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BACHELOR TEA.

buchalor man and a bachalor maid Sat upping a cup of test. Ald the backoior man, "Elisabeth, di 11 certainly seems to the, hat thever a dup of nestar sate of who from the vanits of kings we do no too the vanits of kings White the height sites with the stage.

"It reats me well, and it southes my south And it comforts me through and through, The a magical cap, and I'm fair spath-bound An I sit and sip it with yon. Shall we sip it together thro' all the years The future is bringing our way? We could meet right bravely its hopes and fasts.

Bo pray do not answor may."

"JOAN."

A Complete Story by Margaret Westrup.

A great old sweet smelling garden, and one little maid among the flowers tod bees and butterfles. All alone she was, for mother did not come out into the garden much these days. Joan little," stopped before a tall pink hollyhock The

The sunflower nodded encourage

and spoke. "I don't think this is such a nice "It's a long way," said Joan. I the run miles and miles, pretty gold lady run miles and miles_miles_" her voice trailed off into a drowsy mur-voice trailed off into a drowsy murbut I say 'therink' now, 'cause I'm mur-"and miles!" she said, with a most grown up, you see." Then she walked on again down the gazed up at the sunflower reproachfullittle twisted gravel path, with her ly. "I mustn't go to sleep," she said. hands clasped behind her, and her "I've got to find Man Daddy in the big

brows grave with thought. For so place where they took Fide when he Man Daddy used to walk when he was was lost. It's just there," pointing having a big "therink." down the road. "Goodby, gold lady. I "But it's whole days-'most years-"Bitt it's whole days-'most years- must be quick, 'cause Man Daddy will since Man Daddy wont away," she be lonesome without me and mother,

said, stopping beside a gray green bush you see, and mother will be lonesome of lavender, "and he said goodby so too." hasty, he squeezed me so hard that he She hurt, and his eyes were angry, and I back over her shoulder at the sun-

hadn't been naughty, at all. Are you sorry, sweet lavender?" "My legs won't work propelly," she She buried her face in the fragrance, said, and struggled on. The sun had

then trotted on down the little path gone behind great threatening clouds, till she came to a tall foxglove. She but Joan took no heed. All her mind tilted back her yellow head and gazed was centred on getting on. She took up at the white and red bells with no more rest till she came suddenly wide gravity, her hands still clapsed upon a group of popples growing in behind her back. upon a group of popples growing in the grass at the wayside; by them her

"One day," she said, "a lady came legs stumbled and gave way, and she It was-it was a long sank down on to the grass. She whisbig-ting to you were borned pered to them in a little voice that was pretty indices what bow, and she the herethiese and full of tears: "I want to kiss me when she was going," here this and full of tears: "I want didn't like her, you see, and I would a and an the by still and set all her

bed without covers in the drawing room, you know, and the lady was smilling ever so, and her dress was as gleam lit her face. long as a new little baby's, and that

was the day Man Daddy went away." flowers water," she said, as a great She bowed gravely to the polite fox-tear rolled down her cheek, and, kneelloves, and trotted on. Before a group of tall white lilles mobbed her heart out, while the teas gloves, and trotted on.

she stopped again. She came closer, splashed on to the flowers. But other and, stretching up her arms, pulled one drops from dark clouds overhead-<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> gontly down and laid her soft cheek drops that beat the poppies shudderit the snowy petals. ing to the earth. "The angels are For a moment the baby lip quivered. crying, too," murmured Joan, sleepily, lieve that tale." "Man Daddy loved you the bestest of and rolled over and lay still. 'Queen of the Garden'-that's The angels' crying was long and vewhat he called you, you know." hement. It woke Joan several times, but she was dazed with weariness Then a cry went up in the warm, sweet air. "I want Man Daddy-oh, I Once she murmured with a smile: "It's want him so bad!" 'most a cold bath 'stead of a teppy to-The little hands were unclasped only day, mother," and went to sleep again to be locked together tighter still. In the dimly lit room on the little 'For I'm 'most grown up, you see,' bed Joan tossed wearily from side to whispered Baby Joan to the tall white side. "You see, little blue ladies, it llly, "and grown-ups don't cry, you hurts had in you stummick-jus' here," know." laying one hot little hand on her She left the lilles, and walked on in chest; "but I'm not crying, you know." thought. At the end of the path we simshale was tied with "No, my brave little darling." murmured the woman, bending over her, string to a nall in the walk-Such a "But you is, mother!" in an access of utter surprise. "I feel it on my head. I finked-therinked-grown ups long while it had taken to fix that sunshade "propelly," but Joan eyed it never-Oh, it hurts, mother!" her finproudly now. gers clinging around her mother's: "it "Are you ker-wite happy?" she said, hurts, you see," drawing a long, sob-bing breath. peeping round at the clambering white and pink convolvaius behind the lit-Presently she began, anxiously;

thought after each dore that it was a trenk weary night begun again-passed; the min rose in a glory that to the weary little face lying on the gram-pled pillow; and then, when the pints zlory had faded and left only one bar of gold persons through the blinds and resting lovingty on the yellow curls, he came. Straight to the little bedroom he came.

The bachelor maid, with a sigh content, Mirred the nexts shout in her cap, And thoughtfully passed to ponder a bit Before looking merrits up, And anying, "Why, where will you go, my dear, For a nice little haven of real? For it we dro finariod, don't you sed You little can lie my guest?"

So these bishelicits twills sat quiltity down, And tailed the mainer o'er. While the tottle sang, and the fragmant herb lis part in the council borr. And the story onde, as stories should, In wedding belie and inughter: Of course they married - you knew they would-

bedroom he came. "You see, quest of the garden," hab-bled the restless little volce, "It hurts rather bad. He loved you the bestest of all; but he won't come-ad i musta't cry, you see, But it hurts!"

Mould-And lived happy ever after. --Mrs. E. M. Addison, in Good Housekeeping. He bent over her, her tiny hands in Joan's beaming smile greeted him.

"He has come, queen of the gardes-Man Daddy has come!" she said, with an infinite content, and fell asleep. When she awakened the pain had 'Most gone,' "I knowed you would take it away." Man Daddy, but"-wistfully-"I didn't

Ind you, dld 17" He glanced across the bed at the woman's down-bent head. "Yes, Joan, you did. If you hadn't

ooked for me I should not have come." She half smiled. "Never mind, now, little one. It is

all through you I am here." "Honest Ingin, Man Daddy?" "Honest Ingin, Joan." She beamed, satisfied. "If I hadn't looked for you, you

vouldn't have comed. Aren't you ever so glad, mother?" Low and earnest ca nswer

"Yes, dear." "May I go and tell the flowers, Man Daddy ?"

"Not yet, Joan.". "But you haven't tied up nick into a dolly-"Not this time. Lie good, little one."

"Yes, Man Daddy, Kiss me." He bent over and kissed her. "You, too, mother." Then suddenly

his arm around he

end well, she is so red, weakly, chuckled drowsily,

shes rested on the

ned?" he said.

was over.

she dimpled gleefully. "I want a J ble kiss," she said. There was a little con "You haven't forsott

in shrill tones of "No.

"Then t

She started at a run, then looked

"Grown up angels cry to give the

woman made a way from him; but slight n his arm t "Suppose ad then in the room There was no save the ticking of his watch. Presently he spoke:

"Nora, I cannot go away again."

Bartow Sage is Under the

nd, for example, the second of which make make matters are in a will give you a definition ad will give you a deminister

BILL ARP'S LETTER BIG REDWOODS DOOMED

Weather, But Undaunted.

IS NOW SEVENTY-SEVEN

Walks Out Into His Garden for First Time in a Month-Deplores Recent Horrible Disasters

Wrought by Terrors of the Elements,

When Abashnorus was king of Per-When Ahashnorus was king of Per-sis he got so mad with Haman one dal value, and to those who day that he walked out into the garden ancient and parvel growth preserved. The results collar, but to cool off his anger, for fear he might do something undignia builetin fed. Then he came back and had Ha-The refuse merchay man hanged on the gallows he had

Well, I walked out in my garden yes erday, the first time in a month, but I was not mad with anybody. In fact I am pleased that I am allowed once

 dilates 1 to Transite area Women to East of the state of more to walk outdoors and peruns th flowers and vegetables and pick a f strawberries April 24 and had a i watch me and have sept me up for months while the chilled the air, but now they down the steps and up agai are very beautiful from th but more so when you them. We never had so



That Young Shoots May Be Easily Grown and the Race Preserved. What is to be done for the redwoods what is to be done for the redwoods of the Pacific Coast is a question that has not only agitated California, but is of sentimental concern to the whole nation. The Bureau of Forestry, at-tacking the problem is a thoroughly practical spirit, has worked out con-clusions that should appeal as reason-able at once to the lumbermen, who cut redwood on account of its some re-

rom old trees. Supported and non-shed by full-grown roots and stems, oung trees grow under shade that rould kill the small seeding. The prout will endure an astonishing mount of shade. In stands of second with, so dense that not a ray of light can enter, suplings 6 or 8 feet high are to be found growing from stumps, bare of branch or follage sr-cept for a few inches of pale green crown at the top. In very dark, damp places in the virgin forest one may find clumms of shorts on white an encoded umps of shoots as white as spro from a potato. Wood Has Many Uses,

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Redwood possesses qualities which hi it for many uses. In color it shades from light cherry to dark mahogany. It is easily worked, takes a beautiful pol-ish, and is one of the most durable of the consterous woods of California. It been lain 500 years in the fo ocen sent to the mill and mawed amber. The wood is without nd offers a strong resist rd of fires in San

tle parasol, "Poor muslin ladies, didn't the wind blow you drefful?"

hen she watched a little blue butterfly as she fluttered about from flower to flower, and finally sailed over the wall

"If I was a buttlefly," she said to the convolvulus, "I would soon find Man Daddy." She sighed, so that her small muslin pinafore bosom gave a big heave. "But then," with another thought, "I'd have to leave mother." She sighed again. "Mother says, 'Don't worry, Joan,' when I ask when Man Daddy's coming home, and then she kisses me ever so, to make up." She trotted on again, with hands be-

hind her back. A woman looking from a window turned away in angulah from the small eminine imitation of Man Daddy.

Suddenly the chubby legs twinkled in wild haste up the garden, across the velvet lawn, out of the open gate into the road.

"I can go 'most as fast as a buttle fly," said Joan, "and I'll find Man Daddy at the nice place where Fido was took when he was lost, where there

aan's voice: "I do not know where were such a heaps and heaps of dogs 1 know Man Daddy'll be there," with a gleeful chuckle that brought the dim-ples laughing to her cheeks. "Mother" "Thatling you

never thought of that. I b'lleve it was the lilles what put the therink in my Inside."

Along the hot, dusty road, meeting

Along the hot, dusty road, meeting no one in this peaceful dinner hour, she trotted, her subsound dragging behind and her yellow hair rivalling the glowing cornfields on either side. In her desire to emulate the butter-fly she got over the ground at a sur-ration group of the ground at a sur-ration of the second strates and so ways did into everything she under-took. Life to Joan was a deep and an earnest thing. She bardly know that her short less wore aching, or that her short less wore aching, or that her short less wore aching, or that her short less wore aching as that her short less wore the rillage dimer hole was over the rillage was left har her her her short short with a for ashed her when she was going Joan's hearing moler untils and her paswer. Man Dady-juit area, with a grimy forefinger pointing apprent-by to the mil of the road or inne, fac-intend the the read or inne, fac-intend the the read or inne, fac-

thom. But presently d to talk to a great sum its golden head at her er

"That did sound like crying a bit, but," with a tremulous little laugh, "It wasn't-it wasn't, really-" "No, no, dear-I know-try to go to

sleep," and she began to sing a lullaby. "You sing very nice, all of you." babbled the restless voice. "I do like flower singing-you can hear the wind

shaking their voices—but Man Daddy won't come! One day, it was years and years ago, little pink ladies, i ran and ran-you see, I'm not really a but-tiefly, but, then, when buttleflies use

their legs they go quite slow, and I haven't any wings, you see-" A frock coated figure bent over the bed now, and the woman's eyes never

left his face. "Fever high-she must be soothed." "I want Man Daddy-you're not Man Daddy-do you know, one day, when i was ker-wite little-I cut mine finger

-I cried-wasn't it funny? But Man

Daddy tied it up and I laughed, 'cause he said it was a daily. Would be the my stummick up if he was here? It hurts, you see-oh, it hurts!" Anguished and broken came the wo-

The doctor looked grave, and pres "Darling, you are so brave and good

will you try to go to aleep, to-to be well when Daddy comes back?" "Is he coming back, mother? Oh, it

mrts!" with a sob, "it hurts so, "If you go to sleep, dear-oh, do try,

oan, do try!" "I will shut mine eyes-tight, moth-

ST, 80-" The restless little body lay rigidly

still, "Think of the sheep, dear," mild the mother, using a recipe she had found successful with Joan in a former child-ial Illassa. "Count them as they come up to the gate and jump over it. Bee, there they go-one, two, three." Presently the great eyes opened with a pitcously worried look: "MoNher, thay stick! They won't jump over the gate at all."

"Mocher, they stick! They won't jump over the gate at all!" All the woman's pride had gone. She racked her brain for some clow to her husband's whereabouts. At last site thought she had one, faint ant elastry, but she would try-she would talegraph. She crapt from the room while Joan lay in an uneary done, and wrote her telegram, and sent it off with a wild prayer in her

out of this in her eyes to the wee have seen. Vith the text d. Under ther for

It may seem to be co

te, either for a city or for a come, in very deed and tr

forever? This is the question to which I shall you to hend your thought to night,

You to bend your thought to night, you to bend your thought to night, whether we have respect to the which anded yesterday or to the which has been entered upon to-d cannot but account the topic a timely

enormous radius. A naval official who witnessed an experiment with his hy-droscope in the Mediterration mays that the instrument can be operated from the deck of a ship, making visible cables and torpedoes, and ought to nullify the dangerous character of sub-marine boats.

The United States consus for 1900 Suds 2536 persons in the United States who are 100 or more years of are. The value of these figures may be gues-tioned, and perhaps may be best esti-mated by the fact that 72.8 percent of the whole united states of the state united by the fact that 72.8 percent of the whole number are negroes, many of whom have no reliable evidence as

of whom have no reliable avidence as to the date of their birth. They are but if percent of the total population. It seems improbable, too, that this com-try should have our 3500 when Ger-many, with a population of nearly 25, 000,000 has only 778, and England, with 22,000,000, only 140, and France, with 40,000,000, has only 313.

A Query."

with the man who onfinationed fol Sying machine leave any for prints in the sands of times-Part Solphia Bernel

up, only 's) find it hep't there'

is may seem to be comparing must things with great to name the commercoement week of a ecnool for girls in the same breath with the commemorative week of a city which has lived through the fourth part of a thousand years, but, perhaps, before we are done, my boldness in ven-turing thus to couple the two may be for-siven me. eventually an impuirment or the works full of our f total stock of gentleness. Let us be misers here. The tide of this swork grace is never at the flood. There is no jest of any over-flow. We need to treasure every drop 15th, and my

great of old" is taken in reflections, is, perhaps, are humbling reflections thay are wholesome. It is by count haves, not by count of heads, that -'s place in the final list of honors is to detarmined. Whisther this city of min-pent opportunities is destined to accou-pent opportunities to by seen. The Fineness is not a safe guide eithe or durability or lasting beauty of able linen. Weight is the standard of rice, and it is not advisable to buy from the week of eas

For common or rough use it is often well to buy the unbleached and also in the country or suburbs, where one

en, and beware of damage that is it and cracky, for it has professly

tter quality than it really in. Good on has an elastic texture. Bons of a floor French damaska appear en-

turon in far altimate division a mail is the

crop. The store off with young so timbered areas rather than

or her virgin forest. Where atten and Las her tirthday. And there are given the old forests and meth some more in June that I have forgotlubering, it was only that a better ten. Two little granddaughters brough knowledge might be gained of seco me some nice linen (h'd'k'fs) before breakfast. These little gifts are growth and how to deal with it. The redwood of California belongs to sweet and help to smooth the wrinktes a genus of which the big tree is the from an old man's brow. Our little only other species now alive. Both are 2-year-old loves to climb on my knee allied to the cypress, and their lumber is often called by the same name, but and pat my old cheek and call me they are botanically distinct from each g'anpa and that gives me more pleastre than a gold mine. May the Lord same situations. The big tree occurs in scattered bodies on the west slopes of wittingly and suddenly end a career keep the little ones under the shadow the Slerra Nevada, while the redwood Ob, the horror of horrors away out

in Oregon. Will cloudbursts and fires and floods and shipwrecks never of the Coast Range. Tallest American Tree.

The redwood grows to a greater height than any other American tree but in girth and in age it is exceeded

disaster, some wreck of innocent child life, some mother torn away. Lord, good Lord, have mercy upon the peo-ple and forgive all their sins. Like the poor fisherman I would say, "Lord," but in girth and in age it is exceeded by the big trees of the Sierras. On the slopes 225 feet is about its maxi-mum height and 10 feet its greatest good Lord, "I am a fool to speak to Thee, but save the children from the the conditions, it grows to be 350 feet diameter, while on the flats, under betstorm and flood and fire and pesti-ligh, with a diameter of 20 feet. Most lence," When I read the day's disas-of the redwood cut is from 400 to 800 ters my old heart throbs with pity, years old. After the tree has passed and, like the weeping prophet, 1 ex-claim, "Oh, that my head were waters and my eyes a river of tears that 1 off in growth. The oldest redwood

might weep day and night for the found during the bureau's investigation slain of the people"-40, 60, 160, 200, had begun life 1373 years ago. had begun life 1373 years ago. The bark of the tree offers such 400. Every day adds to pain and misremarkable resistance to fire that ex-cept under great heat it is not com-bustible. It is of a reddish-gray color, ory and anguish and desotation. Loved ones are gone and homes, Somehow when I look around me at all these happy hearts and faces and the flowers fibrous in texture, and gives to fullhappy hearts and faces and the flowers lifting their petals to the sun and the pigeons bathing in the pool and see the young people playing tennis down in the court and the contented asgro plowing my neighbor's corn and the cow grasting in the pasture, I feel like it is amost a sin to be happy while so much grief and hearinche abound all grown redwoods, a fluted appearance. Moisture available for the roots in the first need of the redwood, as any hilly tract of forest will show. Wherever a small gully, or bench, or basin is so placed as to receive an un-common amount of scepage, or where-ever a creek flows by, there the trees much grist and heartache abound all around us. It did not use to be so. ever a creek nows by, there the trees, are sure to be largest. While moisture of the soil affects the development of the redwood, moisture of the atmos-phere regulates its distribution. The limits of the sea fogs are just about the In my youth we had no suicides; murders were rare; no erary people to fli the manitariums; no chaingangs; no orime of any consequence. What is the matter with the world and the peo-ple? Even women have got to hard. limits of the sea fogs are just about the limits of the troe. The fogs, unless scat-tered by winds, flow inland among the mountains. Western exposures receive most of the mist they carry, except those higher ridges above their reach, which support, in consequence, only a scattering growth of redwood. The tree's vitality is so great, it en-dures so many vicinsitudes and suffern from so many accidents in the centuries of its existance, that the grain of its wond becomes uneven in proportion as its life has been eventful. The wood fibers formed under different rates of growth somatimes get up a tension so great that when the log is newed the wood aplite with a loud report. The weed of, the redwood will not greating in shaded places; the small seeding demands places; the small

ABOUT BEDCLOTHING.

cease? Every day brings some new

Bedelothing should be warm and ght; beavy rugs and thickly folded counterpanes should never be on the bed of sither eld or The weight 's legrensing and in the perspiration, they are oxday for the same of appearance should be taken off at night and som thing light and woolen arbeitrated.

ense he gave the A camel has but one front legs and two in the he begins to get up no creat earth but a camel could do such st things. He straightens out his back

legs first, leaving that part of his body high in the air. As I rose majestically above the preacher and could only with difficulty keep my other. They do not even occupy the sent, a deadly fear came upon me lest of usefulness. My only comfort was forms dense forests on the west slopes that he doubtless was better prepared for another world just then than I was When the beast finally gained his footing and I became accustomed to the "rock-a-by" motion, the ship of the desert became a most comfortable means of conveyance.

The Five Stages.

At 17 she said: "I want a man who is ardent in all of love's ways and whose passionate devotion may never He must be tall and broadshouldered and handsome, with dark, insking, soulful eyes, and, if need ba-go to the ends of the world for my sake."

At 20 she said: "I want a man who unites the tender sympathy of a woman with the bravery of a lion. I don't mind his being a little dissipated, he cause that always adds a charm. He. must be, however, accomplished to the last degree, and capable of any sacrifice for my sake."

4 25 she said; "I want a man whe and the mater is which a many who unites with an engaging personality a complete knowledge of the world, and if, of necessity, he happens to have a past, he must also have a future; a man whom I can look up to, and with whom I can trust myself at all times without the slightest embarrassment." At 30 she said: "I want a man with

money. He can have any other at tributes that a man ought to posses but he must have money, and the more he has the better I will like it At 35 she said: "I want a man Life.

Blood Polsoning.

Blood polsoning is now recogni polsoning by a living organism, ordinary polsoning is by some ical substance devoid of life polsoning took its name hafers i ture was properly understand, a was thought to be a form all ore polsoning, but that the blood i than the "vital principles" was a sittacked.

stincked. Attacked. As the stomach can, as a ro-stroy the life of most over while it can only to a imited alter the constitution or charged sone, poinceling by living organ or blood poisoning, in far more non throads wounds that her germinate in shaled places; the small seedling damands places; the small grown is almost as this and open as that of a larch, snolber sign that the tree is not naturally inlegant of shade. In a mined stand, the redwood's branches die off more rapidly than those of its companions, and the crown bends sagety to places where the light outers the forent encours. But in spli of most through wounds in aten, and they the idea relating of the busin

for this is that the stand hitally by michaning I mig reaction its be-

Jusy invest women nave got to hand-ling pistols and polsun, and grave dig gers have gone on a strike and we will have to dig our own graves before we-dis. Lord, help us all. Now let all the people say Amen.--BILL, ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

table lines that weight less than four and a half ounces per square yard. The comparative merits of bleached and unbisached 'napery depend upon the use to which it is to be put.

m bleach it on the grass or out in the