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LITTLE MISS SNOW, SPINSTER.

Little Miss Snow is on the trot
From end to end of the village street.
Whenever you open the blind you meet
Her sunny face and her smile so sweet.
I wonder if she is here to stay,
To visit the sick and poor away?

A handkerchief dangles down beside
The trim little figure trotting along.
I wonder if it is unwise or wrong,
To ask—did she ever hear lover's song?
Perhaps—but then it was long ago;
For now she is just our little Miss Snow.

Every door is open to her,
She with her step so short and quick,
She with her shoes that clatter-click
Along the walk for the poor and sick,
She with her way so soft and mild,
Softening the grown folk and the child.

Under her little gray cloak is hid
A heart that's tender and good and true;
A pair of clear eyes look out at you,
She with her way so soft and mild,
Softening the grown folk and the child.

The tap of her fingers is soft and low
When she comes to the door where sick
Folks are.
She never brings bother, or fret, or jar—
Nothing to hurt and nothing to mar—
Only quiet, comfort, release
From brooding pain—and her medicine's peace.

May a day and many a year
Out of the shadow she comes to delight,
Out of her cot that is cozy and white,
Out of her gate in the dead of the night,
Out of her garden of roses to bring
A smile to drive away sorrow and sting.

Little Miss Snow, our spinster sweet,
Tender and good and true—and great!
Open her door and wide her gate,
Open her hand, early or late,
You scatter sunshine wherever you go,
Dear little spinster, little Miss Snow!
—Helen Seymour Keller, in the New York Sun.

THE ADVENTURES OF A YELLOW SAMARITAN

Just a Mongrel Dog, But He Sympathized With the Puppy.

HE was a fat, round, irresponsible fox terrier pup. Both his short ears and his bobbed tail were carried at an impudent angle, and he would every few minutes in his journey down North avenue to savagely bury a bit of waste paper or other moving debris in the gutter.

It was plain that he had run away from home. He had all the devil-may-care air of a small boy on his first runaway escapade. A kindly faced woman, standing on her doorstep, tried to beguile him into the house, where she could read the name on his collar and send word to his master. She loved dogs herself and knew what it meant to have the family pet lost in a great city.

But the fox terrier pup was not to be beguiled by soft words or even by the offers of a piece of cake. He had had his breakfast only half an hour before and was in no mood for further stuffing. Instead of wagging his tail and making friends with the kind lady, as a polite little dog should have done, he backed off to the edge of the curb, made an awful face and barked in a most snappy and ridiculous way. Then presently he ran on down the street.

"Some little like will be crying for his lost puppy this morning," said the woman to her husband as she went back into the house.

Half a block further down the puppy heard something which sounded like a big humble bee buzzing away up the street. Now the puppy had been born and brought up in the country, and this was his first experience of city life. He remembered that it was great fun to bark at and chase humble bees, so he decided to run out and scare this big one that was coming down the street so fast.

But the puppy ran and sat down right between the rails, facing the oncoming trolley car. The motorman was kind hearted enough, but he had to run at a certain rate of speed or lose his job, and, besides, it is a common trick for dogs to sit in front of a trolley car until it gets within a few yards and then to jump out of the way. So he did not reverse the current, simply ringing his big bell to scare the puppy off the track.

The puppy dropped his tail and his ears, and his bark of defiance gave way to a pitiful yelp of fear. He started to run for his life, and if he had not been such a foolish little puppy he would have started in plenty of time. But instead of jumping over the rails to a place of quick and easy safety, the frightened pup ran straight down the track before the oncoming car.

The motorman threw on his brakes and tried his best to stop the car, but it was no use. First the end of the projecting fender struck the little dog. That knocked him down. The fender passed over him, and he might have escaped unhurt had he not tried hard to roll and scramble out between the front and hind wheels of the car.

As the pup felt the wheel strike him he started to yelp in agony. Now his shrill, agonized voice, whining, yelping, howling, might have been heard for half a dozen blocks in every direction. Men, women and children came running from near-by houses. The wail of the pup might have been that of a child so nearly human was it. The women and men stood in two thick rows on either side of the street and looked on sympathetically.

"Here, Bill," said the druggist on the corner, addressing a friend, "take my revolver and go out and kill the poor little brute."
"Kill him yourself," answered Bill.
"Aw, I never could kill nothing," said the druggist.

"It's a shame some of you men don't put the poor little dog out of its misery," said a woman in the crowd. "I'm going to call the police. You're a lot of cowards!"
"Now, if I had some chloroform," began a man with gray side whiskers. "Go on!" broke in another irreverent. "You're afraid to get within twenty feet of him."

Altogether there were more than a hundred people in the crowd, and they stood there and talked while the poor little pup howled in his agony. But even before the people the dogs had gathered. They came running from every direction at the first sound of the fox terrier's yelp. No one would have dreamed that there were so many dogs within a mile of that place. All sorts and conditions of dogs—huge, shaggy St. Bernards, lean, savage looking great Danes, bulldogs, dachshunds, toy terriers, setters, curs—big and little dogs, well bred and vulgar dogs.

Now it was to be expected, perhaps, that men and women in such an emergency should play the part of cowards and stand aloof to watch the suffering of the pup. But the assembled dogs did the same thing—which was surprising. The dogs stood in the gutters on both sides of the street, sniffing the blood tainted air and now and then giving vent to a little excited bark or wline. A fox terrier and a great Dane, indeed, left the line on one side and advanced to within six feet of the fox terrier pup. But there they stood, seemingly afraid to go a step nearer. Some strange influence seemed to hold men and dogs alike spellbound. And still the pup, writhing beside the car tracks howled in agony.

Running fast down the side street on three sound legs came a gaunt, yellow dog. It was mangy and flea bitten. It had sore eyes. One of its front feet had been mangled by some heavy weight. It held that foot high from the ground and still made rapid progress. It was an utterly disreputable, friendless, homeless cur.

First it pushed its way through the crowd of men and women. It made its way the more rapidly because people did not like to be touched by the dirty brute. The line of dogs gave way also. With its tail between its thin hind legs the curging cur went straight out to where its little brother lay in his death agony. It crouched beside him in the mud and licked its nose with its tongue, all the while whining in heartbroken sympathy.

Two women in the crowd started to cry at the sight. Almost everybody felt something harden in his throat.
"Here," Bill called to the druggist, "give me that gun. There are some things a fellow can't stand."
Bill went out into the street, took careful aim and pulled the trigger. The little fox terrier straightened out stiffly into the merciful oblivion of death. At the sound of the shot the yellow cur, which had been the first and only thing to come to the relief of its stricken comrade, became in an instant again a hunted, terrified vagabond. It ran down the street as fast as fear and three legs would carry it.

Behind it a fat, pampered, utterly useless Japanese spaniel—the pet, perhaps, of an equally pampered and useless mistress—gave a shrill yelp. Then all the other dogs joined in.

Away fled the yellow Samaritan with more than fifty barking furies behind it.
Alas, the dogs are, after all, so much like men!—Chicago Tribune.

Queer Purchases.
If John D. Rockefeller buys Popocatepetl, the Mexican volcano, as it is reported he may, it will be only one of many remarkable purchases recorded in history. Popocatepetl itself, which is 16,300 feet high, and is famed throughout the world for its sulphur-bearing crater, was once put up at auction. It is now the property of a general in the Mexican army. He offers it for sale at \$5,000,000.

About three years ago the Magdalen Islands, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, were offered for sale in a London auction room, but no amount of commendation of them by the glib auctioneer succeeded in drawing a bid.
It is said that you usually pick up a town cheap in any of the large auction rooms in Russia, for in that country such towns as get into financial difficulties are at once sold to liquidate their debts. Only two years ago the town of Verditchew, which has 4000 inhabitants, was sold at auction because it ran into debt with the Government.—Cleveland Leader.

In England ninety towns own their own gas works, the average net income being \$1,047,125 per annum.



THE KINDLY SMILE.

The kindly smile is the quiet, dignified one, which girls would do well to cultivate. It has a charm all its own. One always feels drawn toward a girl who possesses such a smile. Its attractiveness lies in its refinement and kindness. The whole face seems to light up at once in a sincere, womanly manner, which, while quiet, is distinctly encouraging, and therefore pleasing to the eye and mind.

THE VOCATION OF THE WIFE.

Now the occupation of being a wife, including presumptively, as it does, the occupation of being a mother, is one of extremely comprehensive scope. Some women who seem not to have had very much education do very well at it, and some women who have been profusely educated make pretty bad work of it, says Harper's Bazar. It is a calling in which health goes for more than accomplishments, that phase of wisdom which we call "gumption" for more than learning, instinct for more than character for most of all. But you can not overeducate a girl for the occupation of being a wife.

You may keep her too long at her books and out of what we call "society"; you may teach her to value un-duly things of minor importance; you may misdirect and miseducate her in various ways, but you can't educate her to think so wisely on so many subjects that she will be above that business.

Nobody is really so superior as to be too good to marry. Plenty of women are too good to marry this or that or the other individual man; too many women, perhaps, in these days, are educated beyond the point of being satisfied with any man who is likely to want to marry them, but the woman who seems "too good for human nature's daily food" hasn't been overeducated.

The trouble with her is that she doesn't know enough. She is not overdeveloped, but stunted. Education is the development of ability, and a wife—and, even more, a mother—can't have her abilities too much developed. Her place is a seat of power, and all the knowledge that she can command will find a field for its employment.

GOOD ADVICE FOR A WIFE.

Nothing is more unfortunate or more detrimental to her happiness and peace of mind than for a young and inexperienced woman to start married life with the firm conviction that she is going to manage everything connected with her new home—including her husband—according to her own special ideas. It is generally such women who are conceited enough to think that they are quite competent to train up a husband in the way he should go, and it comes as a great shock to them when they find that he prefers to go in quite a contrary direction.

A woman who starts out on her matrimonial career with the idea of managing her husband will, in nine cases out of ten, come to the conclusion in less than six months that marriage, as well as her idea, is a failure.
A man will be master of his own home, and the woman who is truly mistress of her household never fails to set her husband upon a pedestal, and to insist that all in the house shall honor him as lord and master. There are many women who think it is right that they should resent the most trifling infringement of what they consider is due to them from their husbands, and will say or do the most extravagant things in order to assert themselves, as they think. As a matter of fact, they only succeed in making themselves look ridiculous, and will often cause a husband to resolve that if his wife will not try to harmonize her wishes with his own, matters shall be carried out in the manner he thinks fit.

Don't stand on your dignity with your husband, and insist on setting forth what you consider your rights. Deference to a husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of domestic life running smoothly. Make up your mind that you will be patient, and practice the art of forbearance as much as possible during the first two or three years of married life, while you are getting used to each other. That is the critical period of married life, and if it passed in safety it is generally fairly plain sailing afterward. —New York Journal.

DRAWING ROOMS.

How different is the drawing room now from that of a generation ago— even of half a generation! Writers in the women's newspapers in England are commenting on the fact with keen appreciation of the change, and in this

country it is even more in evidence than across the sea.

The wax fruits, the woolen antimacassars of the last generation passed away with the stuffed birds and the wealth of artificial orange blossoms under glass cases long ago. The present generation has almost forgotten them.

It does remember better the chenille monkeys that used to climb over the gas fixtures on the walls, the yards upon yards of art muslin that used to be turned over chairs and flower pots, and the sofas that came in when the horsehair period expired. And it regrets them and the array of Japanese plates on the wall even less.

That period of eccentricity in decoration has passed.
"The modern drawing room," said a man interested in the development of domestic art the other day, "is, under proper auspices, now a picture of refined simplicity, an epitome of art and a real haven of rest."

"The furnishes and decorators have combined with housewives of more developed tastes and better ideas than their predecessors to make it so. They have borrowed from the past all the best ideas it had, and they have added them to the conveniences of the present."

"Take the taste in wall coverings. Crudely colored, gaudy papers, displaying impossible flowers and grotesque semi-conventional designs, have been abandoned in favor of self-colored papers, striped ones showing variants of one color, silken hangings, tapestries and stenciled sackcloth arranged in panels after the old method.

"Then the carpets. Where beautiful rugs, the highest development of the weaver's art, have not replaced them, we have velvet pile, with a border repeating the main color in many tones.
"And for chair coverings we have kept the Old World chintz, redolent of an age when women wore white, lavender or cinnamon, pale blue and simple pink, and dressed their hair in ringlets."

"And never has there been a day in which cultivated women have been more keenly alive to the beauty of good wood than they are now. They collect satinwood, walnut, oak and mahogany, and will not suffer an inch of tablecloth to hide the exquisite sheen of their favorite pieces of furniture.

"Taking the drawing room as indicating the artistic sense of the period, surely we have every reason to be proud of the progress of art in the home."—Boston Post.

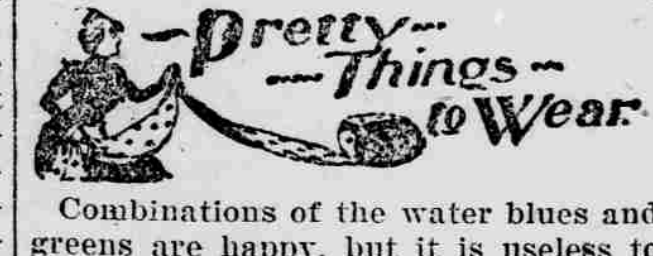


Benzoil should be used sparingly on the complexion. Used too freely it will cause the outer cuticle to fluff away in tiny particles, and then the surface becomes rough.

A pleasant mouth wash is made by combining one tablespoonful of pure borax, one pint of distilled water, one ounce of liquid myrrh and five drops of thymol. Put one tablespoonful in a glass of water and use three times a day.

For enlarged pores, after washing the face with warm water and drying it, massage with the well-beaten white of an egg, to which one-half dram of powdered alum and one-quarter dram of rose water have been added. Put this on at night, rubbing it well into the flesh. In the morning wash off.

Moist patches are almost invariably the result of liver or kidney trouble. The victim of these unsightly blemishes should eat plenty of apples and oranges and should drink quantities of buttermilk. An ointment to be applied every night is: One ounce of benzoated lard, one ounce of white precipitate, one ounce of subnitrate of bisnuth.



Combinations of the water blues and greens are happy, but it is useless to attempt description of the colorings.

There are innumerable new silks. One called the Sappho, having about the quality of soft taffeta, but a satiny finish and coming only in plain colors, is a decided favorite.

Ermine tails dangling from lace or passementerie ornaments are a trimming detail often used, and fur cabochons or huge buttons are another novelty used in connection with passementerie cords, etc.

Among the fancy varieties are chiffon and panne velvets whose warp is printed in Pompadour bouquets or flower garlands, the coloring of the flowers being softly blurred by the pile, which is preferably in white.

Reception gowns, which used to be invisibly closed by hooks and eyes, now often show a line of buttons, provided these are handsome enough to look well with the material used for a gown to be worn by artificial light.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "VITAL UNION WITH CHRIST."

The Rev. C. D. Case, Ph. D., Tells How the Son of God Within Us Becomes the Source of Divine Companionship, and of Power for Achievement.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Rev. C. D. Case, Ph. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church, Montclair, N. J., recently preached the following brilliant sermon, which was titled "Vital Union With Christ." The text was chosen from Galatians ii:20: "I am crucified with Christ and I no longer am crucified with Christ, and the life which I now live I live by faith in the Son of God who loved me and gave Himself to die for me." Dr. Case said: "The highest conception of the Christian life which this generation seems to have accepted is to be found in the words, 'Follow Me,' as uttered by Christ. It is thoroughly Biblical. Jesus says to Philip, at the beginning of His ministry, 'Follow Me.' He tells the four on the sands of Galilee, 'Come ye after Me.' He commands the taxgatherer in His office, 'Follow Me.' He presents the same standard to the rich young man who loved his money better than life, 'Follow Me.' Now the resurrection has passed and what shall be the new conception of the Christian life of the new life? It still the same and Christ proclaims to the same disciples at the same place on Galilee, 'Follow thou Me.'"

The grand and infinitely simple way of looking at the Christian life had been lost. What the church believed and accepted its appointed means of grace. But now after these centuries Christendom has rediscovered this idea and made it the very center and core of the Christian life. Mr. Henry Richards, on the Congo, reads to the natives the words of Christ, 'Give to him that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again,' and then proceeds to practice them, with the result that the natives first beg and then return, and then ask for the way of life. Mr. W. T. Stead, while in his London jail, wonders what he shall write to the girl whom he has succeeded in placing in a Christian home, and at last, by a flash of insight, writes her, 'Be like Christ.' Charles M. Sheldon presents as the ideal of every life, to act as Christ would act if He were here in our place.

What is the trouble with this conception? This, that it represents the statics but not the dynamics of the Christian life. It tells us what to be like, but does not tell us how we shall become like our Lord. Kant thought that the same man who of deliberate choice accepted evil could with the same deliberate choice and by simple will, be good when he saw it. This is a fine philosophy, but a poor religion. It does not explain Gough, McAuley, Hadley. It gives us the ideal, but not the power to embody the ideal.

Listen to this statement and see if you can find a better one to express this idea of following Christ. "Be like Christ," he said to have made a bad choice in pitching upon this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy even for an unbeliever to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ could approve of our life." And yet it was no less a person than J. S. Mill, the unbeliever, who wrote this.

The Bible represents this union in different ways. Now it is that of the Foundation and the superstructure signifying direction; now of the husband and wife representing union; now of the vine and branch, signifying the communication of life; and finally, most tenderly and mysteriously, of the relation between the Father and the Son. In whatever way it is spoken of it is evidently an essential phase of the Christian life.

Dr. A. J. Gordon once saw what he called a parable of nature up in a part of New England where he spent his summer holidays. He saw a tree, a large natural grafting. Two little saplings grew up side by side. Through the action of the wind the bark of each became wounded, the sap began to mingle and at last the two trees were firmly compacted. Then the stronger tree, being the trunk of the weaker, it grew larger and larger while the other grew smaller and smaller; then began to wither and decline till finally it dropped away and disappeared. Now, there are two trunks at the bottom and only one at the top. Death has taken away the one; life has triumphed in the other. The illustration thus given by Dr. Gordon only fails in not giving sufficient importance to the words "I live" of the text. The religious life is not self-immolation, but self-realization. It is not absorption, but amplification.

Without thinking for the present of the unvarying condition of this life, "crucifixion with Christ," or the motive of such living, "Christ loved us and died for us," the means of such living, "faith in the Son of God," let us think more at length of the single sublime thought, our union with Christ and its bearings upon the different phases of the Christian life. This text, for the present, empowers us; we are to have a pure evangelical Christianity which shall move the world.

First, note that Christ within us is the source of true divine companionship. The appearance of Christ from the resurrection had two definite purposes. The first was to convince the disciples that Christ was truly alive, or, in other words, to connect the past Christ with the present Christ. The angels had assured them that Jesus would go into Galilee there to meet them. As soon as faith had accepted these words of both Christ and the angels the disciples would leave Jerusalem; but this did not take place until after a week.

The second definite object of Christ's appearances was to teach the disciples the spiritual nature of the kingdom, or, in other words, to connect the present Christ with the future Christ. Among such teachings are the words, "Follow Me," spoken to the seven in Galilee; the promise to all, "Lo, I am with you all the days," and the command that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but "wait for the promise of the Father, which He said, ye have heard of Me." A glance back into the fourteenth chapter of John shows what this promise was. The sixteenth verse says: "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you forever." But of whose presence is the Spirit the embodiment? The eighteenth verse says: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." Then the twentieth assures the disciples: "At that day ye shall know that I am in My Father, and ye in Me and I in you." Thus the Christ's objective companionship becomes a subjective fellowship.

How closely can two people, heart to heart, be together? There is always the veil of the flesh between. All we can do is to interpret looks, words, and sometimes our judgment is wrong even on those nearest to us. We all walk a solitary way. Few reach that beautiful companionship represented by Browning in "By the Fireside."

"When, if I but think deep enough,
You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme,
And you, too, find without rebuff
Response your soul seeks many a time,
Piercing its fine flesh stuff."

Then it is that Christ Himself comes closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet, comes into the innermost recesses of our nature for sympathy and communion with the human heart.

Christ within us is also the source of power. Christ does not give us power by making mere machines of us. We are the clay in the potter's hands, but we are something more. God does not want us to be slaves, but freemen; not subjects, but sons. An equally false way of considering the help that we receive from God is that we are to do all that we can with our natural or redeemed powers, and then let God do the rest. The longer we are, the stronger we are and the less we need God's interposition. Every time God helps us, we are less of a man or woman, and the stronger we grow the more independent, and the less we need faith. The end of it all would be absolute independence of God. Surely, this is not God's idea.

The true way of looking upon our relation to Christ is that His presence within our heart by faith gives us energy to achieve, not by enslaving, but by entrancing; the will is enlarged as well as being vitalized, it, until with Augustine we can say: "We will, but God works the willing; we work, but God works the working."

Philippians, 2:12, 13, has often been misunderstood. It says: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. For it is God which worketh in you, as well as to will and do of His good pleasure." To "work out" does not mean to work into outward expression what God puts within us, but as it literally means, to "achieve" for salvation is an achievement as well as being at the same time a gift. Nor does it mean that we are to work in Paul's absence. The possibility of working out our salvation rests upon the fact that God is within us, so that we can will and do of His good pleasure. Thus, we will and do of His good pleasure, and which when necessary God can use; it is ourselves acting. That which God does is not our act unless God works through our wills.

The possibilities of such an empowered life are divine. We need not be perfectionists and still believe as we ought that Christ's grace is sufficient for us. Many pretend to believe it, and do not live it. They worry; they fret; they give up. The most of us seem to think that the normal Christian life is to rise and fall like the tides. Yet Paul says: "There hath no temptation befallen you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way of escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Christ within also makes all living sacred. We have made sad divisions among objects. We have divided the world into holy and unholy, and declared that God could be found only in certain places, which had been consecrated. We have divided time into holy and secular, declaring that we would serve God on the one hand and conduct our business and amusements as we pleased the rest of the week. We have divided money into two parts. We have said that the giving of the one-tenth, or one-twentieth to God, justified us in the claim of unlimited freedom on the part of the rest. We have divided up persons, and put a certain class of people called priests, ministers, missionaries, upon pedestals, declaring that the standard of conduct for them differed from the standard for others, and that their work was especially religious.

All wrong. All space is holy, and the green grass may be the chancel carpet and the trees the massive pillars and the sky the dome, if below there is a heart praying in spirit and truth. All time is sacred. The Monday should be as much devoted to God's service as Sunday, and the office and the store should be as much shrines of devotion as the closet. All money is sacred, and the money spent upon the necessities of life, and the money spent upon the pleasures of life, should be with equal consciousness as upon the church. All Christians have Christ within them, and they should aim to objectify His life. There is nothing we need to-day quite so much as the Christianization of the secular life.

Then at last, the Christ within is the source of final holiness. Christ at last is to present us holy and unblemished, and irrevocable in His sight.
Sin does two things for us, separates us from God and distorts our nature. When we are forgiven we are restored to the divine fellowship. But what about the effects of sin upon our nature? See the scars upon the tree and what the life of the tree does for it. Listen to what Paul says: "I am perplexed until Christ be formed within you." As Christ had His Bethlehem, His Nazareth, His Olivet, so does He again in His reincarnation have His Bethlehem, His Nazareth, His Olivet. Who knows why our plant grows into the geranium, and the other into the rose? The type is something more than the ideal presented for the imitation of the plant. It is an informing life.

I think it was the last thing that Dr. A. S. Gamber wrote for the Examiner: "Among the Dutch the rose was sometimes cultivated by planting an inferior rose close to a rose of superior variety. The rose of inferior quality was carefully watched and anthers removed to avoid self-pollination; the object being that it should be pollinated by the superior rose. Gradually the rose thus treated took upon itself the characteristics of the superior life of its companion. So our lives are pollinated as it were by His righteousness."

Thus Christ within becomes to us the source of divine companionship, of power for achievement, of the exaltation of conduct, of final holiness. He who wishes to plant hope within his own heart of such prospects, should begin and never cease exercising faith in Him who loved us and gave Himself to die for us.

Each Day's Living.

Our life may be food to us, or may, if we have it so, be poison, but one or the other it must be. Whatever it is, beyond all doubt, it is eminent—very real. So merely as the day and the night alternately follow one another, does every day when it passes into dawn, bear with it its own tale of the results which it has silently wrought upon each of us for evil or for good. The day of diligence, duty and devotion leaves it richer than it found us, richer sometimes, and even, commonly, in our circumstances; richer always in ourselves.