

FRANKLIN TIMES.

JAS. A. THOMAS, Editor and Proprietor.

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NUMBER 14.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
Rev. S. BAKER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M.,
every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Wednesday night,
G. F. SMITH, Pastor.

BAPTIST.
Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.
THOS. B. WILDER, Supt.
Preaching at 11 A. M., and 8 P. M.,
every Sunday.
Prayer meeting Thursday night,
F. B. SMITH, Pastor.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, SECOND QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MAY 29.

Text of the Lesson, Math. xxv, 17-30.
Memory Verses, 26-28. Given Text, I Cor. xi, 26—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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"Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto Him, Where wilt Thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the Passover?" This was of all passovers the greatest, for it was the consummation and fulfillment of this one. I have heartily desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Luke xx, 15, margin). And He also said that it would have a fulfillment in the Kingdom of God.

The first passover was in connection with the deliverance of Israel from Egypt. The will future fulfillment will be in connection with a far greater deliverance of Israel, so much greater that the former shall not seem worth mentioning (Jer. xli, 14, margin; 1 Cor. x, 7, 8). May the "Where wilt Thou" of the disciples, with the "What wilt Thou?" of Paul (Acts ix, 6) be ever our attitude to Him.

18. "And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the Passover at thy house with My disciples." In Luke xli, 10, we learn how they would know the house and find the man. They would meet a man bearing a sword, and following him they would find the house.

19. "And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready the Passover. And when the hour was come, they sat down to eat. And as they were eating, Jesus said, Verily I say unto you, One of you shall betray Me, and give Me up." It is written that they went and found as He had said. So it was also in the matter of the Passover. Jesus had said that one of them would betray Him, and He was right. He was right in His prediction, and He was right in His prediction.

20. "Now, when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve." It would be interesting to consider the preparations which they made and the significance of each item. Let the teacher take time to refer back to the institution of the feast in Ex. xii, and show how the Lamb, kept four days and then slain, a lamb without blemish; the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, the sprinkled blood, are all so full of significance as typical of Christ our Passover sacrificed for us (I Cor. v, 7).

21. "And as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray Me." There were only 12, the innermost circle of His followers, and yet He says "one of you." But it was no surprise to Him, for Jesus knew from the beginning which one they were that believed not, and who should betray Him. It was Judas, and well had Judas concealed from them what he really was. Instead of suspecting any one they each said, "Lord, how can I betray Thee? I have no such thing in me." What a wonderful Savior to have such a one in His company all that time and never tell the others.

22. "And He answered and said, He that dipeth his hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me." John xiii, 26, says that Jesus dipped the sop and gave it to Judas Iscariot. When those who have been our friends, or at least have professed to be our friends, turn against us and become our enemies, it is a most trying thing, but it is blessed fellowship with Jesus, for as He was treated we must expect to be.

23. "The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him. But who unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed." It had been good for that man if he had not been born. It was all foreseen and foretold, even as the apostles said concerning the treatment of our Lord by Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the gentiles, and the people of Israel, they only did what God's hand and counsel determined before time. Unless there is a change of heart, it is all as it is written. It is a lesson that should be indelibly fearful to the hearts of the disciples of our Lord. His words in this verse have no significance; but see Job xxxvii, 18.

24. "Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said. According to John xiii, 27, 28, Jesus said, "That thou dost, do quickly." And Judas went immediately out, and it was night. And it is still night with him who betrayed his Master, the darkness of darkness forever, and there is no escape.

25. "And as they were eating Jesus took bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat. This is My body." The Passover being fulfilled, or about to be, but not for the national benefit of Israel at that time because they knew not the time of their visitation and would not have their Messiah. He institutes a new ordinance, to continue till He shall come again.

26. "And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it, for this is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." When He said, "I am the bread of life," He certainly would not suppose that any one would think that He was an actual door or vine, and so here it is beyond thought that He would have us consider the bread and wine as His actual body and blood, but they represent His body given for us to the death on the cross and His blood poured out for us.

27. "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it anew with you in My Father's Kingdom." Luke xxii, 18, says, "Until the Kingdom of God shall come." In Luke xxii, 29, 30, He speaks of His own Kingdom, and of the Kingdom of His Father, and of the Kingdom of His Kingdom and sitting on thrones judging the 12 tribes of Israel. From I Cor. xv, 24-28, it seems that His Kingdom shall precede that of God the Father, and yet we shall probably find that both are one and the same thing. On that same night He said that He had given to His people the glory which the Father had given Him, and that He was desirous to show it to us. In Rev. xx, 6, it is said we shall reign a thousand years, and in Rev. xxii, 3, that we shall reign forever and ever. As in that lesson, so again we rejoice that we shall be "over with the Lord," and then we shall fully know. Are we hearty one with Him now, and of His great desire to gather out His bride and hasten the marriage of the Lamb?

28. "And when they had sung an hymn they went out into the Mount of Olives. Then followed Getsemani, where He left the eight, and afterward the three, and went alone.

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SOMEHOW OR OTHER.

Life has a burden for every one's shoulder. Some may escape from its trouble and care. Miss it in youth, and 'twill come when we're older. And fit it as close as the garments we wear.

Borrow comes into our homes uninvited. Robbing our hearts of its treasure of song. Lovers grow cold, and our friendships are slighted. Yet somehow or other we worry along.

Midst the sweet blossoms that smile in our faces Grow the rank weeds that would poison our bliss. And even in the midst of earth's beautiful places There always is something that isn't quite right.

Yet of from a rock we may pluck a gay flower. And drink from a spring in a desolate waste. They come to the heart like a heavenly dower. And naught is so sweet to the eye or the taste.

Everyday toil is everyday blessing. Though poverty's cottage and crust we may share. Weeds lie on the back on which burdens are pressed. But stout is the heart that is strengthened by prayer.

Somehow or other the pathway grows brighter. Just when we mourn there was none to be found. Hope in the heart makes the burden grow light. And somehow or other we get to the end.

—American Bazar.

INTO DEEP WATERS.

Something struck the vicar in his daughter's appearance that day. He was a grim man, and generally he remarked little that did not concern his work. Her eyes sparkled and she was full of some mystery. He was reminded of her childish days when she used to prepare "surprises," and he thought as he looked at her that after all she was not much changed by lengthening of frocks and twisting her hair up.

Then he retreated once more into himself. She had no remarkable beauty from any classical point of view. Her features were not regular, and an analysis of her claim to even pretensions would have shown it to be slender. Yet Sibilyl North was pretty, and she had that nameless charm that is more potent than perfection.

Her mouth was good and so were her teeth, and as she was always laughing you saw them well and knew how white and even they were. Her eyes were not large nor were they colored any way noticeable, but they danced with mischief and merriment. Her hair was brown and curly. It was long, too, and she was very proud of it.

She had the happy temperament that is not ruffled by the thousand and one small worries of life. She was not spared any of these, I suppose, but she rode buoyantly over them like a craft so light that the waves carry it safely above the rocks against which a heavier vessel would be broken. She was splendidly healthy, and this perhaps made it easy to be light hearted.

Mr. North was a widower with a family of six, of whom Sibilyl was the eldest. She kept house for him, and she helped the governess with the children's lessons. She played cricket with the boys in the field behind the house on the holidays. She mended stockings, she patched youthful knees, she knitted and she read to her father. She had always a lap or bosom to be tried on by the 6-year-old boy or the 8-year-old little sister, and she could comfort either and turn their tears into smiles. She packed for the brothers when they went to school, and she had a cake somewhere among their clothes to cheer their homesickness.

Mr. North was a silent man who had given himself up to books. He was short in his manner, and his children regarded him with awe. Sibilyl was looked upon as mediator, but mediation was little necessary since all authority was vested in herself and the governess. To Sibilyl only did he show the warmer side of his nature. He liked to have her with him. He put into her willing hands much that was precious—and tedious, too—of his work, and she copied for him and made copious extracts. He seldom praised her in words. It was not his way.

"I should like a picture of you," he said one day suddenly. "A picture, father?"

He was silent for a few moments. "Well, a photograph," he said presently, and speaking slowly. "As a family this has been neglected. Your mother died, and I have no likeness of her."

He said nothing more and the subject was dropped. Sibilyl went on with her work of correcting proofs. A smile curved the corners of her mouth and her eyes twinkled. Her thoughts wandered.

From the study window she could see the waves beating on the shore. The vicarage stood on the Cornish coast. It was on the outskirts of a fishing village and four miles from a town. The smell of the sea and the taste of brine were in the air when presently Sibilyl put down her work and went out.

William North opened the window and looked after her. He, too, noticed the smell of the sea. The air seemed full of spray, and the waves broke themselves on the shore with a low roar.

Is a poor musician who can't blow his own horn.

"I would not be without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for its weight in gold," writes Dr. J. Jones, of Holland, Va. "My wife was troubled with a cough for nearly two years. I tried various patent remedies, besides numerous prescriptions from physicians, all of which did no good. I was at last persuaded to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which promptly relieved the cough. The second bottle effected a complete cure." The 25 and 50 cent bottles are for sale by W. G. Thomas, Druggist, Louisville, N. C.

How to Enjoy Good Health.

If you are suffering with any skin or blood disease, rheumatism, catarrh, ulcers, old sores, general debility, etc., send stamp to the Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for book of wonderful cures, free. This book will point the way to speedy recovery. Botanic Blood Balm, (B. B. B.) is manufactured after a long tested prescription of an eminent physician, and is the best building up and blood purifying medicine in the world. Beware of substitutes. Price \$1.00 for large bottle. See advertisement elsewhere.

For sale by druggists.

insistence. It was on the next day that Sibilyl wore an air of mystery. Mr. North's birthday was approaching and the children were getting up a play. Instinctively he connected with their sparkling eyes, that seemed of themselves to be chuckling over something, and a mysterious visit to the town. He remembered afterward her look upon that day.

The play progressed. William North unbent somewhat and quizzed the children as to the surprise they were getting up for him.

"But Sibilyl's got a real surprise," said Mabel, the youngest girl, blushing in an excess of affectionate confidence part of the secret of her sister.

"Hush!" said Sibilyl. "You little hush," cried the boys, "one can't tell you anything."

"The mysterious visit to the town!" said Mr. North. "Be quiet, father, you're not to know," said Sibilyl. "Mabel, I told you not to say a word about it."

"Yes, Mabel shall have her tongue tied," cried one of the boys. "You little tattletale," said the other, and Mabel subsided into tears and Sibilyl's lap.

Mr. North watched her as she soothed the little thing's distress. How gentle she was! "Oh, my girl!" he said to himself suddenly. Her goodness seemed revealed to him in that moment.

"There's a spring tide tonight," said Arthur. "Jack and I are going to Tether's point to see it. Old Tremlin says it will be one of the highest ever known, and there's a splendid sea on already."

The younger children clamored to be allowed to go too. "No," said Sibilyl. "You, Willie and Mabel, must stay with me. Tether's point is too far for you to walk, besides it will not be high tide before your bedtime. Elsie, you can go with them if you like, but you must put on your strong boots, and tid nurse to the my woolen scarf across your chest."

Willie and Mabel began to protest. Mr. North returned to his severe manner and silenced them. "Sibilyl says no, and that is enough," he said. "Not another word!"

Their mouths turned down. "I think they might come down to the beach, sir," said Sibilyl, seeing their disappointment. "It is only Tether's point that is too far. Mabel, be good and ask father if you may come down with me for a quarter of an hour before going to bed."

Mabel shrank back behind her elder sister's skirts. "But Sibilyl meant to go to Tether's point herself," said Elsie. "You told me so. You wanted to see the waves."

"I can see them just as well on the shore here," said Sibilyl. "Why should you sacrifice your self to these children?" said Mr. North testily. "Why can't their governess take them?"

"She is lying down with a head-ache, sir, and nurse has a cold, and I can't send one of the other servants out tonight. Besides, I like to go with the children."

"Well, just as you like," said Mr. North crossly. He went to his study, the wind was roaring round the house and the waves thundered on the shore. He settled himself to his work. He dipped his pen in the ink and looked at the ruled paper before him. He wrote a sentence, read it over, altered a word and finally canceled the whole with a line. Then he began once more. The house shook in the fierceness of the gale. A draft came from the chimney. Presently he heard the boys and Elsie starting. He heard their boots on the hall, and Elsie's "strong pair" creaked. Arthur ungallantly told her that they made his head ache. Mr. North smiled dryly as he heard Elsie start that they had been Arthur's before they had been his, and that they would be his still only that they had conspired to fit him.

"And I'm not surprised," she added, "though they're miles too big for me."

The door slammed on the argument. Then he heard the pattering of Mabel and Willie and their excited voices calling for Sibilyl.

"Coming, coming, coming!" sounded in her voice from up stairs. He heard her bounding lightly down with a jump at the last four steps. Then it struck him that he had spoken crossly to her—even though it had been to her own behalf—and as she passed the study-floor he called to her.

"What is it, father?" "Nothing. I want to kiss you, that's all."

"Dear old father!" "I am a bear sometimes."

"Never, father. Never a bear to me."

"Sibilyl!" "Yes, dear."

"Do the children love me?" "Yes, father. You are a little bit sharp with them sometimes."

"She laid her face against his. "Try to be gentle with them."

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made—that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its unceasing tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and was so much relieved on taking the first dose that she slept all night; and with two bottles, she was absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Lottier Letts." This is written W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Aycock & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Yellow Jaundice Cured.

Suffering humanity should be supplied with every means possible for its relief. It is with this view we publish the following: "This is to certify that I was a terrible sufferer from yellow jaundice for over six months, and was treated by some of the best physicians in our city and all to no avail. Dr. Bellour's druggist, recommended Electric Bitters; and after taking two bottles, I was entirely cured. I now the great pleasure in recommending this medicine to any person suffering from this terrible disease. I am gratefully yours, M. A. Hogarty, Lexington, Ky. Sold by Aycock & Co., druggists, N. C."

They are children. They don't understand." "How good you are, Sibilyl!"

After that moved as if he would go on with his work. The children had opened the hall door, and they had admitted the four winds of heaven.

"Now I must be off," she said. He never knew what impulse moved him, but he followed her to the door, and there he kissed her again. When he went back to his writing table, there were tears in his eyes.

Half an hour passed. It was filled in the study by the sound of the scratching of a pen. The vicar wrote that night a sermon that he never preached. The text was taken from the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs and the twenty-ninth verse.

He heard the children come in and he called to them. "Where is your sister, dear?" he asked of Mabel.

"She went up in because it was time for us to go to bed, and she has stopped because she wanted to see the sea, and so we're going to nurse."

"And oh, the sea's so rough," said Willie, "and there are big enormous waves as big as—oh, ever so big! And Mabel's hair nearly blew away, and our coats are quite wet."

"No," said Sibilyl. "You, Willie and Mabel, must stay with me. Tether's point is too far for you to walk, besides it will not be high tide before your bedtime. Elsie, you can go with them if you like, but you must put on your strong boots, and tid nurse to the my woolen scarf across your chest."

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"She is lying down with a head-ache, sir, and nurse has a cold, and I can't send one of the other servants out tonight. Besides, I like to go with the children."

"Well, just as you like," said Mr. North crossly. He went to his study, the wind was roaring round the house and the waves thundered on the shore. He settled himself to his work. He dipped his pen in the ink and looked at the ruled paper before him. He wrote a sentence, read it over, altered a word and finally canceled the whole with a line. Then he began once more. The house shook in the fierceness of the gale. A draft came from the chimney. Presently he heard the boys and Elsie starting. He heard their boots on the hall, and Elsie's "strong pair" creaked. Arthur ungallantly told her that they made his head ache. Mr. North smiled dryly as he heard Elsie start that they had been Arthur's before they had been his, and that they would be his still only that they had conspired to fit him.

"And I'm not surprised," she added, "though they're miles too big for me."

The door slammed on the argument. Then he heard the pattering of Mabel and Willie and their excited voices calling for Sibilyl.

"Coming, coming, coming!" sounded in her voice from up stairs. He heard her bounding lightly down with a jump at the last four steps. Then it struck him that he had spoken crossly to her—even though it had been to her own behalf—and as she passed the study-floor he called to her.

"What is it, father?" "Nothing. I want to kiss you, that's all."

"Dear old father!" "I am a bear sometimes."

"Never, father. Never a bear to me."

"Sibilyl!" "Yes, dear."

"Do the children love me?" "Yes, father. You are a little bit sharp with them sometimes."