

THEY WAY, NOT MINE.
BY H. BOMER.
The way, not mine, of Earl
However dark it be
Lead me by Thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be mine, if I follow
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy road.
I dare not choose my lot,
I would not of my choice
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
The kingdom that I see
Is Thine, so let the way
That leads to it be mine.
Ere I most surely stray.
Take Thou my cup and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thy own will,
Choose Thou my wine and oil.
Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose Thou my care for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things both great and small,
Be Thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

THEY SETTLED IT
WITH SNAKE WHIPS.
A deal of to-day is looked upon ordinarily in the light of a farce. All the satisfaction derived from one, if it be satisfaction, is ridicule. In the year 1890 I witnessed one that was far removed from the nature of a farce. It was a remarkable illustration of the way in which man can face man in deadly combat. It was also beyond doubt the most brutal affair I have ever witnessed, and occurred near the town of Guntam, Georgia. This place will be remembered as the scene of the late bloody race war in that State. About sixteen miles from the town there is a large lumber mill called the Yankee Mill. The plant had been running down for some time, so a new manager was brought from the north to take charge. He was a quiet, unassuming fellow, but what he said went, or there was trouble. He was heartily disliked from the first. The fact of his being a "Yank" was sufficient to bring upon him the displeasure of the people of the vicinity. In that part of Georgia it was considered a crime to come from the north. They heard of the prosecuting attorney of Guntam, when addressing a jury, trying one of the employees of the mill for working on Sunday, declare with great emphasis, as if it were an offense, "Why, gentlemen, this man comes from New Jersey." But Bob Hammet had been sent to manage the mill, and he was going to do it, no matter where he came from. In a few weeks those employed in it found that he was going to rule as absolute and undisputed master of all he surveyed. They, therefore, submitted one and all and soon the mill was running up to the 60,000 feet per day mark of lumber. Even the managers of the mill found they had to hustle, Bob was here, there and everywhere. He knew more about a mill than all the foremen combined.

He made, however, one blunder that nearly ended his career at the Yankee Mill and on earth. The logs were coming in fast enough to feed the mill. Bob had sent word to Ed Ford, the woods boss, that he could not get the logs. They were also coming in slower every day. Ed Ford was not the man to travel fast unless he wanted to. He had made the other foremen wait for him, and so he decided Ed should do likewise. Ford was a terror to the mill hands, and he was the only man in that section able to handle the woodsman. They were a tough lot, mostly negroes of the lowest type. And though they had no fear of the Sheriff, they feared Ed Ford, in fact, the whole mill force stood in fear of him. Bob had heard of Ed Ford. He had heard that he was a terror to the negroes and he was afraid to avoid a clash of authority. But the clash came.

A large railroad order had been sent from the home office with instructions to fill it with all possible haste. Bob showed the mill to the log train, and would have added 10,000 feet more to the output, but he could not get the logs. Bob sent message after message to Ford, but received no reply, nor were the logs trains any better. At last his patience became exhausted, and he sent Ford word that he would have the mill stop for a week. That night the log train returned empty, and with it a note inviting Bob to seek a warmer climate, and in plain words telling him to go to Sheel. Bob was mad and jumping on a switch engine standing in the yard, started up the road for Ford's camp. This was thirty miles away, but he had a horse and in half an hour surprised Ford by his sudden arrival. Ford stood agape as Bob jumped from the engine, but a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and brought him to realize that there was trouble brewing. Then he heard Bob say calmly, "Mr. Ford, I must have more logs at the mill. I must have them. Do I get them?" Ford's only answer was a sneering suggestion that Bob find a place below.

But instead of accepting the suggestion Bob turned quietly to the foreman of the switch engine and said, "Jenks can you run the engine back?" "Yes, sah," replied the negro. Bob then wrote a note and gave it to him, saying, "run her carefully and give Mr. Lewis this note. Tell him I shall stay out here all night and to be sure to have a log train here by 4 to-morrow morning." "He careful of her," he called after the departing engine, and then turning and facing Ford he said, angrily, "Mr. Ford, the manager of this plant I shall take charge of the woods. You may consider yourself dismissed. I have determined to supply the mill with logs if I have to load the cars myself."

"Oh you will," said Ford, sarcastically. "I would like to see you load a log car out here. If you try it, they will be another Hank in the toiler world that's all. How 'bout it boy?" he said, addressing a motley crowd of blacks and old whites leaning against a pile of logs. "What you says goes," answered one.

"You bet I does," replied Ford, "and no Yank is going to dictate to me, not this late day of life. Sa, sonny, yous better start and walk to the mill. Does your had, because it's mighty damp here of nights and yous will be a chilling after morning."

Ford to the ground. He then fell on the prostrate of a tiger springing on his prey. His fingers which were wrapped round Ford's throat, tightened like a vice. Ford tried to fight, but Bob held him as powerless as a baby. He struggled manfully for mastery, his eyes bulged from their sockets, and his face grew black before he sank to the ground conquered.

The crowd of woodsmen who had stood stupefied with amazement at the turn of affairs had taken, seeing their champion helpless rushed at Bob, who sprang away from the helpless Ford and drawing his revolver faced the angry mob and yelled, "stop where you are. I will kill the first man who comes near me. They stopped as if by magic. Lowering his voice he addressed them in an appeal for fair play:

"I have not come here to hurt you or yours," he said. "I was sent here to take charge. This mill has not paid since it started. You think the owners of it are making a fortune. Well, all right. They have invested an enormous sum of money trying to make this plant pay, and have failed. Why? Because you, whom they have been feeding and clothing for years, have used every underhand way possible to hurt them. They have failed because they have had such men to deal with as you. As he said this he pointed to Ford. "Still such men as he are supported by the mill, and 500 other men are employed by it daily. What would they and their families do were it not for the Yankee Mill? If it closes where will these 500 be able to find employment? The wages paid by the Yankee Mill amount to over \$200,000 a year. What other enterprise brings half that amount of money into the county? When I came here the owners were about to close the mill. I agreed to make it pay or forfeit my salary. If I fail you and your families will go hungry. If I succeed there will be plenty of work here for all for years to come. I need your help. I need logs. Now, will you oppose me or help me?"

Bob stopped to hear their reply. Ford, who had just recovered from the effects of his defeat, stepped up to him saying, "You can't work your high ground gab on these men. They know they are the only man that can run these woods, and there is no smooth-tongued Yank going to dictate to me. If you unsy try to load any logs here, I plant you, sure?"

"Why you Ed Ford quietly and replied, "I would wait until to-morrow. Let's have it over with at once. I have my revolver with me and let's see who is the best man."

"You have the drop on me," retorted Ford. "You are afraid to fight square." Bob lowered his revolver, saying, "I will fight you any way you may name." "You will?" yelled Ford. "Then I will fight you with blacksnake whips." "Agreed," replied Bob.

I had noticed Bob jump on the switch engine and drive her up the road, and I felt sure there would be trouble in the woods. The expression on his face told me that. I also knew he was up against a hard game, for I had seen him in an angry customer when aroused, and I dreaded the possibility of his meeting. I was thinking of him and worrying over the possibility of his getting hurt, when I heard the whistle of No. 4, and in a few moments she stood puffing in the yard. I ran to her, expecting to see Ford, but he was not there. The black face was visible in the cab. Then Jenks called to me, and said, "Mr. Lewis here am a note, Messer Bob done sent it to you. He am a giving to stay in der wood all night, an' I spicion somethin' 'll happen 'ere 'morning. I done hearin' him start after Ed Ford 'saw I started back."

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The bodies of both men were covered with blood, and it was evident that one if not both of them, must soon succumb to the terrible castigation to which they were being subjected. Suddenly Ford stopped retreating and sprang at Bob, just in time to evade a vicious blow, and in doing so, his body struck Bob heavily, sending him to fall to the ground. Ford was quick to take advantage of his opportunity and raised blow after blow upon his fallen enemy before he could regain his feet. Bob sprang up like an infuriated beast and rushed Ford back against the crowd and quickly jumping backwards he cracked his whip and cut a large piece of flesh from Ford's side. Ford howled with pain and started to rush Bob, but was not quick to take advantage of the whip that it seemed to me his body would surely be severed in two. Not for a second did Bob cease his terrible punishment, but slashed his whip unmercifully around his foe. Ford retreated out of the ring toward the crowd, but he only saw his game and his friends being slashed him toward the lake. Ford was fighting back madly, and did not realize where he was going until the cold water of the lake brought him to realization of his danger. Then he struggled like a fiend, slashing blindly in the air, cursing wildly and calling his friends to help him. One of them sprang forward to do so, but I leaped out and covered him with my revolver, and appealed to the crowd for fair play. A dozen pair of hands dragged him back into their midst. Ford seeing his last hope vanish, fought with the fury of a dying tiger, but his strength was ebbing, and he fell, his little black face visible in the cab. Then Jenks called to me, and said, "Mr. Lewis here am a note, Messer Bob done sent it to you. He am a giving to stay in der wood all night, an' I spicion somethin' 'll happen 'ere 'morning. I done hearin' him start after Ed Ford 'saw I started back."

I was getting dark and the whistle had blown to quit. I told Jenks not to draw the fire on No. 4. Then I went over to the boarding house and called Jim Stokes, the shipping clerk. He was a bright fellow, and I knew he would fight till he dropped if we had trouble. I also called Bradley, the engine driver. "No. 2," was another man on whom I could depend in case we had to fight. We examined our pistols and started up the road on No. 4, driving her till she threatened to leave the rails. I noticed little Jenks sharpening a knife and asked him what he was going to do with it.

"Who will fight?" I asked. "Ed Ford and the Yankee boss," she replied. "An' dey will have it out an' don't yo' forget it. Cos der new boss done showed Ed he kin fight, an' he kin't beared of der debble no how, he ain't."

I was trembling with excitement and asked her how long they had been going. "About five minutes," she replied.

Now was my time to see Bob if I hoped to be of any assistance to him. After crawling close to him I managed to attract his attention, and he walked over to me and whispered, "stay where you are. I have the confidence of these men. If they see you they may grow suspicious, and then my troubles here will soon be over if I succeed in whipping this brute, and I am confident of my ability to do so." After again warning me to keep in concealment, he returned to the crowd where Ford was impatiently awaiting him.

I had surmised they were preparing to fight with nature's weapons, and was greatly surprised to see each man choose a long, blacksnake whip. I stood lost in astonishment and wonder, and could not realize what I was to witness. Standing aside I noticed some men draw a ring around the contestants and then one of them called, "fight."

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