THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

BELLIGERENT SCHOOLMASTER BELLICOSE EDITOR.

Spirite in the state of the sta

teacher is still credited with vast mental range and encyclopedic knowledge—and in not regarded as a harmless
drudge—there lived and "conducted
classes" a long, raw-boned mountaineer
named Hill. He was a man of amazing industry and possessed of diplomas of learning, but he retained in
rich luxuriance the unpruned colloquial speech of his native mountains
—a speech which took grotesque liberties with grammar and idiom.

Now this Hill was, among other
things, a "grest hand for the gals," as
he elegantly phrased it, and in their
company he took a satisfaction which
overflowed in grins and cackles and

owed in grins and cackies and uncouth compliments. Even here, however, he had, like Washington irving's immortal ichabod Crane—whom, in general, he rather closely resembled—an eye upon the practical side of things. In short, he was apt to look with special favor upon young women who were blessed with rich

his schoolmaster held sway lived a unity with the local news in cekly installments, and, to that end, naintained a plant consisting of a

Mee force of one compositor. Naturally Mr. Harris, the editor, itical or social function was complete without him. Naturally, also, Mr. Hill, the schoolmaster, was a peron of equal if not superior considera-ion, and likewise much in demand for all manner of festivities. Both gentle-men went at least as cheerfully as they were bid—and neither ever missed one of these delightful dances which vere a feature of Wauhatchie society. denced vilely-and each regarded is own capers with much complaency. These facts are interesting but

not essential; the point is that both the cilists of the schoolmaster, by ename law a local helron. At first good friends, they presently began to look at each other out of the corners of their eyes and then settled down to a deadly rivalry marked by an uncompromising attitude of mutual his grins and compilments with smiles in the resument in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite forcion. He walked violently, slighting his arms.

The worst of it was that when the schoolmaster met Miss Carry-May the schoolmaster met Miss Carry-May the schoolmaster met miss also a lost man and the swing arise and the point is the point in the country of the school master. It is the point in the country of the school master, by gazing after Harris for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, swung round in his turn and strode off in the opposite for a moment, such as the strong of the country of the country of the school master. scorn-a scorn which neither took the pains to hide.

The lady in the case was not wiser or more beautiful than the general run of girls, but she had the astuteness ich belongs to the sex, and she held the balance so true between the two rivals that neither could claim any

long-continued advantage. It so happened that the learned Mr. Hill had as assistant a harmless drudge who, as is the way of some foolish schoolmasters, set his boys to and Mr. Harris, as belitted a pospirited editro, offered a prize for the best composition on a matter of public interest," written by a pupil of the school in which the whole town hatchle took pride. But, because he hated Mr. Hill, Mr. Harris stimulated that the editor was to be he sole arbiter of merit. These comne "on matters of public interwere duly written, doubtless with

painful thoughs and more chew-the topa of innocent penholders part of the youthful authors ilts of their labors were handthe editor, and the editor awardprise a year's subscription to lished the prize essay in his coloutspoken about a matter of local ing bad blood. What was worse, the youngster who wrote it-a pugnacious youth-had ventured to assume a position which did not at all agree with the stand which the schoolmaster had judged it wise to take on the same subject. Reading the effusion now in a public print and proclaimed in scare head lines as a prize essay by a pupil of his school, the learned Mr. Hill fairly botted with indignation. His enemy had played him a scurvy trick, and he must have revenge. He seized his hat, and still holding on to the offending newspaper, set out to find the edi-This he had no difficulty in do-The faithful servant of the pen and the public was in his sanctum-with the lone compositor and several loafers who spent much time there. In the midst of this sleepy senate ap-peared suddenly the indignant Mr. Hill newspaper-and declared with great vehemence that he objected to that so-called prize easay. He began to sling his mountain lingo about reck-lessly and even indulged in threats of personal violence—at which the editor smiled pleasantly. Then the schoolmaster, beside himself, made for the editor with his fists, whereupon the editor with his fists, whereupon the compositor and two burly loafers promptly collared him and hustled him away, swearing in a manner that would have given infinite delight to the innocent boys over whom he pre-sided—and, doubtless, shocked the young ladies to death.

All the next day the schoolnaste

know of it, too. Harris would cur-tainly tell her if nobody else did. It was intolerable.

Hill's wrath having cooked thus all day, he set out as soon as school was dismissed to find the editor once more. This time he met him on the street. "I want to speak to you, Mr. Harris," said Mr. Hill, siding up awkwardly to the place where his enemy

stood.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Harris, looking Lored, "but be brief; I am in something of a hurry." "I want," said Mr. Hill, without further ceremony, "to fight you."
"I don't see the use of that," said

Mr. Harris, "You must apologize," said Mr. Hill.
"I certainly shall not," said Mr.

"Then I'm going to lick you right now and here," said Mr. Hill, flying into a great rage and making windwith his arms.

"Not now or here," said Mr. Har-ris, coolly. "I am no street brawler. I am, as you are aware, a justice of the peace, and I do not propose to get myself hauled before the mayor—even to oblige you. I shall be more than pleased to meet you at some more convenient season in some retired spot outside the town limits. At present I am going to supper." And Harris turned on his heel, linked his arm in that of a friend, who had been a curious observer of this scene, and strolled slowly on down the village street. Hill, left thus unceremoniously, stood and stared-his mouth open-the picture of helpless fury. Then he rushed after the editor, shouting a torrent of speech, in all of which the word "fight" alone was articulate.

Harris turned. "I told you," said he to Hill angrily, "that I was going to supper," and ally, in time, he resumed his walk. This time Hill, red hair.—N

his grins and compliments with smiles as she had been used to do, was apt low to turn her head and giggle, and when the wretched Hill tried to explain she giggled more than ever. It might be supposed from this that the editor was in high favor. But in that

view he was evidently mistaken. -The editor came back from "up the ounty" some time during the next week, and called immediately upon Miss Carry-May. He was received with frowns. Miss Carry-May told him frankly that she could not respect a coward. Everybody knew, she said, that he had declined to fight the away-and, well, she, for one, was surprised. The editor, who had it very ad, was dumfounded at this view of at a fearful rate. Miss Carry-May

took advantage of his confusion to overwhelm him with reproaches. "I never thought you would be coward," she insisted, and was so clearly distressed that the editor sprang to his feet and declared he would go after Hill at once and thrash him within an inch of his life. Before Miss Carry-May, now a little frighened, could stop him he was gone

out into the night. With all possible speed he made his way to the schoolmaster's dwelling and rang the bell with a jangle tha alarmed the quiet household in which Mr. Hill was a boarder. A little boy one of Hill's pupils came to the door, and, to the question put as to Mr. Hill's whereabouts, repiled with very round eyes that the schoolmas-ter had just left the house with ho more explanation than that he was going "up the road a piece." The editor started. That was the phrase Hill used to employ when he was going to see a "gal"—and what girl could there be but Miss Carry-May? His enemy must have passed him in the dark.

The editor left the boy still staring and retraced his steps hastily. As he came opposite Miss Carry-May's house again, sure enough, he heard Hill's Miss Carry-May's voice was not audi-

he went to his room. In the morning the schoolmaster received a note which

"Sir: I have been waiting for you on name a time and place for the encounter you were so kind as to suggest to me the other day. You have ent me no word. May I venture to

sent me no word. May I venture to offer a suggestiin in my turn? If it be agreeable to you, I will meet you in 'Dead Man's Hollow' at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Kindly bring your gun. (Signed) "JOHN HARRIS."

This note was delivered to Mr. Hill in his schoolroom, and produced a carious effect. Mr. Hill had been in a villalmounly bad humor. Now he twisted cestatically in his chair as he read, his face spread into a wonderful grin. "Tell Mr. Harris," said he to the boy, "I'll be there."

er of another of the young women of Wauhatchie. The editor, for his part withdrew from society, and his

Miss Carry-May,

ghtning on record have a Hamburger named Walter.

show that a flash lasting 8-10,000 of a second is preceded by at least five smaller flashes separated by 4-10,000 of a

The atreet beggnrs in Barcelona have entered fate-a solemn covenant to withdraw from circulation all the twocentime pieces which they receive from the charitable public, so as to compel their benefactors to give them the coin next in value-viz., five centimes.

The flying frog is found in Borneo. He uses an expansive membrane on an each of his feet in salling from tree to tree. The webs enable him to do this diwork. This was in Bryant's tree. The webs enable him to do this inventors to remain for a time in the

The best designed flying machines were the pterodactyls, the huge flying reptiles of the Cretaceous period, which had wings 2 7-10 meters long, but small narrow bodies and bones much lighte than those of the birds of today. Their flight must have been as easy as that of

One of the intest sights in Paris is the feat performed by a Dane named Baptiste. The human tamily have generally thought it prudent to leave walk ing head downward to files and other nsects fitted for it by nature, but Bap tiste seems to treat it as quite a light matter. He straps a small pad to the hands, he lets himself down on to his head, when he proceeds to get over the ground by a series of short, jerky man is able to perform several of the everyday acts of life with apparent

Fantastic escapes from death were by no means uncommon features of the Boer war. There was exhibited some time ago in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution one of Queen Victoria's chocolate boxes, in the lid of which is atill deeply imbedded a of which is atill deeply imbedded a Mauser builet. To that same collection there has just been added an even more remarkable relic. This is a silver cigarette holder case, which was struck by a builet at a distance of 1200 yards of the Imperial Yeomaury. The curious part about it is that the officer was not aware until afterward that he had been struck, although the builet also sierced the sovereign purse and cigrette case which he was carrying in

In the Carpinteria valley, a few miles from the city of Santa Barbara, Cal., there is a mammoth grapevine, it was planted in 1868 by Josquiz Lugo de

us he reached the edge of the town A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

DRILLIANT DISCOURGE BY THE REV DAVID JAMES SURRELL, D. D., LLD.

DAVID JAMES DURRELL. D. D. LLD
incote after it, and seemingly forgot to
turn again; for, instead of going to
Dead Man's Hoolow, he walked
straight home. The editor and his
friend waited for him at the appointed
place a full half-hoor—then they came
leack to lows, and went without delay
to Mr. Hills place of redideres. There
they learned that the schoolmaster
had just gons toward the station carying a small handbag. They followed in hante, and were in time to
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Sage of Bartow, Convalescent. Writes Interestingly.

TALKS OF YOUTHFUL JOYS

Gentle Spring Continues to Filet and Fool With Old Man Winter. Mating in the Olden Time and the Present Day Compared.

It is now many weeks since the good St. Valentine told the birds to nate and the girls and boys to go woo ing. St. Patrick has been out and shook his sholalah at the snakes, but still gentle spring keeps on firting and fooling with old man winter and makes him believe she is in love with him. But she isent. May and December never mate, nor March and Novem ber. It is against the order of nature We old people can look and linger and admire, but that is all. We have sailed down the river and encountered its perlia, its reefs and rocks and shoals and quicksands, but strange to my, we give no warning. Maybe it is cause we know that warning will loves company; maybe, because it is the order of nature, the flat of the Almighty. Verily the young people would mate and marry and launch their boat and sall down that river if they knew there was a Scylla and Charybdils at every bent and levisthans and maelstroms and cataracts all the way down. Poor, trusting, suf-fering woman, What perils, what tri-als, what affictions does the maternal

rich girls won't have them, and the poor girls are trying to keep up with the rich, and so the furthe-doves mate more slowly nowadays. Folks need to

but we went to wors. A month or so but a few dollars and made no sensaful wife had enough nice clothes to last two years when I married her, and they were long afterwards cut up and down for the children, and there are straight, like an ordinary crank, are the old trunk now. The old trunk, and curved, crescent-shaped, or so much of common size, was sufficient then for which play round and round curio

children made a jou

love and court and marry with more alucrity than they do now. It is not vanity to say that I could have mar-ried half a dozen nice girls, and my wife could have had choice of a dozen clover, prosperous youths as likely as myself. Cupid just roosted around those woods and shot his arrows right and left, Sometimes he shoots a young man and then walts days and weeks before he shoots the girl he is after This keeps the poor fellow on the warpath, and frantic and rampant, and Cupid laughs. But he was clever to men of the German races to the north me, for as near as I can judge, he let than they do those of the Latin race fly both arrows at once and plugged to the south. my girl and me simultaneously, and with a center shot. My wife denies this, but I have told it so often I be lieve it. There was no skirmishing on to the south. The back machine men have been there the longer. The trundle men did not begin coming in numbers until 20 years ago or less. But there my part. I never did snoot with a scattering gun. Marrying was chear are scattered all over the country. In those days. My recollection is that in those days. My recollection is that the back machines are all substantit cost me only about \$45—twenty-ave tially alike; of the trundle machines, for clothes, ten for a ring and ten more to the preacher. It didn't cost any-body else anything to speak of, for there were no wedding presents. That tomfoolery wasn't invented. We didn't go to Niagara or anywhere right away, after we did take a little trip to Tallulah Falls and look at the water tumble over the rocks, but that didn't cost tion outside the family. My thought-

a traveling wardrobe for a lady of the land. My father and mother and two in the many father and mother and two in the many father and mother and two in the many father and two in the many father and the

SCISSORS GRINDERS.

from the Austrian Tyrol, Some

From Italy—How to Distin-guish Them. Epeaking generally, the scissors grinders with machines which they trundle aboad of them like a wheelarrow, come from the Austrian Tyried on their back come from Italy, and it may be from as far south as scissors grinders from the far north-orn province of Venice, bordering on the Tyrol, who, like the men from Austria, use trundle machines, and may themselves more nearly resemble the

while they do have some general re hardwood, they last for many years. But many of the grinders make their

own machines, embodying their own ideas of what would be most convenient or desirable in use, or what miget suit their fancy.
Under this last head might be classed the cranks seen on some of with the shaft of the driving wheel, Some of these, instead of being

curved that they make all but a circle,

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow princose was to him
And it was nothing more."
Whence this difference? It arises from
the fact that some souls are sympathetic
with God and others are not. There was
Coleridge, who was so devoutsy inclined,
so open to the reception of spiritual truth,
that, walking in the vale of Chemosnix, he
heard the snow capped mountains and ice
falls echoing His name:
"God! Let the torrents like a shout of
nations

nations
Answer, and lot the loc plains coho, God!
God! Sing ye meadow streams with gludcome voice;
Ye pine groves with your soft and soullike sounds;
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal
forest; Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain

preise!"
wicost Man that ever lived got less theology from the rayens, the lilie

tion, nothing but intatiation in the uplifting and transporting influence of the
Spirit of God.

In view of such considerations is it not
apparent that the soul is blind and deaf to
heavenly visions and revelations, unless it
is attuned to them? And what solems sigmificance there is in the words of Jerns;
"He that hath ears to hear let him hear."
There are, indeed, "so many voices and
none of them without signification," but
the people standing by say: "It thundereth!" O for the hearing car and the understanding heart! What avails it to call
a commission of blind men to pass judgment on the art of Titian or Raphael?
What avails it to bid a jury of deaf men
int in judgmant on the oratorio of the
"Creation." Thus when the philosophers
of Athens heard Paul preaching on Mars
Hill "souse mocked and others said: We
will hear thee again concerning this matter." The gospel is "foolishness to the
Greek, and to the Jews a stumbling hock,
but to them that are saved it is the wisatom and power of God." Men sit like
blind Bartimaeus in the Valley of Palma;
and its beauty is unknown to them until
the Lord of truth, passing by, says: "Resaive the sight!" The five physical senses
are as five gates oven to physical truth,
but faith in the sixth gate, at which alone
spiritual verties can enter. Wherefore it
is written: "He that cometh to God must
believe that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

The Best Yet to Come.

skers, for the old are as fascinated with stories of love and courtship as the middle-aged and young. In looking over the daily or weekly paper, we may skip the displayed headings of war in Servia or riots in London or cyclones in Oregon, but any little paragraph that has love in it arrests the eye and demands attention. Children go to school to study books, but the time they are in their teens they begin to mix a little timid, cautiou

love with their other studies. A sweeheart is a bleszed thing for a boy. It strengthens him up and washes his his teeth and stimulates his ambition to excel and be somebody. Jerusa-lem! How I did luxuriate and paipitate and concentrate toward the first little school girl I ever loved. She was as pretty as a pink and as sweet was dreadfully friguened, but not

mad. Oh, no; not mad. She ran away with her blushes on her cheek, and more than once that evening I saw her-glance at me from behind her book and wondering if I would ever be so rash again. And now, Mr. Editor, if a thousand of your patrons peruse these rardom memories, nine hundred of them can finish up the chapter from their own unwritten book. Who has not loved, who has not stolen a kiss, who has

who has not stolen a kiss, who has not caught its paipitating thrill and felt like Japob when he lifted up his voice and wept? Oh, Rachel beautiful and well favored, no wonder that Jacob watered thy sheep and then kissed thee, for there was no one to molest kiss is now four thousand years old and has passed into history as classic and pure, but I have had them, and so have you, dear reader, just as sweet and soul-inspiring, and never said any thing about it to anybody. Ours was

the animal is

eaten. Now the general purpose cow is cross or type intermediate between the beef and dairy type. This animal, strictly speaking, is the product of careful and good breeding, and is not the outcome of chance or accident. She has been bred for a dual purpose and if she comes up to anticipations she is ducer. While not as good as the best beef animal or the finest dairy cows in producing beef or milk she neverthe ess possesses the ability to partake of tor. each to a considerable degree. She is "Better and good-humored" and good-humored er who wishes milk and later a fat cow for the shambles, with calves which will produce good veal in a land cities now. The scissors gr short time from birth. It may not be er is everywhere, and the business has generally known, but is is more diffi-cult to raise such an animal than and variable, even at that. arpical beef or dairy cow. The dan- Here in New York, one ger, however, comes in with the no grinder said a man might go purpose cow. In trying to secure a good general purpose cow, we may stumble upon the no-purpose animal This should be avoided in every possible way, for the investment would prove as unsatisfactory as any pos-

in The Epitomist. The concensus of opinion in about all store. parts of the United States, of experienced orchardists, agrees with that

pruning not only in this State, but in California, has convinced me that \$5 perienced hand to prome in June or July than have the work done for nothing at a much earlier date. True better prune even in January or February than not prune at all, and the conditions and locality would, of course, have much to do in the matter. In California we prune is Janter. The California we prune is Janter. The California we prune is Janter. The account there is from uary because the season there is from two to three months earlier than here, and possibly la some of the old coun-tries it might be proper to prung ear-lier than in this latitude. But a sake ther than in this latitude. But a sate rule in any intitude is to only pruns when the bark peels, because then it is the wood-forming period. It must be apparent to any one that the sooner a wound begins to heal after it is made the better.

His trip was prosp many parts the scissors gr remained quite unknown. tilling fresh ground, and his returns were corresponding. Even in one 10,000 inhabitants, they had seen a traveling scissors grinder, and here he took in six or seven dollars a a good milher and a good beef pro day, something more than \$20 in three days, while his daily expenses had

been about \$1. "A gold mine?" said his interlocu

scissors grinder.
But there are no such New Eng

and make nothing, and then take \$2 or \$3 from one hot

Interlocked Deer Horns. Interlocked deer horns, from the heads of two big bucks that fought to the death on the banks of McGinn creek, are on exhibition in the window of Doyle & LaLonde's short

The interlocked horns were found near the Rayburn dam, 40 miles west of Mr. John Tibbetts, of Michigan, who of Alpena on the opening day of the says:

My experience of over fifty ears in editor of the Echo.

The larger of the two sets of borns California, has convinced me that \$\ \mathrel{\psi}\ \text{has 16 points and is one of the largest a day would better be paid to an experienced hand to prove in June of buck that were the horns weighted