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IN THE LION'S DEN.

By HERO STRONG.

Circuses are in ill-repute among cultivated people, as I am very well aware and when I say that I am a circus performer, and that my parents were circus performers before me, I do not expect much interest or sympathy from what is called the better class of readers.

But, nevertheless, it is a fact that we people who ride bareback horses, swing at the risk of our worthless lives from the giddy trapeze, leap through blazing hoops, and double ourselves into footballs—it is a fact, I say, that we have hearts—nay, even souls—quite as much as legs and stomachs. My mother was a refined woman, and ran away from a home of luxury and pride for love of my father, who was a somewhat celebrated tight-rope dancer. And although it would seem that she gave up everything, and gained nothing, I do not think she ever regretted it.

Not that I would be understood as counselling wealthy young ladies to elope with circus performers; I only mean to be understood that my mother's love for my father outlasted passion, poverty, and time itself.

She used to ride in the ring sometimes, but my father was never willing. Still she persisted, because her grace and beauty attracted so many more to the circus; and you know that upon the crowd a show of this kind draws depends its existence.

One night, when I was about ten years old, and had begun to make myself useful in small boy parts, we were exhibiting in Monmouth, a large town which gave us extra good patronage. The people were loud in their hisses for Madam Zelnair, for so my mother was designated on the bills, and she, anxious to please them, appeared on Sultan, her favorite horse.

She was balanced on my father's shoulders, and had just begun to dis-

mount when she was seized by a sinister-looking fellow, and from the first I distrusted him.

Of course, you have anticipated that he fell in love with Inez—indeed, it could not well have been otherwise; for Inez was so lovely and bewitching that all who came within the sphere of her influence were fascinated.

She gave him no encouragement, for the dear girl was no coquette, and in the world she loved only me.

Andrus exercised a certain sort of mesmeric power which was his, and to which no doubt he owed much of his success in subjecting wild animals to his control.

He had not been a fortnight with our troupe before he declared his love for Inez in the most passionate terms, and was very quietly rejected. He was angry, and charged her with loving me, and she proudly confessed it.

At first Andrus was very cross and sulky, but after a time he rallied, and was very sweet and complaisant to both Inez and myself.

By and by he offered to teach her his art of lion-taming. Mr. Page caught at the idea greedily, for although a good man in other respects, he was ready to do almost anything to make money, and he foresaw that a female lion-tamer would be a great acquisition to his exhibition. An announcement that a young and lovely woman would enter the den of wild beasts would draw thousands.

Inez loved her father, and was quite ready to do anything to please him, and, besides, there was a wild spirit of adventurous daring in the girl, which made the idea of danger attractive to her.

When first I heard the project mentioned, I was filled with the direst apprehension. I distrusted Andrus more than I distrusted the wild beasts.

As for me, I travel still with the circus, and Inez is my especial care.

in his ferocious jaws. Simultaneously the black-hearted Andrus dashed open the door of the cage and fled.

It was then that Prince aroused himself, and with a roar that shook the place to its foundations, he turned upon the now cowering and frightened Cain. Such a fearful combat as ensued I trust I may never see again. I had broken from those who would have held me back, and thrown myself into the den at the very first, and over my prostrate body, as I clasped my dead love to my heart, these two kings of the forest settled their deadly revenge.

Prince was victorious. Cain lay crushed to atoms in his iron jaws; and when only blood and broken bones remained of his adversary, Prince came to my side and looked down upon the dead face of his gentle mistress with eyes in which I am sure I read an almost human grief. He touched her gently with his huge paw, he put his nose to her cold cheek, and then turning away, he hid his face in his paws, and for two days, they told me afterward, he would neither eat nor drink.

For weeks after the death of my darling I was mercifully unconscious, wrestling in the grips of brain fever, which came near being fatal; but youth and good constitution triumphed, and I came back to life and to a sorrow which shall never end until I clasp hands with her on the other shore.

You ask what became of Andrus? When he left the cage on that fatal night he had to pass through the den of the tigers. He had lost his self-possession, and the beasts made a meal of him. It was just as well for him, for I should have killed him the moment I had gained strength enough to do so; for I knew then, as I know now, that he had sworn Inez should never be mine, that he would give her to death sooner than to me, and he doubtless goaded Cain on to the fatal attack.

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A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

The Rev. Edward Niles Declares That the Opinion of the Worldly Economist is Not a Supreme Court Whose Decisions Are Binding on the Christian.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sunday morning, in the White Church (Bushwick Avenue Reformed) the pastor, Rev. Edward Niles, preached on "Bread Upon the Waters." The text was from Ecclesiastes xi: 1: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." Mr. Niles said:

The book of Ecclesiastes is the life review of the wisest and richest man of his day. Every statement has been tested.

A young man might have said the same thing with equal eloquence and conviction, but the impression on the mind of the elderly reader would be, "Yes, his advice is all very well in theory, but what does he know about life?"

The words of the aged Solomon are open to no such criticism. Our text is the first of the short, pithy sentences with which the teachings of his wonderful career are summed up.

In thought he goes back to the early days of his reign. Then his country was insignificant. Jerusalem itself was a pioneer city only thirty-three years old. His people bore something of the same relation to the surrounding nations as did the Boers of a dozen years ago to the European countries. They were strong, religious self-contained, with few extremes of poverty or wealth, who had partially enslaved, partially exterminated, the original inhabitants of the land. Yet, they were mostly isolated on their plantations and lacked the polish of refinement and culture which only comes with long settlement of a country and contact with the great world.

Solomon recalled how ardently he had entered into the work of putting his subjects abreast of the times. He had widened the borders of the land until they reached the Red Sea. There a dockyard was established, a fleet of ships was built and launched, marking the first ventures of the Jews in commerce.

Human nature being the same in all ages, we can be sure that many a Jewish fogy remonstrated, "What, take hard-earned money, the result of so much toil in the fields, and put it in these tubs, to go on no one knows where, to return no one knows when, if ever? Young King, don't be so foolish as to throw away our money on the sea."

The day when these ships sailed off in search of trade and profit was like the occasion of great pageant by the government to counteract these grumblers, but as week after week went by and month followed month, nothing was heard of those much-discussed ships. The wisest became all the wiser, shook their heads more knowingly and croaked more insistently. The time came, however, when off in the dim distance the weathered sea discerned a white speck upon the horizon. Looking more intently, it became a ship. The good

those whom she has been teaching. A whole church year passes and what has been accomplished? In the eyes of the worldly economist, such wearing and tearing labor is very foolish. According to his method of computation nothing pays save what brings in material profits. Such like conception merits Solomon's characterization, "All this is vanity and striving after wind."

The opinion of the worldly economist is not a supreme court whose decisions are binding on the Christian. Nothing done for others is ever lost. If performed for God and humanity with faith in results the reward will be inevitable.

Better men and purer women are the certain products of every teacher's spiritual venture, in casting her bread upon the waters, for the return it may sometime bring.

It is apt to be a far cry to the manifestation of results. The many days of our text may mean never on this corner of the universe, so far as the pocketbook, the standing in the community, the tangible influence upon others is concerned. Yet even so.

"Ours is the gracious service whence Comes, day by day, the recompense; The hope, the trust, the purpose staid, The fountain and the nountain shaded And were this life the utmost span, The only end and aim of man, Better the toil of fields like these Than waking dreams and slothful ease."

Though the recipients be unworthy of our charity, unappreciative of the value we attach to time, abuse our benevolence, the money we give, the hours we use, the thoughts we devote to them prove to us who have tried it that

"What we spent, we had, What we saved, we lost, What we gave, we have."

The bread we have cast upon the waters returns to us in a different form, but in so satisfactory a way as to make it our one regret that we failed to invest more after the same fashion. The more money we give away the less remains in our bank account, the more sunshine is in our faces and hearts. The more intelligence we scatter abroad the more we glean for ourselves. The more prayers we offer up for others, the better we know how to pray for our own needs. The more our hearts sympathize with the pains of others the larger will our hearts become.

The more we disregard the worldly wise rule of selfishness the greater is our true prosperity. Says John G. Holland:

"Give and spend, And be sure that God will send, For only in giving and spending, Do you fulfill the object of His sending."

Now we enjoy the interest. The time will be when the accrued principal of our courageous investment in stock will finally come to maturity. In that great day we shall find that every cup of cold water, every old coat, every piece of bread, every kind word, every call on the sick, if impelled by love, was done only incidentally to the unworthy and really to the All-Worthy. We shall hear the voice of our beloved Master say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye have done it unto Me." Then will the truth of the old Turkish proverb be manifest: "Who gives in charity in this world, the good

VISITING HOUSEKEEPER

A NEW PROFESSION WHICH ORIGINATED IN NEW YORK.

Women of Education Wanted to Increase the Number—A Firm of Women to Do Everything Women Dislike Doing—Bachelor Life Made Easy.

The prophecies of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman and others that the servant question will ultimately be solved by abolishing the mistresses has at least this basis of reason in it: bad management creates bad service. The woman who has chaotic ideas of conducting a household can hardly expect her domestic machinery to run smoothly, no matter how many hired servants she pays to attend to the details.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the dissatisfaction attending the profession of domestic service lies deeper than this. The economic independence of women is reaching out and far, and every woman is beginning to realize that she has the same choice of congenial labor as men. It is not necessary to inquire why choice so seldom points to domestic service. Every one knows the facts.

Mrs. Gilman says that the outcome of the situation is the placing of all household work in the hands of trained experts outside the home. The experts will not be classed as servants, paid as servants, or treated as inferiors.

The Rich Already Provided for.

There are indications that such a state of affairs is likely to be brought about in certain classes of society, especially in the luxurious class, who can afford to pay for exemption from the care of life. One indication is the visiting housekeeper. There are a number of these in New York at the present time. Several keep expensive advertisements in the leading papers and magazines, which is evidence that their business pays well. These visiting housekeepers have a clientele of women whose houses they visit daily or at stated intervals, taking entire charge of the servants, the marketing, the bills, the household shopping, the linen—in a word, the domestic routine. The mistress of the establishment places a certain weekly amount in the hands of the housekeeper, gives her general directions as to the style she wishes her home to maintain, and she details to the expert.

er the unnecessary part of the furniture has been collected, such things as curtains, linens, bathroom fittings, and the like being neglected. Expert buying of these saves both time and vexation, if not money. Keeping these things in repair is another function of the housekeeper.

To become a visiting housekeeper on a small scale is within the capacity of many women who desire to earn money and are not trained to other than domestic life. An acquaintance, or at least the possibility of obtaining good introductions in the class where such work is demanded, is the first necessity. The qualifications are, besides a thorough knowledge of the art of housekeeping, tact, energy, amiability, and perseverance—just the qualifications needed to succeed in any business venture. The profession is one where education and refinement count as capital. Practically all the women who have gone into it have had these two desirable qualities as a basis for their success.—New York Post.

AMERICA'S FIRST REPUBLIC.

It Was Not the United States, but the Republic of Louisiana.

The first republic in this hemisphere to succeed in compelling recognition of its independence was, of course, the republic whose proud capital is Washington, D. C. But there was an earlier one which died soon after its birth, of which little or nothing is said in our American histories. The Louisiana Purchase exposition must be credited with a revival of the memory of the "Republic of Louisiana," which had its tragic little existence some years before Patrick Henry and Sam Adams were talking about revolution in the north.

When France, in 1764, ceded Louisiana to Spain, the subjects of King Louis XV. objected to the transfer without their consent. The local government submitted the question to the council, which, under the lead of Nicholas Chauvin de Raffreniere, rose in revolt. Lafreniere called a convention of the people at New Orleans, while the new Spanish governor was on his way to the colony, and the convention selected a delegate to go to Paris to dissuade the French king from his course. Louis XV., however, the delegate and sent back the people must recognize the sovereignty of Spain.

It was then that the Louisiana

WHAT FATHER SAID.

"Ah," father sighed, And shook his head, And then he frowned And sternly said: "This football is A brutal game, Where men rejoice To maul and maim, I'd stop it all If I'd my way." John smiled in his Peculiar way: "Come and look at The game today."

John was his son— He played left guard, And played the game Extremely hard. His father scowled Until a rush Was made at John; Then in the hush That held the field We hear him shout: "Git up, there, John! What you about? Slug that big guy And knock him out!"

"Ah!" father sighed, When John arose, "He got one ear And broke a nose, And pulled an arm Clear out of place, And made his mark On every face." And that same night His throat was raw From yelling "Bah! Naboombahaw! Koek! Koek! Wow! Bah! Bah! Bah!" —Chicago Tribune.

HUMOROUS.

"Pa, what's platonic love?" "It's generally a bunch of trouble in disguise." —Chicago Record-Herald.

"That," said a literary burglar, "is another story." And then he climbed the porch.—Kansas City Journal.

"We get along excellently together," he explained. "You see, he never borrows anything but trouble, and that's all I ever loan."—Chicago Post.

Church—When they introduced that flatiron building in New York they forgot something. Gotham—What's that? Church—The cyclone cellars.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I can't say that I like Payson's pictures. Perhaps it's because I don't appreciate them." "I don't like them either because they're pictures of them or