THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XVIII. FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1903. NUMBER 14

TOO LATE.

[illegible] come too late, the fragrant, dewy [illegible]
[illegible] there sunshine lights the whole [illegible]
[illegible] has darkened hours [illegible] make sweet her way.

Ah! take them back, the words so long unsaid,
The spoken love to starving heart denied!
Ye gave a stone where she had asked for bread;
She held it in her empty hand and wept.

The sweet pink roses lie upon her breast;
She passed through wastes whereon no [illegible] had [illegible]
She [illegible] and [illegible] all the rest;
She hath no need for any fairest rose.

Take them away and bear her softly forth
Where singing birds and tender grasses [illegible]
Holding your peace—your words are little worth—
For love and roses, all are come too late.

—Mary Riddell Corley, in Boston Transcript.

"The Girl From Across."

"Oh!" said the girl, in a tone of shocked surprise. "Is it here?"

A woman from below answered, raucously, affirming that it was the abode of the Man.

The Girl looked up at the attic door in absolute dismay. She was pretty, decidedly pretty, and young, and stylishly dressed. She lived over the way in two charming rooms, where pretty girls like herself and nice boys were glad to take tea. She had heaps of friends, and studied at the college.

Why she, the daughter of an American citizen, should aspire to medical honors in Auld Reekie was by no means clear. "Poppa," busy in Baltimore making dollars, pulled his chin whisker, and "guessed there were diploma factories enough their side the streak." But "Poppa" eventually had to give way, as every one else had to where Maisie was concerned. So a self-possessed damsel of 22 summers and three brace bound trunks, marked with the Stars and Stripes, arrived in L—— Walk.

And He—the man who knew everything, and was a professor at the college—lived here!

She hesitated a moment, doubtful of the propriety of intrusion. He was a great man, and a professor of integral philosophy, which is a very abstruse subject to take a degree, still more so to teach.

The Man knew everything—except how to compel buttons to remain on shirts, and to keep mice from his provisions, to tidy up his rooms, and the principles of household economy generally. [illegible] comfort had such [illegible] which [illegible] them, [illegible] column of any college he had ever heard of, being even outside the limit of integral philosophy, and, as affairs that chiefly concerned women, of no matter.

Then she went boldly up to the door and knocked.

The Man was sitting at a large table covered with papers, his trousers turned up and his feet immersed in a pan of once tepid water.

Oblivious to everything outside his own thought he sat and wrote.

He was engaged on a great work, to be published in two volumes at the scientific booksellers'—and also in adding many lines and furrows on his face.

Life was short, but the power of man is great. In his short travail he had held the lamp of truth to many hidden mysteries. What secret should escape him? What line of demarcation stay his search? Meanwhile, there was one thing only—to work.

That was why his eyes peered dimly over his dull, dark folios, and his feet splashed in the cold water. He had forgotten to take them out.

His pen shook a little as the crabbed characters formed themselves on the sheets of his manuscript. Doggedly he wrote on, exultant, determined, while some one knocked, unheeding.

"The Principia Vitae." He underscored the headline, and began a fresh paragraph, as some one entered—"The Principle of Life is—a pretty girl!"

That is not what the professor meant to write in his great treatise, nor is it what he would have acknowledged or realized at any ordinary moment. I do not pretend to know the psychological reason that explains the phenomenon. It may have been the retina of his eye received an impression which disturbed and dominated the current of his thought, and automatically his hand transcribed. Anyhow, it was there, in black and white, and anyhow, she was there also, clad in dainty muslin.

He looked dreamily at the bright figure from over his clouded glasses. His tired gaze rested on the blue of her eyes, the gold of her hair, the red of her mouth and the freshness of her bright young face, as on a beautiful picture destined only to fade. Then he sighed, wearily.

Even then, however, his mind, bent on the great work, was not wholly equal to the situation. He addressed her inconically as he would have done the charwoman who tended him.

"Well!" he grumped.

The pretty Girl looked at him for a moment. A half stifled laugh at his surliness rose to her lips. Then the amused merriment died out from her eyes, and they renewed their look of sympathy.

"You are the professor?"

"Well!"

"And I am the girl over the way."

"What girl—what way?"

He hadn't noticed her! Her feminine sense was distinctly hurt. Other women's observant admiration was more apparent, even to obtrusiveness. But it is not pleasant to feel one has been needlessly ignored.

"I live the other side the street," she explained, flushing slightly. "And I wonder you at the college."

"Eh, yes." He memorized her now, as a collector does an unlabelled specimen in a box. Back row, pink complexion, a flower coherently on desk in front of her. Answers averagely in [illegible].

"Won't you sit down?" he said, with well meant politeness, indicating to her, by a wave of the hand, the only unencumbered chair.

She rapidly [illegible] the hotel its battlefield condition.

"Not, thanks," she responded, "I won't rather stand."

There was a pause. He listlessly pivoted his pen, but his brain was tired, and moved slowly. The Girl [illegible] to the object of her visit.

"I—I—fear! you were ill—I thought you these"—indicating the grapes in the basket.

He raised his brows and nodded.

"Can I do anything?"

"I think not," he replied absently. "I need nothing."

"Perhaps"—she made the suggestion with diffidence—"perhaps I could tidy up."

He looked round on the litter in surprise.

The room was no more palatial than its approach suggested. The one window looked out on the lank telegraph poles as comrades, and commanded a charming view of the chimneys over the way. For furniture there was a wardrobe, an old armchair, that did duty also as a bed; a rush bottomed chair, a cupboard, a few cooking utensils and some chemical apparatus grouped round the hole in the wall, called by courtesy a fireplace; and lastly and chiefly, a large kitchen table and—the Man.

The table contained chiefly papers. Its drawers held some scientific instruments and a mousetrap. The wardrobe held old clothes. The cupboard served as food store for both Man and mice. And the Man contained knowledge.

"Tidy up? It is all very tidy, thank you. Mrs. Stamp, my charwoman, has done everything—I—am very comfortable, thank you."

"But you are ill."

"I shall soon be better." There was silence. The Girl sat uncertain what was best to say or do. Something splashed under the table.

She started in alarm. "Oh, what was that?" she cried.

"My—or—pedicular extremities," he [illegible].

[illegible] stared in astonishment and turned red.

"Yes. I beg your pardon. I—was not expecting visitors, and my landlady told me if I put them in hot water it would do my cold good."

"But that water is cold."

"Yes—now. I forgot. But it was hot."

"Had you not better get back to your bedroom?"

"This is it."

And he lived day and night, ate and slept in that desolate attic! The girl shuddered. No wonder he was ill.

"Then where is your bed?" Surely the Man of Knowledge slept sometimes.

"Folded up." He indicated the chair on which he was seated.

"Won't you let me make it up for you, and then lie down?"

The professor started with astonishment. "Young lady! None ha' waited on me to that needless extent, sin—sin my ain mither died—and she were a foolish wummun." He relapsed into the broad Doric on special occasions when the cold current was stirred to the depths far below the surface.

The Girl's eyes filled with tears. "Then it's time some one did it for you now," she murmured. "Oblige me, Mr. Morphyn, please, by taking your feet out of that water and changing chairs."

"Eh!"

At first he was inclined to rebel. But there was a conciliatory pleading in her face that even a hard headed professor, recent it as he would, could not resist.

"Now! Just lift your feet a little, please." He looked at her curiously from under his shaggy brows. It was a child he was dealing with, or, rather, who was dealing with him. Of what worth was it to resist? He lifted his feet and she tucked them in the blanket, and unperceived put another wrap around his shoulders.

She heaved a deep breath of satisfaction when her task was satisfactorily accomplished. The professor still sat over his books. He certainly felt warmer than he had done before.

The Girl, her point gained, went quietly on, tidying up and arranging the couch. She tripped gently out of the room once or twice and held mysterious consultations with the raucous voiced woman below. Some more coals appeared in the room, the scrap of fire glowed brighter, the litter of pots and pans disappeared, being relegated to the crowded depths of the professor's cupboard.

A gentle hand touched his sleeve. He looked round on the transformation which had been going on, unbeknown to him.

"There! Now you will go back to bed. And I will let the doctor hear, and look in again on you later."

He saw her depart with a sigh of relief, and watched the gold crowned head with its sunny smile disappear behind the rickety door with evident satisfaction. Now he would be able to really work.

"Go to bed," she had said, as though expecting implicit obedience—he a staid professor, already in his gray haired stage, meekly to obey a mere chit of a schoolgirl—filia pulchra—Daughter of Eve. Pish!

He laid down his pen, his head throbbed wearily. The cold sheets looked inviting. He stroked them with his hand. In 10 minutes nature had conquered, and he was resting his burning head upon pillows her dainty fingers had straightened and smoothed and his lips sought gladly the cooling drink her thought and care had placed near by.

Meantime the Girl was interviewing the professor of medicine. He heard her story with surprise, then went out and fetched the Head.

The Head, a grave, clear headed man, pursed his lips and tapped the tips of his fingers against each other meditatively, as he listened to the Girl's recital.

"Bronze—dear me!" Along you go—"

The Head gasped with astonishment. Morphyn had always been an extreme recluse, but such lack of comfort and hideous surroundings for a man of means was, even to them—grave, studious men of modest, even ascetic habit—inexplicable and unreasonable.

They listened to her story with suspended amazement. Thanked her gravely, and bowed her out.

As she reached the step, the Head coughed. "Miss—Hopkinshaw—er—in future—er—with a nurse—er—in attendance—er—there will be no need—to call—that is, a repetition of your opportune visit will be inadvisable."

She flushed scarlet. "May I not see my patient?"

"We shall be happy, Miss Hopkinshaw, to give full particulars of his progress, but for you to call there will be scarcely—er—"

Then the reason dawned on her.

"I see."

Her features set fixedly and the words fell coldly—"It would not be proper."

—"Er. He will have every attention," the embarrassed Head explained. The Girl turned on her heel.

"Of course, we are more than grateful for your kindness—" but she was gone, and the excuses and reasons which were addressed to empty air, though more fluent of delivery, sounded horribly unconvincing to the two men, the sole auditors, as they reiterated them soothingly to each other.

Propriety! Yes, she had acted with American freedom, she supposed, in venturing to knock at the neglected door. Propriety would have left him to die. Propriety, as typified by that fussy old dame who shuts her eyes to everything disagreeable that does not prowl under her very nose."

She sat by her window while the sun flecked with crimson clouds the scanty yellow sky over the way.

She watched a cab draw up—a sparse figure and a corded box deposited. That was the nurse, she supposed. She picked up a book and tried to read.

* * * * *

Night came darkly down. The shops lit their lamps. Unmindful of the darkness she sat in the window seat and brooded with hot cheeks over the Head's edict. About 9 o'clock she saw the nurse go out. Then she did a daring thing. Putting on her cloak she stole warily up the rickety staircase.

He lay apparently asleep. The window was open. The nurse's tea things lay about, but little seemed to have been done for him since the morning. The fire was nearly out. Bending down quietly, she breathed fresh life into the dying embers, freshly piled the fuel, and, with a last look at the fever puckered brow, fled down the stair, her heart aching strangely for the desolate man, and in mortal dread of discovery.

The next day, toward afternoon, she met the owner of the raucous voice in the street. Her inquiry as to the professor was met with a shaking of the head, accompanied by incoherent murmurs that might have been the result of despairing pessimism or alcoholic stimulant. Mention of the nurse evoked only a sniff in reply, together with a shake of the head, and the contemptuous production of a gin bottle, suggesting a vice which the raucous voiced one evidently strongly disapproved of—in others.

And he was lying there—worse than alone—in such care. That women so degraded crept into the ranks of an honorable profession, she knew. But that he should be at the mercy of one of these! That night she watched the woman out, but dared not to go up.

* * * * *

In her doubt and despair turned into the street. Amid the flare of the lamps, she saw a figure with bonnet and cloak awry drop out of a common bar and into the seething crowd.

The Girl flew back, and up the rickety stair.

The raucous one met her at the head, her voice more husky than ever. "Time some 'un come," she said. "Lor' 'elp 'im!" and in her grief she puled again, with a broken sob, at the bottle. The Girl went in and bent down over the lonely man.

The fever had left him, but something else was fast ebbing with it. The life, hope, and the lonely soul were speeding out to the dancing waves of the unknown sea. The waters sang in his ears. The spray bubbled and foamed through rosy beams of sunlight, and the hymn of the Unknown sounded eternal over all.

A few drops remained in the hollowed bowl of an emptied brandy bottle on the littered table. She poured them out, and hastily diluting gave them to the dying man.

The rainbow land and emerald seas turned leaden hued, the water gurgled and droned painfully. . . . The Man opened his eyes. . . . Did he know her?

A step on the stairs. The dour Professor of Medicine's broad shoulders darkened the door.

"Lassie, forgive me," he said. "I thought—"

"Yes, you thought," she answered bitterly. "Now it is time to do."

"Then let me help you," he said, humbly.

"He is dying," she replied, in a choking voice.

The gnarled face of the old Scotch doctor looked sadly into her own. Its rough features softened with a look of regret for his misjudgment, and the mute appeal in them was irresistible.

They shook hands as they bent silently over the dying man.

"Donald," the broken professor cried, "you know me? I've kem to pull ye thro'."

The Man's eye wandered slowly around the shabby room in search of her. . . . She knelt by his side.

The wan face turned paler—the feeble lips quivered. The Girl bent her head. . . . He recognized her presence.

"Sin . . . sin . . . my ain mither died"—he murmured, and, clasping her slender hand, his mind passed back to the rivers of endless song.

* * * * *

But the Man did not die. Nor did the college lions regard too seriously the breach of decorous restriction, for the Girl took her degree after all.

The professor, coming to the conclusion that his education was incomplete, took one, too—in matrimony, and in this his name and the Girl's where bracketed together equal with honors.

And the heads of the college fervently contratulated themselves, whenever they met Mrs. Morphyn, on their unusual foresight in overlooking a Samarian indiscretion. For, had they done otherwise, their necessarily frequent meetings would have been to say the least of it, very awkward.—Lady's Pictorial.

TRAGEDIES OF A ROADHOUSE.

Old Kentucky Inn with Much Crime in Its History.

On the turnpike leading to Louisville, about 15 miles from Bardstown, there stood for years an old house that had an interesting history. The house was erected in 1791, many years before there was any turnpike through this part of the state, and was used as a tavern and a stopping place for the stage coaches when a change of horses was made. It had frequently for its guests such men as Henry Clay, Richard M. Johnson, John C. Breckinridge, Judge John Rowan, Gov. Charles A. Wickliffe, and many others of note. In the early '70s the inn passed into the hands of Capt. James Camp, who continued to run it as a tavern. While living there Camp's wife was riding horseback with several others and was thrown from her horse and killed. This was the beginning of many tragic happenings afterward connected with the place.

A few years after this a traveler named John Reynolds stopped over night at the inn. As he failed to appear the next morning a servant was sent in search of him. Being unable to arouse him, he entered the room and found Reynolds stiff and cold in death. He had shot himself during the night. A few years later the old tavern became famous for its lavish style of entertainment. It was frequently the scene of great festivities.

During the progress of a ball one night a tragedy occurred which shocked the whole country for miles around. Two young men, Robert Harris and William North were suitors for the hand of Capt. Camp's daughter. Harris, on account of wealth, social position and good looks, was the favored suitor, which so enraged North that he determined to seek revenge.

Harris, who was baldheaded, wore a wig. During the evening in question while the guests were dancing North approached Harris, who was dancing with Miss Camp, snatched off his wig and threw it upon the floor. Harris uttered not a word, but quickly turned upon his heel, drew a Spanish dagger and plunged to to the hilt in the heart of North, who fell lifeless to the floor.

The tragic event brought the ball to a sudden close. Harris had the sympathy of the entire community, and public sympathy was so in favor that he was never even arrested for the deed. The crime overshadowed his life. He never married; avoided women's society and became a recluse.

About a year later a stranger, named Golson stopped at the old tavern for the night and was assigned to the room in which Reynolds had taken his life. A few hours after retiring the report of a gun was heard, and upon investigation it was found that Golson had shot himself through the heart. It was afterward ascertained that Golson had lost heavily at cards in Louisville, and becoming despondent, ended his life. He was a native of Nashville and was on his way to that place.

Other incidents of a tragic nature occurred at the old inn, and it was finally deserted and fell into decay. At this time only a few moss-covered stones and a heap of earth mark the place where the old building stood.—Bardstown (Ky.) Standard.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Nightcaps and cotton ear wads are provided by the proprietor of a hotel at Vyltra, Hungary, for those of his guests who retire early and do not wish to be kept awake by a gypsy band which plays nightly at the hotel.

The British Museum has acquired a Chinese banknote of the fourteenth century, which was discovered in the ruins of a statue of Buddha, at Pekin. Paper money was not introduced into Europe till the seventeenth century.

Marriage seems to have a large percentage of success in Russia. The London Express reports that on November 22, 1852, twenty-four couples were married in the same church in Novi-Vinodol. On November 22 last there were twelve of the couples left to celebrate their golden wedding in the same church.

The largest and strongest freight cars in the world have just been built for the Monongahela connecting railway of Pittsburg, and are to be used within the limits of that city. Every one of these cars, weighted to its full load, will carry 100 tons. Only the highest class railroads of our country would care to take the risk of transporting such a weight over its bridges and trestles.

Professor Reiter recently introduced to the society for Internal Medicine, in Vienna, a woman with a musical heart. For the past four years she has suffered from palpitation and about eighteen months ago she noticed for the first time a peculiar singing noise in her breast, which was also audible to other persons, and rose and fell in strength and pitch. The sound is said to be due to a malformation of the heart valves, which sets up vibration.

Engineers, as most of us know, are famous for their ready resources in emergencies. During the recent Chinese war it was necessary to get a number of troops across a river in a great hurry to prevent the enemy taking an important position. There was no bridge and there was no boat. An engineer took a detachment to a village near by, robbed it and came back with a number of coffins, each carrying one of these large painted coffins which every Chinaman keeps in his house. With these as pontoons a bridge was improvised, and the men got across in time, thereby saving the loss of many lives and, perhaps, [illegible].

BILL ARP'S LETTER

Farlow Man Kicks on Small Profit From Sale of His Book.

SAYS MIDDLE MEN GET TOO MUCH

Speech of Senator Hoar, Praising Southerners, Pleases William Immensely—However, He is Still at Outs With Roosevelt.

I was ruminating about the grand army of middle men that it takes to carry on the trade and commerce of this country. I verily believe that they make more money than the manufacturers and there are twice as many of them. A friend of mine recently visited a large manufactory of sewing machines and the superintendent told him that the prime cost of a first-class machine was $9.60 and they jobbed them off for $15 to agents. The agents retail them at $35, for he has to rent a store room and keep a horse and wagon and make repairs free and sell on instalments and sometimes has to take a machine back for nonpayment. When the original Bill Arp moved to Texas he left his wife's machine with him and [illegible] a note behind with $35 unpaid. Shortly thereafter a new agent was sent here who was not acquainted with the Arp family and he came out to my house and wanted me to pay the note. I had hard work to convince him that I was another Arp. The note was signed William Arp, his mark, and Cinderella Arp, her mark. My wife was very indignant that she should be suspected of making her mark.

Well, now, you see how much money went to the middle men after the machine left the factory—$24—twice as much as it cost to make it. Just so it is with thousands of other things that go through the hands of middle men.

I was ruminating about this because I received a report of 500 copies of my new book that Mr. Byrd had sold. The book cost 88 cents to electrotype and print and bind it, and I was to have half the profits arising from the sale. The price was $1.25 postage paid, which was 11 cents. Thirty copies had been sold here at the book store for $37.50. The book store kept 25 per cent, or $9.37. Mr. Byrd got $28.13. The freight and incidental expenses amount to 3 cents a copy. So the cost was 88 cents and it netted 93 cents and my half of the difference was 2 1-2 cents on a copy. The publisher and agent or middle men get about all there is in a book. I am not complaining at an body but myself, for Mr. Byrd told me that the price would have to be $1.50 to make anything, but I wasn't thinking about agents charging so much and I wanted the people to have it as cheap as possible. But it can't go on this way. The publication must stop or the price be raised to $1.50, and if an agent won't sell for 25 cents a copy, he needn't sell at all. He runs no risk. He loses no time. The books sell themselves on the counter. But Mr. Byrd can continue to sell on mail orders for $1.25 and 10 cents more for postage. This will be a fair divide all around and give the poor author about 15 cents a copy.

Senator Hoar's speech at Chicago is before me. Nothing since the war has so cheered me and impressed me as that beautiful speech. Why doesn't every newspaper in the south copy it, or that part of it that pays such a tribute to southern people. When I finished reading it I would have hugged the old man, if he had been near enough. Listen—"My life politically has been a life of constant strife with the leaders of the southern people, yet as I grow older, I have learned not only to respect and esteem them, but I love the great qualities which belong to my countrymen of the southern states. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the virtues that give strength and glory to a free people. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for woman—their courage—their delicate sense of honor—their constancy which can abide by an opinion or a purpose through adversity and prosperity and through years and generations. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption and the low temptation of money has not yet found any place in southern politics.

"My friends, we cannot afford to live in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are friends of ours, born of our morning, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood, and if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, will say, 'Entreat me not to leave thee or forsake thee, where thou goest, I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

This is only a part of it. I have placed it in my scrap book along with the admirable editorial comment of The Constitution.

The senator spoke truly when he said that corruption in national politics had not yet reached the south. If the case had been reversed our members would not have unseated Butler but with the northern members the ends justify the means. Yes, I remember from away back how the old man fought us. My father was brought up in his state and my mother in South Carolina and when the senator and I were in our early manhood (we were . . . in the same year) the war began between these two states. Yes, more than fifty years ago, and has been bitter enough ever since. This is the first sign of a returning sense of justice that has come from any great man of the Old Bay State, and we rejoice that it has come from Senator Hoar, the noblest Roman of them all. Its influence will reach from Chicago to Boston and its generous sentiments will thrill every kindred heart in the southland.

I care nothing for his [illegible] his little finger. I am not [illegible] by [illegible] he retracts his slanders on Jefferson Davis and apologizes to his widow, I will have some confidence in his honor and his professed good intentions, but not until then. If he is a gentleman he will do that. If he is not a gentleman he won't and that is all there is in it. Thomas Nelson Page and Harry Stillwell Edwards and the Methodist preacher at Cincinnati, to the contrary notwithstanding. Senator Hoar would not have uttered and published those slanders, and if he had long ago made the amends honorable.

"Slander is sharper than the sword. Its breath rides on the posting winds and its tongue outvenows all the worms of the Nile." Roosevelt is a stubborn, conceited politician. He professes to be a friend to the south, when he is not. If we send a consul to a foreign country and they do not like him he is recalled because he is "non grata persona." How much more careful should the president be to appoint no one to office who is not grateful to our own people. If Roosevelt is a friend, who makes him keep on shoving Dr. Crum on the people of a great city like Charleston. And the negro is an arrogant, conceited fool, or he would not take it.

"I know that you say that you love me,
But why did you kick me downstairs?"

Some one asked Tom Reed if there was such a thing as an honest politician. He said, "Yes. An honest politician is one whom you can buy and he will stay bought, but even they are scarce."—BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

[illegible]NT PEOPLE.

Rome has [illegible] the freedom of the city on Signor Marconi.

M. Witte, the Russian Minister of Finance, is an ardent temperance worker.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, one of the most prolific and versatile of modern authors, is sixty-nine years old.

Professor John Lyle Campbell has just rounded out fifty-four years as a teacher at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.

S. M. Inman, of Atlanta, Ga., has given $25,000 toward the proposed Presbyterian university to be erected in that city.

Joseph Battell, a millionaire land owner of Middlebury, Vt., has offered to rebuild the business portion of that town, which was recently destroyed by fire.

Ferdinand IV., Grand Duke of Tuscany, is now sixty-seven years of age, and has held his title for forty-three years, his father, Leopold II., having abdicated in his favor in 1860.

The German Emperor is said to have remarked on his forty-fifth birthday, "I am impressed by the fact that Napoleon and Wellington were just my age at the time of Waterloo." On June 15 the Emperor will have reached the sixteenth year of his reign.

Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, who recently resigned from the United States Navy, is quoted as saying that it is his intention to devote his time "in the immediate future to the writing of a novel, to lecturing, literary work and to the education of the American people."

Professor Mommsen, the venerable historian, who was knocked down by a cab in Berlin the other day and slightly injured, had just recovered from a painful injury he received from a fall while looking for some books on the upper shelves of his library. About a year ago the historian was knocked over by a runaway horse in Berlin.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

A stringent child labor law has passed the Kansas Senate.

Khaki uniforms are now worn by all the foreign troops in China except the Russians.

The fireworks display at the dedication of the St. Louis Exposition is to cost $100,000.

There is at present no prospect of the abolition of the tax on exported coal in Great Britain.

St. Louis, Mo., is suffering from an extraordinary shortage in the supply of servant girls.

St. Louis vegetarians are planning to establish in that city a co-operative vegetarian restaurant.

A party of English Mayors is to make an inspection of the chief municipal undertakings in Switzerland.

The Prussian Statistical Office reports that there are 70,829 insane patients in the 279 asylums of Prussia.

The Weather Bureau at Washington, D. C., is to give lessons to Gilbert T. Walker, an English scientist, appointed director of the weather service in India.

It is said that a well-organized seditious movement toward capitalism and the Government has been discovered in several of the largest labor centres in South Russia.

The will of the late Professor Sylvester Waterhouse, of St. Louis, Mo., leaves $25,000 to Washington University, available in 2000, when it is expected it will have reached $1,000,000.

The Idaho Senate Committee has recommended the passage of an eight-hour bill, which provides that eight hours shall constitute a day's work in underground mines and reduction work.

San Jose, Cal., school teachers have taken initial steps for the formation of a teachers' union. Among the objects in view are permanency of tenure, equalization of salaries and the elimination of politics from the schools.

The fighting around Santiago in 1898 has resulted in the addition to the equipment of the engineer corps of two implements which proved to be very useful in that battle. These are the machete and the wire-cutting pliers. The machete is not only a valuable weapon of offense at close quarters, but is useful in cutting through thick brush and jungle growth. The usefulness of the pliers is obvious since barbed wire has come to be such an important factor in the defense of fortified positions. Without them it is likely that many more men would have fallen in the assault on the San Juan blockhouse.

Professor Dewey of the Boston Institute of Technology, in speaking before the convention of educators and trustees now in Ann Arbor, Mich., declared the lack of fitness shown by college graduates for the responsibilities of life. President Eliot, of Harvard University, [illegible] the achievement of business [illegible] of exerting attention [illegible] a university [illegible] with [illegible]

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "POVERTY AND PIETY."

The Rev. James Alexander Jenkins Says That the Preaching of the Gospel to the Poor is an Evidence of Far-Reaching Mercy of God.

NEW YORK CITY.—"Poverty and Piety" was the subject of this sermon delivered by the Rev. James Alexander Jenkins, pastor of Immanuel Congregational Church. His text was chosen from Matthew xi: 5: "The poor have the gospel preached to them."

The words of our text constitute part of the reply of Jesus to John when He sent two of His disciples with the anxious question, "Art Thou He that should come or do we look for another?" In this reply the Master assumes that John is familiar with the character of the work of the expected One, so He sets before the messengers His own work as meeting the requirements. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, "the poor have the gospel preached to them."

The preaching of the gospel to the poor may be regarded as only an evidence of the far reaching mercy of the great God, but it may also be regarded as testifying to the preparation of the poor for receiving and spreading the good news from God. If we believe in the fitting of means to ends in the world of nature, if we are upholders of the great law of design, may we not with reason insist that the Father through the course of the ages prepared certain of the sons of men for the reception of the truth. If we concede this we behold in the preaching of the gospel to the poor an arrangement of providence, a far reaching plan of God.

The pages of the gospels reveal Jesus as the preacher to the poor. The rich He regarded as being for some reason less fitted to be chosen as pioneers in the work of establishing His kingdom. Of the rich men of the New Testament, not Dives, not the rich fool, but the young man who came to Jesus with eager inquiry, may be regarded as typical in the mind of Jesus of the hosts of the rich and powerful. Thinking of him Jesus said: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." From this statement we naturally infer that the absence of wealth or poverty is most favorable to the reception of saving truth, to the entering of the kingdom.

Jesus Himself, coming as the founder of the kingdom of God, chose the material upon which that kingdom shall be built. He did not preach to the poor because others would not hear Him. The influential He could have commanded, strength of arms He could have enlisted, wealth would have served Him. But He chose, desired, determined, to preach the gospel to the poor. Says Dr. Bushnell, speaking of the character of the ministry of Jesus: "He adheres to the poor and makes them the object of His ministry. And what is more peculiar, He visibly has a kind of interest in their society, which is wanting in that of the higher classes, perceiving, apparently, that they have a certain aptitude for receiving right impressions which the others have not. They are not the wise and prudent, filled with the conceit of learning and station, but they are the ingenuous babes of poverty, open to conviction, prepared by their humble lot to receive thoughts and doctrines in advance of their age." With equal acumen does this great writer recognize the fundamental and distinguishing nature of the choice of Jesus, as contrasted with the teachings of the statesmen and philosophers who had gone before Him. They began at the top, He began at the bottom, and so His work, because it was true to nature, was lasting, abiding, eternal.

The twentieth century finds society divided, as it has always been divided, into two classes, the rich and the poor. Civilization has crept onward, changing many things, but it has not removed the distinction between wealth and poverty. The distinction may be less brutal, less crude, but it still exists, and the very refinement of the classification of men is often the cause of added bitterness. So to-day the student of men and [illegible], whether he be sociologist, economist, teacher, is confronted by the distinction existing on the part of society to [illegible] constantly asking certain questions and clamoring for a reply. Can the poor man secure a just share of the good things of earth? Is it possible for him to get an education? Will society receive him? And now, it seems, another question presses upon us. What is the relation between poverty and piety?

It would seem that the world, in answering this question, has lost sight of the teaching and practice of Jesus, for the conclusion usually arrived at is that the poor man is at a disadvantage in his struggle for the soul culture which every human being should desire. Many, listening to the reasoning of the world, have, because of their poverty, surrendered their religion, deserted the church and rejected the Christ. To them the Christian worker has come to seem the advocate of impossibilities, but this attitude of mind is not confined to the simple and unthinking, for we are reminded that even thoughtful writers seem to assume the existence of a natural hostility between poverty and piety.

Let us keep in mind the attitude of the Lord Jesus toward the poor as He delivered His message, and let us, remembering that, ask ourselves what that piety is, the relation of which to poverty we are to determine. Let us ask whether there is in piety any element to the producing of which poverty is hostile, and let us find, on the other hand, whether it may not be possible that poverty assists the soul in its endeavor to become the possessor of true piety.

Piety is not, primarily, something in the atmosphere; it is the rather something in the heart of man. Among the elements which enter into it, a few of the principal ones may be mentioned: Sensitiveness of things true, beautiful, good; receptivity, or the ability to appropriate the good that appeals to the soul; power to apply the principles of truth; recognition of love as the great animating, sustaining, God-knowing principle. Let us see whether poverty may not be an aid to the soul in its development along the lines indicated.

We may, I think, claim with justice that poverty renders the soul supremely sensitive to the best things. Poverty is too frequently regarded as synonymous with pauperism, and pauperism is the embodiment of grim, unfeeling heedlessness. Pauperism is cold, indifferent, dead, but poverty is warm, alert, alive. Poverty needs the every faculty, its every power. It must fight battles and anticipate the onslaught of unseen foes. It must read the signs of the morrow in the evening sky and adapt itself to sunshine and shower and storm. "The man with the hoe" is not the poor man. For poverty neither deadens nor benumbs. Were I to choose my illustration of honest poverty I should find it in the humble toilers of "The Angelus." Clad in the rough garb of workers in the fields, holding in their hands the cumbrous instruments of their daily toil, they are, nevertheless, keenly alive to the beauty, the poetry, the suggestiveness of the sounds wafted upon the gently stirring summer breezes. How typical are they, as with bowed heads they stand, of the succeeding generations of God's poor, as, amid toil and tribulation, they seek to find the good, to know God.

The sweetness of honest poverty! I see it in the little children of the rabble as they followed Jesus through the streets of Jerusalem, and I see it in the children who to-day clutch the flowers carried into the homes of the poor by sweet charity. I see it in the soul, the devotion of the sinner who first heard the Gospel message, and I see it in the enthusiasm of the multitudes who caught the inspiration of the Master's words. I see it in the faces of the "common people" when "heard Him gladly," and I see it in the faces of the lowly as they listen to a Christ-message or a Sermon.

Disguise it as we may, deny it if we will, the soul of poverty has been the one selected to catch the messages sent from heaven out of the heart of God. Wealth can do no more than through the material for an Angelus; it can never equal the sympathy for a Gethsemane; it can not possess those traits which the state for His sublime priesthood.

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Again, it is an evident fact that poverty [illegible] to the poor [illegible] to see the difference between "having" and "being." Wealth shouts: "I have," but poverty whispers, "I am." Poverty causes to know that only spiritual appropriation gives real ownership. This is one of the messages of the old Eden story of Genesis, for God placed Adam in the garden as a poor worker. He was to till and to keep the place and only to enjoy so much of it as he made his own. The supreme joy of his position was that through toil he was able to look upon God and the good and make them his own. In his sin he filled his heart with substitutes for God, and thus shut Him out of his soul. The return to Eden is the return to simplicity and receptivity. It is the becoming sensitive once more to the good and the taking in of truth, beauty, holiness.

It is a false theory which assumes that the activity of poverty is due to recklessness, that the poor may choose any course of action, disregard any existing order, because they have "nothing to lose." Even for the poor it is true that "life is more than meat and the body than raiment." The true cause for the activity of poverty is found in the rugged strength developed by adversity, in the constant need for adaptation to the demands of the passing days, and, finally, in the undying belief cherished that there is "a good time coming" in the golden future.

It is the tendency of wealth to be satisfied with things as they are, industrially, socially, morally. Truth's cartoon, "An English Board Meeting," is startlingly suggestive when applied to morals, as well as when applied to money. "Why," the aged and wealthy directors of the great railway are made to ask, "why must the public interfere with our business? Why must inventors suggest new devices? What's the good of these innovations?"

The great labor saving ideas of the age have come into the minds of the poor; they have been developed amid suffering and stress, and they have been forced upon a reluctant world by men who cared more for progress than for ease. So it is with the men and women who, hungering and thirsting after righteousness, have become possessed of great moral ideas. The grasp of these ideas upon their own souls renders them unrestful [illegible] to see them enthroned in the hearts of the race. They are willing to fight seemingly hopeless battles, to champion despised principles, to advocate unwelcome truths. They know what they have believed, and their knowledge gives them willingness to utilize their hard earned strength for the education and advancement of mankind, and these champions of the principles of piety have been from the days of Jesus and from the apostolic times the sons of poverty. When in the days of primitive Christianity the gospel spread from Jerusalem, it was carried by the poor; when it laid siege to hostile lands, poverty fought for it; when it grew corrupt through the machinations of a wicked priesthood, poor men purified it, when in these last days it has become ready for world-conquest, humble servants of the King have been called to carry it.

But we have said that piety has as one of its important elements the recognition of love as the great animating and sustaining principle; this recognition poverty globally accords. When we are told in the text that the poor had the gospel preached to them, we have, as has been said, more than a mere statement of fact that Jesus delivered sermons to multitudes of the needy; we have the implied declaration of a condition of understanding of sympathy between His soul and theirs. Men who were dominated by selfish principles did not understand Him, for they were incapable of recognizing love as the supreme motive of a soul. Action, for them, was always dictated by policy, and they suspected a hidden motive behind the activity of Jesus.

The Master declared that for a rich man to enter the kingdom is difficult. What did He mean? He doubtless considered the increasing danger of basing action upon false motive. He knew that it is the tendency of wealth to render action mechanical, careless, and, too frequently, heartless, that the rich man may give his gold to "charity," while his heart is as flint; that he may support the gospel with his money while his heart feels no joy in its message. But he knew that poverty rightly conceived tends to keep the life normal and true to the true springs of action. He knew that the poor who heard Him when they gave their mites gave them because of love, for no other power could [illegible] the sacrifices which [illegible] food, shelter, life. He knew that they were familiar with the ministry of poverty to poverty, and that they were able to grasp the significance of a ministry based upon simple, unselfish love. So He preached to them, unfol