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The Franklin Times

JAMES A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

LOUISBURG, N. C. JULY 25, 1914

IN THE LONG RUN.

This old-fashioned saying, "In the long run, the victor will emerge," was slightly expressed, and scarcely uttered, "Is one of the best." Oh ponder young trimmer, With young life begun, The deep earnest meaning Of "in the long run."

"In the long run," boys, The seed will spring up That was sown in the garden Of drooping in the cup. And remember! no roses Will spring from the weed, And no beautiful fruit From unwholesome seed.

How many a stripling In trouble to-day, By vicious living, With comrade so gay; With character shipwrecked, And duties undone, Will be sorrow's harvesting "In the long run."

And "in the long run," The toiler fares best Who performs honest labor, And takes honest rest. Who, contented and happy, Hastens not, in a day, Or a year, to reap riches, That will pass away.

The good and the evil That hide on the earth, The pain and the mirth, The battles unheeded, The victories won, Will yield what was sown, In "the long run."

WATT WEMYSS'S RIVAL.

There had been a stormy courtship. Watt Wemyss was one of your fidgety, self-tormenting sort of lovers, and so jealous—why, had Miranda been his sweetheart, ten to one but he would have scented a rival in the freckled, hag-born Caliban. But his sweetheart was Diantha Drew, of a temper widely different from the gentle Miranda's. Her moods were as capricious as an April day. Seldom or never was hapless Watt allowed to bask over an hour at once in the sunshine of her smiles. Her theory of keeping a lover up to his work, was to keep him constantly on the rack—not quite to drive him to despair, but the nearer to the verge of it the better.

More than once Watt had seriously debated the pros and cons of turning his back on the freakish beauty and seeking some gloomy solitude wherein to sit, like a lovesick Volney, amid the ruins of his hopes, and sigh away his days in melancholy broodings. But just at the critical moment Diantha would vouchsafe a gracious look—one so full of tender meaning, so irresistibly enchanting, that before he knew he found himself again at her feet, and more than ever her submissive slave.

One day Watt, after a longer than usual season of calm between Diantha and himself, resolved to make an end of the worries that were tearing him to shreds and to bone and to marrow, and to go, if it was only to show Diantha how little he cared for her defection.

Watt Wemyss's get up was something stunning; and there was a noticeable swagger in his air as he strode up an down stairs. Diantha's anxious sisters. Just let him see Diantha Drew, that was all! Wouldn't he freeze her with a stare? He had been keeping one eye all day for her!

It was already late when Diantha made her appearance. She didn't look a whit like Watt. After all, but in company with her aunt, and looking anything but cheerful. Possibly she had been crying; at least her eyes looked red enough.

"And no wonder, thought Watt Wemyss, if she had any con-

THE FRIGID STARE.

Could he see Miss Drew? he inquired of the servant who answered his ring. Miss Drew was engaged just then, the girl believed, but if he would wait, she would carry in his name.

He thought that and for the purpose was conducted to the drawing-parlor.

He picked up a book, but had hardly opened it when the sound of voices through the door that led to the library arrested his attention. In an instant the fire of his jealousy rose to white heat. One of the voices was Diantha's, as softly modulated as a cooing dove's; the other—it maddened him to hear it—was Ichabod Bligh's, deep-toned, impassioned, earnest, like that of a pleading lover on his knees.

Watt had long suspected Ichabod of being none too good to seek to be his rival; but good heavens! had it come to this! Had the villain presumed—

"But hark! 'Perhaps there is another' hoarsely queried the voice of Ichabod. 'No, let me assure you there is no other,' answered hers, with earliest warmth. 'Because, Ichabod, furiously thundered, 'if I thought that sneaking wretch whose name vile rumor links with yours had but the smallest ground for hope, I'd—' 'Pray calm yourself; he is nothing less than nothing to me,' Diantha hastened to interrupt. 'There was something sepulchral in Ichabod's voice when next he spoke: 'My life hangs on the question I am about to ask; Do not, I entreat you, answer it lightly. Adorable creature, do you love me? The answer came in a voice so still and small that Watt Wemyss's ears, strained as they were to catch the slightest sound, failed to hear it. But the sequel made it easy to divine the purport. 'Your words have thrilled my soul with joy!' cried Ichabod in ecstasy. 'Come, darling, let me clasp you to this bosom; henceforth to be your resting-place! Watt could bear to hear no more. His first impulse was to rush in and throttle his supplanter with the faithless Diantha in his arms; but on reflecting that Ichabod was a strapping, brawny fellow, whose prowess had more than once been proved, he gave way to his discretion, and made a rapid advance homewards. 'No! I'll not let her drive me to despair and strichine. Watt wisely concluded, an hour's cool reflection in the quiet of his chamber. 'I'll bear it like a man, and let her see I do. The next evening was that of Mrs. Blount's party. It was to be a grand affair. Everybody was invited, Watt Wemyss among the rest. He was to have been Diantha's escort on the occasion; but that was out of the question now. Of course, Ichabod would apply his face. Still he wasn't going to stay away. He would put on a stiff upper lip and go, if it was only to show Diantha how little he cared for her defection.

HUES OF CONDUCT.

Never exonerate. Never give a promise that you do not intend to fulfill. Never send a present hoping for one in return. Never speak much of your own performances. Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company. Never make yourself the hero of your story. Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question. Never question a servant or child about family matters. Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself. Never read letters which you may find addressed to others. Never associate with bad company. Have good company or none. Never call attention to the features or form of one present. Never look over the shoulder of another who is reading or writing. Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered. Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present. Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.

THE JAPANESE STAGE.

The Japanese stage is made to revolve. While one scene is before the public another is in process of arrangement.

"Did you see your brother's liar?" asked the stern parent, and the culprit replied: "Well, I said he was a sewing machine agent."

An Irish editor says: "Our women are accused of being fond of whistling. Well, so be it. What is more noisy than a well-blown nose?"

People speak carelessly of bloated aristocracy, as if an aristocrat is always obese. "This is wrong. Some of the aristocracy of to-day is mighty thin."

THE TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

The thick thunder threatened torrents, the tempest tossed the trees, throwing their trembling trunks to and fro. Tripping toward the town, Theodore thought: "to-night Theodore reads the tiresome thoughts, thinking things that—

"Thud!"

The terrified truant turns to trace the threatening turmoil. There, toward the toll-gate, tramped Theodore trying to throttle two thieves.

"Take to the timber, Theresa!" thundered Theodore. "Tell that timid thing thought Theresa, treading tiger-like, tip-toe toward the trio. Then, telling Theodore to throw the taller thief, Theodore, taking 'Volney' for a guide, dug through the thickness of the thief's coat, and with a gasp recognized the trouble that threatened the town. They turned triumphantly to town, there to tell the tale. To-morrow they met together.

"The reporter who was requested to write up the death of two vandals, said he'd see 'em hawced first."

WATT WEMYSS'S RIVAL.

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