

FIFTY-ONE YEARS AGO

From The Giddings News,
Aug. 29, 1890

Visitors in Giddings: R. E. Griffith of Lexington, D. M. Sherman of Darden Springs, Miss Mary Beckmond of Manor, M. C. Martin of Red Hollow, C. W. Stanley of Dime Box, Miss Kate Felder of Chapel Hill, Mr. Praytor of Paige, Misses Isabella and Dora Hester of Lexington, Miss Sophie Stockton of Bell County.

Giddingsites visiting elsewhere: J. D. Northrup to Yoakum, Andreas Matthijetz to Houston, Miss Eloise Brown and brother Jim to Caldwell, J. R. Ells to Galveston, Prof. Asa W. Griggs, School Supt., to Georgia.

Dr. S. G. Northrup and sister Mrs. Carrie Griffith have slow fever, Mrs. Griffith the past forty days.

Miss Jennie Collier is back at her post after a severe spell of sickness.

O. J. Fariss has been suffering with an attack of yellow jaundice.

W. A. Folkes is putting a new front to his dwelling.

Saturday night reminded one of the times when there were no officers and everybody did as they pleased. What is the matter with incorporating our city? It is costly but it is about the only way to properly fix things up. The way peace was kept in our city last Saturday night is highly condemned by our citizens. Really our town is getting tough.

The colored people held their convention Saturday for the purpose of sending delegates to the state Republican convention.

Joe Sasis of La Grange is employed in the Henry Joeke shoe shop.

Rev. Selvige of Ennis is assisting in a protracted meeting.

Prof. H. C. Pritchett has been appointed State Supt. to fill the unexpired term of Prof. O. H. Cooper.

THAT PATH

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The path that leads to a loaf of bread

Winds through the swamps of toll.

And the path that leads to a suit of clothes

Goes through a flowerless soil.

And the paths that lead to a loaf of bread

And the suit of clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a house of your own

Climbs over the bouldered hills

And the path that leads to a bank account

Is swept by the blast that kills;

But the men who starts in the paths today

In the lazy hills may go astray.

In the lazy hills are trees of shade

By the dreamy brooks of sleep.

And the rollicking river of pleasure laughs

And gambols down the seep;

But when the blasts of winter come

The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those on the lazy hills

When the blasts of winter mean,

Who strayed from the path of a bank account

And the path to a house of their own.

These paths are hard in the summer heat

But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.