# THE FRANKLIN PR

FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1903.

### VOLUME XVIII.

#### A CRITICISM OF DESTINY,

LIFE'S LONG SHADOWS.

The Story of a Siberian Exile.

The following story was related to | heavy slumber, which lasted until the

I which I more a Bet-nes, or an Ethics, or a H I warm one of these things, why, the Dian, Or anything instead of just an ordinary They'd even vote me money from the taxes man. If E ware but a Destrine, mine would be a The good Shanakis fattees with their won-If L were but a Doctrine, mine would be a The go For then the men of millions would be If I were as

I wish I were a System, or a Polley, or I wish I were a Microbe, a Ba

in me with a shower of their of and bonds. ng Psychio, or a Social g out the checks Rettlement, isg me from all the bindrances. I'd never used to worry over coal or clothes

For some o e would endow me, and my A microscopic wriggler-just a shy, slustra prospects would be fair. If I could be as issue, or a Theory, I For then they'd spend their millions, and in or compositions would immediate. To trace me out and feed me, and to help ly flow: math I not a constant man, but some-thing like a Fund, or by sli the plutocrais I should not Or anything instead of just an ordinary then be shunnel.

-W. D. Neablt, in Chicago Tribune.

but i rannee upon him take a aut loosed from its cage, and, any with him, forced him facto-town the steps. He reped and t me, and struck me with the eye which he held in his hand to blood struamed down my i high blinded me; but I clung the blinded me; but I clung

Sheep Culture.

Sheep Culture. Sheep culture has many advantages over cattle raising, as also over dairy-ing. There is a necessity of sheep hunbandry for mest production. The maid increase of population, the scar-city and increasing price of boof, and the inferiority of pork in healthfulness and nutrition, tend to the increase of mutton sating. And it is not the re-sults in the economy of mest and wool alone, we may add, but from an eco-nomical standpoint is feeding the soil no factor in its weath occupying a more prominent position than sheep. This has been tested, and will be found to be most valuable in its apghtly to aim, and, putting and him, tripped him and ing force; and he resisted no longer lith a glad cry I aprong to my feet, with a gind cry I aprong to my test, and, suatching the sword from his fide, foll linesk a pace that I might give greater force to my blow. Nerv-ing myself with the thought of all 1 and suffered in the past, I was about to strike when I felt the light jouch of a bund on my str

to strike when I feit the light jonch of a hand on my arm. Great God! What did I soel Stand-ing beside me, in a radiance of light that seemed it a moment to melt the black shadows enveloping my heart was my darling boy, with a look of mingled reproach and compassion on his pure young face that blotted from my mind all further thought of evil. With a ory of ahame I threw the murderous weapon from my hand and failing on my knees, wept bitter tars of sorrow, and thanked the good God who had sent his to save me bright figure above ms. A heavenly smile it up his angelt face, as if in approval of the change his presence had wrought in mo-and ho was gone. Etsing up a new man, I went thio my toth a soil black and solve the bright figure above ms. A heavenly smile it up his angelt face, as if in approval of the change his presence had wrought in mo-and ho was gone.

Realing up a new man, i went hito my cell, and bringing forth a pitcher of water, bathef the templon of the prostrate guard and moistened his lips. Gradually he returned to corn sciousness, and when he was suffi-ciently recovered. I handed him his sword, and kneeling before him, begged forgiveness for the injury 1 had done him and the still gresster wrong I had meditated against him. But with muitered threats and curses he spurned me from him, and bidding

Strawberries va. Cows. The figures that show the roginal cost of an acre of strawberries up to the time of fruiting are disappointing o look at by a man about to b culture of the strawberry. It is hard to convince him that he can ever get my back. The same is true in the dairying business. If the farmer uld be shown what it cost him to grow up a cow to the age of full milk production, and again what he has to and lappe put into that cow every year in the form of material that could be conno words with the verted into cash without feeding it to the cow, it would discourage him, and But they lashed yot there are many men who more than a living from dairying. I have milked cows ever since I was 9 years old, and have been in the strawborry fusiness for 20 years now, can truthfully say that I would rathe have the net profits, on an average from year to year, from an acre of

orm speed and have the milk uniform and the temperature the same every ay. But uniformity is not really es-A more aerious charge is that made

A more serious charge is that made by some creamery men. This is se-garding the quality of the cream for making butter of fine flavor. Al-though the private dairy men make butter of fine flavor, and some cream-cries make good butter from farm sep-arator cream, some creamery men ob-ject most vigorously, and others pos-tively refuse to receive the cream. Two reasons exist for this poor quali-ty of farm separator cream. Two long time batween deliveries, and mixing warm cream with old cream. In or-der to sell the machines, some unscruder to sell the machines, some unacru-pulous ageots have told farmers that that once a week delivery was all right. This is not true. Private dairy men can churn but twice a week and

make good batter, but farm separator cream should go every day in bad weather, and once in two days at oth-er times, to the creamery. The farmer who has used doep set-ting and skimmed the cream directly into cream from a former skimming found that it worked all right, and so he naturally follows the same course with his separator cream. But this is a fatal mistake. The deep setting cream was cold when skimmed; the farm separator cream is warm. Mixing warm milk or cream with milk or ream which is on hand always makes trouble. The germa lying nearly dor-mant in the old milk or cream are stirred into activity when warm mills, or cream is added, and a stale, nau-

ous flavor results. All that is pecary is to cool the cream before mixng with older cream and keep the ream- Cold until delivered at the reamery. Then good butter can be made.-E. C. Bennett, is American Agculturist.

#### Fruit Trees in Spring. The orchards of this country have

received more consideration during the past decade than for a century previoun,<sup>3</sup> Crops of apples were formerly allowed to waste on the ground, the trees were not protected from insects. ind the quality of the fruit was a secondary matter, while overbearing was nsidered a fortunate occurrence. It le difficult to convince fruit growers, owever, that it is to their advantage to thin the fruit off the trees, and in that respect they suffer a loss which could easily be avoided. It is maintained that the amount of fruit on a tree may be regulated in two branches tree may be regulated in two waysby pruning away a part of the branches to prevent the formation of too much fruit, or by picking off the superfluous fruit as soon as possible after it is formed. With such fruits as grapes, raspberries, blackberries and the like pruning is preferred, as it is more easily done than by picking off the fruit. In the case of currants and geomeherrice, which are, as a rule, pruned less severely than grapes, raspherries and blackberries, thinning might be an advantage. - With currants the removing of the tips of the stems gave 15 percent more berries to the cluster, and the separate berries

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT AND CONVINCING DIS-COURSE ENTITLED "IMMORTALITY."

the Rev. fit, finir Heater Dalivars a Con forting Message to Those Who Are Wavering in the Bellef in Regard to a Life Brezlasting.

Wavering in the Bettel in Regard to a Life Breakhing. They have done drive - In the Church of the freench Brecokyn, Sunday morning, they or the Key Br. Clair Hester, preached a Substitute, Mari's Hight to Tr' the text was from sich are: 14: 'It's must be the Her again.' 'Mr. Hester said. The morpressible, they and units of a sub-rest and the text and the start of the text before Christ, and man like Joh are before Christ, and remained the world and the text was from sich and the text of the text was from sich and the text of the text was from sich and the text of the text was from sich and the text of the text was from the sich are before Christ, and man like Joh are before Christ, and man like Joh are before Christ, and the text of the text was for Christ. It is no text the text was for Christ. It is no text the text was for Christ. It is no text the text was for the sich are and the text was for the sich and the text of the text was for the sich and the text of the text was for the sich and the text of the text was for the sich and the text of the text was for the text of the text of the text was for the text of the text of the text was for the size and door the text of the text was for the size and door the text of the text was for the size and door to the text of text of the text of the text of text of text of the text of text

# "Soul of my soul, we shull meet again, And with God be the rest."

The next is constantly digitized in the work of the second and performs. The source of the second and the rest.
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## NUMBER 22.

# ACTIONS AND W

ins, are all h

Here's a sentiment worthy to keep in you As you travel through ills, for it's true you

That you're not so much valued by w As by what you may do in a pra-

Way: For unless you perform what you say you one do, Grave doubts will arise that you're house

and troc. Though your voice be as sweet as the con of the birds, Bemember, that actions speak lender the words,

and the second states Nor would I discourage the message that

sheers, Of the prayers, or the blassing of symp-thy's tears; They are always in order, they halp in their way To basten the dawn of millennial day. But a little more gold andwiched in with You bravers Your prayers Would hanish more tears and Aghtan more

Though your voice be as sweet as the sone of the birds, Bemember, that actions speak londer the words.

#### -Rom's Horn

HUMOROUS. 1. 200 2.

Miss Angora-L have gold lining in my teeth now. Miss Malteso-You have? Miss Angora-Yes; I just ate the gold fish.

Blobbs-He doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain. Well, he knows enough to always have a borrowed umbrella.

Sillicus-Women always go to ex-tremes. Cynicus-Thnt's right. If they are not in the height of fashion they are in the depths of despair.

Visitor-So you an count eight, ch. Johnny the rou hnew what comes after eight? Johnny-tes, sir; nursie to put me to bed!

Miss Ann Teque-Bul you don't think marriage is always a game of chance? Jack Young-No, indeed; some people have no chance at all. Mrs. Muggins-Did she marry well?

Mrs. Buggins-Yes, indeed. I under-stand that she has considerable difficulty in spending all her alimony.

Wigg-So she finally landed him, ah? How did she do it? Wagg-She told him her father had forbidden her to see him again, and the rest was easy.

Mrs. Z .- Listen, George-the baby is saying 'Oo-goo-ja-bo-oo-go!' What a brakeman does it remind you of?" "H'm! reminds me of calling out stations."

Tough Youth-Say, I want to buy some handkerchiefs fer a young lady. Clerk-Plain? Tough Youth-Naw, she ain't plain; an' I kin lick the man that says she is,

"Was it a 'farewell tour?' asked the close friend. "I should say not," re-sponded the heavy tragedian, who had been greated with over-ripe vegetable; "I never fared worse in my life."

"Why do Ketchem & Co. stick the stamps on their letters upside down? They must be crazy." "Quite the op-posite. They wish to give people the idea they are doing a rushing bust-

"But," protested the plain citizen thing? replied the politi-cian. "But it's like all good things: you've got to make some you've be fore you can afford it." Host (in a low voice to his with I have a fearful headache. Do get rid of our guests as soon as ever you can. Hostess-Well, I cannot, put them out. Host-No, my dear, but you can play the plano. "What in the world are you doing?" asked Mr. Horsefly, "Why, I am teach-ing my brood how to diet on gasoline," responded Mrs. Horsely; "if they ex-pect to exist they must depend on the automobile for a living." "I would like to find out how man idle mon there are in town." "Well, just start some laborers to digging a sewer." "But they won't be idl "No; but every idle man in town will s' nd around and watch them." "Oh, excuse mo for stepping your foct," stanmered the blushing young maiden. "Certainly!" respond-ed the gallant young man; "I only wish I had as many feet as a centi-nede, and that you would step on these

#### The following story was related to heavy slumber, which insted until the bouse I spont a faw weeks last summer. He had been in the employ of his government for some years as an inspector of prisons, and it was on the occasion of one of his official vis-Its to the famous convict establish-ment at Tobolsk that he heard the words of pity for me I heard on every side, and many the prayers that God story from the dips of an old man, who had spent upward of 40 years in pris-on. Substantially it ran as follows: might comfort me and have me in His ceeping. "I will pass over the scenes in "Many years ago-how many, I cannot tell you, sir-I was living on the outskirts of the thriving little town of Veina, in Russian Poland. I court-the testimony of the soldiers, the hisses of the people when the judge condemned me to a life of penal servitude in the Siberian mines, and was a blacksmith by trade, and my

their cagerness to catch a nearer I began by long and tollsome journey to Siberia.

for few prospered as I did, and could boast a happier home. to a boy-a

100, as e wont on grew a sturny, a-ight-ed little fellow, the daring of on-arts and the brightest jewel in our rown of happiness. What he was to ne no words can tell. I know only became the very light of my life, and when some childish ailment checked for a brief space his merry tie I was like to go mad with lef and fear-so bitter was the ought that some day, perhaps, he

light be taken from me. One day I was at work when I heard a troop of cavalry approaching the forge at full gallop.' Laying aside amor I went over to the halfdoor to catch a glimpse of them as they rode by. The leading files had they rode by. The leading files had already passed when a piercing shrick rent the air and from the very mar-row in my bones—my heart stood

forge atood at the angle of two cross-roads, about a mile from the centre of the town. Adjoining it was my cot tage, the noatest and prottiest little toad in all that countryside. ny there were who envied me my ed, it was an enviable into the country by the road that led past my forge. Long before we came in sight of it, I was straining my eyes

glimpse of me when 1 passed out en my way back to prison. The recital would but weary you. The next day me enter my cell, locked the marched through the town and out knouled.

me and left me.

to catch a glimpse of the little home-sicad I loved so well; but when of length literane in sow in a sight distant in sow in a sight of the source of the moment the easer throbbing of my

heart, Ah! What a sight was that! Coming toward us, round a bend in arou the road, was a tumbril, heavily can ex

a long procession of men and wom-to kill me mo the more was at the point of swooning I telt the light touch on my arm that had already en, many of them weeping bitterly. A me the m mist blurred my vision and magnified the tumbril until to my tear-dimmed eye it seemed as a great black cloud

spared me a worse punishment, and, hat wrapped the whole countryside looking up, beheld my boy beside me. In its sorrowful folds. On me it cast "As his tender, compassionate eyes its darkest shadow, and I cried to the met mine the pain of the scourging guards to kill me and lay me beside ceased, and I felt not the blows they strawberries, cared for as I know

Rising up'a new man, I went into my

"The best day 1,

them in m

will cost more, then, to produce the 400 bushels of potatoes than the 50

whips to urge me forward. Oh, God! can I ever forget the

fearful sight that met my part ase it now, as plainly as on that day-my darling, my heart's idol, and his and a great cry of compassion went up from all, for they knew how it had up from all, for they knew how it had "The tumbril was almost abreast of angel mother, side by side on the dusty road, trampled to death by those cruel hoofs. With a terrible cry-a cry such as only a man infu-risted to the pitch of madness, can utter-I anatched up my hammer, and dusty road, trampled to death by cry-a cry such as only a man infu-risted to the pitch of madness, can utter-I anatched up my hammer, and dusty road, trampled to death by road, trampled to death by cry-a cry such as only a man infu-risted to the pitch of madness, can utter-I anatched up my hammer, and dusty road, trampled to death by resonce of my dead; and moved by a common impuse, they broke in upon our ranks, and, closing round me, bore

utter-it anatched up my hammer, and intervent in anatched up my hammer, and intervent in and the sead, ruahed among is soldiers, may diamounted and gathered about the pro acto and mangied forms of my darlings. A panic seised them and they struggied futioualy to get beyond the reach of my wild blows. One there was, how-ever, that essayed to close with me and wreat the hammer freqs my graap, but i hurled him to the ground and struck tim a blow, that, had it fallen on his head, would have killed im outright. Happily for him and r my future pasce of mind, his up-laed arm syed him; and before I will strike again one of his comr my future pasce of mind, his up-lied arm saved him; and before I uid strike again one of his com-rades dealt me a blow that stretched me boside him, hiedding and senze-less. When I recovered conscious-ness I found myself lying on the floor of a cell in the lyison of Veina. "Oh, the misery of that swakening! How shall I describe it to yos, sir? How describe the awful sense of des-olation that crept over me with the first dawning of consciousness, and so laid hold of me that I prayed, and prayed with all my might, to die?

rated us with a rod of iron. "One day, while we were at work, a fellow prisoner told me that a new would be on duty for the first time that night. I paid but little attention to what he shid, and when night fell and I was locked in my cell I had for-gotten all about it. It was the night warder's duty to visit the cells every hour, commencing at 10 o'clock. On that particular night I was more than usually rostleus. It was the anniverprayed with all my might, to die? How describe the fortures I suffered

How describe the fortures I suffered when the remembrance of all that had happened at the forme that day came back to me with redoubled force, and, flooding my soul with angulah, created in me a fierce thirst for revenge—but I cannot, I cannot. To realize my misery you must suffer as I suffered, love as I loved—and that I pray you nevus will. But let me continue my minory. The daylight had fided in my coll, when two soldiers, bringing with usually restless. It was the anniver-mary of that fatal day at Veina, and I paced my cell with ever quickening atops as i recalled, one by one, the events of that terrible time. The neves will. But let me continue my story. The daylight had faded in my cell, when two solidiers, bringing with them food and drink, communicated to me the intelligence that I was to be tried on the morrow for attempt-ing to kill one of His Majesty's guards. I paid little head to what they said—so wrapped was I in the bitterness of my thoughts—and my fadifferences angered them. "He is a sailon dog," said one of them, and, spurning me with his foot, passed a cruel jest that sent the hot blood surging to my head. Had I not been bound I would have fallen upon him had form him to pieces, but they had thained me to a ring in the wall, and strain as I would. I could not reach him. My fruitiess struggles but nerved to muse them, and they jeered in me and tautand me with the impo-tuncy of my rage, and so moded me all, the braining of their jests in the they had attained themspiree with they had statistic themspiree with they had statistic themspiree with they had statistic themspiree with the structure of a steeplass fur-ing to the hot form a statistic merved to hum so the statistics the mo-all, use to the hot form a statistics the mo-all use to the hot reach themspiree with the structure of a steeplass fur-ing the to the hot form a statistics of my fear once and of the statistics the statistics of my fear once and of the statistics of the statistics of the statistics of the statistics the statis the statistics the statistics the statistics prison clock struck 10, and I paused a moment to listen for the familiar grating of the bolts at the end of the grating of the bolts at the end of the corridor as the warder entered to make his usual round. But every-thing was silent. I waited a few me-rents, and thes resumed my yalk. The quarter struck, and still no war-der came. Then I recalled what my fellow-prisoner had told me, and I saw how H was. The man was now to his duitos, and, the enough would not come at all. But even as the thought passed through my mind I heard the bolts gratting in their suc-kets, and, is few moments later, nome-one stumbled up the steps that led from the corridor to my cell and fell heardly against the from With an eath he reenverd hunself, and, unlock-ling the door, fing is wide open.

ig the door, fling it wide open.

range sight. "Bound to an iron pillar, with his hire a man it takes all 10 more cown strango sight.

"Bound to an iron pillar, with his face turned from us, was another prisonar, his two shoulders bared and livid from the blows that had already been showered upon them. As 1 gazed on the crue sight the prison walls melted before my eyes and I be held, as in a vision, the whole world spread out before me. And I say myriads of people-men, women and children of all sorts and conditions-flocking from every point toward the pillar where the poor prisoner was tied. And as they drew nearer I saw that all-even the children-bere pillar where the poor prisoner was tied. And as they drew nearer I saw that all-even the children-bore scourges in their hands, with which, I contend that no farmer can be up to date in his manner of living and make it from a dairy alone. You can go without things that a farmer ought to as they passed the pillar, they smote with reluctance, as if urged on by those behind. Others, and they were numberiess, smote with all their might and with malice inconceivable, while others again turned and smote more florcely than before. One there have, and pay for a farm with a dairy. but you cannot live as farmers ought to live in this age unless you get the money from some other source than the dairy of 15 cows, two silos, feed was who riveted my attention by the cottonseed meal, ginten, ets., and get 25 cents the year round for hutter.--L. J. Farmer, in Rural New Yorker.

was who riveled my attention by the eagerness with which he pressed on to the pillar, and by the revolting ex-pression of his countenance. Never thad I scon so much malice and hatred delivered with one blow as when he struck those now fleshiess bones. I cried alcud with horror at the sight Farm Separator Cream. Farm separator Gream. Farm separators have been intro-duced inster than the spread of knowl-edge regarding the requirements to run them properly. And yet it is the easiest of all farm machines to man-age when one knows how, and any

cried aloud with horror at the sight and strained to burst my bands, that I might tear him to pieces, so infuri-ated was I by his brutality. And in that moment both he and the victim of his malice turned and looked at me and no heart sank within me. "In that Yaging brute whom I had murad and factorial tear I beheld.

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Tunor that God is good." Therefore, He will never leave at far-mke us, either in this life or the warid to come. Let a hold fast to the truth-dial is most-and when the ani cometh all will be well with the soul. When at his is applied internally to ages ther give may at a pressure of thirly, two to sixty-five neurals for agare inch.

A note train Rousen states that the Rouval, theocelebrates bell in the bel-fry of the Town Hall, which rings the curfew every evening from 9 o'clock to a quarter past, is cracked, and it is feared that further the may cause if to fall to pieces. The curfew has here temporarily discontinued far course quence. The Rouvel states from the chirtsenth contary, and is generally

# LEANING WALL BATTER

Mr. Brisk-I am going to marry your daughter, and I called to ask few questions about her financial

prospects. How do you stand? Mn. Bulky-How do I stand? On two good feet, sir-two good feet! Try one (sip!) Try the other-(sip!) How do you like 'em, sir?

Gardening for an Invalid.

Several years ago I found myself too much of an invalid to be out in the garden sowing seeds and with no on at my service who, in my optim at my service who, in my open could be trusted to do it for. A su mer without flowers was too dreary prospect to be contemplated. I curved a half down wooden box about the size of common scap box hand had them sawed so that th were each four inches deep. The boxes were so amail that when fill with sell they could be easily fill abent. I had the boxes filed with a from the garden; and now imagine comfort as I sait at a table nowing sends! There gore no examped in and aching hack, as was availy taken when I had sowed my Gooda the send hed. I had that you are a display of aimunas as 1, ever when the noest were form in the den, in spite of the fust that weather did not got warm could it to be prutent for an invalue to on the mound to transitiont thap is between June 2 and 5,--Cenniry in Amotics. could be trusted to do it for. A

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Waning in Printler, MI