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A MEMORY OF VACATION.

Because, today, I heard a merry tune
Played in the city street,
That ever rose above the city's noise,
And laughed through all the sound of
passing feet,
I stood again in fancy by the sea,
And felt its salt breath blowing over
me.

I saw the sky star-spangled as it was
When first I heard that little giddy
tune
I saw the glory path of molten gold
That stretched away to touch the ris-
ing moon,
While in my ears the ceaseless city roar
Sounded as breakers foaming 'gainst the
shore.
—Rose C. Goode, in St. Nicholas.

The Lover's Victory.

By Helen Forest Graves.

The afternoon sun was drawing long, level bars of light across the velvet grass which sloped down to the silver ridges of sand along the seashore; the curling fringes of snow-white foam broke with a soft murmurous sound on the beach, and Penelope Wingate, sitting with her book on her lap, under the shadow of a low-branched cedar tree, could just detect, through the sweet melody of dreamy summer sound a firm, rapid footstep on the rocky ledge beyond, a footstep whose echo brought the color to her cheek and the dewy sparkles to her eye.

Penelope Wingate was very pretty; just eighteen, with large, dark-blue eyes; brown, shining hair, and skin soft and translucent as mother-of-pearl. She was slightly above the medium size, with that graceful swaying motion of every limb that must necessarily be born with one, for art never can imitate its supple ease.

Yes, she was very pretty, and so Hugh Barton thought, as he approached and saw her, an unconscious tableau in herself.

He himself was a fit mate for her, in his tall vigorous manhood, dark and brilliant, with a certain Castilian style of beauty. No wonder that Penelope Wingate had learned to love him with all the earnestness of her noble, womanly nature.

"Alone, Pennie?" he said, pausing, as his shadow fell across the pages of her book. "I did not anticipate so good an opportunity to ask you to go with me to the beach picnic tomorrow. Will you allow me the pleasure of becoming your escort?"

The question, asked with playful formality, was answered at once:

"Of course I will, Hugh. Maj. Truett asked me two hours ago, and I said I was engaged; for, of course," she added, with that pretty, royal way of taking things for granted that belongs of right to beauty, "I knew you would want me to go with you."

"That's a good little Pennie. Then I will have the boat ready at ten precisely."

"Are we going in boats?" she asked.

drowning, shipwreck, etc., while Penelope's concealed smiles contrasted oddly with Uncle Percy's look of open-mouthed horror.

"Here we are, sir," said Barton, at length, as the keel of the little boat grated on the sand at the rocky point which was the rendezvous of the various picnickers. "I hope you've enjoyed your sail!"

Uncle Percy tried to smile, and said: "Oh, yes, I have; very much indeed!" But he didn't look it.

As soon as the impromptu lunch, eaten under the shadow of a beaming cliff of dazzling white rock, was over, Mr. Barton and Miss Wingate strolled casually off, followed close by Uncle Percy.

"We are going toward Clydale Point," carelessly observed Mr. Barton. "I think, Mr. Wingate, you would be apt to find a finer variety of water shells on the Crooked Mills shore."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Uncle Percy, "I dare say I shall find enough at Clydale."

And he eyed the two young lovers with a glance which was, to say the least of it, malicious.

Clydale Point was a superb mass of rocks, belted here and there with crags and rifts—a broad stretch, or floor, over which, at high tide, the waters swept like a flood, but which was now a bright surface of rock or sand with tiny shells, and trails of dark seaweed strewn here and there.

"Here is a delicious shady spot under these rocks," said Mr. Barton. "Shall we sit down and rest?"

"Certainly," interposed Uncle Percy, before Pennie could answer; "certainly! I'm tired to death climbing over these uneven crags!"

So Hugh Barton chose a convenient seat on the rock for Uncle Percy, while he and Pennie picked up shells, and gathered strange, shining pebbles and bits of seaweed, conscious the while that the old gentleman's gray eyes were on them, keen and unwearied, as the gaze of a falcon.

"Don't go out of sight, Penelope!" sharply cried he, as Hugh's evinc-

you," observed Mr. Barton, with the utmost courtesy, "but I've a little bargain to make first."

"A bargain, sir!" jerked forth Uncle Percy. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that you have had your turn all along, sir, and that mine has come now. Before I row up a foot nearer, I must have your unconditional promise that you are willing for me to marry your niece."

"I will never grant any such permission!" cried Uncle Percy, growing scarlet in his indignation.

Hugh turned the head of the boat around.

"Oh, very well, sir, if you prefer to be drowned I haven't a word to say."

"Drowned!" faltered Uncle Percy. "Stop a moment! Hold on! You would never allow me to—Halo-o-o-o! I say!"

For the boat was slowly moving off, while a sudden wave, higher and stronger than its brothers, sprinkled Uncle Percy's feet with its salt spray. "Come back!" roared Uncle Percy. "Yes or no—have I your permission? I am determined to marry Pennie, and she will not consent without."

"Yes—yes—yes!" shouted Uncle Percy, each affirmative monosyllable louder than the last, jerked from him in mortal terror of his life.

"I am much obliged to you, sir," said Hugh, politely. "Hold on, I will be alongside directly."

He skillfully guided the boat close up to the lower point of rock, and Uncle Percy stumbled rather than stepped into it, dropping like a huge rag doll upon the seat.

"I hope you're not very wet, uncle dear," said Pennie, sweetly. "We hadn't the least idea the tide was rising so fast when we went to get some of those beautiful starfish for my aquarium."

Pennie might have spoken the truth so far as regarded herself, but Uncle Percy knew from the twinkle in Hugh Barton's eye the he at least had not been so very innocent of all cognizance of the affair.

The homeward voyage was very silent. Pennie and Hugh were too happy to talk—Uncle Percy too miserable, what with wet feet, acute twinges of rheumatism, and sharp consciousness of defeat.

Charles Allston met them at the hotel, but Charles Allston's day and generation were over.

"It's no use, Charlie," said Uncle Percy, dolefully. "I've promised her to Hugh Barton."

For Hugh had won the victory, and Pennie's slender forefinger already bore the diamond which proclaimed to all the world her happy engagement.

Youth had outgeneraled age. Cupid had won the day.—New York Weekly.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

THE MODERN PUNCHERS.

COWBOYS OF THE PRESENT DAY ARE NOT PICTURESQUE.

Their Life in the Old Days Was One of Hardship and Adventure—The Helpful Texas Rangers—Where "Bad Men" Are Still Found.

The life of the cowboy in the old days was one of hardship and picturesque adventure. Other dangers abounded on the broad plains of the West in addition to the hundred risks to life and limb that always attended the guarding of a herd of thousands of cattle whose safety depended entirely on the efforts of the cowboy.

Thirty or forty years ago the Indians were an ever-present factor. Many a brave fellow lost his life as a result of their raids, and the cattle thieves were just as bad. Aside from the murderous designs of men the cowboy had to face the storms of winter and the withering heat of summer. The great snow storms of the West are fearful on man and beast, and the care necessary to prevent a herd from stampeding in such a storm made it doubly hard for the "punchers."

Probably no danger the cattlemen of the early days had to face was greater than that of the stampede. Once a vast herd of many thousand long-horned steers were frightened and started on one of those mad rushes which have been described so vividly in stories of the West it required almost superhuman exertions to turn the course of their flight in order to save them from piling pell-mell over the brink of some precipice.

In such cases the hardy cowboys had to ride at breakneck speed, make a wide detour, and at the eminent risk of being empaled on the sharp horns, ride across the front of the flying mass, turn them from their dangerous course, and perhaps after thirty-six hours of constant riding finally round them up, quieted, but still trembling with fear and ready to be off at an instant's notice.

Frequently these stampedes were started by Indians or cattle thieves, and in addition to having to make an effort to save the cattle a running fight with the would-be robbers would frequently take place.

The most picturesque characters of fifty years ago and a great help to the cattle kings as well as the cowboys, were the Texas Rangers. These men were employed to patrol the Mexican border and prevent the raids of cattle robbers and other desperadoes. These men were brave to a fault and possessed wonderful skill in handling their rifles, as many a "peon" learned to his cost.

The Rangers were required to lead a life of danger, but they loved the life

A FOREST IN TWENTY YEARS.

Catalpa Tree Gives a Growth a Hundred Feet in Two Decades.

How a forest of extremely valuable timber may be grown in a score of years, and made a source of profit within six to eight years, will be demonstrated in an interesting exhibit at the World's fair.

This exhibit will be made under the auspices of the International Society of Arboriculture. John P. Brown, secretary and treasurer of the association, has consulted with the chiefs of departments at the World's fair and has made all arrangements.

That particular variety of the catalpa tree, known as speciosa, will be the basis for this exhibit and the great value and adaptability of this wood will be shown in all forms. The catalpa is indigenous to the Wabash bottom lands in Illinois and Indiana, but may be grown in any section of the United States. The tree is known nearly everywhere, but its great value is just beginning to be understood. Nearly every boy knows the tree because of the long and slender seed pod which, when dried, burns much like tobacco, and is often known as the "lady cigars."

It is the worth of the timber, and its marvelously quick growth, that is destined to solve the problem of future railroad building, and furnishing a supply of lumber for all purposes.

In the World's fair exhibit a section of railroad will be built showing the adaptability of catalpa timber for ties. Old ties that have been in use for 32 years, and not yet showing any signs of decay, will shown. When it is shown that the average life of an oak tie is seven years, the catalpa's value on this line is demonstrated. There will be telegraph and telephone poles that have been in use as long, and fence posts will be exhibited that can be proven to have been in use for 100 years.

Not alone for these purposes is the wood of the catalpa valuable. A prominent Dayton, O., car building plant will exhibit a section of a palace car, all of the timbers of which, inside and out, are of catalpa wood. The timber possesses all of the requirements for such work, being strong and susceptible of a fine finish. After it has been placed in the finish of a palace car it is often mistaken for oak, chestnut or cherry. Furniture factories will also exhibit fine chairs, desks and other furniture from this wood.

After the thinning out process the growth of the tree continues at the uniform rate of one-inch in diameter each year and catalpa trees at 18 years old often reach as high as 100 feet, thus yielding a large return of splendid lumber.

Among the large railroad systems

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN INTERESTING DISCOURSE BY THE REV. DR. H. C. SWENTZEL.

Subject: The Divine Carpenter—Christ Belonged to the Grand Army of Self-Respecting Workmen—His Life Condemns the Sinfulness of Idleness.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—An interesting and forceful sermon was preached Sunday morning by Rev. Dr. Henry C. Swentzel, rector of St. Luke's Church, Clinton avenue, near Fulton street. The subject was "The Divine Carpenter," and the text St. Mark vi:3: "Is not this the carpenter?" Dr. Swentzel said:

The glorious Son of Man was a mechanic. It is well worth while to consider those eighteen years which He spent at Nazareth, concerning which we would dearly love to know so much, but of which it is possible to learn so little. Whether He were rich or poor, whether He devoted Himself exclusively to the exercises of religion or was occupied with other concerns as well; whether He were, so to say, a man among men, or lived a strange weird life as a recluse in the wilderness—these are queries upon which we may reflect with profit.

During the period which began when the Christ Child went down from among the doctors in the temple to the Galilean home to prepare for His public life there is only one bit of definite information concerning Him, and that is furnished almost accidentally in the text.

The people who had known Him all along were astonished when they heard His sayings and saw His mighty works. The record which He made among them in bygone years was worthy of Him and ought to have prepared them to expect large things of Him sooner or later, but they could not forget that He had lived among them as a common artisan. When He returns to them with all the fame He had won and was about to spend a brief season with them in order that His former friends and neighbors might not be neglected in His ministry, they recall His antecedents, and they ask with mingled wonder and scorn, "Is not this the carpenter?"

The question establishes the fact that Jesus had been known as a village carpenter. From the days of youth until He got out to do the stupendous work for which He was sent, He accepted the trade of His reputed father and was occupied largely with its ordinary employment. He belonged to the "working classes." A descendant of the royal David He most surely was, and yet He thought not of the throne of His renowned ancestor. He was indeed a king, but not after the world's fashion, for He came to be King of men, to rule the heart and conscience of mankind. He seems to have had no ambition to attain unto a lofty station, and the paraphernalia of earthly greatness had no charms for Him. His masterful purpose was to save the world, both the classes and the masses, and He would, therefore, identify Himself personally and actively with the multitudes and not only with a privileged few. He could teach princely virtues without being a prince, and He would benefit the hosts of mankind by allying Himself with the conditions and experiences of the many. He understood full well that no political contrivances could bring the kingdom of God to this earth, and He considered that the needs of the millions could be served in no other way than by the moral and spiritual democracy which it was His mission to establish.

Our Lord was a workman. It must not, therefore, be supposed that He held a brief or third

was His omnipotence exerted in His own behalf. He accepted the very situation which confronts us. Engaged with the occupations of His trade during so many years, He exalts industry into a divine virtue and brands sloth as a deadly sin. He has no favor for an ambition that longs for absolute ease. It may not be necessary for any one to be occupied with the burdens of business, but we are all bound to keep in personal touch with the life of humanity. There are other spheres of usefulness than the field and the shop, the office or the counting room. The church asks for thousands who are willing to follow the example of splendid heroes who have withdrawn from the haunts of trade and from the hope of gain in order to devote themselves exclusively to the ministry of Christian laymen. Everywhere are charities calling loudly for encouragement and service. Politics presents a wide range for the activities of patriotism and of the very highest religion. There is something for everybody to do, and no one is justified in living for himself in a sequestered and attractive nook away from the demands that sound from every quarter. Each individual should have some occupation, a place in the world's vast factories, a work of some sort which shall tell for the happiness of others.

The Lord has a strong word for labor. He is the fellow and the champion of all toilers. He has a meaning for all those who work with their brain or with their hands, for all such are workmen. He has forever consecrated the everydayness of life. He adopts the workaday world. "The Light of Asia," which states beautifully certain features of the Buddhist religion, represents the searinate Buddha as a wandering beggar, asking food. Jesus Christ was no beggar. The mendicant, any more than the pauper, receives not the approval of His own practice, by which He sanctified labor until the end of the world. The Galilean Carpenter was no less the incarnate Son of God during the years which He spent at Nazareth than He was on the mountain of the transfiguration or on the first Easter Day. There are many reasons why work is honorable, but it receives its crowning glory from the experience of the divine Christ during the long period of which we know nothing save that He was a mechanic. He has endured all occupations with dignity that nothing short of our own idleness can possibly take away. It matters not what one's daily toils are, they are worthy of fidelity and energy, and they are as much a part of God's service as the saying of prayers and the receiving of religious rites. The emperor and his humblest subject, the prime minister and the street sweeper, the millionaire and his valet, all are included in the spirit of industry and devotion which Jesus manifested at the bench which stood in a shop or, perhaps, at times under a huge tree at Nazareth. He has hallowed all vocations by the consecration of His personal industry, and they should be interpreted and accepted as a sacred part of the life which now is.

The Nazareth Carpenter teaches that worldly place of itself is nothing worth. A man may be a man wherever he is, and labor is honorable whatever it may be. Station or the lack of it does not make the man or his life. The people of lowly degree may likewise learn precious lessons from the Galilean artisan. They become discouraged because they fancy themselves to be of no account, and they too often cherish an unhappy contempt for their daily toils. They despise the factory or the office as necessary evils. Jesus has a lesson for them which He pronounces from the Nazareth shop. Long years He spent in obscurity. No murmurs escape Him, no signs of impatience, no evidences of a restless longing to be something more to

JUST FOR FUN



THE SHORTER COURSE.

Hurry the baby as fast as you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a
man;
Off with his baby clothes, get him in
pants,
Feed him on brain food, and make him
advance.
Hustle him, soon as he's able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with
talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and
facts,
Keep on a-jamming them in till he
cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate;
Now we develop a man while you wait.
Rush him through college, compel him
to grab
Of every known subject a dip and a
dash,
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache,
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god and its jingle his joy,
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of
breath,
Until he wins—nervous prostration and
death.
—Boston Transcript.

HUMOROUS.

Many a good novel has been founded on facts, and many a good newspaper story has founded on facts.—Puck.

There are not many people who can reach Success via the Stepping Stones of Failure without getting their feet wet.—Puck.

"They say Brown is ten years ahead of his time." "Well, it's not true. He's six months behind. I'm his landlord, and ought to know."

No, there is nothing in superstition, but would you, now, would you, enjoy sitting down to dinner in a company that numbered thirteen? Would you?—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What am I ever going to do with such a bad, bad boy?" sighed the fond mother. "Oh, you leave me alone," replied the young hopeful. "I'm not half as bad as I can be."—Brooklyn Life.

"It was only five years ago that I started in with our firm at \$5 a week," said Bragg, "and now I earn \$50 a week without any trouble." "That's so; it's easy to earn," remarked Newitt, "but how much do you get?"—Philadelphia Press.

"I hear," said the boss, "that you've been kicking because you've got so much to do." "Well—er—yes," replied the clerk. "I did think—" "Well, you've got to do more to