THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XVIII. FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1903. NUMBER 8

A SAILOR'S SUMMONS.

A something white came up last night,
It was the mist, I wist, or rain.
It wheeled about, flashed in and out,
And fluttered against the window pane,
It was a bird, no doubt,—no doubt,
And will not come again.

And something beat with slow repeat,
Ann heavy swell, the old sea-wall,
And shrill and clear and piercing sweet,
I thought I heard the boatswain's call.
The sails were set and yet, and yet,
It may have been no boat at all.

But if tonight a sail should leap,
From out the dark and driving rain,
You must not hold me back nor weep,
For I must sail a trackless main;
To find and have, to hold and keep,
What I have sought so long in vain.

I need no chart of sea nor sand,
Nor any blazing beacon star,
My prow against wild waves shall stand
Until it cuts the blessed bar,
And I run up the shining strand
Where my lost youth and Mary are.

—Flavia Rosser, in The Criterion.

BRED I' THE BONE.

By PATRICK VAUX.

It was close on sundown when the U. S. A. despatch boat Speedy sighted and spoke Admiral Brainerd's most westerly scout, the Denver, protected cruiser; and the cruiser's were the last American eyes that she was ever to see. In the northeast, leagues away from San Domingo, the American liberation of which from continual internecine strife had caused the European Alliance to declare war against the States, Brainerd was feeling for the enemy's powerful fleet, hoping to divert its attention from the U. S. A. Flying squadron swooping down to devastate the western coasts of the mainland of Europe, and also secure the Windward passage against its approach on Domingo and Cuba. That afternoon, acting on information accurately supplied by the captain of the R. M. S. Co.'s mailboat, the admiral had flung his scouts, one after the other, down into the southeast, and detailed the quick-steaming Speedy for Santiago with despatches, and to speak the westerly scouts, when encountered, with orders to rejoin the main body of the fleet.

Her acting lieutenant, getting the utmost out of her fine engines and sweaty-browed engineers and firemen, sighed contentedly when he looked at the speed dial. Another four hours at eighteen-a-half knots should see him in harbor. He also found relief in the thought that Lieutenant Durey would then be in hospital. "Poor fellow," he [illegible] he wiped the wet off his [illegible]. "Better a shell in [illegible] and end up in [illegible] have no complaint!"

Below, in the little cramped wardroom, Durey was writhing in a fresh attack of agony. A suffocating sob burst from him; he dug his elbows into his knees. With his face supported between his hands he let himself swing like an automaton to the vessel's jobbling. So excruciating were the flames of pain within his breast that it was as if a thousand nerves, raw, vibrant, and exposed, were being plucked out by their roots. He gritted his teeth together to hinder himself from shrieking. Sweat beaded his heavily-lined brows and trickled down over the twitching ashen-gray cheeks. Gasping thickly, he threw himself back, shut his eyes, and stiffened his muscles.

Then suddenly his anguish fled away. For a minute or two he sat there, panting with exhaustion, his body limp and shaken; but a lurch and weather roll made him secure himself in a safer position beside the table. He wondered with fear, when the next attack would recur; then the jumpy, tumbling movements of the hurrying boat diverted his thoughts.

As she, boat, carefully nursed through the Caicos Passage by her tired officer, hurled herself up the dark, seething slopes flashing dimly with kindling phosphorus, heaved herself across the widening troughs and smashed down a growing sheaf of sea, she jarred and groaned and quivered in every inch of her rigid hull. But Durey was oblivious to the many-voiced turmoil. Within his brain jostling thoughts were making a noisier hubbub. He sat there looking dully at the shielded glow-lamp, his square-cut head sunk between the even shoulders, and his thin, long-fingered hands gripping the "fiddle."

Lieutenant Durey was of slender build, unfited for much hardship or physical stress. Nothing but his high-spirited nature had enabled him to withstand the pungent seasoning of the gun room. However, his seafaring ancestry had bestowed on him a temperament fearless of the elements; to him at sea it came as mere routine to cope with and bear the weight of the greatest elemental danger. From the female side of his family stock was the taint developed in him—his ineradicable abhorrence of physical suffering. At school his cowardice of a caning had earned the contempt of other and hardy lads. However, as years had passed and his physique improved, he had partly lost this squeamish nicety of feeling, and through his profession had become hardened to the thought of possibly experiencing it some day.

Nevertheless, this blemish was not wholly eradicated, and, making him look constantly ahead to a state of war, it had covertly inspired his withdrawal from the service.

However, when the rumor of war spread in the land, Durey had offered his services again. He was comfortably married by this time, with a charming wife and babes; and until the very last moment had entertained a vague innerly hope that his wife or his parents would offer some strenuous opposition to his re-serving, some opposition to which he could honorably bow the head. To their God-[illegible] he had to join his ship.

[illegible] sat, clutching the "fiddle," he admitted, mentally, a secret gladness at his being [illegible] sick-bay ashore. While [illegible] the flagship the spectacle of [illegible] gory, living things, once sturdy [illegible] seamen, brought aboard out of a shattered cruiser, had revived all his inborn abhorrence of suffering. His moral courage, too, had suffered defeat from the sudden attack of his malady—the growth of an internal tumor developed by his exposure to wet and cold when on mine-field duty in Hampton Roads. Surgeons had differed in diagnosis, so the Admiral, knowing his responsibilities for handling men, had suspected idea for urgent treatment.

[illegible] he sat, grasping the "fiddle" to keep his balance, the sudden pitches of [illegible] weather, the indistinct scampering of naked feet overhead, the deepening throb and thud of quickened machinery took his attention. With a curse at his infirmities of mind and body he switched off the light, staggered to the ladder, and slowly clambered on deck. As he drew his legs out of the companion, the boat made a steep dip; hastily banging to the hatch, Durey grabbed a life-line and stared about him.

The night was heavy with the menace of storm. Though a myriad stars gleamed ahead, the horizon to windward was obscured with cluods. The strong head-wind blew wet and sharp with spray that stung the lieutenant's throat and nostrils like fine salt. With a start of surprise he saw the men were standing by at quarters, and amidships torpedo gear was being rapidly adjusted abeam. Gulping down an exclamation—was it of fear or amazement?—he staggered forward to the bridge.

As he climbed its ladder a swirling bunch of sea meeting the port bow splashed over the forecastle and bridge weather-cloths. Contact with the chilly gouts of spray restored Durey's self-control. The drenched sub. was clearing his eyes, when he observed him.

"Hello, sir," cried he, in a voice charged with excitement, "would y' not be better below. She's throwin' a lot of water aft. Bridge's like a mill-sluice—"

"No good drivin' her, I reckon. She's [illegible] more than she's makin' over 18 [illegible]," grunted. "Why are [illegible]"

"It's c[illegible]. Look th[illegible]!" interrupted the [illegible] long iron binoculars, and shooting an arm west-by-south. "Four big [illegible]. Overhauling us, I guess, too. We'll fight, though, if it comes to that. Sorry didn't report, sir. I was waiting till there's more certainty about them.

Durey steadied himself and took a long look at the distant strangers heading down on their port quarter.

"They're none of ours. What are they doing there? I just reckon the leading boat 's a smart thing, an' 'll take some lickin'," he snapped out, quick as his heart was beating.

The acting lieutenant nodded emphatically. "That's my way of thinkin'," he screeched against the flurry of wind. "The look I got before that streak of cloud came up, gave them away. Guess the Alliance have run out a flyin' squadron also. Keen lookouts they must have. They've sighted us. They shifted nine points to the west'ard, and put on speed. Looks as if they know something about us."

"They're taken the pass as we cleared the Caicos. Running for Santiago and the transports," cried Durey, and snatched the binoculars out of the lieutenant's hands.

As he stared at the enemy, envy, vehement and despicable, swept into him, for well he knew the Speedy's commander was cool and collected, while it was himself who was growing flurried and painfully apprehensive. Was he a coward physically as well as morally, he asked himself, and instantly was eating his heart in bitterness at his inborn pusillanimity.

He was moving to the binnacle when a sharp cry broke from the acting lieutenant. "By the Powers, they've opened fire!" and the smothered report almost overwhelmed his voice. There was a volcanic eruption of red-hot splinters and sparks amidship as the night-spent projectile flopped against the base of the mainmast, crashed through the deck, and wrecked everything in the after-part of the vessel.

Durey recovered himself from the port bridge-rails against which he had been hurled with the sudden toppling of the thrashed hull. The acting lieutenant lay in a bloody heap beside the wheel, and from aft came shrill cries and hoarse yaps of tortured bodies.

For the moment he winced, and felt a hopeless feeling possess him, but the next he was bending over his insensible junior. A second projectile ricochetted over the seas wide to starboard, sending up great showers of snowy brine visible in the night; a third plunged short by 10 feet off the port quarter. The enemy could play a good game at long bowls.

"Bear a hand, here, some of you forecastle men," Durey ordered. "Aft, there, report the wreck," as, with the poor groaning lump of humanity in his arms, he tried to stanch the flow of blood from the mangled arm and ribs. Jagged segments and splinters of steel make ugly wounds.

Warm, sticky blood smeared his hands and wrists; it made him feel very sick. Disgust swept through him at his own weakness, and with tender but shaky hands he bound up the ghastly lacerations. Only a little more, and the acting lieutenant would have been eviscerated.

As Durey turned from assisting the seamen to lift him down the ladder, the tight feeling in his throat became more choking when he realized that the enemy were now visible to the naked eye. The flashing from the foremost vessel's bow chaser struck his senses like a blow, though not another shot hit his vessel. Between 5700 and 6000 yards distant he was from the leading cruiser. Four points off the bow Great Anagua began to loom low and indistinct in the darkness for the equally wind chopping about had cleared the starry heavens of cloud and the thin drizzle of rain.

Onward rushed the Speedy, throwing herself up the great swells and slapping down into the hollows as if lashed on by the great guns thundering out behind her. Had the enemy surmised her errand?

Lieutenant Durey had returned to the bridge from attending the wounded. Though pain gnawed at him he gave no heed to it. Sense of the responsibilities now lying on his shoulders had revived his self-respect and induced an obliviousness to suffering hitherto foreign to him. He was streaming with salt water, and his eyes and nostrils were stung with brine and the salty northeast wind that roared and eddied about, smelling of the deep, gray Atlantic surges and storm-filled weather. Its sharp tang permeated his brain. It revivified the dominant instinct of his stock.

Durey was transfigured by its magical influence. His face settled in stubborn lines; a grim joy lightened it; his weak, sensuous lips became hard as iron bars. He had the omnipotent look of the man who goes forth to death knowing it is the best fight of all.

Crash went a heavy projectile through the cap of the port smokestack, and smoke and flame poured in a lurid cloud to windward.

As Durey threw a defiant look at the cruiser again spouting fire, the second artificer reported water rising fast in the after stokehold. The projectile which had wrecked the after-part of the boat must have started some plates.

Durey now had no hesitation. He bent over the bridge rail. "On deck, there. The gunner to the bridge. . . ." Calmly and incisively he issued his orders. Then "Up helm" electrified the gun crews, yet their hoarse cheering brought no change to their officer's iron-clad expression; his voice but rang the harder and more despotic as he gave the sighting ranges to torpedo and gun. For his line had claimed him heart and soul.

Who can tell how many fierce-hearted forebears' blood sang joyously in his pulsing body at he thrust his weak vessel against the enemy, now opening a terrific cannonading? And what thoughts thronged his clattering senses as the four great, thundering cruisers loomed large upon his bows. Who of his forebears claimed him then?

It was not till the war was over that the Speedy's fate was known.—The Criterion.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

P. J. Kent was operated on in a Chicago hospital the other day, and from his brain was taken a knife blade one and one-quarter inches long. The blade had been in his skull for 22 years, and since that time he had been subject to what were supposed to be epileptic seizures.

A sublime spectacle was witnessed a few weeks ago in a Tyrolean valley near Tannheim. A violent storm arose suddenly, and many globes of lightning rolled over the surface of the lake. Then a column of water, 30 feet high, rose from the middle of the lake, and from its top small flashes darted. The spectacle lasted three minutes.

Electric lamps cannot only be made to talk, but also to sing. An ordinary sound by placing the arc in the circuit of a telephone instead of the ordinary receiver or instead of the ordinary transmitter. In either of these positions it will pronounce words, which can be heard distinctly at a considerable distance. It naturally follows, also, that the electric car can be utilized as the receiver and also as the transmitter of the telephone.

Piles of the rather unusual length of 110 feet were recently used in constructing the fender piers for the Thames river swing bridge, at New London, Conn. This length was secured by splicing North Carolina piles from 50 to 65 feet long with spruce piles from 35 to 40 feet. Some of these piles wer driven in 50 feet of water. They were all used to replace piles driven in 1889, which had been almost entirely eaten away by the teredo.

A petition, signed by 3000 persons, says the Naples correspondent of the London Express, has been presented to the Italian government, asking for a pension of £72 per annum to be conferred on a wamon named Maddalena Granetta, who has given birth to 62 children—59 boys and three girls—during her married life. In nine years she presented her husband with 11 sets of triplets, three groups of quadruplets, one group of six, and the other 11 children came singly. She is now 57 years old and incapable of work.

The greatest egg-laying competition on record has just been concluded in New South Wales, under the management of the state government. Forty-one pens—there were six pullets of one breed in a pen—competed and the competition lasted for a period of six months. Black Orpingtons showed incomparably the best results all through. The New South Wales poultry breeders have now sent a challenge to the United States, inviting breeders of laying strains to forward three pens to compete with three local pens under the same conditions.

The Vulgar Voice.

What constitutes the vulgar voice? In an article in the London Spectator a writer concludes that this evidence of vulgarity "springs, like almost all vulgarity, however displayed, chiefly from two causes—an undue love of conspicuousness and an undue fear of the same." The person whose chief aim is to keep himself or herself in the eye of the world rarely makes a remark without desiring that it shall reach the ears of others besides the one directly addressed; and here the peculiarity of false sound of the voice is attributed to the absence of singleness of motive.

On the other hand, the wavering tone and affected accent of the timid vulgar are ascribed to another form of insincerity, namely, the wish to imitate others with whom one happens to be, when they are of a supposedly higher social standing. The attempt is sure to fail, and to result only in the suppression of all evidence of the speaker's own personality—in the voice as well as in the manner. Thus sincerity, paramount in all art, is basis in breeding as well, which is the art of life.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "A NOTE OF WARNING."

The Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman Rejoices That the Bible Gives Instances of Failure to Serve as an Inspiration—How to Avoid Similar Mistakes.

NEW YORK CITY.—The following sermon entitled, "A Note of Warning," was preached by the great evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman.

It is to the praise of God that He has in His word given us repeated instances of men who have fallen, that they might serve as a warning and their very failure be an inspiration to us to avoid similar mistakes. One can not read the story of Adam and Eve without getting a glimpse both of the power of Satan in his overthrow of our first parents and the tenderness of God as He cried out in the cool of the day: "Where art thou?" We can not study the life and character of Noah without being impressed with the fact that a man might be used of God to-day, then tomorrow wander away so far from Him as to make grievous mistakes. The whole of the Old Testament is a cry to those who have wandered away from God to return. In their wanderings we get our lessons, and in God's cry we have certain evidence that though we may have sinned, yet He is always ready to put our sins away from Him and from us.

One of the best illustrations in the Old Testament, to my mind, is that of Saul. He made a splendid appearance as a king. When the people demanded a king God sent Samuel to look one out, and he found Saul, whose appearance was king'y. If nothing else recommended him to the throne this did. The first thing Samuel did was to pour the anointing oil upon his head, which was an indication that God was taking him for His own, and thus separating him from the world. A little later we read that the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, and it looks as if he must have been filled with His presence, and must have fulfilled the highest expectations of the people. A little further on in his history the man of God appears to him, saying: "God is with thee, thou mighty man." And we have come to the conclusion, as we look upon it, that it is indeed true, and when the people cry out for the king and Saul is called forth, he stands head and shoulders above the men gathered about him, and involuntarily the people, when they look upon him, are stirred to such enthusiasm that they shout,

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

Afterward, when he went to Gibeah, there gathered around him "a band of men whose hearts God had touched." Thus the story goes on, with Saul rising ever higher and higher in the popular esteem and favor. Yet in the end, and in the face of it all, he blackened the pages of the Old Testament, made the ruling of his kingdom a failure, and died by his own hand—really, in the sight of God, a murderer.

One cannot read such a story as this without trembling, and it is for each one of us to-day that the Bible was written, that we might know God, and that we might know ourselves.

I have learned from this story of Saul, the king, that it is possible for one to be born of the Spirit, really to be saved, and to be saved forever, and yet

MISERABLY FAIL

in the sight of God.

I remember preaching in one of the cities of Indiana. For four days the church was crowded, but a crowd is not an indication of a blessing. Not infrequently the presence of a crowd is an indication of defeat, for preachers are apt under such circumstances to put their confidence in men, rather than in God. During all the four days not a hand was lifted for prayer, nor a single indication given that there might be an awakening on the part of the Christian people. The field I was next to labor in seemed quite ready for the harvest, and in the preparatory services many people were being saved. I called the ministers of the Indiana city together and asked them to give me the privilege of closing my engagement with them, that there was some barrier in the way of the working of God's Spirit, and that I felt when I preached as if I was bound with chains. After a little conference one of the ministers requested that the decision be withheld for a little, that he felt sure that he knew where the difficulty was. As the leader of our force of personal workers we had one of the members of this minister's church, a man well known throughout his own State, and a judge of one of the highest courts. Somehow it seemed that when this man passed through the audience he sent a cold wave over the people. From the conference of ministers the pastor of this church went into the office of this old judge and said to him:

"I have been hearing rumors on the streets for a long time that your life is not clean, and I have come to say that if these rumors are untrue I desire to take some public stand with you to contradict them, but I have also come to say that if they are true I will stand nearer to you than a brother, and help you to get free from the power of your besetting sin."

The old judge looked a moment at him, and then put his head on his arms on the desk and sobbed out:

"They are all true, and more."

In a moment they were on their knees in prayer, and it was but a moment more before the old judge rose a delivered man, free from the power of his sin.

I was just lifting my hands to pronounce the benediction at the close of an afternoon service when the church door opened and the old judge came in. Having lifted his hand to ask permission to speak he made this statement:

"My friends, I have been known for years as one of the members of the church and as an officer of the church, but for a long time my life has been robbed of its power and my soul of its peace. I have lost my influence in my home, and I fear almost altogether in my city. But I have gotten right with my minister, and right with God, and I have come to ask your forgiveness."

The confession was made with sobs. There was no benediction pronounced that afternoon. The people all filed out one way. Some took the hand of the judge to say "God bless you," some to say nothing, but to pass with tear-wet cheeks and burning hearts. But when the evening service came, and the sermon had been preached there was a remarkable change. The atmosphere seemed like heaven. Fully fifty people pressed their way to the front to accept Christ as their Saviour. The first man to come was the old judge, with his arm around a poor lost man, who was hopefully saved. In less than six days more than 500 people came pressing their way into the kingdom.

There were several reasons why Saul fell. In the first place, he was jealous of David; it aroused all the hatred in his soul to see David beloved and honored, while these things had been denied to him. But it is not the end of his sin. It really seems as if jealousy must have been born in hell; if one has the seed of it in his nature he is somehow compelled by a force he can rarely resist, to go deeper into the evil.

In the second place we find Saul destroying the Lord's truest friend. How true it is that when we have committed one sin and failed to make that one right, the rest becomes easy, not infrequently almost a delight.

In the third place we find him snaring Agag and the part of his flock. He the king with lying upon his lips! This sin becomes very easy. If we allow the corruption of two or three days to lie in our souls without being cleansed how and the results! No one ought to close his eyes at night until he has absolutely made certain that all of the sins of the day have been washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

The last we see of Saul is when he falls upon his sword and takes his own life—a murderer in the sight of God and in the sight of men.

Sin is swift. In the very beginning of it you seem to get the kiss of the serpent as he trails through the Garden of Eden. It breaks up home, drags multitudes away from God and down to hell. But the warning cry is given here that we must forsake the small sins if we would not be overpowered by the greater ones. We must be cleansed from little transgressions if we would not finally be lost. If any one should ask the cause of failure the reason why at last the crown slipped from the head, it could all be summed up in one sentence—SIN!

THEN COMES THE END.

The fear of God is a great fear. It really the judgment seat of Christ, when we are to receive the reward of the deeds done through the body. It is not a time when we are judged for sin, for the sin question was all settled at the cross for those who accept Jesus Christ. It is not to be confused with the day of judgment spoken of in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew; and certainly it is not identical with the great white throne judgment presented in the twentieth chapter of Revelation. It is simply the day when the Master, before whom the records of our lives are laid bare, shall give to us the reward for our faithfulness, or express His estimate of our faithlessness.

I can see the Master, with His people gathered before Him. A name is called that is familiar, and I see that one standing before Him with great expectancy. Then the Master speaks—with that voice that John tells us sounds like the flow of many waters, that voice that stilled the tempest tossed sea, and caused Lazarus to break the bonds of death. I hear Him speak. The crowns are being lifted up, and the first one is the crown of life. I hear Him say:

"This is given to the one who has done little things well for My glory, or to the one who has suffered for My sake. You might have had it, but you failed in your own home. You had no testimony for your own circle of friends. A kind word you might have spoken, but you left it unsaid. The cup of cold water was never given. You might have had the crown of life, but it has been taken by another."

I see Him hold aloft the second crown. "This," He says, "is given to the one who has done hard work for Me. I suffered the pains of Gethsemane and the mockings of the crowd, and the stripes of the Roman flagellator, and the pains of hell upon the cross. This crown is for the one who has endured all this as if only My cause might have been advanced. But alas! when there came a time when the church seemed about to move forward you opposed it. Within thousands of souls might have been converted your prejudice against the work of the Holy Ghost

BLOCKED THE BLESSING.

You might have had the crown, but another has taken it."

I see Him hold aloft the third crown, resplendent with jewels. All the angels shout aloud:

"This is the soul-winner's crown."

There has always been joy in the presence of the angels of God over those redeemed from sin.

"You might have had this crown, but alas! your culture, your intellectual strength and your social position never won a soul for Me. The members of your own household were led into My kingdom by others. The people in your own store did not know you were Mine."

I remember once holding a series of meetings in Paris, Illinois. In walking down the street with one of my assistants I heard him talking with a young man, asking him to be a Christian, but he made no impression upon him. I heard him say, "Your mother wants you to become a Christian, does she not?" And the young man began to cry. Then I heard him ask, "Your father wants you to become a Christian, does he not?" And there was no answer. But soon I heard him make this statement: "My father is an officer in the church and my mother is a leader in the work of the women's society in the church, but neither of them has ever spoken to me about my soul."

I believe many a father and mother will stand before the Judge on the great day of awards and hear the words:

"You are crownless. Your children were not saved, or if they were, in their salvation you have had no part. You might have had this crown, but another has taken it."

I can see Him holding aloft the fourth crown, the crown of glory. I can hear Him picture how one came into the church from great depths of sin; how his constitution had been undermined by the power of an evil life; how he had been saved by the power of God and cheered by the warm hand clasp and the sympathizing word, and a brother's sympathy to hold out to the end. And I can almost hear Him say:

"Such an one sat beside you in church and walked with you in the streets, or in the store, or possibly lived with you in your home, and you said never a word. You let him slip away from fellowship with Christ and when he wandered you exclaimed in surprise: 'I expected no more.'"

I can catch the tones of His voice, as He says:

"You might have had this crown, but another has taken it."

I see Him hold aloft the fifth and last crown—the crown of righteousness. I hear Him say:

"Did I not promise that I would come again? Had not I written it over and over again in the book? Was not line added to line, statement added to statement, that in like manner as I went away I should come back? Were not all the prophecies of My coming fulfilled, even to the last details of My life, My suffering and My death? Did you not have faith that if one prophecy was fulfilled the others might have been fulfilled also?"

And then that crown, which is to me the most beautiful, the brightest and the best, is held aloft for a moment, dazzling in its glory, and I hear Him say:

"You might have had this crown, but another has taken it."

We may miss the five crowns by our unfaithfulness, yet we may be saved, "so as by fire." But one thing must be: we must see Him face to face.

In the city of Indianapolis a celebrated Quaker minister told me of a friend whose child had been born blind. He was brought to Indianapolis, and this Quaker was asked to find a specialist who would successfully treat him. Such an one was found. When the operation had been finished he announced that the boy would certainly see, and sure enough he opened his eyes. His first glance rested upon his mother, whom he had never known but by finger-touch. The mother bent down to see if she was to be recognized, crying out:

"Oh, my son! my son!"

The boy gazed at his mother, and when he knew her cried out:

"OH, MOTHER, IS THIS HEAVEN?"

It shall be heaven for us when the scales shall be taken from our eyes and the veil that dims our vision shall be removed, and we shall see Him face to face. We may miss every crown mentioned in the New Testament, but we cannot fail to see Him. I do not know if there can be sadness in heaven, but what feeling will it be that will take possession of us when we hear Him say:

"You might have had the crown, but another has taken it?"

What feeling will it be that shall possess us when we hear Him say:

"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," and we shall have the five crowns, and

A GLIMPSE OF HIS FACE!

Downward.

The man who continues downward only accelerates his own movement and return becomes more and more difficult.—The Rev. J. C. Smith.

NO ANIMAL LIKE IT.

In the Berlin Zoological Garden there is now an animal which is wholly unlike any other in the world. It is the offspring of a female puma from the Argentine Republic and of a male leopard from India. The owner of a menagerie in Germany obtained these two animals some time ago, and as he had only one cage unoccupied he put the two into it. At first he was afraid that they would quarrel, but they became good friends at once and so he allowed them to remain in the cage. One morning a little cub was born, and it was supposed to be an ordinary puma. In a few weeks, however, it resembled a leopard quite as much as a puma, and then the truth became known. Naturalists are studying this strange animal, which is [illegible] internal, which is [illegible] no one ever saw [illegible] a leopard [illegible] itself is [illegible] beautiful [illegible] wonderfully [illegible] like a [illegible]

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Bartow Man Throws More Light Upon Some Little Known Facts.

THE CAREER OF PATHFINDER FRIMONT

Bill Didn't Know that Cradle of American Liberty Was Built With Money Made in the Cradle of American Slavery.

A little scrap from The New York World put me to thinking. A certain Englishman named Hobson lectured Sunday night in Philadelphia on ethics and asked if it was right to accept charity from ill-gotten gains or from such men as Carnegie, Rockefeller and Rhodes, who made their fortunes by monopolies and trusts and crushing out the small dealers.

The editor of The World answers, "If charity money is to be scanned and disinfected where shall the process stop? Shall we boycott Faneuil hall, the cradle of liberty, because it was built from profits, the blood money of Peter Faneuil, slaves? The Jolly Bachelor and fortunes his slave trade and selling beads and whitewashed rums to the Indians? These were the bases of many New England fortunes now being used for generous purposes. We are inclined to say let charity have what it can get. The more sinful the channel through which fortunes have come the better it is that it should now be diverted to good uses. Luther said it was folly to let the devil have all the good tunes." That is good doctrine. "God sent it, but the devil brought it" has good foundation. But I didn't know that the cradle of American liberty was built with money made in the cradle of American slavery. Appleton says that prior to 1776 New England had brought from Africa over 300,000 slaves and sold them further south, and for awhile they were in such demand that the negro traders in Massachusetts seized and sold the young Indians who had strayed too far from their wigwams and actually stole and carried away and sold the son of King Philip, an Indian chief, who was at peace with the whites. But what would not a people do who would burn or drown women as witches as they did at Salem?

My friend from Oregon seems anxious to handle my book and sell it, but insists that I shall make more proof that General Grant was a slave owner and hired them out until the surrender. I referred him to Grant's biography, written by General James Grant Wilson, who was chosen by Grant to write it. If his people will not believe him, neither would they believe if one rose from the dead. The trouble is that most of his people are either foreigners or of foreign birth and don't know anything of American history. The truth is our people are profoundly ignorant of the history of their fathers and forefathers. Not one in a hundred know that Georgia was the first state that prohibited the African slave trade. Pennsylvania sold negro slaves at sheriff's sales as late as 1843. New England abolished slavery long before, but continued the importation from Africa on the sly until 1861. Our people bought them because they were profitable in the cotton fields and in the culture of rice and sugar cane. For twenty years before the war our best people wished to abolish slavery, not as an act of humanity, but because they were increasing so fast and were in the way of poor white men and were demoralizing to the sons of the rich, and their amalgamation with the whites was a visible curse in many families. And so Joseph Henry Lumpkin, our chief justice, began a correspondence with Henry Clay about his scheme of gradual emancipation. My father and many others co-operated with the plan, but the malignant threats of the abolitionists smothered it in its birth. The other day I had a social call from some northern gentlemen, and as the subject of the war incidentally came up a solid veteran happened to mention something about Fremont and said he knew him very well, for he was the first man he ever voted for and that he served under him during the war. Well, said I, do you know where he was born? No, he did not—up north somewhere. "No," said I, "he was a Georgian—born in Savannah, educated in Charleston. His father was a Frenchman, his mother a Virginia lady. The boy was a fine scholar, but unruly and disobedient. Became a tutor in mathematics, was appointed lieutenant of engineers and with Nicolas Nicolet made a topographical survey of Cherokee, Georgia, in 1836, the first that ever was made.

My northern friend was amazed. No, we don't know very much until we get too old to make our knowledge useful. Fremont was a very remarkable man. As an explorer he never had an equal on this continent, not even Lewis and Clark, nor Kearney compassed half the territory nor endured half the perils that he did. When his men died or deserted him he got more. When his Indian guides refused to go farther he went on without them. He was called the Pathfinder because he found new paths. He was too restless to wait for orders, but, like Andrew Jackson, just went ahead. He ascended the the highest peak of the Rocky mountains. It is named Fremont's peak and is 15,500 feet high. He quarreled with Phil Kearney and Kearney had him arrested and sent to Washington, where he was tried and found guilty, but President Polk pardoned him. Soon after this numerous friends began to groom him as a candidate for president. He accepted the abolition platform and was beaten. When our civil war came on he was made a brigadier general and put in charge of the Missouri territory. One of his first acts was to abolish slavery in that state. This made General Grant mad and every solid slave-owner there and owning slaves [illegible] reported to his [illegible] and ordered him to Washington. He was offered other commands, but refused them and was retired from active service. After the war he concluded to build a railroad from Texarkana to El Paso and got the state of Texas to give him a liberal grant of land along the entire route of 800 miles. He went to Paris with this grant and agreed to come back and issue bonds on it and get the United States government to indorse the bonds. He got the money and built the road, but failed to get the United States government to indorse the bonds. The French bondholders never found this out until their money was all spent. Then they had him arrested and bound over to court to be tried for fraud. When the court came on he did not appear, but forfeited his bond. How it was finally settled the record does not tell. He was a wonderful man and never got tired of the excitement that nourished him, and his wife stuck all the closer to him during his trials. She was a wonderful woman, and was beloved and admired by all who knew her. Chauncey Depew said he knew of one school where twenty-seven girls were named for her.

On the whole am obliged to admire Fremont's character and he was a Georgia.—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

LABOR WORLD.

Uncle Sam employs nearly 7500 women in the various departments at Washington.

A musicians' union is the latest addition to the ranks of organized labor in Quincy, Ill.

Hotel and restaurant employes union have doubled their membership since January 1, 1902.

Bridgeport, Conn., 200 buffers, [illegible] and platers, who struck six [illegible] ago, have voted to return to work.

Broom makers recently won a strike for an increase in wages at Des Moines, Iowa, gaining an increase of twelve per cent.

Since the craft became organized steel and copper plate printers at St. Louis, Mo., have secured increases in wages amounting to forty per cent.

Tacoma (Wash.) carpenters will ask for an advance in their wages of seven and a half cents an hour, or sixty cents a day of eight hours. They have been receiving $3.

At Strelitz, Austria, the Government has ordered the different cities, towns and communities to provide pensions for their old schoolteachers, and that no pension below $25 a year should be offered.

All the women teachers in the Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, schools, except one, have gone on strike to enforce a demand for better wages. The teachers are supported by practically every leading man in town.

The Russian workers seem to have scored a victory at Rostoff. They have received arrears of pay, have obtained the dismissal of the foreman who caused the trouble, and have obtained a permit to celebrate holidays.

Girls for cheroot rolling are in great demand in Richmond, Va. While learning they are allowed $2.50 a week. After six weeks' practice usually they are able to earn $4 to $5 a week, and when they become expert they earn from $6 to $7 a week.

SPORTING BREVITIES.

Rochester, N. Y., is to have a three-quarter-mile speedway.

Roller polo is the leading winter sport in Massachusetts.

Motor bicycle racing has become a feature on European cycle tracks.

Fair progress is being made in the construction of the new cup yacht.

Bend Or, the famous race horse and Derby winner, has died in England.

The Chicago racing season of 1903 will begin at Lakeside on April 20 next.

Crescens has trotted the Montgomery (Ala.) track in 2.07, breaking the track record.

Morris Wood, of Montclair, N. J., has won the principal honors in the skating races on Verona Lake, N. J.

The New York National League Baseball Club will open its preliminary season at the Polo Ground on April 8.

Although it was believed that Jim Murphy, the noted Southern trainer, died poor, it has been found since that he was worth about $60,000.

The golf club of the Michigan University is to have its own links. Forty acres of ground adjoining Perry Field, at Ann Arbor, are to be purchased.

Henri Fournier, a noted chauffeur, has arrived in the United States from Europe, and has issued a challenge for an automobile race to Alexander Winton.

Burt Downing, a brother of Hardy Downing, and the youngest of the trio of brothers, is now the amateur cycling king of the Pacific coast, having been undefeated this season. Young Downing is nineteen, weighs 170 pounds and stands five feet ten inches.

There will be an invasion of Australia next fall by a number of the leading cycle cracks of America, including Iver Lawson, Floyd McFarland and Hardy Downing, sprinters, and several pace followers, with modern motors. Australia is to have several coliseum cycle tracks.

THE STARGAZERS.

"Mary, what are you sitting out on that cold porch for? Don't you know it's eleven o'clock?"

"George and I are looking for the comet, ma."

"But the new comet is not due for several nights."

"Well we are in no hurry, Ma."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO DECIDE A BET.

"You put me off of the car four blocks from my corner the other day," said the lady to the trolley conductor.

"Yes; I was very sorry, but I couldn't very well help it," said the conductor. "You see I made a bet with a man on the platform that a woman never gets off a car properly, and I just let you off when I did to decide the bet."—Yonkers Statesman.

WAGNER EXPLAINED.

Wagner had just discharged the cook when strange noises arrested his attention.

"Eureka!" he cried, "the very thing. I'll found a new school of music!"

Hastily assuming the attitude of crashing pots, smashing china and breaking furniture, he forthwith became frantic.—New York Sun.

NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

The juggler may not be inclined
To daily with the jug;
The sinful smuggler may be just
The opposite of smug.

The skipper isn't always one
Who like the lambkin skips,
And, with disgust, the waiters know
The tippler seldom tips.

S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

HUMOROUS.

He—"Won't you sit in this chair, Miss Spooner?" Miss Spooner—"After you."

He—"You should remember that consistency is a jewel." She—"Yes; but jewelry is so vulgar."

"She's made a fool of that young fellow." "Well, she didn't have to economize on the raw material."

Gyer—"Bald heads remind me of kind words." Myer—"What's the answer?" Gyer—"They can never dye."

"It is when a young man is in love," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "that he hasn't a single idea in his head."

"How is your brother making out?" "Oh, he's doing a flourishing business." "Ah, indeed!" "Yes, he's a professional card-writer."

Old Party—"Stick to your mother, my young friend." His Young Friend—"I will, sir. It costs to much to board any place else."

Customer (emerging from bargain counter crush)—Help! My leg is broken! Floorwalker—You will find the crutch department, etc., on the fourth floor in the rear.

Usual Wife—Pepprey—What's the matter, Cholly? Yo look weary, Cholly—well—aw—I was just thinking—aw——. Pepprey—Ah! no wonder you're exhausted.

Edna—"Do you think your marriage with Miss Lotta Coyne, the heiress, will have a pleasant outcome?" Edward—"I can't say—but the thing that attracts me is the income."

Hook—"Miss Gotrox has a wonderful memory for faces." Nye—"That's right, I was engaged to her last summer at the shore, and today she actually bowed to me on the street."

"There is a train of thought passing through my head at this moment," said the self-appointed lecturer. "That's right," said a voice from the gallery; "you have wheels in your head."

"I'm sorry I can't accommodate you," said the boarding-house keeper, "but we only take in single gentlemen." "What's the matter?" asked Weddman; "find the married ones too shrewd to be taken in?"

Martha—"That horrid Mr. Roamer kissed me in the hall last night." Constance—"You don't mean it! How did it happen?" Martha—"It was pitch dark in the hall——." Constance—"Ah, I see. That accounts for it, dear."

Mrs. Tawkey—"I hear the Popley's new baby is very delicate." Mrs. O'Bull—"Yes, it's an incubus, you know." Mrs. Tawkey—"An incubus?" Mrs. O'Bull—"Yes; they had to put it in an incubus to hatch it, just like a little chicken."

Miss Nuritch—"Yes, indeed; he was real attentive to me and he's an able-man, too." Miss Ascum—"May Outwit met him, too, and she declares he's an actor, and a low comedian at that." Miss Nuritch—"Not at all. He assured me he was a Lord Admiral of the Swiss navy."

A Fatal Blunder.

An insurance man of my acquaintance ate hearty breakfasts, with meat and coffee, a hurried lunch at noon, but also with meat, and a hearty dinner at night. He took no exercise, always rode between house and office, became fat and bloated, and his blood became so overloaded that he readily succumbed to disease at forty-five. The wonder was that he lived so long. He was a type of the average well-to-do citizen. Like him, most of us eat too much. Diet should depend upon temperament and vocation. At hard work out of doors one requires more nutriment than at sedentary labor indoors. A gradual reduction in diet, even an occasional fast, will cure many