

THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XIX.

FRANKLIN, N. C. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1904.

NUMBER 16

SUMMER WOOF FOR WINTER WEAVING.

Some times, when the north wind is blowing And we look through the pane at the snowing— At a marble-white world out of doors— The heart crieth out for the coming Of blossoms and birds, for the humming Of honey-winged bees in white-cloves stores.

When violet vapors have hidden The cold, naked hilltops, and hidden The pale evening star as their guest, A picture of moon-laden mountains, Or fashions of fern-lashed fountains, Lieeth still as a garden of rest.

As we sit in the froilght's gleaming, The sprite in the backlog brings dream-ing Of the summer's low-rolled moun-tone; And we close our eyes to the dancing Of fire-flecked figures, entrancing Our souls with the thoughts of days that are flown.

So ever the Past doth enamour; The sheen of its exquisite glamour May illumine the bitterest day; For under the frost there is breathing, And in the dead branches is wreathing Of Hawthorn and lilacs for crowning of May.

—Ella Beardley, in Boston Transcript.

HASHEESH.

A SHORT STORY. By BARRY PAIN.

The season was nearly at its end. On the terrace of Shepherd's were many groups—German, American and English—stopping for a few days in Cairo on their way home. In the street in front of the terrace the hawkers displayed their wares—pan pipes, fly-whisks, images of the sphinx, piece post cards, matches. One offered for sale an infallible tablet that he carried on his head. Another handed up an old flintlock pistol heavily mounted in silver for the inspection of a pretty girl from Cincinnati. Every now and then a carriage drove up and a party of tourists passed up the steps, followed by a dragoman laden with kodaks and dust cloaks and bazaar purchases. The bright sunlight flooded a scene of brilliant colors.

At one of the tables—next to that where the pretty girl from Cincinnati was sitting—three men of different ages, Mr. Nathaniel Brookes, a man of some 60 years and rather distinguished appearance, was discussing total prohibitions with Dr. Henson-Blake. The doctor was a man of wiry build, with the face of a hawk and that indescribable look which comes only of strength and experience. The third man listened and nodded. From boyhood he had been precocious, and preferred to associate with those who were older than he was. In consequence he sometimes had to sit, as now, rather on the outside of the associations. He smoked endless cigarettes and drank something which was cold and not good for him out of a long thin glass, in which the ice tinkled pleasantly. He was a fair-haired young man from the sun-baked shores of the Mediterranean. He wore a single eye-glass, but did not always dare to use it. When you got to the bottom of his fallings you found fundamentally no means a bad sort of man, by name Paval Lake. This was his first year in Egypt. Both Brookes and the doctor had known Egypt well.

Brookes who was speaking, "The fellahs should be allowed to dig," he said, "and it should be made worth their while to dig."

"But they do," said the doctor. "They all of them do it in the summer, and they always have done."

"Yes," said Brookes. "Prohibitions which are too strict are always evaded. It's the same thing with hashesh. But what I mean it that if we succeed in stopping the fellahs from digging, the working European Egyptologist will find very little. The native will take care of that, and this is a case where the native has knowledge that the European can get only from him."

"That's possible," the doctor agreed. "What's that about hashesh?"

The young man asked. "I thought it was the kind of drug that one came across frequently in stories and rarely in chemists' shops, and nowhere else."

"Naturally," said Brookes, "there is no hashesh in Egypt. It is not allowed. It is contraband. I forget how many tons of it were seized last year, and I should be sorry to say how much managed to get through."

"Then the natives really use it?"

"Of course they do. There is a common type in all races which requires a nerve alternative and will have it. If religion or sentiment or custom shuts out alcohol, then it will be opium or hashesh. Egypt goes for hashesh."

"And the prohibition is of no use?" asked Lake.

"I wouldn't say that," Brookes replied grimly. "If a native has a quarrel with his neighbor he can—and sometimes does—send cannabisa indica on his neighbor's land and then report him for growing illegal stuff as soon as the crop comes up. That is useful. Speaking seriously, the prohibition may lessen the amount of hashesh consumed, and undoubtedly has raised its price considerably—prices are the monopoly of the rich. All the same, I had a boy working on my dahabiah last year who was an excellent fellah. This year he was impossible, and I had to sack him. That was hashesh."

"And what is the effect of it?"

"Ask the doctor."

"If you take enough and smoke it long enough," said Dr. Henson-Blake, "the effect is insanity. The given percentage in the asylums is fairly high, and should perhaps be higher. They don't admit it if they can help it, and it cannot always be spotted."

"And what is the immediate effect?"

"A sense of bien etre, of the absence of all worry. Sometimes there are delusions. The typical smoker generally gets an excessive vanity—swelled head—and becomes very quarrelsome. That is why Brookes had to sack that boy of his."

"All the same," said Lake, "I should very much like to try it."

"If I thought you meant that—the doctor began with the suspicion of a snicker."

Lake was rather angry. "I can assure you I am not talking for effect. There are some people who don't, you know."

"All right," said the doctor, unperturbed, "keep your hair on. I've got some tobacco prepared with hashesh up stairs. It is some that I had to conceal. I'll give you a pipeful and you can try it after dinner. Smoke it in your own room, though—not downstairs."

"Leave it alone," growled Brookes. "Thanks very much," said Lake to

interest in her strangely powerful kept him for long awake.

The little farce was played out with great success next morning. Lake told a beautiful story, and did it better because Irene Jocelyn, breakfasting alone at the next table, was listening intently. After smoking the hashesh he had heard the sphynx talking. Then a black and limitless ocean had broken over it, and out of the ocean a strange white woman had crept and cut herself with a gold handled knife.

"Good!" said the doctor, with dry triumph. "And the more interesting because you have never had any hashesh at all."

"No?" said Lake. "I thought that would be it." He tossed the envelope across to the doctor. "You'll find your tobacco inside. How do you give it that green color? I think the score is with me."

The doctor was angry, the more so because Brookes was unduly amused at the fallure. But he made one shrewd guess. "If I had mentioned the thing to a solitary soul I should have been certain that it had been given away to you. As it is, I can't see how you came to think of it for yourself. It's quite unlike you."

For the next two days Irene Jocelyn successfully avoided young Lake, and thereby drove him to the verge of madness. It even occurred to him to play a bold stroke and ask the doctor to introduce him. But he had the reasonable conviction that the introduction would do him more harm than good with this strange girl. He got to know Henson-Blake; it was evident that while he was there Irene would not speak. He invented excuses to get him out of the way.

On the third day she came up to him in the hall with hand outstretched. "I just want to say goodbye to you, Mr. Lake," she said. "We leave this afternoon."

"Won't you tell me anything before you go?"

"I can find no reason why you should have interested yourself in my defense. Still less can I find any reason why you should have avoided me ever since."

"But I wasn't interested in you. You're not—what do they say?—not in this act. Didn't I tell you that I was doing it for myself?"

"Yes, you are clever—you found out the doctor's trick."

"I know him. I told you that I met him on the tourist boat. I knew what he would do."

"I am stupid, for I also knew him, and did not find out. I'm not vain enough, believe me, to suppose that you did this for love of me."

Lake said that at any rate he was charmed to have the privilege of making her acquaintance.

"But," she went on, "I want you to behave just as if you had known

A \$40,000 PICTURE SAVED.

TRANSFERRED FROM A CRACKING PANEL TO CANVAS.

The Face of the Secretary of State's Botticelli Madonna Imbedded in Tissue Paper and the Inch Thick Wooden Back Sandpapered Off—The Layer of Paint Then Transferred Uninjured to Canvas.

A Botticelli "Madonna," said to be worth \$40,000, but not for sale at any price, has been saved by Mr. Hay, the secretary of state, by a resort to a delicate operation that required persistent work and the most scrupulous care and watchfulness for a year, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York Sun. Another painting belonging to Mr. Hay, less valuable, perhaps, only in that some doubt has been expressed by experts as to whether it was the work of Botticelli or his famous master, Fra Lippo Lippi, the Carmelite, has been saved also through similar efforts. If the cost of this work were added to the worth of the two paintings their value would be increased greatly.

Sandro Botticelli, the Florentine painter, died very early in the sixteenth century, so that the \$40,000 work which Mr. Hay possesses is at least 400 years old. Lippo Lippi died in 1469. Both works are panels, and it was through the cracking of the wood, due partly to age and partly to the effects of the extremely variable climate of this part of the country, that the destruction of these magnificent products of art, each worth a prince's ransom, was threatened.

The panel known to be a Botticelli original is a Madonna in profile, the figure full length, surrounded by a host of cherubims. This was a favorite study of Botticelli, and Mr. Hay's gem has all the color which made the Florentine master stand alone among his competitors. The panel hung for years upon the wall of the main staircase in Mr. Hay's Washington residence, and in the large picture gallery. It was the spacious entrance hall.

The other panel, a smaller Madonna, developed cracks from the reverse side that threatened to increase and in time break through the painting itself, thus destroying its beauty and making it, from the standpoint of art, at least, a total loss. Slight cracks were observed, also, in the larger painting, and Mr. Hay, after careful inquiry, resolved, in the hope of saving both masterpieces, to resort to the delicate operation necessary to insure preservation, which he had been informed could be done by a man in the

essary to secure it to a firm surface before it could be moved. After smearing it carefully with some adhesive substance, the operator laid on a backing of heavy stiff linen canvas, and the picture, matrix and all, was placed away to dry in a room kept at an even temperature. This drying process took a long time.

When it was regarded as safe to move the painting, it was again turned over, the canvas backing being underneath. The removal of the tissue paper was then begun, an easy task until the small slips adhering to the surface of the painting were reached. The parts of these slips not pasted to the paint were removed without difficulty, but it was a long and tedious operation, requiring patience and a gentle touch, to take away the rest.

The painting was found to be unharmed by the operation to which it had been subjected. The colors had been preserved and there was no rubbing away or searing of the paint. A coat of varnish was then applied, and when this was thoroughly dried the Botticelli masterpiece was shipped to Mr. Hay in Washington.

In the dining room of the secretary of state's residence is a great open fireplace. The larger Madonna has been imbedded in the wall over this, protected by heavy plate glass and with a frame of dull gold that seems to be part of the wall's moulding. It is there to stay. The smaller painting, now also saved from destruction, has been placed elsewhere in the house.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE BY THE REV. A. B. KINGSOLVING, D. D.

Subject: Presumptuous Sin.—The Commission of Sin Among Men Is a Sacrifice to the Interests of the Spiritual and Eternal to the Carnal and Temporal.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Dr. Arthur B. Kingsolving, rector of Christ Church, preached an excellent sermon Sunday morning, on "Presumptuous Sin." The two texts were from Matthew iv: 8 and 9: "Then the devil took him into the holy city, and he set him on the pinnacle of the temple, and said unto him, if Thou art the Son of God cast Thyself down, for it is written, He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee; and He shall on His hands bear Thee up, lest haply Thou dash Thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, 'Again it is written, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God,' and Paulinus xv: 13: 'Keep back Thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright and innocent from the great transgression.' Dr. Kingsolving said: 'In pursuing our purpose of trying to interpret the unfolding life of the Lord Jesus, and to read His lessons for ourselves, we preached last Sunday the tempted Jesus. We found in this narrative of temptation a record of just a mental and spiritual struggle as we should have expected Him to go through at this stage of His career. It is impossible to suppose that He could have decided instantaneously and without long meditation and conflict upon the plan of His life as the 'Son of God.' Clearly He had a plan and adhered to it throughout life.

We remarked upon the deep interest that each one of us has in the moral struggle and victory of Jesus, and how just in proportion as we are led by the Holy Spirit to lofty and noble ideas of life, we are conscious of these subtle earthly lusts which would deflect us from our truest paths.

We spoke of the fatalistic sin of resistance to temptations, so much in vogue nowadays as something not worth while, because in a world where the frailty of man is exposed to such overwhelming allurements of world, flesh and devil, it is certain beforehand that a vast percentage of men and women will fall. The Maker of men and women will fall. The Maker of men and women will fall, and by such doctrine the person assailed is induced to yield without a struggle. Jesus' conflict and victory teach us that this is a lie upon God. Through a putting forth of such strength as we have, we can never entirely shelter us from temptation. He can and does defend us in temptation, and with every solicitation to wrongdoing shows us the way of escape.

Then we tried to learn the lesson of Christ's first temptation. The question which first confronted Him as our representative was the old and ever-recurring question of daily bread. The tempter proceeded upon the assumption that all men are for his sustenance is food for the world. He says, 'You have a right to this on any terms, and there is nothing to be considered by comparison with it. Make provision for yourself and for your family.' 'You are to feed them, as I said in the first: 'If Thou art the Son of God, command that these stones become bread.'

A MILLION A YEAR FOR REGALIA.

Vast Sums of Money Spent for Lodge Furnishings.

Few persons other than members of secret societies realize how vast is the sum of money spent yearly for regalia and lodge furnishings. It is to be questioned whether even the members themselves appreciate the total reached, since little of the money spent represents personal disbursements.

Apart from Templar uniforms the Masonic "clothing" is furnished by the various lodges. In the blue lodge a simple white apron is all that is required, but these are of fine linen and cost from \$6 to \$8 a dozen, at least two hundred being required to outfit the Tyler's box. The lodge jewels are necessarily of silver, and do not represent a value greater than \$50, while the officers' aprons cost from \$24 to \$75 a set. Probably \$500,000 a year is expended for regalia and lodge furnishings in New York alone.

In the blue lodge, the Tyler's box, the lodge jewels are necessarily of silver, and do not represent a value greater than \$50, while the officers' aprons cost from \$24 to \$75 a set. Probably \$500,000 a year is expended for regalia and lodge furnishings in New York alone.

PERSEVERANCE.

There is a boy next door to me Who dearly loves to play Upon his new harmonica— He blows the blivvling day! He puffs his cheeks until he seems Almost to burst a vein, And I could never understand How he can stand the strain.

The whipcord stands out on his brow, His face is boiling red— His very ears seem like to burst From his devoted head; His eyes are big as walnuts, and His neck is swollen fat, And unremitting energy Almost upheaves his hat!

He plays, as I have said before, From early morning light— He starts in long before the sun, And never stops till night; I'm hoping, if he perseveres, As he does now—I say, I'm hoping if he keeps it up, He'll blow it up some day.

—Baltimore News.

JUST FOR FUN



Attorney—Why do you look at me instead of at the jury? Witness—Because I left my hat on that table and it's a new one.—Chicago Daily News.

Rodrick—I see some one has invented a musical automobile. Van Albert—Indeed? Wonder what tunes it will play. Rodrick—Breakdowns, I guess.—Chicago Daily News.

"Some men," said the quoter, "are born great, some achieve greatness—" "And the great majority," interrupted the cynic, "believe they come under both of these heads."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Dr. Ketchum—By jove! These cab companies certainly know how to charge. His wife—Never mind, dear! It's lucky that the president of the company is a patient of yours.—Brooklyn Life.

The importunate lover had just proposed. "Let your answer be a vowel with a consonant on either side of it," he gently begged her. The charging girl smiled. "Very well," she said. "G!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Barnes—You are looking uncommonly cheerful this morning, Brookes—I have reason to. I have proud satisfaction of knowing I owe a cent to any man in the world. I have gone through insanity, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"I should think," said Mrs. Flighty, "that the criticisms your husband receives of his books would fairly make him smart." Mrs. Writealong smiled sadly. "Yes," she replied, "I guess they do, but they don't make him smarter!"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mrs. Ascum—But why didn't you

PARLIAMENTARY RULING.

He said he could not help you, whispered the first of the man's daughter.

Parliamentary Ruling.—He said he could not help you, whispered the first of the man's daughter. He said she was not to be present at the party. He said she was not to be present at the party.

THIRTY CONVICTS.

From the Nikolok-Uberia by driving a tunnel under the building.

Thirty convicts from the Nikolok-Uberia by driving a tunnel under the building.

A HUGE SHARK.

By the marines of the B. Urgent, at Port Royal, Jamaica.

A huge shark was late by the marines of the B. Urgent, at Port Royal, Jamaica.

A KANSAS EDITOR.

Apologized for a typographical blunder.

A Kansas editor apologized for a typographical blunder.

DEEP SORROW.

Shown in Wichita, Kan. It was for years had been an owner on hunting expeditions.

Deep sorrow shown in Wichita, Kan. It was for years had been an owner on hunting expeditions.

TWO DETECTIVES.

At Minneapolis.

Two detectives at Minneapolis.

PARLIAMENTARY RULING.

He said he could not help you, whispered the first of the man's daughter.

Parliamentary Ruling.—He said he could not help you, whispered the first of the man's daughter.

DEEDS AND SWEAT.

In the moon-time the girl's face haunted him, and always as it had been when she did not know that he could see her—always that tired and hunted look.

Deeds and sweat in the moon-time the girl's face haunted him, and always as it had been when she did not know that he could see her—always that tired and hunted look.

OF THE 4,000,000.

Population of the United States.

Of the 4,000,000 population of the United States.