



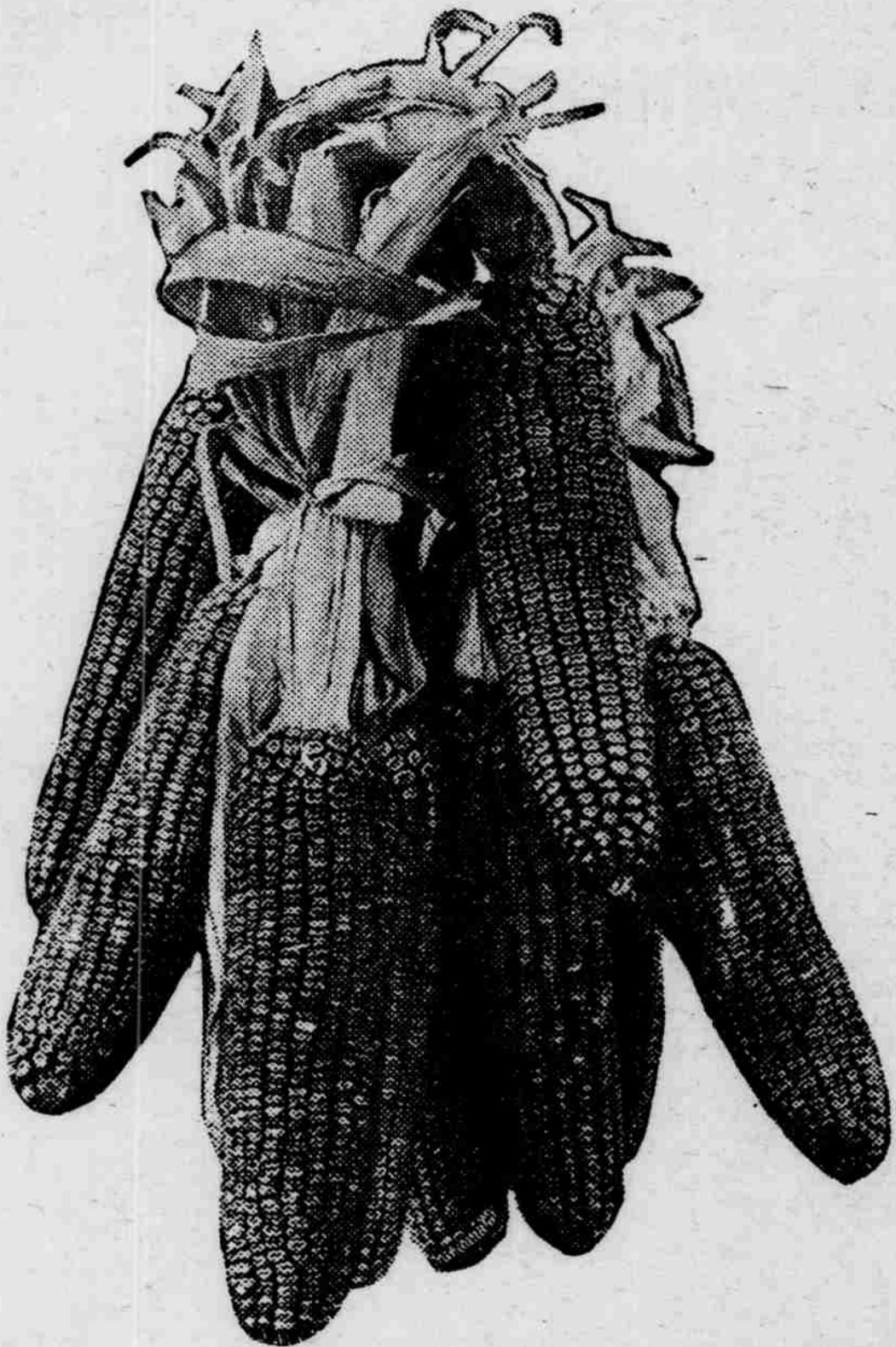
FINE
POULTRY
EXHIBITS



GRANVILLE COUNTY FAIR

FALL OF 1914

STRONGER AND BETTER



Agricultural Exhibits

INCREASED INTEREST ALONG ALL LINES. THE LADIES ARE ALREADY PLANNING FOR LARGER AND BETTER EXHIBITS



FINE
STOCK
EXHIBITS



The Mistake of Her Life

It Was Rectified by a Third Party

By MAY C. ETHERIDGE

I am fond of motoring and am considered about as good a driver as any woman in the town in which I live. In summer I make long tours, sometimes extending over several weeks.

One night while touring I stopped at a neat farmhouse, the owner and sole occupant of which was a young woman about twenty-seven and comely, but there was a dissatisfied expression on her face as though she had met with some serious disappointment.

She told me her name was Elizabeth Wyman; her father and mother were dead and had left her the property on which she lived—a dairy farm. She had nothing to complain of except loneliness. I suggested that an attractive young woman with a nice farm should have no trouble in getting a good husband, the best panacea for loneliness. This brought about a confidence which resulted in her giving me the cause of her disappointed look.

"The trouble about men," she said, "is that they don't understand us women."

"And perhaps," I interrupted, "we women don't understand men."

"When I was a girl living here with my parents a man named Warren bought a farm down where the road crosses the creek. He had a son named Abner. I first met Abner Warren at a cornhusking, and he picked me out among all the girls present, dancing with me oftener than with any of the rest of them. He seemed then to be a fine, manly fellow who could look any one straight in the eye. He didn't treat me right afterward, but however he acted he had that same honest pride in his look.

"Two or three of the girls made a dead set for him, and Agnes Walker got him. I thought at the time she must have managed it very adroitly, and I couldn't understand his engagement himself to her when he had—at least on our first acquaintance—favored me. Agnes was not well liked by us girls, and that was another reason why I was surprised at Abner's engaging himself to her.

"The engagement between these two didn't last long. I never understood why it was broken, and no one else seemed to know. Abner never said a word about it. As for Agnes, all she would say was that she didn't care. It was whispered about that she didn't confine her lovemaking to Abner, and he objected to having to divide it with some one else. It was the general impression that Agnes was one of that kind of girls who make, or seem to make, easy conquests of men, but who don't seem to have the faculty of holding them after they get them.

"As soon as Abner Warren broke with Agnes he renewed his attentions to me. I was glad enough to get him back, though his affair with her left a scar in me. He was very respectful to me as well as attentive, and it was not long before he proposed to me. Before I accepted him I told him I thought I had a right to know what had passed between him and Agnes. He replied that he didn't think I had any such right. I gave up the point, though I was not satisfied to do so, and we became engaged.

"All went well with us till one day Bettie Underwood came to see me, ostensibly to talk about some church matter, but I've always believed since that she had another object in view. While we were talking she asked me if I'd heard that Agnes Walker and Cyrus Buckley were engaged. I said I had not, remarking at the same time that if it were so Agnes had not been a long while getting over her affair with Abner. Bet replied that Agnes wouldn't marry Abner on any account. Naturally I asked why.

"You don't know anything about that matter," she said. "You've, doubtless, heard Abner's side of the story, but you've never heard Agnes'."

"I've never heard either side," I replied.

"She went on talking about something else, but what she had said left a very unpleasant impression on me. I tried not to think of it, but the more I tried to banish it the more it persisted in coming back to me. At last I could stand it no longer and spoke to Abner about it, telling him what Bettie Underwood had said.

"He seemed ill at ease and tried to turn the matter aside. This made me the more suspicious, and I told him that if he had treated Agnes badly I should know it, for if a man will deal wrongfully with one woman he will do so with another. To this he replied that a girl about to be married had best leave alone her lover's previous affairs with women. Her only concern was his treatment of her.

"I insisted that he should make a clean breast of it, and he refused. Then I took off the engagement ring he had given me and handed it to him. He looked at me for a few moments with a sorrowful expression, then told me that I was making the mistake of my life, and would prove the truth of what he said. He wouldn't treat any woman badly unless she treated him or some one whom he loved badly, and then not for revenge, but for infliction of a just punishment. He left me and has never been to see me since."

My hostess paused in her story, and I saw that what her lover had said to her was true. She, not he, had made the mistake of a life. Doubtless there was something between him and the girl he had broken with that he could not speak of without casting blame upon her. If both were at fault there was all the more reason that whatever it was it should be kept secret. There are many affairs of little or much importance that cannot be unraveled without a regular trial, and even then it is often impossible to extract the truth.

But I said nothing of this to the story teller—at least, not then. I was curious to know what her lover meant by saying that he would prove that she was making a mistake in endeavoring to force him to make a clean breast of his relations with his first fiancée. So I asked her if there was no more to tell.

"Yes," she continued, "there is one very important matter to tell. Soon after Abner's parting with me I heard that he had become attentive to Bettie Underwood. I inquired if Bettie accepted his attentions and was informed that she was very much pleased with them. Can it be, I thought, that she will engage herself to the man against whom she had covertly warned me? I had not long to wait for an answer to my question. It was soon generally understood that Abner and Bettie were engaged. One day I met Bet in the street and asked her if the report was true. She said it was and flounced away from me, evidently desiring to avoid a discussion of what she knew I had on my mind."

Again the narrator paused, and I asked her if she had finished her story.

"There is little more to tell," she said. "The engagement between Abner and Bettie lasted just one month when it was broken off. Since Abner never came to see me after I returned my engagement ring I could not ask him what it all meant. I suppose he engaged himself to Bettie to show me how silly I had been to permit her to make a breach between him and me, and that she did it because she wanted him herself. I doubt if she was a girl of much feeling, for she married some one else within a year after she broke with Abner."

I asked Miss Wyman if Abner Warren had married, and she said he had not. He had since inherited the farm on which he lived and kept house alone. Before leaving I asked to be informed of its location, thinking that I would like to meet him. It happened that my route passed his house, and I made up my mind I would find an excuse to have a word with him.

I bid my hostess a sympathetic goodbye, promising to make her a visit on another occasion, then started again on my travels. When I reached the house of Abner Warren I left my car at the gate, and, seeing a man at work, asked him some questions as to the roads I was to traverse. In the course of the conversation I gave him an opportunity to tell me his name and learned that he was the man I sought. Then I asked him for a glass of buttermilk and sat on the porch of his house while he got it for me.

While drinking the buttermilk I told him that I had been entertained by a Miss Elizabeth Wyman, who lived a few miles down the road, and I spoke of her in very high terms. I told him that I wondered that so lovely and attractive a woman had not been appropriately hinted that I surmised she had experienced a disappointment.

I could not help being amused at the interest he took in the subject, and when I added that Miss Wyman was one of those true women who when they gave their hearts away would never withdraw them I hoped he would give me his confidence, but he did not, proving himself to be the kind of man I supposed him to be from the story I had heard. However, I thought it quite probable from the effect my words produced on him that something would come of my effort. I left him without having given him any reason to suspect that I knew his secret.

What I said to him bore quick fruit, for, returning that way, I stopped at Miss Wyman's and found a great change in her.

"What do you think has happened since you were here?" she asked, her face lighted by a radiant smile.

"What?" I asked.

"Abner Warren has been to see me."

"You don't mean it? And all is made up?"

"Yes, and we are engaged again."

"The Lord be praised!"



SATURDAY NIGHT SERMONS

BY
REV. SAMUEL W. PURVIS, D.D.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

Text, "Behold the birds of the air." Matt. vi, 26.

There must be a gospel of things Christ seemed to be forever finding lessons in objects about him. The implication is that we, too, ought to draw lessons from all we see and hear. Like the bee that can gather honey from any flower, we ought to gather wisdom from every source. As a mirror gives back our image, so all material things—cloud, leaf, tree, floating atom of dust in sunshine, flying worlds glowing in evening sky, give back to us meanings and speak to us in parables—the sun an emblem of the Son of Righteousness, rock of God's eternity; withered leaf emblem of human life as it fades; Christ says, "Behold the birds of the air." And of all living creatures they seem more like spiritual beings, creatures of earth and heaven, hovering between the two. There is a fascination in study of their habits and bodily structure. They are to the animal world what flowers are to the vegetable, precious stones to the mineral, what brilliant rainbow is to the darkened sky. Flower, perfume, stinging birds, arched bow, are added touches of nature from the fingers of God's love. I like the birds' freedom from care. Whether migrating north or south, it is with happy voices of pilgrims. Two homes have they, one here, another there. Born into one, when winter comes something calls them to a sunnier clime. Get that, Christian—child of two worlds?

A Lesson In Faith.

Notice their brilliant robes. All the artists in the world couldn't equal in delicacy of color peacock's feather or silvery light about dove's neck. Will God not provide garments of immortal splendor for the soul poised for eternal flight? Sometimes food is plentiful, sometimes scarce, for the little songsters. They chirp content on empty stomach or full one. Recently, while the snow was yet on the ground, I saw my first robin of the season. He bowed and chirruped with a grace and audacity and courage that seemed to say, "You may think it's winter, but I know better." I looked all around and there wasn't one living thing besides himself that gave evidence that spring would ever come. The trees looked as lifeless as dead sticks. Not a bud was swollen with hope or promise; not even a crocus bud dared to thrust its nose through the cold earth. As I walked down the street my heart was lighter. I said: "That robin redbreast knows better than I if it is true that spring is near. He has the faith to sing before there is anything visible to sing about. He sees the spring and summer while it is yet cold and dark." Thank you, Mr. Robin Redbreast, for your lesson of faith. I know that faith is the evidence of things not yet seen.

The Wings of the Almighty.

David prayed to be kept under the shadow of God's wings. O yearning heart of God, whatever is meant by wing of mother bird—warmth, shelter, nearness of love—all is realized for the human soul under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty. Are we fleeing from the justice of broken law? Get to the mercy seat. Covering before threatened storm of anguish? Make for the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High. Are we surrounded by strife of tongues? From that high blast flee as a bird to your mountain. To the hiding place under the shadow of God's wing. That wing is slow to anger—slow as flight of crow, quick to help as flight of swallow. That wing is broad as eagle's, strong as condor's. "Not a sparrow falleth," says the word. That means care. See that mother bird leave its nest? Deserting its young? It is off to the berry bush, she is back. The fluttering feathers are stilled as the mother spreads out her wings. God seems to leave you for a time. He'll return. "Weeping may endure the night; joy cometh in the morning."

"Behold the Birds of the Heaven."

Behold them! They are up with the flush of dawn, busy with their tasks, nest making or food gathering. They do not turn day into night and night into day. There are no drones among them. Every grown bird must pick its own living. All they ask is to be left alone. I pity the "society folks" among us. Make me think of the little canaries in their gilded cages. Men despise the bat, half bird, half mouse—creature neither of earth nor sky. Dislike the Christian holding on to earth and heaven. I dislike the vulture, carrion bird; fattens on the carcasses of the dead. One thinks of gossipy folks who prey on character and feelings of others. A few weeks ago a bat crept into my soul, morose, melancholy bird of the night, doleful and hideous. It was some time before I could drive him out, and a lark came in and sang. "The dawn of sunshine in my soul today." The dawn is a sacrificial bird, like the one upon vulture and hawk swooped down upon Golgotha. It is emblem of the Holy Spirit. The dove flies home. Possible bed of dying child yesterday I saw a dove take its flight, the little creature, poised like bird on sunset tipped roof, spirit wing fluttered as she bowed call of angel mother bird in far distant land—and she was gone.

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