

THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XIX.

FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1904.

NUMBER 13

LITTLE WHITE SHOON.

Little White Shoon, you are dainty and slim
As you sit o'er the ballroom floor;
Worthy are you for an artist to limn,
A poet to hymn—and adore.
I gaze in amaze at your frolicsome flight,
As a wight by enchantment bewitched—
But what do you care as you trip it to-night?
You stare that the Pixies have stitched!

Little White Shoon, like twin butterflies
That circle a garden a-blow,
With rapturous sighs and love-laden eyes
I follow wherever you go.
'Neath satin a-shimmer you glimmer as gay
As dily buds wet with the dew—
If I mix up my similes, pardon me, pray,
Each moment I'm widened anew.

Little White Shoon, you have gallants a score,
Around you they sigh and aspire,
And into your ear vapid compliments pour
Unmet for the grace they admire;
But melody springs from my lyre, for
its strings

Are a-quiver because you are near,
And when you have vanished, like all lovely things,
The world of your beauty shall hear.

Little White Shoon—afar from the rout,
What fancies are blent with my dreams!
As you pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat gleaming about,
I catch the sweet ripple of streams;
The scent of the wild rose a-sway in the wind,
The song of the shy forest bird,
The glamour of moonlight with shadows entwined,
In my dreaming are felt and are heard.

Little White Shoon, the night's ebbing fast,
The East's growing pink with the morn;
The fainter the vision the quicker 'tis past—
Alas, must you leave me forlorn!
The cellos are breathing a final refrain:
May your beauty ne'er wither or blight,
And soft be the touches of sorrow and pain;
Little White Shoon, good night!
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Life.

AN UNPRECEDENTED LOSS.

By A. B. SCUDDER.

Jeanne Prentice, only daughter of Doctor Prentice, the old rector of St. Jude's, was gazing abstractedly at a sweet face before her in the looking glass. Jeanne was thinking. As she rested her elbows on the dresser, supporting her dimpled chin with her hands, the expression around her mouth settled itself into unbecoming dissatisfaction.

Out of pure wilfulness she had quarreled with, and was now parted from the man she loved. True, she had repented immediately, for Jeanne had meant to do nothing more than tease Bob Marsden. But Mr. Robert Marsden had seen fit to take her acceptance of attentions from the new curate, Renwick Krecting, in a more serious manner than Jeanne had intended.

After a reception at the church during the winter, at which the tall young curate had monopolized Jeanne's time more than Bob liked, he had remonstrated. Jeanne had laughed at him. That was all.

Just then, Dannie, the boy who pumped the organ used for the Sunday school, came with a message of importance from one of the members of the firm with which Bob was associated, and he had gone off hurriedly and coldly. The next afternoon she had sent a repentant little note over to Bob's office, by John, his father's servant, who came to return an umbrella. No answer came, and a couple of days

Jeanne sobbed herself to sleep in remorseful sorrow, and came down in the morning with pale cheeks and heavy eyes.

Her father, quick to notice the tone of her voice as she wished him "good-morning," said gently,—"Are you well, dear?"

"Yes, father, quite."

But the doctor, still doubtful, said—"Perhaps you had better not go into the church this morning."

"Oh, yes, I must. You know I have a solo to sing for you. I shall be all right."

But she wondered, as she wearily took her place in the choir, if she would be able to sing with such an aching head and heavy heart.

As Jeanne stood up her eyes wandered from her music to the crowded church below. Yes, there he was in his old seat, and for just one second his eyes looked straight into hers.

There was no doubt about her singing now. Love, pride, something thrilled through the young girl. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" came in a sweet burst of song from her lips. Never once did she falter; never had she sung so sweetly before. Even her father turned with a look of admiration at his face which settled into an expression of adoration.

That note that I gave you to deliver to him—you remember the day before he went away—you gave it to him personally?"

"Yes, miss."

Jeanne's heart sank. She had not realized how strongly the idea had taken possession of her that her letter to Bob had been lost also, until the man spoke. Then it occurred to her that John's glance was shifting; that he did not wish to meet her eye, and her cheeks burned as the thought came to her that he divined the reason of her question.

Well, there was only one way. She must write a formal letter to Mr. Marsden enclosing the one he had written to her and explaining the matter for the sake of Dannie, as she had promised, but she could not bring herself to ask any explanation as to his change of mind after the receipt of her own letter.

But there was no need. While Jeanne was trying to write out what she considered a properly worded letter, John was walking slowly down the street in the direction of Mr. Marsden's home. Even after he had touched the button he looked around as if to find some place in which conveniently to hide, then suddenly bracing himself for a disagreeable duty, entered, as the maid answered "yes" to his question if Mr. Robert Marsden was at home.

Jeanne's question had awakened memories in John. That letter? Oh, yes, he remembered it well. Jeanne's question also brought to John's memory an old saying something about "honest confession" and his "soul," but it is doubtful if John's soul would have troubled him but for the fear of a meeting and explanations between Jeanne and Bob.

His old master's son welcomed him warmly. After speaking of an accident that had incapacitated him for much hard work, John with many hesitations reached the story he had come to tell, which was to the effect that Miss Jeanne had given him a letter to deliver the day before Mr. Marsden had gone away. He stopped to see a fire on the way over, and in getting through the crowd had lost it. When Bob met him on his return and asked him if Miss Prentice had sent anything he was afraid to tell the truth and said "No," intending to go back and tell Miss Jeanne all about it. The next day Mr. Marsden having gone away he had let the matter rest but thought now as Bob had said he had better tell about it.

John had resisted the temptation to place the letter in the

MARVELLOUS URALITE.

AN ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF SUBSTANCE INVENTED BY IMS-CHENETZKY.

It is Superior to Anything of the Kind That Has Yet Been Produced—Will Prove Most Useful for Building Purposes.

Have you ever heard of uralite? Probably not, for it is a new invention. Yet it is well worthy of your notice, since it is superior to anything of the kind that has yet been produced. It is the invention of a Russian artillery officer, and chemist, named Imshenetzky, and its claim to distinction lies in the fact that it is absolutely fireproof.

Uralite is composed of asbestos fibre with a proper proportion of silicate, bicarbonate of soda and chalk, and it is supplied in various finishes and colors, according to the purpose for which it is intended. In a soft form a sheet of uralite is like an asbestos board; when hard it resembles finely sawn stone and has a metallic ring. Besides being a non-conductor of heat and electricity, it is practically waterproof (and may be made entirely so by paint), and is not affected either by atmospheric influences or by the acids contained in smoke in large towns, which rapidly destroy galvanized iron.

Moreover, it can be cut by the usual carpenters' or wood workers' tools; it can be veneered to form paneling for walls or partitions; it can be painted, grained, polished and glued together like wood; it does not split when a nail is driven through it; it is not affected when exposed to moisture or great changes of temperature, and it can be given any desired color either during the process of manufacture or afterward.

Mr. Oliver J. D. Hughes, United States consul general at Coburg, thinks highly of it as a fireproof building material. Several tests, he says, have been made of it, and in each case the result has been most satisfactory. In order to carry out the tests, a small brick built house, an iron framed hut, lined and covered with uralite, and a duplicate platform were erected, and each was then fitted with pyrometers for the purpose of recording the temperatures electrically and was filled with highly inflammable material.

To the house were fixed four strong doors, of oak, steel and uralite, and as soon as a fire was lighted inside they were shut. The highest temperature reached was 2350 degrees Fahrenheit, and the test it was found that in

THE WASHINGTON OF JAPAN.

General Viscount Katsuma is Famous for Courage.

It is generally believed that the Japs are brave soldiers, but few know who is the bravest and greatest of them all. The Washington of Japan is General Viscount Katsuma, who became prime minister two years ago. He began his fighting career in 1867, during the civil war which resulted in the overthrow of the old order of things in the Land of the Rising Sun and the adoption of western civilization. Though only a lieutenant then, he became famous for extraordinary courage. He was always in the thickest of the fight, always the first to volunteer to lead a forlorn hope.

After the war his government sent Katsuma to Germany to study military matters. On his return he took a leading part in reorganizing the Japanese soldiery on the European model, and was practically creator of the modern Japanese army. In 1876 when a colonel, he was again sent to Germany, in company of the late General Kawakami, to inspect the German military system. The two officers were at that time regarded as the most promising men in the entire Japanese army. Katsuma became a major general on his return home and was vice minister of the war office under Oyama. In 1891 he was made lieutenant general. In the Sino-Japanese war he led his army through Corea to Manchuria, and later, under General Norzu, won many victories. His name became a terror throughout the invaded country. In 1898 he was appointed war minister, which office he retained until the downfall of the Yamagata cabinet in 1900. He became premier in 1901.

Katsuma was born in 1849 in the province of Nagato, generally called Choshu, in the western part of the main island of Japan. This province has given birth to many illustrious statesmen and generals, among them Marquis Ito, Field Marshal Yamagata, and Count Inouye. The viscount believes the Japanese are the best soldiers in the world, and says he would not fear the result if he had to lead them against any white troops. One thing much in favor of the Japs is that they are so small the enemy can't find them. Nothing in Japan is too good for Katsuma. He is the idol of the people. All kinds of honors have been showered on him. At 55 he is ready to take the field.

What is to be the future of Japan? The Greeks and Romans built splendid temples of stone. All architecture was on a grand and imposing scale, designed to last as long as the world. The Greeks are a nation of harmonious and sapless artisans

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY.

A DISCOURSE ENTITLED "CHRISTIANS OUTSIDE THE CHURCH"

The Rev. Robert Macdonald Expresses the View That to Be a Believer in Christ is Not Different From Being a Believer in Man.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Christians outside the Church" was the subject of the sermon Sunday morning by the Rev. Robert Macdonald, pastor of the Washington Avenue Baptist Church. It was the first of a series of five sermons. The text was from John 1: 16: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold." Mr. Macdonald said:

So important and many sided a subject as this must be looked at from more than one view point. Numberless are the questions to be considered. Numberless the opinions favorable and unfavorable, true and false, to be confirmed in these sermons or repudiated. Numberless the people interested in so practical and personal a question, some of whom love the church better than life; others of whom hate the church more than any other institution in existence; some who trace their loftiest aspirations, their deepest motives, their holiest desires back to her as a fond mother who lives to nourish her children with her own rich life; others who have never received the least benefit therefrom, of which they are conscious and boldly assert that little benefit to humanity ever emerged from her portals. Some go so far as to make the church synonymous with Christ's kingdom, and maintain that to be a member of the one is to be a member of the other, and consequently yield to her a fanatical reverence. Others swing clear to the other extreme and consider the church nothing better than the product of a jealous rivalry for pre-eminence over other institutions of earth, else the expression in wood and stone of overwrought sensibilities. Therefore, the monument of a most irrational superstition. While an innumerable many identify themselves with the church because they believe it to be a beneficent institution ordained of God, without which the world would be morally and spiritually impoverished, and through which the spirit is working for the redemption of humanity, in which divine strength can be had for the ill of life.

I desire that our starting point in these discussions should be in favor of religious toleration. As love is the centre of the Christian system, so must it be the motive in every church claiming to be a Christian church. As Christ our Master was tolerant of and charitable toward those who were not numbered among the twelve disciples and forty apostles, so must we as His followers be tolerant in thought, word, act, to those not of our number, and outside our communion. There is greater need of toleration to-day than at any previous period of the world's history. The church of to-day is more advanced than the church of yesterday. Its intelligence is greater; its light clearer; its affinity with the Holy Spirit more personal; its hold upon the cross of Christ, that power of redemptive love, sacrificing itself even unto death, stronger. The church of the twentieth century ought to be, and shame upon us if it is not, more spiritual than the church of the thirteenth century, or even than the church of the nineteenth century.

But not only in view of our superior

infant baptism. Christ dealt more lovingly with heretics. To Thomas He unveiled His side and loved him into the necessary belief. Phariseism, on the other hand, crucified Christ and stoned Stephen to death. Loving as brethren those within the church; tolerant as Christians toward those without is the ideal that should rule.

How refreshing to reflect upon such a passage of Scripture as that which stands at the head of this sermon. It is a plea for religious toleration and sets before us a standard of religious liberty it would be well to live up to. We are so inclined to become narrowed in our views of truth; we are so prone to live under the shelter of some creed that the vistas of truth stretching ahead of us everywhere become narrowed and hidden, and before we are aware of it the peculiar dogma we cherish or the certain fact we advocate is magnified into identification with the truth itself. There is at least danger here. Thus, how needful to be often carried out into the broad field the Gospel opens up. Look at the scene revealed here. Jesus is having another of His oft-recurring talks with the Pharisees; but, as of old, they do not understand Him. He is a fanatic, or at best, a stubborn partisan, who, while professing to lead them into larger freedom, seems only to break up their honored institutions. So this peculiar saying falls from His lips. As He speaks how precious the outlook. There He leads His followers through the old loved fields, out under the blue sky, their life and His identified, bound together by a common fidelity of truth. But even this freedom seems narrow in view of what is yet to come. These are My sheep, He says, and for them I lay down My life; but also other sheep I have which are not of this fold, and as we contemplate the words, the range of our vision is extended, the fields through which they pass widen, the visible horizon that hemmed us in lifts, the blue dome of the heavens expands until we see all truth loving souls everywhere, known by many a different name, coming in as the sheep fold opens to receive them. And we turn our steps homeward, resolving in future to be more tolerant for the Master's sake.

A few weeks ago an attendant upon our church, a lover of truth, a believer in Christ, but who had never made an open profession of religion, asked me what I thought constituted a Christian, and if I did not think it meant to be a church member, and a Baptist Church member. It was that earnest question that called forth these sermons. What constitutes a Christian? No progress can be made in our discussion until we settle that question. Is it to be a communicant of any church? Is it to subscribe to any creed? A hundred times no! All trustworthy sources make it to be a believer in Christ. What do you mean by belief in Christ? Well, what do you mean when you tell a person you believe in him, that you believe he is a good citizen, a faithful husband, a loving father? You may believe in him as all that, yet not be willing to trust him with a dollar out of your sight, or open your home to him as a friend. You honor him not most unless willing to trust him with money uncounted, your good name, the very secrets of your heart. A belief that does not express itself in confidence does not count for much. All else is cold, impersonal opinion. You must not offer Christ less than you would your friend. A belief in the historic Christ only never saved a soul, any more than a belief in Caesar or Luther or Washington, even though you believe Him as more than a teacher sent from God, more than a prophet, even the very Saviour of the world. Just as friendship is more than an intellectual opinion, even a possession of the life,

God which taketh away the sins of the world." Who knows, Jesus Himself may say, "These are they for whom I died." These? These? These are they who came up through great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!

Gems of Thought.

To cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life.—Johnson.

Great effort from great motives is the best definition of a happy life.—Channing.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.—George Eliot.

Skeptics are generally ready to believe anything, provided it is only sufficiently improbable; it is at matters of fact that such people stumble.—Von Knebel.

The best time to give up a bad habit is before you begin it, and the next best time is when you have discovered that it is a bad habit.—United Presbyterian.

No man can pass into eternity for he is already in it. The dull brute globe moves through its ether and knows it not; even so our souls are bathed in eternity, and we are never conscious of it.—F. W. Farrar.

The humblest man or woman can live splendidly! That is the royal truth that we need to believe, and I who have no "mission," no great sphere to move in. The universe is not quite complete without my work well done.—W. C. Gannett.

"What does it signify whether I go to the bottom or not, so long as I didn't skulk"—or, rather, and here the old man took off his hat and looked up, "so long as the Great Captain has His way, and things is done in His mind?"—George Macdonald.

If you wish to know whether you are a Christian inquire of yourself whether, in and for the love of God, you seek to make happy those about you by smiles and pleasant sayings. Are you a comfortable person to live with? Are you pleasant to have about?—Gail Hamilton.

Seeds That Will Grow.

The soul of man is the great masterpiece of the great Master Builder.—J. Ritchie Smith.

He is building on the sand who makes the opinion of others the ground of his conduct.—United Presbyterian.

It is a noble sight to see an honest man cleave his own heart in twain and fling away the baser part of it.—Charles Reade.

The capacity of our sorrows belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows.—Henry Giles.

Life is what we are alive to. It is not length, but breadth. To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money making, and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes, is to be all but dead.—Malthus D. Babcock.

None but the fully occupied can appreciate the delight of suspended, or, rather, varied labor. It is toil that creates holidays; there is no royal road—yes, that is the royal road—to them. Life cannot be made up of recreations; they must be garden spots in well farmed lands.—Mrs. Gilbert Ann Taylor.

If thou canst not continually recollect self, yet do it sometimes, at least once a day, namely, in the morning or at night, examine thyself what thou hast done—how thou hast behaved thyself in word, deed and thought, for in these perhaps thou hast oftentimes offended against God and thy neighbor.—Thomas a Kempis.

We are ready to enter our name on