

very exact, and his familiarity with the Latin rudiments showed thorough drill. He was not only able to construe Caesar and Virgil, but he knew even the history of the Roman period and the geography of the country. I finished by saying, "Tipton, you and your teacher have no superiors within the range of my acquaintance." During the same summer I was put on the examining board for the Sam Houston Normal and was notified to be at Wills Point the following Tuesday. This was on the Saturday before. The impression made on me by my little country friend flashed through my mind, and I at once sent him a letter by messenger, setting forth the opportunity to go to the Normal, and told him to come into Greenville the next day, Sunday. He came and listened attentively but urged as an objection that he had nothing to wear and did not see how he could leave his mother. I insisted that he should go back home, tell his mother of our talk, and urge upon her the opportunity that the Normal training would give him for success in life. We parted with his promise to me, that, rain or shine, he would be at Wills Point the Tuesday following to do his very best in the contest for the appointment. I reached there Monday evening, moved about the place to find out whether my boy was on hand, but heard nothing of him. Tuesday morning, however, about an hour before we were ready to begin, he rode up. I had him to bathe his hands and face at the hotel and rest until I notified him where the room would be. I had met Professor Allen of Kaufman, and Professor Boone of Mineola. We had spoken of the large number of young men and young teachers present anxious to

win the prize. I had not mentioned Tipton Denton then, and there was not a plainer dressed boy in the entire lot than he was; and as most folks judge birds by feathers, my bird had not received much judgment—because he really had very few feathers. But I was ready to wager my coat on his brain power. A something said to me they can't beat him. There were to be only two recommended, the best boy and the best girl. We went into the examination room. I picked a good seat for him where he could see the boards clearly, and could have good light. The questions from the State Examiners were written on the boards in blocks. Each student had his tablets and I had seen that Tipton's were of good paper. They began work. Professors Allen, Boone and myself had gone to a part of the room from which we could see and converse in a low tone. I had gotten them to promise that merit and merit alone should decide the contest. Then I told them the story of the boy. From time to time we passed among the students. Some few soon got tired and asked to withdraw. The work had continued about two hours, when Professor Allen came back from a tour of inspection, and said to me, "Professor, the man who beats your Hunt county boy will go to the Normal." Soon Professor Boone passed around and remarked on returning, that the Hunt county boy wrote the most beautiful hand that was in the room. The guests were leaving, so I said, well, if he has the best paper, I will be glad, but if any one excels him, my boy knows how to take off his shoes and get back into the cotton row. One o'clock came and the blocks already put up were finished, and that part