

by Katherine Sheas
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I heard them call him some pretty ugly names. Louie was a peaceable child, but they worried him more and more, until they got to blows. I saw what was going on through the window, but I let them have it out. Louie stood quietly. William made a lunge at him—out flew Louie's fist and William fell backward on the ground. William tried this three times, always with the same result. Then William ran into the school room, sat by me and put his head on my shoulder and cried. I was sorry for him, but I thought he needed it, for really he was growing into something of a bully. He had the satisfaction, though, of seeing Louie's coat in tatters. I had to send home for a needle and black thread, to sew it up before he could go home. How Louie found out that during the cold weather I came early to school to make the fire and open the shutters, I don't know. But, from the day he did find out until the holidays, when I got to the school, there was the boy who had come to help me. They had left Winnsboro before I opened again in September. While here they lived next door to Mrs. Kennerly. One afternoon, as I was returning from a visit to Lou Egleston, on passing their home I heard feet like a troop of horses, running through the entry and shouts of "Teacher! Teacher!" when here they came, and they fairly mauled me in their delight at seeing me again. They were genuine children—I was fond of Marlie, but I loved Louie.

It was now 1886. Changes had been taking place in Winnsboro during all these years. Floride Rion had become Mrs. Jake Barron and lived in Columbia. Kitty Rion married Fleming McMaster, eldest son of Mr. Hugh McMaster. She lived only a short time. Her family lived too near to ours for us not to have felt her death keenly. Her mother, in affliction,

was the most appealing person I have ever known. Her sons, Preston, Willie and Holbrook, also were married. Then, in the Wolfe family—every one of them were either married or had moved away. Sarah, the youngest daughter, had married Mr. Ulysse Ganvier DesPortes, and they were living with her parents.

Mr. Charlie Dwight had built the house now owned by W. Davis Douglas, and they lived there. The Episcopalians had sold their rectory, the present Methodist parsonage, and built another where Mrs. Wade Macfie now lives. Our church had been painted, and under the direction of Rev. Frank Hallam, who succeeded Father, a new altar, Bishop's chair, reading desk and chancel rail had been made by a carpenter in the town. I think the pulpit and the credence table were made by Hamilton Hanahan. The choir had been moved to the front. A perfectly beautiful memorial window to Father had been given by the congregation. It was really a very pretty church. Rev. John Gass was the rector.

The A. R. P.s had outgrown their little church and had built a larger one just across the street.

The passenger depot was under the Thespian Hall. Mrs. Duval's Hotel was nearly opposite on the other side of the street. I once heard that a drummer—that is what they used to be called—telegraphed to have a carriage waiting for him at the depot. When his train arrived the pompous gentleman got in, and ordered the coachman to drive to the Duval Hotel. He drove across the street. And there were grins!!!

I don't remember who was the principal at Mt. Zion after Mr. Davis left. Mr. Davis used to chat with his teachers after school, forgetting that he was only a step or two from his home, and his teachers had to walk to theirs. So many times