

OLD RICHLAND ACADEMY.

(Under this heading, from week to week, we will publish articles pertaining to the Old Richland Academy.)

The Teachers at Richland.

(By Wade C. Hughs.)

Mr. Chairman, Teachers and Pupils of Old Richland, and Friends:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age To speak in public on the stage; And if I chance to fall below Demosthenes or Cleero,

View me not with a critic's eye, But pass my imperfections by. And though I now am small and young,

Of judgment weak and feeble tongue. Yet all great learned me, like me, Once learned to read their A, B, C. And where's the town, go far and near,

That does not find a rival here?"— and at Bounty Land?

I count myself as one especially favored to be permitted to live to see this glad day and to have the honor of taking part in its exercises. It is true that there are many recollections that this occasion revives which may bring a pang of sadness to our hearts, but in remembering them let us also recall the joyous scenes with which they were intertwined. The foundation of all happiness is laid in the past, so it is necessary that we should look back, but, in looking, we must not forget that the past is beyond our reach, and that all we can do is to profit by it and improve the present. And so

"Oft in the stillly night, Ere slumber's chain has bound me,

Fond memory brings the light Of other days around me; The smiles, the tears Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken; The eyes that shone, Now dimmed and gone, The cheerful hearts now broken?"

And as I look into those "other days" and see their glories, then turn to the present and view its wonders, and then look beyond and "Dip into the future far as human eye can see, and see the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be," I consider this a glad day. All the more am I glad, because I live to-day and am permitted to speak of the teachers of old Richland.

In discussing the teachers, we are forced to notice to some extent the history of the school, and perhaps some of the incidents connected with it. With this historic spot is also connected, in an indirect manner, some of the momentous questions of the early history of our great nation.

The first teacher of whom we have any record was James H. Dendy who was a personal friend of the greatest statesman of modern times, John C. Calhoun. On one occasion when Mr. Calhoun was a guest at the Dendy home on yonder hill he and his host sat up nearly all night discussing the question of "nullification." At this late day we would probably have to refer to our history to see what it means, but at this time, three quarters of a century ago, it was on every intelligent citizen's lips. It was about this time that James H. Dendy built the first Richland school house near the spot of yonder grave. In 1810 we find him teaching the first school himself. I hold in my hand the original "articles" showing the number of children subscribed, the rate of tuition, etc. The manner in which the instrument is worded shows how well qualified he was for the position he was to occupy. So far as is known, none of the pupils who drank at this fount of knowledge are living.

The next preceptor to assume the robe of office in that humble building was one Mr. DeLion, from Savannah. He was a most estimable young fellow, but he had an idea that the eggs of certain fowls were not intended for man's use, and among them he placed the product of the stately goose. On one occasion it became necessary for him to punish one of his pupils, Mrs. Emily Stribbling, who is the daughter of his landlady, Mrs. James H. Dendy. The mother did not like the idea of her child being punished, and so she set about planning some means of revenge. The next morning she scrambled some goose eggs for breakfast, and when she saw Mr. DeLion take a good comfortable dip and eat them with relish, her satisfaction was supreme. As to what became of him, history does not show.

After him came Rev. DuPre, who was pastor of Richland Presbyterian

church and teacher of the Richland school, who performed the double duty of preaching and teaching, thus carrying into actual practice the doctrine that religion and education go hand in hand.

Then we find Miss Caroline Jenkins, Mrs. Susan Doyle, and finally, about the close of the Civil War, Mrs. E. F. Hughs. She taught in one room of her dwelling, and among those who are here to show how well she wrought, we see Col. R. T. Jaynes. As we said, she taught right after the close of the war, and shoes of any kind were a decided luxury, but lucky indeed was he who could wear a pair of calf-skin shoes with brass tips on the toes. Among those going to her was one little fellow who was always as neat as could be and who had a pair of these shoes. The other children were more or less jealous, we presume, and so spent much of their play time putting their bare feet on his shoes and soiling them—we mean the shoes. He became tired of this, and, going to his teacher, he said: "Miss Hughs, Miss Hughs, I wish you'd make 'em keep their feet off my shoes." She very promptly replied, "All right, Robert, (Jaynes), I'll see after them," and she did, for in those days the use of the rod was not a forgotten art.

And here the curtain falls until 1871, when the first public school at old Richland was opened under the able management of Rev. E. F. Hyde and his more able better half. From this time on the record is clear and the chain complete. Time forbids our taking up each one separately, so we must bundle facts. Since 1840 there have been 48 teachers at the Richland school—28 male and 20 female. Of these, so far as we are able to learn, 38 are still living, the oldest being Mrs. E. F. Hughs, now in her 82d year. Three of them were Presbyterian ministers at the time they taught; one taught while preparing himself for that vocation; and one has since become a Baptist minister. Five have become lawyers, four of whom are distinguished in the profession and the fifth hopes to be some day. Of the five, three are located at Wallhalla, one at Pickens, and the other in Columbia. One has become an honest, painstaking, successful merchant.

Three were wise in their day and had heard the call of the soil and were making the farmer's life one worth living long before James J. Hill discovered that the hope of the country depends upon the farmer.

Two are in the real estate business—one at Seneca and the other at Spartanburg—and both doing well.

One is news editor of one of our great Southern daily papers. Another is assisting Uncle Sam in the dissemination of knowledge by means of the railway postal service. When we remember that in 1837, when James H. Dendy and John C. Calhoun had those discussions of the great issues of state, the longest railroad in the world was 137 miles and ran from Charleston, S. C. to Hamburg, do we not have to pause and ask, if the improvement of the school has kept pace with the march of progress? Do we make any better citizens to-day than were made then?

But we must hasten on. One has become a civil engineer and prominent in his line.

Four are unaccounted for, and last, only five out of the 28 are still teaching. The accusation has been made once and then again that the majority of teachers, both men and women, go into it merely as a stepping stone to something else. When we look at the figures we have just gone over the truth of the statement seems to be proven, not only by a preponderance of the testimony, but beyond all reasonable doubt. And we can but bow our heads in shame as some one points the finger of scorn and exclaims, "Thou art the man!"

Let us turn the bright side of the picture and see how it has been with the twenty women who have toiled so faithfully and well. None have become lawyers, doctors, real estate dealers, civil engineers, etc., but what have they done?

At the time they were engaged in teaching, five of them were on double duty, serving as mistresses of households while "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Four of the others later emigrated to the State of Matrimony and gave up teaching, and four more have given up teaching and are variously engaged—perhaps we should have said employed.

Of the men we found that only five out of twenty-eight, (less than one-fifth) are still teaching, but

what do we find with the women? Seven out of twenty (a little more than one-third) are still fighting the battle. Our hat is off, and we honor the womanhood of this country who think more of the true value of the nation—her citizenship—than they do of the value of a dollar.

In looking over the list of teachers there is another striking feature. Out of the 48 teachers since 1810 only nine are unmarried or have never been married—two men and seven women.

From 1810 down to 1898 the chain is unbroken—all are married. At this point one W. C. Hughs appears upon the scene, followed by one Miss Pearle Ballenger, both of whom are still single, and from there on to the present the line is very irregular. Without any personal reflections we have been told that one of the two men has it within his (P)ower to take the step whenever he feels so disposed, and one of the young ladies is going to Westminster to teach next year, so the number of unmarried may be materially reduced at any time, and the remainder of them may yet hope.

It has been twenty-four years since I first attended a session of school on this loved spot. The teacher was Miss Eleanor Beard, from what was then Edgefield county. Her term is very forcibly impressed upon my memory for two reasons: Because the first and only whipping I ever received in school she administered, and one of the worst thresings my father ever gave me was on account of her not being able to attend school one morning after a very hard rain. I never did know exactly what Miss Beard whipped me for. I understood afterward that she said she had to make an example of some one and I was about as promising a prospect as she saw.

As to the other one, though, I do remember distinctly. It had rained very hard the night before, and Miss Beard, who was boarding at my father's, was unable to go to school that morning, so I was sent to the school house to tell the children there would be no school that day. But was told also to hurry back home. All would have been well had it not been for Allen and Haskell Dendy and the sweet gum trees down near Richland creek. After I gave the notice about there being no school the Dendy boys and I went to the sweet gum trees. By the time I could get a sufficient quantity to fill my mouth it had grown rather late in the morning. We finally circled around the hill and came into the big road near the top of Rock Spring hill, right opposite a fine bunch of persimmon sprouts, and there is where I met my father—and oh, such a meeting!

Since that first school I have seen various teachers come and go, some liked and some disliked. I have seen "Bit" Stribbling and Charley Jaynes play town ball against the whole school and win. (At that time I was only a small chap, but dreadfully in love with "Bit," so I enjoyed seeing this until, in later years, Paul Burns cut me out.) I have seen the desperate affairs between Lela Price and Gus Shanklin, Ruth Fennell and Plumer Dendy and others, and all of them except Mary Gillison and Clint Stribbling recovered without any serious inconvenience. I have seen Mr. Stokes Stribbling make me throw away a nice juicy wad of chewing gum that I had just traded for, and I vowed that if I ever got as big as he was I would lick him for it, but when I got old enough to read, I found in Holy Writ that "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," so I never have bothered him.

And so I might go on and on, for there were other incidents that happened in those days, and as proof it is sufficient to say that Billie Fennell and Barb Shanklin were both there.

The influence of the teachers of old Richland has not stopped in the school room here, as we have already heard. Some of it is for good; we hope that none was for bad, but eternity alone will show. As I stand here to-day, methinks I hear the echo of voices, long silent, saying:

"Cheerily, then, my little man, Live and laugh, as boyhood can! Though the flinty slopes be hard, Stubble-spared the new-mown sward, Every morn shall lead thee through Fresh baptisms of the dew; Every evening from thy feet Shall the cool wind kiss the heat; All too soon these feet must hide In the prison cells of pride, Lose the freedom of the sod— Like a colt's for work be shod, Made to tread the mills of toil, Up and down in ceaseless mill; Happy if their track be found Never on forbidden ground; Happy if they sink not in Quick and treacherous sands of sin. Ah! that thou could'st know thy joy, Ere it passes, barefoot boy!"

Teachers at Richland Academy.
1871-73—Rev. E. F. Hyde, principal; Mrs. N. A. Hyde, assistant.
1874—John S. Verner.
1875—James Phillips.
1876—Wm. J. Stribbling.
1877—J. B. O'N. Holloway.
1877—(Summer)—Marshall S. Stribbling.

1878-79—Mrs. Louisa Stribbling.
1879—J. P. Carey.
1880—S. P. Stribbling.
1881—R. T. Jaynes.
1882-83—Marshall S. Stribbling.
1883-84—Marshall S. Stribbling.
1884-85—Marshall S. Stribbling.
1886—Miss Eleanor Beard.
1886—J. Paul Stribbling.
1887-88—S. P. Stribbling.
1888-89—Miss Ella Dendy, now Mrs. Jasper Doyle.

1889-90—M. Stokes Stribbling, principal; Mrs. Lizze Stribbling, assistant.
1890-91—M. Stokes Stribbling, principal; Mrs. Lizze Stribbling, assistant.

1891—Miss Lucy Stribbling, principal, (now Mrs. Lucy Jordan, of Greenville, S. C.); Miss Julia Symmes, assistant.

1891—W. W. Wallace.
1892—W. E. Dendy.
1893-94—J. Plumer Dendy.
1894-95—W. S. Glenn.
1895-96—Jos. T. Dendy.
1896-97—John L. McWhorter.
1897-98—D. H. Alexander.
1898—W. C. Hughs.
1899—Miss Pearle Ballenger.
1899-1900, 1900-01, 1901-02—D. Conger.

1902-03—Mrs. S. N. Hughs.
1903-04—Arthur M. Erwin, principal; Miss Mariah Dendy, assistant.
1904-05—Arthur M. Erwin.
1906—Miss Lizze Conger; Miss Eunice Ballenger.

1906-07—W. C. Hughs, principal; Miss Ada Wylie, assistant.
1907-08—Miss Beulah Edge, principal; Mrs. Caroline Dendy and Mrs. Sarah McCubbins, assistants.

1908-09—W. W. Kennedy, principal; Miss Hortense Jones, assistant.

1909-10—E. L. Power, principal; Miss Claudia Crowther, assistant.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by Dr. J. W. Bell, Wallhalla; C. W. Wickliffe, West Union.

Half Million Insurance Cancelled.

New York, Sept. 24.—A half million dollars of life and accidental insurance, carried by Allan A. Ryan, son of the financier, has been cancelled during the last fortnight because of Ryan's activity as head of the international aviation meet at Belmont Park in October.

Mr. Ryan has lodged protest against this unusual action on the part of the companies, explaining that he does not own an aeroplane and does not contemplate the purchase of one; that he does not contemplate making a flight, and that his duties as chairman of the committee on arrangements consist merely in attending to details of the meet.

It is well known that insurance companies will not insure the life of an aviator, but this is the first instance in which they have found an element of danger to the life of persons only interested in the progress of the science of flying.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is to-day the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by Seneca Pharmacy; L. C. Martin, Glenison College.

Georgia's Twelve-Inch Gun Bursts.

Washington, Sept. 23.—During target practice of the Atlantic fleet, off the Virginia capes yesterday, one of the big 12-inch, 50-ton guns of the battleship Georgia burst on the first range shot.

The muzzle, as far back as the forward end of the jacket, was blown off. The crew miraculously escaped injury.

The accident was to the left gun in the forward turret, and the big rifle was probably ruined.

The report of the accident reached the navy department this morning in a wireless dispatch from the Commander-in-Chief, Rear Admiral Schroeder. The Georgia was one of the battleships in the day target practice. The vessels of the fleet had been divided into two squadrons, one of which held its day practice on Wednesday, and the other did its firing yesterday.

Impure food runs you down—makes you an easy victim for organic diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters purifies the blood—cures the cause—builds you up.

IS YOUR PURSE OPEN?

WOULD YOU PICK UP A SILVER HALF DOLLAR SHOULD YOU SEE ONE IN YOUR PATHWAY?

SURELY!

WOULD YOU READ CAREFULLY A PROPOSITION THAT WOULD ENABLE YOU NOT ONLY TO PICK UP ONE HALF DOLLAR, BUT MANY?

HOW MUCH DO YOU SPEND IN A YEAR? SIT DOWN AND FIGURE.

IF SOME ONE WOULD HAND YOU FIVE CENTS FOR EVERY DOLLAR YOU SPEND, WOULDN'T YOU CONSIDER THEM VERY LIBERAL AND DOING YOU A GREAT FAVOR?

WOULD YOU WALK A BLOCK TO FIND THE CONCERN THAT COULD AND WOULD DO THAT?

Put on your thinking cap—get down to hard pan. Tell us what you think of the following:

IT TAKES NERVE, AND PLENTY OF IT, TO BREAK AWAY FROM OLD AND ESTABLISHED CUSTOMS.

MODERN TIMES AND MODERN WAYS REQUIRE THE SOLVING OF PROBLEMS WHICH THE MERCHANTS OF YESTERDAY DID NOT EVEN DREAM.

THE MODERN MAIL-ORDER HOUSE, WHICH DISTRIBUTES ITS CATALOGUES AND CIRCULARS BROADCAST OVER THE LAND, IS DRAWING THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO THE LARGE CENTERS OF TRADE AND AWAY FROM THE DOORS OF THE LOCAL MERCHANTS.

Cash is the key to the situation. When you order goods from the mail-order house, it's money down. You furnish the money they do business on.

THE SENECA MERCANTILE COMPANY PROPOSES TO SHOW YOU BEYOND THE SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT CASH SPENT OVER THEIR COUNTERS BUYS MORE GOODS FOR THE SAME MONEY, OR SAME GOODS FOR LESS MONEY.

Now listen. On and after this date, we will give a discount of 5 cents on the Dollar for Every Dollar in Cash spent with this Store.

THIS IS THE WAY WE WILL DO IT: WITH EVERY PURCHASE, NO MATTER HOW SMALL, WE WILL GIVE YOU A SALES TICKET. AS SOON AS THESE TICKETS AMOUNT TO TEN DOLLARS, YOU WILL BE ENTITLED TO A DISCOUNT OF FIFTY CENTS IN CASH, OR TRADE, AS YOU PREFER IT.

This New Plan absolutely divides profits with the cash trade.

IT PAYS TO BUY FOR CASH. FURTHER IT PAYS TO BUY FROM

THE SENECA MERCANTILE COMPANY.

Merchants get a discount when they pay cash and why shouldn't you?

ALL GOODS MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES, AND THE PRICE MARKED ON THEM IS AS LOW AS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM ANY CONCERN IN THE TRADE, YOU TO BE THE JUDGE AND THE JURY, AND YOUR FIVE PER CENT BEING AN EXTRA SAVING.

OUR SUGAR IS JUST AS SWEET.
OUR FLOUR IS JUST AS WHITE.
OUR SHOES JUST AS SOLID.
OUR DRY GOODS JUST AS STYLISH.
OUR PRICES JUST AS LOW.

WE WILL SHOW OURSELVES JUST AS KEEN AS EVER TO HUNT FOR BARGAINS; TO GIVE YOU VALUES; TO TREAT YOU "SQUARE."

New Line Shoes—New Line Dry Goods—New Line Notions—New Line Hardware.

Save your Sales Tickets. It means Same Goods for LESS Money.

Watch us grow. Yours for business,

Seneca Mercantile Company.

A. P. BROWN, President.

N. B.—SEWING MACHINES AND JOHN DEERE LINES EXCEPTED.