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A CAPRICE?

His was a face among faces, impressing by its strong personality, as a cliff among hills; and here, in the windracked night, wherein disorder and ruin jostled elbows, and the air was full of rain and the plaint of people, his power made itself felt, and gained him a hearing from officials who were over-anxious and travelers who were over-impetuous.

"The sooner we are out of this the better, I suppose," he said to the guard who made his way deaf-eared through the clamorous knots at the doors of the carriages. "The water is rising fast, of course?"

"As fast as it can, sir," the other rejoined, giving audience almost unconsciously to the single speaker who had succeeded in detaining him. "Two feet here means four in the Tregenna cutting, and, as the lines won't stand this volume much longer, the chances are ten to one against our getting farther tonight."

"Damp quarters, that will in all likelihood be damper. Is there any accommodation to be had within five miles, think you?"

"Nearer than that. Polwherra lies but an odd mile away; her inn is older than the coaching days."

"Good news, which you might as well hand on. I, for one, shall make use of it, as there is no mortal service I can do my fellows by staying."

"None, sir." You can't miss the road so long as you keep the steeple of Polwherra in sight. Good-night to you."

"Good-night," said Oswald Herries. He paused to gather together his slight paraphernalia—a rug and a small portmanteau—and then he and the old Anglo-Indian, who had traveled down the express and until then exchanged no further words than the average Briton considers necessary under such propinquity, set out across country, wading knee deep in the lower land encircling the railroad, and arriving at last, wind blown and wet to the skin, on the crest of ground topped by the Ring o' Bells.

The landlord, a hale fellow of seventy, had acted with business-like precision on the news coming up from the valley, and ailed beds, blazing fires and the appetizing scent of unseen dainties welcomed those who essayed the stormy midnight walk.

There was but an odd half-dozen of them, and the inn was a man's world. The man who was the proprietor was an excellent

Later, when they had got the shivering old creature into the snugest quarter offered by the Ring o' Bells, the girl came back again.

She came straight on to the fireplace, a subdued tenacity in her manner, her eyes wide.

"It is you who must be thanked for this, my happiness, and the life of one dearer than the world can guess."

Communication was re-established, the Anglo-Indian gone on his way; gone, too, the floods and the extra half dozen at the Ring o' Bells; but Herries stayed to ask daily after Nurse Lavender with a severe chill upon her, to suggest improvements in the low-lying house, to give his help in re-establishing the pair there, and to ponder on a woman. His business in Truro could wait, as it did.

In the unconventional remoteness of this Cornish hamlet, it did not strike him as anything unusual that he should look in upon the couple day by day; Lavender was always to the fore, watchful, alert, garrulous, from her sofa in the corner of the low-ceiled room; and when she was about again, with feeble gait and uncertain humors, seldom absent from her mistress.

Only Trefusis seemed to resent the intimacy; yet when he might have done that which would have snapped it, shied from the single question Herries put to him, testily, and waxed on a sudden morose.

In an atmosphere of music and restfulness the acquaintance ripened—sought by him, by her simply accepted and though she wielded no blandishment, welcomed him by never a smile, he watched her in a hundred homelike aspects, and in all found her fair.

Lavender had been a strong tower to her girlish helplessness once, and in the memory of this devotion it was natural that her mind's eye should be occupied with the need of her friend, to the exclusion of all else.

When they met on the weedy shore, the cliffs or in the village street, it was of her Jean Morant spoke. And the subject of an old and unknown woman's traits did not weary Herries—because he loved.

The end came with a suddenness that shook the girl's serenity to its core.

February's days were creeping to a close when the last page of a faithful life was shut, and the shock of that

sixteen. He told me," her voice had almost fierceness in it, "that there was; and—I believed him. Lies! No one could lie as Rolleston Moore. And yet I loved him; he was so handsome, so daring, and I, poor, foolish I hadn't met anything masculine that was not old or feeble, or selfish, or unkind, and was eager to think him all that he appeared." She paused, drawing in her breath sharply. "It was a mistake—he was utterly worthless, utterly vicious—and my guardian had known it, thinking in his cold worldliness that an ancient pedigree was sufficient atonement for moral blots, and that we should jog along as half the world jogs on—at any rate, away from his immediate neighborhood. We were married—two thousand dollars a year makes a man with a tottering fortune impatient. And if I was unhappy before—no, I can't talk of it to you. But I knew on my wedding day that all questions of love on his part had been a pretence; he laughed at the mere idea. And with that laugh of his my love fell dead. One night he turned me out of the house; afterward—Lavender and I went away together; at eighteen I was alone, and because God forgive me, I hated him, I tried to drop the memory of those twelve months and came to Polwherra, and Lavender told me I was a widow, and together we grew to feel happy and safe at last. At last, and for this! But, oh! it is for this, for this, you must forgive me, Oswald; because the pain of your pain hurts me more than all past grief."

She laid her hands on his breast, and looked up into his face, and under her eyes his bitterness died.

He caught her to his arms.

"Jean, Jean, must such as this part us! It shall not—it ought not. We are each other's, heart and soul. Look into my eyes with your clear eyes, and tell me you don't love me—then, and only then, will I leave you. Yet—neither then!"

There was a concentrated passion in his manner that for a half second shook her. She recovered herself, and after the brief struggle drew nearer to him, with a sweet seriousness in her voice that calmed his stormy mood.

"Oswald, it is because I love you that it would kill me to draw you down to anything lower than you now are—good, great, generous. Because I care, you, too, must care, to make the world the better for your gifts, to be strong for those who are not strong, that our suffering may be not only to our blessing, but to other people's."

"You ask an impossibility," he said. Then she lifted her face and laid her lips on his. There was the solemnity of a farewell in her kiss, and he

FARMERS' CORNER

Mulching of Trees.

All far-set trees and all of the ornamental trees and the shrubbery on the home grounds will be much benefited by a mulch of manure during the winter. If this work was not done in the fall it may be done during any open days during the winter when a team can be used. Unless the snow should be too deep to work to advantage there need be no hesitancy about putting this mulch of coarse manure, but not much straw around the trees at any time. It will serve to hold up the newly-set trees and will protect the roots from frost, adding fertilizer to them as spring comes on so that they will be in good condition to make an early start in the spring. Better put the manure to some such use as this than allow it to leach away in the barnyard.

Why Some Fail with Incubators.

A great many people have an idea that all that is necessary is to get an incubator, put the eggs in, heat it up and let it alone. A certain amount of attention at the proper time is absolutely necessary.

A man will become interested in an incubator and will buy one. When it comes his hens are not laying much. He wants to start it up at once, so he goes out to get the required number of eggs. He gets all he can from his friends and gets the balance from the store, no matter what sort of weather they have been through nor how long they have been kept, no matter what sort of hens laid them nor what sort of care the hens had. All he is looking for is eggs. He puts his incubator anywhere, where it will be out of the way, and starts it up. He hatches about 10 percent of sickly chickens and then says that incubator is worthless and throws the incubator in to a shed and gives it up.—O. M. Watson, in Reliable Poultry Journal.

Care of Nest Boxes.

Few of us who keep fowls realize how they are worried by vermin. Quite often we hear of hens who persist in laying eggs in the dust box or on the floor, anywhere but in one of the nest boxes provided for that purpose. Nine times out of ten investigation will prove that there is a nest of vermin.

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When the barnyard is used as a place for storage for manure it is hard to keep it dry and clean, but if a proper place is provided for the manure—

it must be stored—there ought to be no trouble in keeping the barnyard dry. Naturally, there must be some grading or ditching done, and it is always to fill in the low places

with a drain to open ditches, where

them close together, the heads slanting so as to turn water. Next make another row, throwing the dirt on the roots of the cabbages on the first row. When all the cabbages are put in they will be in a compact mass. Place straw on the heads, and boards on the straw, to shed rain. If preferred, the cabbages may be placed under a shed and covered with straw. If the roots are put in the ground and the heads out the cabbages will be alive and the stalks will give crops of sprouts for early greens in the spring and not a head will rot, while they may be cut off from the stalk at any time when wanted, whether the ground is frozen or not, by simply lifting the straw. In fact, they will be kept in such good condition as to begin growing in the spring, if not disturbed, in the effort to produce seed.

Poultry as Insect Destroyers.

There is one advantage of keeping poultry on the farm that is generally overlooked, and that is the vast number of insects destroyed by it.

If every insect destroyed by a hen in a day were counted and an estimate made of the number of insects eaten by a flock of 25 hens, it would show that hens are more useful in that respect than may be supposed.

When busily at work scratching the hens secure many grubs and worms, while the larvae of insects also assist in providing them with food.

A flock of turkeys will search every nook and corner of a field for insects, and as a turkey can consume a large amount of food it will make away with a vast number of them each day.

The active guinea is ever on the search over the fields for insects. It does not scratch, but every blade of grass is looked over, and it rarely comes up to the barnyard to seek food. Its industry prompts it to secure its own food, and in so doing hundreds of insects are destroyed.

The ravenous duck, whose appetite seems never satisfied, will attempt to seek enough in the fields, and it captures not only insects, but the field mouse, and small reptiles will be eaten if other food is not plentiful. But if insects abound they will be content with eating them in preference to anything else.—Farm and Poultry Review

Draining the Barnyard.

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A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

SUBJECT: "WHAT ARE THE PERMANENT ELEMENTS OF RELIGION?"

An Eloquent and Forceful Discourse by the Rev. John M. Davidson—Man's Interest in the Incarnation—A Striking Thought About the "Divinity of Man."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—In the Fourth Unitarian Church, Flatbush, Sunday morning, the pastor, the Rev. John M. Davidson, preached on "What Are the Permanent Elements of Religion?" He said:

In this period of questioning, when old structures of religious faith are being torn down and new ones are taking their places, when what seems the very foundation of faith is being removed here and there to make way for new material, it is well worth our while to ask the question that is consequent upon such a condition, What elements of our religious faith are permanent and are likely to resist the tendency to change? It is a question that is agitating more people than ever before in history. We have been told that there is a growing indifference to religion, that men are abandoning the churches, that paganism has re-absorbed large sections of the country, even Puritan New England sharing in the general dissolution.

No one can deny that the influence of the church is not as great as it was when almost the only educated men were ministers. We who occupy the pulpits to-day frankly recognize the fact that the occupants of the pews are not only our equals in intellect, but are capable of giving us instruction in many departments of thought wherein the minister of old time was held to be supreme. The minister of to-day must recognize his relatively changed condition. He addresses minds at least as well informed and as bright as his own—and on many subjects more so. And he is woefully mistaken and unsafe if he does not welcome the change as an advantage to himself and his work rather than a detriment. Nevertheless, for the time being, this condition tends to bring down the church attendance figures and to lessen the church's influence. It will continue to do so until the church finds men who are leaders (if not in intellect) in the effort for social amelioration. They must be specialists and authorities in their field, as the physicians and lawyers are in medicine and jurisprudence.

That the temporary falling off in the influence of the church as an institution argues for an indifference to religion I do not believe. The church has not yet learned its work. It is still delving in theologies and philosophies, when men are no more interested in the one than the other. Both theology and philosophy are vital matters, but the old manner of discussing these subjects cannot now interest men who are touched by the spirit of the scientific age. Until science and the whole new method of thought that follows upon recent scientific discovery have entered into and vivified theology and philosophy, they will cease to interest or influence men. They have no point of contact with his interests. But men are interested in religion. This very questioning and unrest proves it. Even the return to paganism, as it has been called, that trend, particularly noticeable in rural New England, away from the formalism of the church and back to nature, it is not so alarming as appears at first glance. We are learning to see that, although for centuries we have called certain peoples "pagans," thinking to give them a bad name and so to avoid more tedious investigation into the character of these same pagans, we have much to learn about religion, and

through every mind that we are put into this world in order to grow. We are not universally interested in speculations about Nirvana, or about atonements, or about the "survival of the fittest," nor in the discussion as to the proper aim, whether for happiness or virtue. Perhaps every one is interested in one or another of these means to the end, but we are all interested in the outcome—salvation for the human race. It is a universal longing. It is one of the permanent things of religion.

Then mankind has been universally interested in another thing—the incarnation. Ever since man became man and learned that there was a power outside of himself to which he was bound, he has thought of this power as in some way entering into and becoming the guiding power of some object of the visible world. At first it was a mere stick or stone, a tree or river or wild beast that was the chosen dwelling place of deity. Then in good time the feeling grew that none but man would make a suitable habitation for the Creator; so we hear of the Greek heroes, "descendants of the gods," of Druidic and Delphic oracles and of prophets in all lands whose speech was controlled in an especial way by Deity. We hear of a perfect incarnation of Deity in Buddha, born of a virgin, with his divine parentage attested by miracles of various kinds, and teaching that there are many incarnations similar to his own; that whenever the world has advanced to a condition in which its needs are different from the old, God incarnates Himself in a mortal who thereupon becomes a great leader and prophet. Our minds, of course, now revert to another incarnation, that of Christ in Jesus, who also taught that there are many incarnations; who prayed that His disciples might be one with God as He Himself was one with Him. And again we see the tendency of men to obscure the great truth by the particular example. The truth which has most obviously appealed to men is the incarnation of God in a single man, or, formerly, in a class of men, as prophets or priests. The truth of that endures, and that has been pointed out by Jesus and all the greatest leaders of men is that of perpetual and universal incarnation. God has breathed the breath of life and has lit the spark of divinity in mankind, for we are His children, made in His moral image, inheritors of His divinity because we are natural sons and heirs. This is the tremendous fact toward which the world is groping. It explains the r. w. proven fact that mankind's trend is upward rather than downward. It gives us the courage for going on, for keeping up the struggle when to our restricted view the obstacles seem insuperable. It compels us to believe that this world is founded upon good, that the good is "hastening on toward immortality," while evil is seen destruction. It "Gods in His heaven." God's in His world as well, the guarantor of its fundamental integrity, the inspirer of every good thing in the heart of man.

Do you not see how intimately connected are the two ideas, the incarnation of God and the divinity of man? Both ideas are everywhere recurrent in the theologies of the world, though their particular expression in one faith is utterly different from that in another, and it is the difference in the isolated expressions of the truth that keeps men apart. The permanent thing, the larger truth must wait upon our further enlightenment and broadening of view before it can bring us together. We are learning, it is true. The existence of an unworldly spirit of toleration and unity in religion, the modern armation of the universality of spirit shows that we are catching some glimpses of the larger truth that lies behind our incarnations and atonements, our theophanies and oracles, our Buddhas and Jesus of past time. If we had heard the real message of Jesus and the prophets and poets we should long ago have discovered this truth. To be a descendant of God is to be His prophet. His mission, the inheritor of His

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SEEING TROUBLE.

"I've seen lots of trouble," the old man declared, "Yes, more than most people I've seen. And yet I am cheerful and well have I fared. For I on philosophy lean. The worst never caused me to weep or complain. All Ibs like a stoic I've borne, At eighty you see me without ache or pain. And fresh as a daisy at morn."

"I've seen lots of trouble—hard poverty's grind. The keen disappointment of love—But even that trouble could not cloud my mind. I've been all that weakness above; The failure of schemes that were hopefully planned. Ingratitude base of a friend, It is something, I know, that you don't understand. Yet I have seen trouble, no end."

"Serene, undisturbed, I have been through my life. Philosophy ever my guide; Unmoved by the hardship and worry and strife. And blessed with a pachyderm's hide, For all these afflictions that you might call sore, Never wrung from my bosom a groan; With calmness and firmness these trials I bore. Because they were none of my own."

—Chicago News.

HUMOROUS.

"Don't you believe, then, that 'public office is a public trust?'" "Oh, sure, it's very like a trust. Some fellows seem to have a regular monopoly of it."—Philadelphia Press.

"Everybody says the baby looks like you. Doesn't that please you?" "I don't know," replied Popley, "but I tell you what; I'm glad that nobody thinks of saying I look like the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

First Sportsman—Good guide, is he? Second Sportsman—Oh, yes. If necessary, he'll do the shooting and bring home the game and let you say you did it, and thrash anybody that says you didn't.—New Yorker.

The Book-keeper—That new messenger spends all his time reading such books as the "Boy Bandits." The Proprietor—I can see his finish. The Book-keeper—Where? The Proprietor—On Wall street.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mr. Tucker—I think I shall give up my business, my dear. I might as well have some good out of my money. Mrs. Tucker—Oh, not yet, Samuel. But when one of us dies, I shall give up housekeeping and see a little of the world.—Town and Country.

He—It certainly was a pretty wedding, and everything was so nicely arranged. She—That's just what I think; and the music was especially appropriate. He—I don't remember. What did they play? She—"The Last Hope."—Lippincott's Magazine.

"The trouble with the average woman," said the female rights lecturer, "is that she has no decision." "Yes," inter-