THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XIX. FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1904. NUMBER 5

THE PHILOSOPHY OF IT.

Write it down ez gospel—
No matter what dey say,
De airthquake never hurt you
'Less you in de airthquake way!

De Lawd—he made de country;
Man 'low de country his;
But de fire never burn you
Ef you stay from whar it is!

You 'bleege ter rickernize it,
En know what makes a load.
Ef you ain't a-wantin' trouble,
Give trouble all de road!
—Frank L. Stanton in the Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Knollys Decides.

"It's evident you're English, Miss Knollys," said Dicky Norris, regarding his vis-a-vis scrutinizingly.

He and Miss Knollys were sitting in the quaint little garden of the pension in Paris where Miss Knollys and her mother were spending the month of June. It was a court surrounded on all sides by the walls of high houses, under one of which the sally-port ran.

The walks were graveled, the flower beds were in exquisite order, and in the middle of the space a circle was marked off by a hedge of boxwood. Directly opposite the entrance to this circle was a little gray stone statue of some nondescript Venus. At the foot of the pedestal stood a little iron table, and all round the hedge of boxwood was a circle of iron chairs.

Miss Knollys had pale gold hair, beautiful blue eyes, the proverbial English skin of milk and roses, and her name was Violet, as an English girl's should be. She wore a white waist and a tan linen skirt, and she was fresh and wholesome looking, but there was not a vestige of style about her.

She was sitting with her slippered to[illegible]—and her me with her mother. Will you come, too, monsieur?"

"I shall be delighted," said Dicky, "if Miss Knollys is going."

The count concealed his chagrin as best he could.

"Mother is out, but I should like very much to go," said Miss Knollys, rolling up her work and putting on her sailor hat.

"Why don't you ask if it's on straight?" asked Dicky.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Knollys, seriously, putting up a questioning hand.

"It is charming," said the count.

"There," said Dicky, tipping it to the right angle.

The count glared.

They started.

The pavement was narrow and the street crowded.

The count was a few steps ahead.

"Are you going to marry him?" whispered Dicky.

"I must. But I said I would not tell him until tonight," she said, looking up at him forlornly.

"Oh, come to America with me," said Dicky.

The exigencies of the walk in a few minutes threw Dicky ahead.

"You have decided, mademoiselle?" said the count, his eyes glowing.

"I will tell you tonight, monsieur," said Miss Knollys.

The Lion and the Unicorn are not to be driven from their position.

"Ah! mademoiselle, I live but for your 'Yes!'" he murmured.

And then the pathway widening, Dicky fell back beside them.

A little farther on a scaffold blocked the walk, and they had to go out into the street.

Suddenly round the corner plunged two huge horses, dragging a driverless wagon loaded with stone.

The count skipped nimbly into a niche.

Dicky caught Miss Knollys by the arm and swung her behind a beam, and stood in front of her, shouting and waving his arms.

The horses swerved a little, but the hubs of the wheels grazed him as they passed.

DID THE BUDDHISTS DISCOVER AMERICA?

Ancient Narrative States This Country Was First Visited By Them.

In Harper's Professor Fryer, of the University of California, brings to light new evidence tending to prove that Buddhist priests discovered America one thousand years before the sailing of Columbus. The evidence is both documentary and substantial. Of the evidence of early Chinese documents Prdofessor Fryer says:

"The narrative states that there was a Buddhist priest named Hui Shen, originally a native of Cabul, who in the year 499 A. D., during the reign of the emperor Yung Yuan, came from the country of Fusang to Kingchow, the capital of the dynasty of Tsi, situated on the river Yang-tse. The country being in a state of revolution, it was not till the year 502 that he had an opportunity of going to the court of the emperor Wu Ti, of the new Liang dynasty. He gave presents to the emperor of curious articles brought from Fusang, among which was a material looking like silk, but the threads of which could support a great weight without breaking. This was evidently the fibre of the Mexican agave. He also presented a mirror of a foot in diameter, possessing wonderful properties, and resembling those in use in Mexico and other localities in America at that time. The emperor treated him as an envoy from Fusang, and deputed one of the four principal feudal lords, named Yu Kie, to interrogate him respecting the country, and to take down his story in writing. This was accordingly done, with only perhaps here and there a typographical error which can be easily explained.

"Among things, Hui Shen said that the people of Fusang were formerly in ignorance of the doctrines of Buddha, but during the reign of the Chinese emperor Ta Ming, ... the Sung dynas[illegible] A. D. 458, there were five bik[illegible] monks, from Cabul, [illegible] promulgated [illegible] books, [illegible] thing to do, [illegible] to [illegible] mocked by it and [illegible] adventurous [illegible] he must

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A BEAUTIFUL DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. C. L. GOODELL.

Subject: A Sure Method With Doubt—Do Not Be Impatient With It; Only Continue to Move Toward the Light You Do See—Truth Will Free You.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sunday morning in the Hanson Place M. E. Church, the Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell preached on "A Sure Method With Doubt." The text was taken from Daniel v:16, "And I have heard of thee that thou canst make interpretations and dissolve doubts." Dr Goodell said:

If Daniel were alive to-day, with his ability to dissolve doubts unimpaired and unimpeached, he would be the busiest man of his time. And yet there is no more an age of doubt than any other which preceded it. There was infidelity a hundred years ago in our universities and a flippant skepticism among educated people which is now quite outgrown, but it will always remain true that every generation must settle its own doubts. The generation is made up of the individual and the great questions of the soul are personal questions. They must be wrought out for the most part by individual stress and struggle. There are phases of doubt that receive greater emphasis than others at a given time. In one generation a deistic philosophy seems to triumph, in another agnosticism is at the fore. The generation now passing has fought out the great battles of evolution and we may fairly say that its theory is in no way a menace to the Christian faith. There have been hot battles on the field of biblical criticism. Positions once held by the two great forces have been proven untenable and the orthodox party by giving up what could not be defended has made its position stronger than ever before.

The doubts to which I wish to refer and which I would be glad to scatter as specters of the night are not so much of the theoretical as of the practical sort. They are the kind which make stout men weak, which paralyze great upward movements in society, and cut the nerve of personal devotion.

It is not strange or unreasonable that we should have doubts. We begin life knowing nothing. We journey in the land of the unknown at every step. We investigate and experiment and question. Little by little with material brought from the unknown we build the structure which we call knowledge, and in doing this we form a habit which masters us. It will not let us rest. Life has become a great interrogation point, and our journey a voyage of discovery. We sail into every beckoning bay. One is a fair harbor and nothing beyond; another a stretch of sandbar and shoal and we are fortunate if we are able to put again to sea; while [illegible] other proves to be the mouth of a [illegible] river up whose tide we go to glor[illegible] [illegible]eries in a delectable country. [illegible] thinks cannot stop his [illegible]

memory of William Wordsworth, a true philosopher and poet, who, by a special gift and calling of Almighty God, whether he discoursed on man or nature, failed not to lift up the heart to holy things, tired not of maintaining the cause of the poor and simple and so in perilous times was raised up to the chief minister, not only of noblest poesy, but of high and sacred truth."

Before you seek any further for the dissolving of your doubts, ask yourself honestly the question: "Am I unalterably given over to right doing? Am I ready to obey the voice within me as steadfastly as Socrates obeyed his daemon,' even though it should cross my purposes and bring bitter losses?"

It will be easy to believe in immortality when we try to live a life that is good and find yourself in doubt and uncertainty. Why is it thus with you? There can be but one answer. You have thrown yourself in holy surrender at the feet of the truth you have known. It costs something to do that. I pity the man who had no Bethel in his life; no place where he has faced God and duty and said: "I will" to the divine "you ought." Paul had his Damascus, Luther his Erfurt, Wesley his Aldersgate, and Bushnell, lecturing to the students of Yale, said: "There is a story lodged in the little bedroom of one of these dormitories which I pray God His recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost."

Do not be impatient with your doubt, only be sure that you are moving toward the light you do see. Not what we are, but what we are becoming; not where we stand, but whence we come and whither we go—these are the great things about which we should be concerned.

The fruit of the tree of faith may be plucked too soon and it is then valueless. It takes a full season to ripen the best of nature's products and there are some things in faith which only frost and storm will bring to maturity.

It has been said that one of the greatest talents in religious discovery is the finding how to hang up questions without being anxious about them. Look at them now and then as they hang and by and by, when you turn some corner of thought, you will be delighted and astonished to see how quietly and easily they open their secret and let you in. I know a great teacher of mathematics who always kept some hard problems by him. He would work on one awhile and put it back in his pocket still incomplete. After weeks or months the problem would be solved and another take its place in his thought. There are many who say with [illegible]ance: "Lord, I believe; [illegible] never thought enough to [illegible] They have no sympat[illegible] die for a man or a ca[illegible] lieve anything that s[illegible] for a good position [illegible] fortable income; [illegible] must adjourn s[illegible] not be impatie[illegible] of my questio[illegible] life toward wi[illegible] fact does not [illegible] have settled [illegible] day when all [illegible] One of my [illegible] taught me a [illegible] of culture an[illegible] at the head [illegible] years. Her [illegible] She became t[illegible] close of a [illegible] aisle from [illegible] shake hands [illegible]

FARMERS' CORNER

Fragrant Leaved Plants.

For the window garden we still prefer the fragrant leaved plants, such as many of the pelarganiums, and such flowers as perfume the air daintily and not oppressively, says a southern writer in Gardening. One plant of Olea fragrans and one of Daphne odorata we always keep in the window of the living room.

Why so Many Fail.

Many people never get to the front in the poultry business because they struggle and work from year to year only to be beaten again at the shows and by practically some beginner, but finally after losing five or ten years' time they find that their mistake was in always buying something cheap instead of paying a little more and getting good foundation stock. The quicker a man buys good birds to breed from the sooner he is started right in the fancy and the sooner he will get a share of the business.—T. B. King in American Poultry Journal.

Place For an Incubator.

The proper place to put an incubator is in a room or cellar where the temperature is not variable. The greatest trouble with a cellar is too much moisture. No matter if the temperature in the room is high or low, so it is not subjected to sudden changes. A brick cellar where it is not too moist is the best place. By having a story above the room is not affected by the heat from the sun, and the thick brick walls do not cool off as quickly when it is very cold outside. A great deal of trouble can be avoided by having the incubator in a room of this sort. The room should be well ventilated so as to have a constant circulation of pure air. Do not put the incubator where it will be in a draft.—Connecticut Farmer.

Investing Surplus Money.

In some sections the crops for several years have enabled the farmers to pay off outstanding obligations and still have surplus money for investment. Much of this surplus money will be placed in savings banks and considerable invested in bonds and mortgages, both good investments, as a rule. The farm is the best investment for any surplus cash one has and unless it contains everything that will go to help in increasing the profit, then one has no right to invest his [illegible]lus funds in other ways.

[illegible] field that can be drained [illegible]rially increase its yield? [illegible] work. Are [illegible]

have been formed. The reduction of the foliage of a tree limits its nutrition and more or less strikes at the vitality of the tree.

Heavy pruning should only be done as a last resort. A safer method would be to stop cultivation or to seed down with a clover crop, or the plow might be run a little deeper, so as to cut off the surface-feeding roots and root prune the tree. Pruning for vegetative or wood growth is that which has been outlines for the growing tree. Cut out all dead, broken and deformed limbs and those which cross and rub one another.

Care should be taken to keep the tree from suckers, so that there is a free circulation of air through the tree and the sunshine let in sufficiently to give the fruit a good color.

Line Fence Questions.

There seems to be some difference of opinion, even among lawyers, but it seems certain that where the fence line has been laid out and a fence built each man must build and keep in repair his share. Should he neglect his part, or refuse to keep it in proper repair, and cattle break into his field over his part, he cannot recover from their owner for damages. If there is no fence now on the line, notice, giving 30 days' time, can be served upon him to build it.

If he refuses to build it and serves a notice on you that he elects not to build, you can build all, and use it, but he will have to pay for half the day he pastures or uses his land next to it. From this it seems that in some cases both men may be right.

Various circumstances alter the legal standpoint, and one should consult a lawyer—if he is bound to "look for trouble"—before he begins. In case cattle get out, and pass through the woods or "commons" and get into other fields on the other side of the unfenced part, the owner is liable; hence a man must take care of his cattle. In case of neglect to repair properly or build up existing line fences, no damage can be collected; hence a man need not care for his cattle. Neighbors had better spend more time than they think they ought to in keeping good fences, rather than to "law" it; and always bear in mind the maxim: a good fence makes good neighbors.—C. E. Chapman.

Horticultural Notes.

The morning glories on the east and west sides of the house, have frequently remained open all day.

A screen of climbing nasturtiums on the south side of a porch has been a delight through out the entire summer, growing prettier each day.

In setting out or transplanting shrubs or roses, make the place prepared for it large enough so that the roots will not be cramped. And form the soil thoroughly.

Hydrangea paniculata is one of our [illegible] with [illegible] into

WIT AND HUMOR

WITH THE USUAL APOLOGIES.

Alone she walked the ocean strand,
Her parasol was in her hand;
She stood and wrote upon the sand
His name, the year, the day.
As slowly from the spot she passed,
One lingering look behind she cast,
"Wave, wash it out!" she sighed at last,
"His name's mud, any way!"
—Chicago Tribune.

NE PLUS ULTRA.

May—Alice isn't at all nervous.

Clara—Not in the least. I've known her to keep cool in a bargain counter rush.—Town and Country.

FAME.

"How do they get on together?"

"Famously! They quarrel continuously, and their quarrels all get into the newspapers."

RELIEF IN SIGHT.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter, sir."

"I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

OTHER WAY AROUND.

Soph—Do you think kleptomania is catching?

Fresh—No, it's taking.—Yale Record.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Did your father strike you as being a man of brains?"

"No—as being on the front steps after midnight."—Cincinnati Commercial.

CAUTIOUS.

"But why did you not send for the doctor next door when you became suddenly ill?" asked his friend.

"You forget," answered the sufferer, "that I have been learning to play the cornet recently."—Puck.

LIVING ON THE PROCEEDS.

"He's simpy living on his automobile this winter."

"Why, I thought he couldn't afford to run the thing."

"That isn't it. He sold it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HIS [illegible]

"Have any b[illegible] asked the doc[illegible] [illegible]