J. Miles Berrong, Hiawassee, Georgia
Associate Editor and Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Application applied for to mail at Hiawassee, Georgia, as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1916

ADVERTISING RATES.

10 cents an inch. Classified Advertisements, "For Sale," "Wanted," etc., 25 cents each insertion for five lines or less. Local reading notices 5 cents a line for each insertion.

Obituaries, Resolutions of Respect, etc., 2 1-2 cents a line. No charge for Death Notices not exceeding 6 lines.

When you visit the cities, since the red-light districts have been abolished, you are apt to come in contact with vice and immorality in most every hotel and boarding house. We are wondering in mind whether or not it is best for the moral and Christian life to keep out these districts or to allow them. Listen fathers! Do not risk your wives in the hotels or public boarding houses of the cities without your personal protection they are apt to be insulted. Mothers! never allow your daughters to stop at hotels or public boarding houses in the larger cities without parental protection; or the protection of faithful and well balanced chaperones. The devil seems to be turned loose. The angels of satan are numerous - they are beautiful to look upon, scantily clad in silk of the most beautiful texture - the odor of the most costly perfume so lavishly used upon their person can

be sniffed for a distance of several paces. To the casual observer - one not well acquainted with the ways of the world, they might be looked upon as objects of pure character, when at the same time, they might be setting a trap to catch the noble young men of our country; and also to weave the devil's net around the good and pure girls of our land. We feel it our duty to drop a word of warning to the unsuspecting; and to those who may not be well fortified with strength of character and will power sufficiently strong to overcome the evil influence of these beautiful (to look upon) angels of the devil. It is very dangerous for an inexperienced young man to visit the cities especially if he has money and is inclined to drink. Beautiful and virtuous young girls, pure and noble young women, stay away from the cities. You are pure in character, remain so. Do not come in contact with the vile. We know a man who has about reached the top of the hill of life in age - one who has visited cities from his boy hood days - one who has always shunned red-light districts, finally had to meet and repel these angels of hell, in a city hotel. "Tis said there were thirty domiciled there the week before; and this hotel is not an exception.

Just so long as hotel proprietors prize money more than character, just so long will the young men and young women of our land sell their virtue.

It was our good pleasure to attend the old times singing and speaking at the Bleckley Memorial School last Friday. Having been brought up in the days of "Rag-time," these old songs are

quite a treat to the most of us, now. The talk by Dr. A. E. Brown to the pupils was an inspiration for anyone to listen, hear and heed it. He admonished the pupils to not be "quitters." He said that you could tell a "quitter" any where that you saw him. You can tell them by their dress and by their homes and surroundings. He commended the pupils for not loafing in town on the streets and at the depot. He also commended the girls for their neatness and decency in dress. God Almighty did not intend for people to go naked and when Adam and Eve found out that they were naked in the Garden of Eden, they made themselves clothes of fig leaves, and rather than see them naked, God made them clothes of goat skins. Rather than wear white stockings and go naked wrap your legs and breast with goat skins.

—The Clayton Tribune.

Have you subscribed for the News? If not will you not send in your subscription at once, to J. Miles Berrong, Associate Editor, Hiawassee, Ga? Call at his office and get sample copies. After this date we will mail out no more sample copies for a while, unless requested. It is a duty of every intelligent law abiding citizen of any county to see that they have a county paper worthy of their support, and then support, not only with best wishes, but with their subscriptions.

There are two methods by which any progressive movement can be killed. One by the impulse of knocking. The other by the impulse of silent contempt and non-support. The latter is the most painful death.

We call your special attention to an article in this issue of the News - Gleanings By Ward Wyte, headed, "Impulse." If we understand the word impulse, it is that force which sets the mind in action. The mind tells the body; the body acts, generally, from the impulse of the mind. We believe there are two distinct kinds of impulse, with many branches, that act upon the human mind in this life.

God is the author of one of these impulse which elevates and furnishes life. This impulse, if heeded, nurtured and obeyed, will lead you to ever-lasting life. If you will study this impulse, it will teach you why Eve was deceived by the other impulse, which we will speak of later. This elevating, life giving impulse will help you to understand why Noah and Moses were so faithful in obeying this impulse prompted by the commands of God. Zachaeus being a man of impulse, our Savior dined with him. We will say nothing about the associate editor, as you will hear from him each week through the columns of this paper and you will be able to judge by what kind of impulse he is governed by.

The Devil, that wily serpent, is the author of the evil impulse, which is ever ready to deceive, destroy that which is good, and you oftentimes find this impulse in the form of a knocker. When a man is guided and prompted by this impulse, he will knock his home town, county paper and boards of trade. Oh! the influence this evil impulse has in this world. You find it in every walk of life. Let us ask the good people of Hiawassee and Towns County to join us with the vim of a cyclone, in preaching a funeral to this impulse on short no-

There Is No Place Like Georgia

The following letter written in verse by Mrs. Geo. E. King, of Atlanta, to her daughter, Miss Louise, who was spending the summer in Rabun at their beautiful summer home, King-wood. This letter was written from Italy in the beautiful city of Naples in the year 1913, while Mr. and Mrs. King were spending the summer in Europe.

Dear Louise:

Discontent, you know, is bred of emotions
Conveyed and fed by many false notions,
How sadly I'd fly to your mountains to-day
By the comforts of Kingwood so gladly to stay.

With friends all about me, and children around,
There's nothing so charming in Europe I've found,
But alas! how often are blessings just flowing
Into our lives without ever our knowing;

'Til they have departed, and then when too late,
We see in dismay blessings won't wait.
Be loving, be kind, be good and be just,
To all those about you, in God put your trust.

Selfish designs will breed discontent,
And sights often taken that never were meant.
Love is contagious, then learn to love much,
Your Lord most of all, his personal touch,

Will make you so happy and every good thought,
Will dwell in your heart when good you have sought.
Give joy to your friends, then life is worth living,
Its greatest need is the pleasure of giving.

"Continue in prayer," watch with thanksgiving,
"Let your speech be with grace" to all of the living.
Put on charity, "The bond of perfection,"
And learn now to live a life of correction.

Go to the arches of Kingwood to-night,
Speak to the stars that are giving you light.
Call upon Jupiter, Venus and Mars,
There's nothing more soothing at night than the stars.

The dear little planet that's nearest the earth,
May show its location, and teach you its worth.
The splendid old Moon shines on you and on me,
Alike when at home or across the deep sea.

It is indeed comforting to know you and I
Can see the same stars, behold the same sky,
And an ethereal covering so kindly spreads
Like a blue coverlet over our heads.

I think of my baby among the red hills,
Of dear Georgia, its rivers and hills.
Those mountains like sentinels standing around,
To protect her from harm, with a feeling profound.

I think of the generous gifts all about,
That nature bestowed to Rabun without
Stint or limit, but has lavishly strown,
A wealth of love and beauty alone.

Her sunsets bespeak the God of Creation
Is worthy of our great adoration!
No tongue nor pen could begin to portray
Those beautiful tints that stretch far away.

Covering the sky from west to the east,
Upon its great vision a dreamer could feast.
No brighter coloring of azure or gold,
Of silvery greys or reds have been told.

The rippling waters, loving the sight,
Reflect the rays at early twilight,
'Til the hills and valleys with a glorious sheen
Form a halo so glowing as seldom is seen.

We miss, dear Louise, the call of Bob-White,
As his mate is away at the approach of the night.
The Katy-dids don't call to us here from the trees,
And we think of old Rabun's refreshing cool breeze.

No flowers are brighter or sweeter than those
That bloom at your feet, and then they are yours.
No waterfall rings with a merrier call,
Than yours at Kingwood giving welcome to all.

While I know you must miss your father and me,
And Mary, your chum, most of all you see,
You have a brother and sister there with you,
To share your troubles if you are a bit blue.

So cheer up, and brighten the home you are in,
To fret is uncalled for, in fact is a sin.
So please sit down and write me a letter,
Saying you are happy and I will feel better.

tice. Let the women join in like a peaceful flowing river, and the wide mouthed boys and pretty girls, in the doxology and benediction.

You will see our clubbing offers in this issue of the paper. Never have you had an opportunity to place good wholesome reading matter in your homes and with your children as cheaply as we are offering it to you. Get the reading habit and teach your

children to read good papers and books. It will help to make you an industrious, law abiding, and prosperous people. Send your subscriptions to the Associate Editor of News, Hiawassee, Ga.

NOTICE

All persons indebted to me by note or account are requested to come and settle at once. I have helped you. I now need your help. I positively will not carry old accounts any longer.

J. V. Twiggs.

COUNTY DIRECTORY

Thos. M. Bell, Congressman, 9th Dist.
Gainesville, Georgia.
J. B. Jones, Judge Superior Court,
Gainesville, Georgia.
Robt. McMillar, Solicitor General,
Clarkesville, Georgia.
Pat Haralson, State Senator,
Blairsville, Georgia.
J. M. Rice, Representative,
Hiawassee, Georgia.
J. M. Johnson, Ordinary.
T. C. Townsend, Clerk.
A. L. Adams, Sheriff.
D. A. Shook, Tax Collector.
J. A. Puett, Tax Receiver.
W. R. Eller, Treasurer.
R. A. Kimsey, County Supt. of Schools

CITY DIRECTORY

J. F. Johnson, Mayor.
G. W. Franks, Recorder.
T. J. Hooper,
Ed. P. Wood,
Frank Corn,
J. M. Johnson,
Councilmen.
J. D. RICE, President Towns County
Board of Trade.
Preaching at the Baptist Church
Fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.
Rev. L. B. Johnson, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting every Sunday night
at 6:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U. meets each Wednesday
night.
The Woman's Baptist Missionary
Society meets on the First and Third
Sundays at 3 o'clock p. m.
Y. W. A. meets on the Second and
Fourth Sundays at 3 o'clock p. m.
Sunbeam meets at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
Second and Fourth Sundays.
Preaching at the Methodist church
at 11 a. m. on the Third Sundays.
Rev. B. H. Green Pastor.

WANTED

Chickens, Eggs, turkeys, Ducks, Geese, and Rabbits.

See

THE CHICKEN MAN,

Clayton, Ga.,

who has the cash to pay you the highest market prices for the above.

Yours Truly,

The Chicken Man.

JUNK! JUNK!! JUNK!!!

For immediate shipment, either by express or freight, we will pay you the following prices F. O. B. Toccoa, Ga:

Bee's wax 25 cents per lb.
Tallow 5 " " "
Copper 15 " " "
Brass 8 " " "
Zinc 8 " " "
Aluminum 30 " " "

Auto tire standard brands 4c per lb.

Auto tires not branded 3c per lb.

Auto inner tubes 10c per lb.

Mixed rags per 100 lbs. 75c

Mixed iron, car lots, 2240 gross ton \$7.20

We also buy hides but the market is so changeable that we quote only to dealers. We will appreciate any shipment large or small.

TOCCOA HIDE & JUNK CO

Toccoa, Georgia

F. B. Berrong, Mgr.

That, That Changeth Not

By WARD WYTE

(Continued from last week)

Hortense trembling and out of breath was attempting to explain to the excited multitude when Reynolds appeared and soon cleared up the situation.

Hysterical women hugged Hortense and kissed her hands. Strong men wept as they patted Tom's shoulders and praised his presence of mind. Confusion and excitement reigned supreme. Squire Redmond, waking from a nap, rubbed his eyes and found himself upon the earth. A second glance told him where. He grabbed his suitcase and rushed out in time to see something of what was going on. He saw Hortense. He saw Tom. He saw the confused crowd. Gradually the whole situation dawned upon him.

"Tom, old hero, take good care of Hortense and don't keep her out too late," was all he said. An hour later the great machines were sailing on their way, their passengers talking of hair-breadth escapes, and the lovers were almost home when Hortense, encouraged by the fact that Tom's arm was not out of place, broke the silence: "A way, I knew there would be a way," she said.

End.

Presely Items

Rain and more rain is all we can have in this section.

C. C. Rogers is making boards to cover his barn.

J. C. McKinney is back from North Carolina, where he visited his sister, Mrs. Messer, who was sick, and we are sorry to learn that she is dead. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved.

Mr. and Mrs. L. V. Allen were visitors at Mrs. Allen's fathers Sunday.

W. D. Rice has left his farm and gone to town to educate his children. Daye could not have done a better deed than this.

Mrs. C. C. Rogers and aunt, Minervia were the guests of Mrs. Ule McKinney last Wednesday.

Miss Laura Lyons, of Osborne, was in this section Saturday, taking orders for dishes.

Mrs. Jas. M. Watson, Mrs. L. C. Kimsey and children were visiting Mrs. A. L. Adams last Monday.

Nish Kelly made a trip to Clayton last week.

Jas. M. Watson was upon Hightower Monday and reports a nice time.

Leonard Corns' gave most everybody in this section a surprise party last Thursday with a bouncing baby girl. Uncle Johnnie says "Oh! Its a Corn."

Succes to the News.

K.C. Knight and Carl Wilson, students of the school, were out boat riding on the mill dam one day last week. They lost control of the boat and it floated over the dam. Mr. Wilson sprang from the boat in time to reach land. Mr. Knight clung to the boat until he saw it was going over the dam and jumped out into the water and had to swim for dear life.

Col. J.M. Johnson and Mr. J. R. Craig, of Swannanoa, N. C., made a business trip to North Helen, Friday.

Lost is Found

About sixteen years ago Jas. Stroud, Jr., was on a business trip in Cherokee County, N. C. While traveling along near Bell View, he came across a small boy who was lost. The boy was not able to give his name, tell where he was from, where he was going, or anything about himself or his people. Through sympathy Mr. Stroud, brought him to the home of his father near Hiawassee. No search was ever heard of having been made for the lost boy. From his manner and talk it was easily distinguished that he was of Irish descent, hence the name "Johnnie Irish" by which he is known, was given him. He has lived in the home of Mr. James Stroud, Sr., since he was brought there sixteen years ago. Nothing was known of his identity. A few days ago three young men from Graham County, N. C., were traveling through this county and stopped at the home of Mr. Stroud for dinner. "Johnnie Irish" being present, they at once recognized him as Harrison Moore, who had disappeared from his brother-in-law's home in Graham County, N.C., sixteen years ago, and no trace of him had ever been found. The young men immediately wrote to the relatives of "Johnnie Irish" that the lost boy was found. His brother-in-law in that county with whom he lived has been under suspicion of having murdered him. This clears the mystery as to "Johnnie Irish."

Man Taken From Jail By Mob

About 8 o'clock Thursday night when a number of people of the town were assembled at the court house to attend a string band musical, three men walked into the jail yard and found the jailer standing in the yard listening to the music of the band. They drew pistols on him and ordered him to throw up his hands and keep silent or they would kill him. They then shoved him into the jail keeping him covered with their pistols. One of them stood guard over his wife with a pistol presented at her face and told her if she moved or uttered a word they would kill her. They ordered the jailer to unlock the inner door of the jail and the cell door where Jake Boring was incarcerated. This he did. Others were standing guard in the jail yard while this work was going on; and Jake Boring walked out and made his escape. They left the key in the front door of the jail with the jailer and his wife locked inside. This bold occurrence was effected in less than ten minutes time. The jailer was unable to give the alarm or attract attention to the jail by loud cries for help for about 30 minutes. By this time the mob had fled with their man. The telephone wires had been cut and it was impossible to give news to other sections. However, a posse of determined men was quickly formed and started in pursuit of the mob; but to no avail. There is a liberal reward offered for his arrest. Jake Boring was in jail under a fifteen years sentence in the state penitentiary for killing Lee Allen, last October. His case was before the court of appeals in an effort to get a new trial. It is thought by many that the musical entertainment was a scheme planned by the mob to draw as many peo-

ple as possible together at the court house in order to give the mob a chance to do their work. Thomas Boring, son of Jake Boring, who belongs to the Army and Navy and is stationed at Charleston, S. C., was in town several days before the escape of his father was made possible. He left the morning before the mob rescued the prisoner.

Macedonia

It is sweet to be remembered but is often cheaper to be forgotten. I was out last week but here I come again!

Dr. R.H. Twiggs, of Hiawassee visited our Sunday school Sunday and gave an interesting talk.

Mrs. Jesse M. Rice, of Hiawassee, visited Mrs. J. F. Nichols last week.

Misses Nola Bowen and Hallie Cochran of Hiawassee, visited Miss Maud Sims Sunday.

Mr. Wash Nicholson, of Rabun, visited his uncle, J. F. Nicholson, of Towns.

Miss Laura Nicholson, made a business trip to A. L. Adams' store last week.

Mrs. Wilby Stroud went to town last week.

Fodder Creek News

Mr. J.W. Foster, of Osborn, Ga., representing Pfister & Vogle Land Co., of Milwaukee, Wis., was in this section Friday in the interest of a telephone line from the Coosa Ball in Union Co., via Blairsville, Track Rock Gap, Enota Mountain to Mr. Foster's residence and other points.

Rev. R. A. Kimsey delivered an interesting sermon here Sunday from I Cor. 16:13.

Marvin Kimsey, of Bearmeat, was a guest at Joe Kerby's Friday.

Mrs. W. A. Hooper and Miss Berntha Sims were on the sick list last week; but under the skillful treatment of Dr. R.H. Twiggs they are up again.

Jack Galloway was up last Monday and selected another sawmill site near the church.

Mr. J.L. Colwell, of Blairsville, spent several days in Hiawassee, the past week on business, and on a visit to his son Charley. While here he bought from Towns County Milling and Power Company a load of flour.

Mr. D. H. Puett, is still very feeble from effects of LaGrippe. He is not yet out of danger of a relapse.

Mr. Champ Powell, of Hog Creek, Messrs. C.D. Corn, J. A. Owenby, M.N. Howell, and H.E. Oliver, of Young Harris; J. L. McNabb, of Bell Creek; and J. H. Walls, of Hiawassee river were in town Saturday. All of them subscribed for Towns County News.

Mrs. J. L. Hooper is spending the week with her father, Mr. F.C. Barrett, at Helen.

Dr. J. D. Rice had some new mantels placed in his house last week. These handsome walnut mantels were made by Mr. Emory Bowen. To see this work you might think we have a modern mantel factory in town.

Mr. James W. Stroud, one of the older citizens of the county is in declining health, having recently had a severe attack of asthma.

Our list of subscribers continues to grow.

A number of citizens went to Hayesville, N. C., Tuesday to try their luck in trading for Kentucky mules. They report a good lot of mules and some trading done. The owners of the mules would exchange mules for cattle. They were paying 5 cents per pound, gross, for cattle and selling mules at reasonable prices.

When writing news items or articles to the News please sign your real name to your article. It is a printer's rule, to never publish articles unless the author signs his name, though we are not bad to publish names and will not publish yours if requested not to do so.

Mr. J. E. Barnes received a message over the phone from the Deputy Sheriff of Clay County, N.C., asking him to look out for a young man by the name of Carroll who had stabbed a young man, Smith, in Clay County, near the shallow ford bridge Friday. The boys were friends. The trouble arose from a friendly scuffle. Carroll got mad and killed his friend.

Mr. Casey, representing J. C. McConnell & Co., Shoe Store of Gainesville, was a guest at the Hooper hotel last week.

Messrs. Elic and Zeke Gribble and C.V. Phillips, caught a large fox on Scataway Creek Saturday. They have it confined and intend to turn it loose and have another chase the first night the weather will permit. Mr. Phillips says it is the largest fox he has seen for years.

C. F. Colwell, has purchased the house and lot formerly owned and occupied by J.V. Twiggs.

Mr. Will Harris, of Tennessee, was in town last week with a drove of fine mules. He did some trading while here. He was on his way south to the cotton section where he makes several trips each winter.

A fine boy arrived at the home of Emory Mathis Thursday morning.

Dr. J.F. Johnson went to Atlanta last Thursday.

College News.

By JACK LANCE

Young Harris won her third debate from Demorest on last Friday night at Gainesville in the Brenau auditorium. The Young Harris speakers were: Chas. Reid and Herman Alison. Both of these men are forceful speakers and had excellent speeches. The judges were: Dr. C.B. Wilmer, rector of St. Luke's church Atlanta, Dr. Fowler, president of Cox College and Prof. Cash, of Commerce. The tennis game went 18 to 5 in our favor. Rouss, Waldroup and Dwight, Carroll played for us. Waldroup is considered the best tennis player we have and there is a large number who play fancy tennis. The student body celebrated the victory Friday night by a "sheet parade" with numerous yells and by ringing the bell for about two hours without ceasing, also building a big bonfire on campus. They sent the speakers congratulations Saturday morning signed by the student body. The Demorest speakers were: Walker and Tucker, the same fellows as last year. Young Harris will seek to get into collegiate relations with one or two other schools before next year.

The old soldiers of Rabun County met in the office of the Dozier Hotel on Wednesday January the 19th, to do honor to General Robert E. Lee and for the further purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. Delegates to the general reunion to be held in Birmingham, Ala., in May, and the appointment of a committee of arrangements for our County Reunion to be had at Dillard on the 26th day of April. A resolution was proposed and unanimously adopted inviting Gov. Nat E. Harris to meet with them on this occasion and deliver an address. It is fondly hoped that he will attend. The following officers for 1916 were duly elected: W.H. Price Commander, J. M. Tilley 1st Lieutenant, A. F. Garland 2nd Lieutenant, Color Bearers A. Benfield and Jacob Hunter, Surgeon Dr. J.C. Dover; Delegates to the General Reunion are W. T. Dozier and J. P. Ber-rong; Committee on arrangement for the County Reunion are as follows: Z. B. Dillard Sr. Chairman, J. J. Teague, W.A. Martin, A.J. Grist, G.W. Grist, E.M. Hamby, Tom J. Ritchie, C.F. Garland, J. J. Greenwood, A.A. Darnell.

—The Clayton Tribune.

Information has reached here of the death of Mr. Thomas Burrell and his wife near Chattanooga, Tenn., they having died within 30 minutes of each other. Mr. Burrell was reared in this county and left many years ago when quite a young man.

Clubbing Offer Number One

The following is one of the best Clubbing offers that the Towns County News has ever been able to give its readers:

The Towns County News	one year	\$1.00
The Atlanta Semiweekly Journal	" "	1.00
Everyday Life	" "	50
Farm Life	" "	50
Home Life	" "	50
Gentlewoman	" "	50
Household Journal and Floral Life	one year	50

Publishers' Price - - - - - \$4.50

Our price for one year for all the above seven papers - - - - - **\$1.60**

This combination of seven papers will give a subscriber 216 papers a year. At this time when the Post Office Department is weighing the mail to find out the amount each carrier is delivering; a patron of any route will do well to take this club as it will help to maintain his route and insure a regular daily service.

The above offer is made only to new subscribers and those renewing their subscription to the News.

Act quickly, as this is a bargain, which we will give you only for a limited time.

Don't meet the mail carrier and ask him, if there is any mail for you, but meet him and get your mail.

Gleanings

By Ward Wyte.

The Hiawassee High School has the biggest mouthed person on record. According to one of the students, there is a fellow here whose mouth is so big, that should he stand on a rail road track with it open, the train crew would turn on the lights and lower the windows for a tunnel. On the other hand, according to another student, the school has a girl so pretty a fellow can grin at her like a mule eating blackberry briars.

Hiawassee's poet gets optimistic sometimes in spite of his ups and downs:

"The old man's been study'en and study'en,

Thinking the matter o'er and o'er,

And his lonely mind's been flooded and flooded,

That it is trouble evermore.

"If it isn't some horrible debt to pay,

It's the grip, a cold, or the grouch,

If some sharp tongue hasn't something to say,

You're a no account sorry slouch.

"So when it 'haint' one trouble it's the 'tudder,'

To vex and make you want to 'cuss,'

Better just sing 'Go help your kind old 'brudder,'

Leaven' off this fury and fuss."

Impulse

Impulse is a sort of metaphys-

ical entity that strikes man like the wave of a peaceful flowing river, and woman like a cyclonic tornada. These feelings have a rather obscure origin, dating back to a little before the beginning. In fact, one that tasted like a nice juicy sweet apple struck Eve away back yonder when she was absolute "kingess" over a little truck batch. Noah, too, had an impulse that took about one hundred and twenty years to get ripe. Moses was also bothered with one of these germs which resulted in his kicking the top off that little old tar basket. People take these things from various causes. Some from largeness; some from smallness. Zacheus had a bad attack once caused from undue exposure to littleness, however, the associate editor is not subjected to such maladies on this ground. Impulse symptoms, too, are right complicated. Sometimes they break out in the form of a meeting to put in electric lights and water works, a meeting in which the citizens make speeches that fry like flitters in hotgravy. Again, they pop up with hook, fly and tackle, in the form of a fisherman's band. Occasionally they come to a head in a citizen's club, the only existing example of pure democracy since that form of government was patented in the ancient Greek days. Lastly, impulse in a chronic stage appears in boards of trade. And, by the way of parenthesis, allow me to say that it was impulse which caused the writer to look out a minister to preach a certain board of trade's funeral. For, by logic, if a man dies he is dead

and cannot preach. The local preachers are members, therefore, Brother Justice will officiate. Upon the whole, though, impulses are a live issue. If these things did not exist, history and county papers would be as useless as turbine wheels in a December flood.

The Right Man In Town

From The Clayton Tribune.

The right man in town is he, who is not afraid of the shadow of truth. When you see one, who knows right from wrong, and does not put the stamp of truth on the right corner of his thinking and acting, he is the wrong man in town; that is, he is out of position until changed. No righteous thinking person can resent utterances of truth, even, if such is against our town. Remove the cause, then nothing but what is glorious and good can be said. Let us not have it so insults can be cast. The truth never can be an insult! The correct way is not to put on a thin paper shell coat of "progressive band wagonism," through which strangers, who we always welcome, can easily see, and say: Ah, counterfeit!

Come one and all and join the "progressive band wagon" of nothing else, but prosperity in truth. 'Tis the only thing that will stand the test. Never believe a thing is best when you know it is not. If you should, a fraud will be committed upon yourself. The only way any institution, governmental or otherwise, can prosper in beauty and truth—the shining lights of heavenly grandeur is for the promoters, or trustees thereof to keep it free from leaks and dead heads.

Let our little city open its eyes, and not fear the shining lights which may expose the truth. Let every citizen do his or her best to cause it to be better in truth—not otherwise. Be a "chronic croaker," advocating something better in reality, in preference to warping yourself under the cover of the emptiness of "progressive band wagonism," founded upon the mire of boost alone. Boost something that has merit. If no merit in the beginning, make it, and then boost. To sing a tune of—"Can't do any better" will never accomplish anything of much sequence.

Contributed.

Furniture!

Furniture!!

Furniture!!!

Just received a car of new furniture. We can give you most anything you want in the most up-to-date styles. We carry a full line of house furnishing goods. When you want anything in my line, come and see me before you buy elsewhere.

Also I have coffins and caskets. You will find me at the same old stand on the second floor of the Watts building.

J. J. Moore,

Clayton, Ga.

J. M. Johnson

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Clubbing Offer Number Two

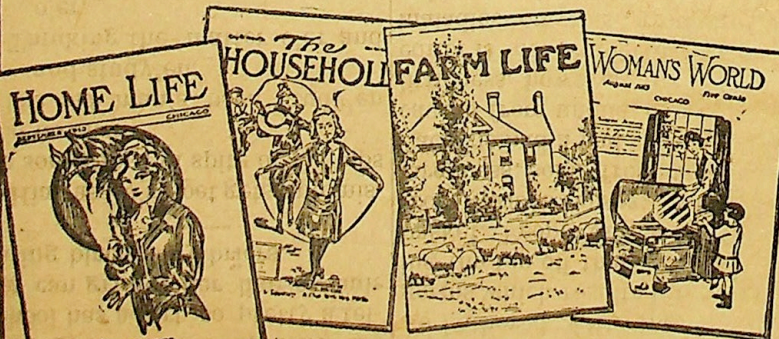
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Towns County News	1.00
Tri-weekly Constitution	1.00
Southern Farming	50
Publishers' Price	\$4.50

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