

either. His patience was of that remarkable kind that mountain life breeds, — the kind that belongs to the everlasting hills, the overhanging sky.

So John Wesley Millirons, as he rode home, laughed to himself at the thought that he was the mountain and Loorany the weather. It was an uncouth thought that could n't be worked out logically, but it pleased John Wesley to hug the idea to his bosom, logic or no logic. And so he carried it home with him and nursed it long and patiently, as an invalid woman in a poorhouse nurses a sick geranium.

After the camp-meeting Hildreth of Hall became a familiar figure on Tray Mountain, especially in the neighborhood of Hatch's Clearing. As the year 1863 was a period of war, you will wonder how such a strapping young fellow as Hildreth of Hall kept out of the Confederate army, since there was such a strenuous demand for food for the guns, big and little. The truth is, it was a puzzle to a good many people about that time, but there was no secret at all about it. The Hildreths, both of Hall and Habersham, had a good deal of political influence. If you