## MOTHER'S HANDS.

Inther's binds are weary;
Fold them on her breast,
loy have been so heavy
Let, ab, let them rest)
form and bin, and wrinkled
resumed with toll and carv;
et to all they re abled
B. autitul and fair!

## The Footstep of Fear.

By L. H. HAMMOND,

\* It was Christine's friend, Tom, life. Before Tom began to spend his avenings in the kitchen Christine had been the most considerate of nurses. When she tucked the bedelothes about her amail charge at night, and sat beside her until the little one fell salesp, her talk had been all of fairies, and had space under the bed and confided his space under the bed and couled his hawthorn hedges, and the green Enghawthorn hedges, and the green Eng-lish fields in which she had played as a child; but when Tem began to walt for in the shadows as the door opened, and child; but when Tom began to wait for her below stairs—to wait in the company of Eilen, the joily cook, and Massie the hiuc-cyed housemaid, Christine in and bent down to kiss her chees, gie the hiuc-cyed housemaid, Christine in and bent down to kiss her chees, she dared not stir, but she knew that it was gone. Her mother touched her undressed the little girl almost roughly and even hurried her through her prayers. When she tucked her in bed she refused to sit beside her; and in critical contents of the said to herself; "but there doesn't seem to be too much covaries that was considered. How fast she refused to sit beside her; and in answer to the child's half-suppressed sob she paused in the act of turning out the gas to bend close above the small pillow and the suddenly widened eyes that stared at her in the dimmed light. Her voice itself was a threat side not dare to come very close to as she opened the door in the child's

which Fear might enter in. | and the ape and the man knew "As long as you are good nothing mother was there; they were afraid—will hurt you," she concluded, more choi! The little body relaxed, the kindly, "Be quiet and don't tell and breath came freely, and out on the full you're all right." She turned the gas quite out, and closed the door, leaving fench.

Fear to watch in her place by the bed. This happened many nights, through Not that the child called it Fear; she knew no name for the varue, form-less thing. But its formlessness was an added terror, which was heightened by the fact that to her strained imagination an audible footfall came from the control of the child came from the child came from the control of the child came from the child came that yold which was its presence, while she grew older, tried the effect of leavabove its awful shapelessness she felt. Ing the gas burning; buy in the lone—thou she never shw—a face. Besst image and silence of the night it was more ter, devil—whether one or all of all-powerful and could shroud itself

these she could not say; and only in darkness and light alike. Every a face.—The Independent. because a thing spoken of must be night her mother came to give her a designated by a word could one call last good-night kies, but the child nevthe dark impersonal presence it. | er told her that she was awake: she

Every night after this It came, a terrible black emptiness moving with allow, steady steps to the child's bed.

The steps fell first in the long hall, when Christine turned out the nursery under the bed and in the closet every gas. As she went out she moved noise- night to make sure, and took off her sly over the thick carpet toward the slippers in the middle of the room to which led to the back hall, and leap into the bed from a distance, feelthe progress of her retreat was known ing cold, sharp claws on her ankles as to the child only by the sound of the she did so, and tucking the covers other's stealthy approach-a sound dis- about her with feverish haste. The tinctly heard above the heavy beating man was no longer in the closet, and of her own heart. It moved a step had lost his mask and his sword. He nearer for every step that Christine carried a knife now, and came with moved away; when she stood at the lt. The two crept up the stairs todoor of the back hall It wood at the gether night after night. Sometimes nursery door, always; when she open- they paused at her mother's door, or ed the door—softly, lest it should be her brother's, instead of at her own, known down stairs that she had left the nursery before sleep came to its them before it should be too late. But small luming the state of small Inmate—It entered; and when she was ashamed to give a false alarm. tine closed the door behind her it so she always lit the gas in the hall gwith a great leap to the child's first, shaking with cold, her teeth chat-

and hung over her in the dark, tering; and always, as she turned with and gibing, with an awful wide eyes to face them, they were its senseless leer. She gone. She would rush to the head of the face nor the leer; the stairs after them, but they could she might not be seen, though the stairs creaked, rne it; she only felt them one by one, under their invisible tread She could never understand why the sound did not rouse the world. Some-times in a frenzy of terror to which was and the man with the sanything was better than uncertainty, she fied after them, barefooted and on chemics, but she knew all on; Christine had told her, that the man might turn in the darknot only on that first dreadful night, not only on that first dreadful night, but often since. They were friends of Christine's in some mysterious way. Christine's in some mysterious way, the throat and turn it to the light and and so long as the child obeyed her look once call in its face. To do that they were not to be feared; but if she meant death or freedom, she knew; ver cried or called her mother, or

old any one that Christine did not little which it might be. At every

stay with her until she was asleep-

than they would spring at her in the

dark and tear her limb from limb, if her, and stood, unseen, but felt, a litd so, and Christine never told lies: Years afterward, when she married, she said she never did; and, besides, she would be afraid to tell lies, be-cause liars were put in the fire and then it followed the child. The dayburned up. Her brother told her that the day she promised to let him play with her best doll in his own way, and then snatched her away and ran to Caristine with her. She was a liar; winds shook the house it leared at her ered as she thought of the lake through the storm. Day and night It's power grew with her love, and tho' she still struggled it was without hone

point she strove to face the thing she

feared; and at every point it eluded

Homer's eyes out of her head-her beautiful eyes-to see why they didn't But one night as she lay in her bed shut faster. God would burn her up; but it wasn't fair when other people made you tell lies; perhaps God did thinking a mother's thoughts about the child asleep in the crib beside her, but it wasn't fair when other people made you tell lies; perhaps God did something to them, too. But He would not do anything to Christine; she was always good. That was why the tiger floved her, and the man, and the ape; they hated bad people—oh, did they know she was a liar? She shrank further down under the bedriothes. Christine said they wouldn't hurt her if she kept atill; but Christine didn't know sho was a liar? Who shrank further down under the bedriothes. Christine said they wouldn't hurt her if she kept atill; but Christine didn't know sho looked full where she felt it's face.

"You shall never touch the child"

she looked full where she felt it's face.

"You shall never touch the child,"
she said. "I will fill her life so full of love and courage that there will be no rossu in it for you to come. You may darken my life as you will, but the child shall never know that you exist."

It draw closes, and as she faced it's nearing presence she knew that it's face was distorted by a thousand passions; but the child's hand lay in ners, and tho' she trembled, she smiled in the dark.

Often the man she loved was called.

lighted with a new fad-air baths. They array themselves in pajamas and slippers, and then indulge in athletic exercises in a garden inclosed by a high wall. After spending two hours in this way, they return indoors, drink warm chocolate, and enjoy a nap.

Among the legends of Greece It is old that the father of Pythagoras, the famous Greek philosopher, was a celebrated engraver of gems, and, accord-Troy and Ulysses of Greece wore engraved rings. Engraving on stones that were partly precious was an art at a very remote age. The British Museum proudly boasts the possession of a small square of yellow jasper bearing the figure of a herse and the name of Amenophis II., believed to date back to about the year 1450 B. C.

The most marvelous of all rocking stones is that of the island of Cephalonia, off the coast of Greeca. This is a great rock, about a rod square, in the dge of the sea, and it is in perpetual motion, alternately touching the land and receding from it about twenty times a minute. The regular oscillations of this natural pendulum are unaffected by calms or by tempestuous seas that break completely over it. The weight of ten persons did not per-ceptibly change its rate of motion, and when an English captain attempted to drag it away the oscillations snapped his chains like thread.

1350 shows that there has been a vast improvement since then, As a rule, two persons. For this reason the party giving the dinner arrange. in couples, trying to place people toin couples, trying to place people to-gether who would be congenial and not averse to this common use of table ap-pointments. Spoons were seidom sup-plied to the guests, and the soup was drunk directly from the towl, the lat-ter usually having side handles, by which it was held. In less refined which it was held. In less refined company there were no separate soup bowls, only one large porringer, which was passed around to the guests in turn. The diners helped themselves to the pieces of meat they desired from the common dish with their fingers. Naphins were considered a luxury, and were only provided to very aristocratic and wealthy families.

nations, one church; many creeds, one faith; many ways up the hill, one city at the top, where sits the King on His throne. Denominationalism, wisely managed, may be used for mutual provocation to love and good works. Perhaps it is better to be broken up externally, that each denomination may do its own work. But there must be recognition, and that recognition more than a normal one, of the practical fellowship, the co-operative fellowship of believers.

I am a Baptist by birth, by training, by conviction. I yield to no see in my loyalty to essential Bantist principles. There are Congregationalists and Presbyterians and Methodists with equal loyalty. But the Christian should be no bigot, and no species of bigotry is more offensive than that of the denominational bigot.

Let no one migunderstand. We are not of those with edual by the deep colesiastical and denominational organization. We are not of those who idealize the man who perches on the denominational fence. The fence-citter is nauseating as lukewarm water.

We counsel no sacrifice of conviction, but a mirroring forth of the snirit of our divine Lord, who prayed for His discioles and for those who should believe on Him through their word, "that they all may be one, even as Thou. Fasher, art in Me; and I in them, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me," that as ad old the world may recognize us as His, in that these

In them, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me," that as of old the world may recognise us as His, in that these Christians "love one snother."

Such a spirit is a lone way beyond the apirit of "toleration." Yet even toleration is in advance of what we have known, even in this "land of the free." In the Harvard baccalaurests of this year Dr. Van Drke eloquenthy said of the Puritan: "Something too little of sunlight may have come in through the narrow windows of his house. But that house had foundations, and the virtues lived in it." With all deference due to our national forefathers—and to them deference is due—there were tenants in the house other than those readily recognizable as virtues. Intolerance, intense and hitter, was characteristic of Puritaniam. The Puritan failed to sourcheed the first principles of religious liberty. That it was his independence of conviction and his demand for freedom of worship which hanished him from his native land, but renders his failure in this respect the more consciences. He had no charity for those who read the truth through other eyes than his. The freedom which he demanded for himself he would not secord to those of different faith. To

PRANKLIN, N. C. W. D. NESDAY, NOVEMBER 15. 1908.

ARRINO FOR SUNDAY

The control of the control

To be sure, exposition Gnds different foes to-day than in some other days. You wrow to what lengths it has gone. The Inquisition, the message of St. Bartholomew, the reign of Philip II. of Spain, the Duke of Aiva with his astonic deeds in the Netherlands, the fires of Smithfield, these are not so far in the nast that mists of oblivion have shrouded then. But let us understand, my fellow Christians, that the world and the flesh and the dayil are against Caristian building and Christian living still, just as they always were.

I do not believe in reople looking for trouble, scarching for some one who will consent to perseente them, but I have an idea that the stipe of Smithfield fires and the wrenching of Toronemada's rack, if those experiences could be repeated, might correct some vagaries of modern theology. The thunderine summons of the enemy at the door might be a wholesome antidate for some conditions in our churches of forday. There is something in the call

us, but the voice of the world without and, the turnult of our passions within bewilder us and prevent us from listening to Him.

My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine not summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory.

Good roads are a matter of religious as well as of national life. We must learn that the smount we can carry depends not so much on the weight of our burdens as on the road over which we try to carry them. A man can haut three tons over a sood macadam easier than he can draw a hundred weight through a mudhole. So a roan can carry great burdens who is upheld on the rock of God's providence, who would stumble and fall as he tried to flounder on through the mires of the world's discouragement and discontent. As Thomas a Kempis said. He rideth easily enough whom the grace of God earrieth. John Kutz was a noor boy deaf and dumb, and brought up in a workhouse—a lot hard estough to cast down many lives, but he treated in God, he though and wrote of God's kinedom, and he wrought great things before he died it does not matter so greatly what we have to bear, or what gentus or gift or hower we have to bear it with, as it does over what rands of doubt—fear and fretfulness, or of faith and courage and singing, we try to bear our burden—Sunday-School Times.

Where Love Abounds.

Dr. James G. K. McClure gives the following beautiful description of the heart where love abounds: What strength and joy and nobleness would characterize men if in every soul that now has some love, that love should "abound!" When warmth "abounds" in a heart no room is left for "abounds" in a heart no room is left for coldness. Our world would become unspeakably sweet and n-lpful if in all Christian hearts loving kin-less abounded "yet more and more." The most attractive lives would become even more attractive.

ABOUT MAGNETS. Magnets are frequently made in the form of a horseshoe or letter U, but a horseshoe magnet is really noth-ing more than a bar magnet bent. As both poles will attract tron, it is ap-parently twice as strong as when in the bar form. A piece of iron laid across the poles is attracted by both of them. In this case the poles act on opposite ends of the iron and do not design and

THE TURKISH RESERVES

THE KIND OF SOLDIERY THE PORTE HAS JUST CALLED OUT.

a Cheerful Fighter is the Redif-indescribably Content, Perfectly Obcdient-Sultan's Militia Comparable to the Bost Soldiers in the World.

Paul Lindau, the well known German traveler and author, during one of his trips in Turkey, studied a band of redifs or militin, just called out for military service. Here follow the results of his observations, given in his book, "Zwei Reisen in der Turkei." At the station there was a hustle and

hill, so quiet and orderly was everything, in spite of any seeming confu-sion. Three battalions of reservisir, numbering 800 men each, had just landed from three long trains. After a long trip, during which the men had been cramped, they were given a chance to stretch their limbs. Here were men who had been taken from their work only the day before for milltary duty-the militia of the country. It was not a pleasant sight. The

men looked fearless and frightful. Most of them, if not in rags, were at least badly dressed. Feet and lega up to the knee were enveloped in a light green felt, bound around with string. Baggy cotton breeches, bright-colored vests, over which were so-called lace trimmed Greek jackets; a girdle wound around the body several times and a fez completed the dress.

They were strong and well set up. One could not fall to be impressed by their even development. They moved with a quiet, elastic motion which reminded one of a wild beast ready to spring. Their dark eyes gilttered unpleasantly. Their small, white teeth pleasantly. Their small, white teeth shope. Finer "cannon feed" I have never seen I could quite easily believe what I had often heard from expert—that the Turkish redif, with the say worst of care, is capable of performing wonderful feats of marching; and, properly officered, never turns

They scarcely looked at us, although it is certain that they had rarely seen any one dressed in European fashion As we went from one group to another they gave way, neither angrily nor illnaturedly. When we asked questions we received curt, but not surly re-

"Where are you from?" "How old are you?"

"Where are you going?" "I haven't been told." "Are you tired?"

"We had water."

That was about the sum and substance of what we could learn. Just then they found something better to do than answer our questions. Without crowding or showing the slightest impatience, quietly and earnestly, they went to a table upon which was heaped a pile of bread. Each one bought himself a piece weighing nearly five pounds, for which he paid a plastre; then, without a word, moved away to make room for another. In half am learned that one plastre a day was all the redif received, and that the dry bread, washed down with water was all that he got to eat and drink in 24

The under officers, who were distinguished by being in uniform, stood about doing nothing, and apparently took not the slightest notice of their men. No loud order was to be heard. Not all the redifs could afford tobac co, although I was told that the better-to-do shared with their poorer comrades, and that in the cars, as long as any man had any tobacco, all smoked. We went over and bought 200 little packages of the weed. When we offered one to a redif he took it and anluted; but no one moved his hand to ak for one. When we had distributed all the tobacco there remained 600 men who had received none, but not a look most of them looked poverty stricken, and tobacco was a godsend to them. Most of the Turks I have seen, and among them were powerful men, devils and worthy men. Of course, in Turkey, as in other countries, there are eriminals of all sorts-robbers, murderers, firebugs-but no curs.

At the end-of an hour I heard short orders repeated in several parts of the station. As if the officers had had strings tied to the men the latter arranged themselves in squads four deep.
As soon as the officer of the squad had glanced over the lines so as to see The one to whom the signal was given resounded with a clear loud "One!" His neighbor followed with "Two!" and so on. In a few minutes the count-ing of the entire battalion of 800 was completed. Then the officer made ancompleted. Then the officer made another hand signal, and as quickly and quietly as they had gotten together the rediffs separated. It was evident that they were all trained reldiers. Again and again was it impressed upon me that everything went on quietly, as if by obockwork. I beard no abouting, no laughing, no singing; only here and there a word very quietly spoken. Never have I seen elsewhere at one

spoiled." he replied. "They come unit the stretch out on the foor, and from nun-tion to starten nothing is heard from them. They're a curiously quiet lot.

well. I have seen here that they are at least wonderfully obedient to their officers. What is more, the office. baye to give scarcely any orders.

Every redit noums to know what is
expected of him. What is more, he
does it, and that without waiting for

That I had already noticed. But as I thought of the hard faces and the dark glistening eyes, it came over me that these well disciplined troops could, by an outbreak of religious fanaticism, be transformed into fearful wild beasts if a captured city were tumed over to them. But the Turkish soldier, if properly led, will bear comparison with the best soldier of world. He fights cheerfully, is as brave as a llon, has no fear of death, is strong and quick of foot, contented and obedient.

HEALTH AND SONG.

Breathing Lessons as a Cure for Many

Complaints, The Loudon concert season, which has come to a close, has called attention to a discovery the doctors have made that vocalism is a healthy profes-

A quiet baby who never gives way to tantrums and tears is not a healthy, but a weakly child. When his voice is raised in a piercing crescendo of screams his lungs are expanded, his blood is circulating well, and he is gaining strength and beauty moments. rily. Translate the salutary shricks of infancy into the educated singing of maturity and the net result is the same—namely, a large increase of health and comeliness.

Anaemic boys and girls are now being ordered by doctors to take singing lessons, because such persons do not know how to breathe properly and the singing master teaches them the art. Very few people utilize the whole of their lung power when they breathe, but get into a lazy way of merely gasp-

ing or breathing superficially.

Candidates for the army whose chest measurement lacks the requisite number of inches take singing lessons to increase their girth, or, if their voices lack the musical element, they attend breathing classes and learn where their respiration should come from—that is to say, how they should retain it, and how emit it. Though mankind must breathe in order to live, few human beings know how to breathe properly. After the anaemic girl with the bowed shoulders and the contracted chest has taken a dozen lesons in singing her back begins to flatten and her chest to develop. Her complexion freshens, and she notices with pleasure a rose-leaf stain reddening her

The professional songstress retains the freshness of youth into old age, not entirely as a result of the care she takes of her health and the excellentfood she eats for the sake of her voice but mainly because she breathes perfectly and exercises her vocal organs regularly. It is acting on this principle, says the London Mall, that middleaged women inclined to embonpoint, now take breathing lessons at a fashionable school in South Kensington, ures long devold of them, and now

vigor is given to the ageing physique.

Watching the Watchers at Coney. "It's the little things at Coney Island that make it worth all the tre of going," remarked the Harlem server. "Just to watch the uncon scious little comedies makes up all the fun. Now, yesterday, I watched two old maids and an elderly matron riding the hurdy gurdy. Un and down they rolled, and you could have heard their screams for half a mile. They were in an ecstasy of fear and delight, Everybody within sight was laughing with and at them—except one. This was the little red headed boy who sits on the back seat. That little imp was within a foot of the screeching women, but he was as deaf to their cries as were the seat rails they grasped. The red head rolled up and down all

sporting page of a newspaper.
"Then it's fun to watch the people follow the shade with their little camp stools under the walks that lead from the bath house to the beach. I saw an old man-yesterday cheltering his head and newspaper in the "Of course, it's the best fun to watch

the children-simple and affected-and the girls. There is rare sport in watching the watchers. Scorn and delight and disgust—the last usually affected—honest good fellowship, ad-miration, envy, jealousy, man-of-the-world superiority, clerk-gentility—all the phases of the million's temper. "Coney is the place where the mil-lion go to get their thrills, and to watch the million getting their thrills is great sport. That's why I go."—New York Press.

Effects of Emotion.

The actor's mouth is essentially fa-cial, and not infrequently it exhibits a tendency to turn to one side or the other. This is due, in part, to its being