

what he did that he is to be blamed for, if a dead man can be blamed for anything.

It happened in the summer of 1863 that Hildreth of Hall was visiting Hildreth of Habersham, — there was some matter of relationship between them, — and they both concluded to attend the camp-meeting that was held every year on Taylor's Range, a small spur that seemed to have been sent down by Tray to inform the Vale of the Evening Star that it could spread out no farther in that direction. Nacoochee was polite and agreeable, and went wandering off westward, where it stands to-day, the loveliest valley in all the world. But Taylor's Range so far caught the infection from the valley as to permit its top to spread out as level as a table, and on this table the Christians pitched their rude tents and built them a rough tabernacle, and here they held their yearly campmeeting.

To this meeting in 1863 came Hildreth of Hall and his kinsmen. Hither also came a number of people from Hatch's Clearing, and among them Loorany Parmalee. The old people had come to pray, but the youngsters had come to frolic, and the gayest of all was Loorany Parmalee. There were girls from