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### "BREATHLESS WE STRIVE."

Breathless we strive, contending for By Grasmere stands a cottage small success, coording to the standards of our day. What is success? Is it to find a way What is success? Is it to find a way Wealth out of all proportion to possess? Is it to care for simple picaures less (While grasping at a more extended away). And shorificting to our gods of clay, Submerge the soul, at last, in woridli-ness? But.

-Florence Earle Coates, in The Century.

## ROBERT HAMMOND.

### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Thirty years ago Ralph Hammond ties standing on the low, swamp was a famous "operator" in money, shores of Lake Michigan-the embryo was a famous "operator" in money. bonds, and other securities that were of the future Chicago. There he res ed, not so much from choice as from perhaps quite as legitimate collaterneccessity, his funds gradually disappearing, and his wife nick with a slow

A cold, hard man, whose blood fever. might have been ice-water, and whose

heart was only a machine to keep Very hard indeed was the first two his brain in working order. For Ralph years to the adventurer. Poverty, suffering, and a pitiful sense of the inwas one of those workers who ate his bread in the sweat of other men's congritous elements among which they brows, and rather prided himself upon had fallen, had made up their life. But natures like Robert Hammond's the fact. hot 3h they may be stunned for

He had married a simple, illiterate woman, for her money, and as she time, have in them such an element of 'ife and strength that complete pros quietly slipped out of life after riving birth to a son and a daughter, leavration is impossible. ing all her propertly to her huzband, From the first blank despair hope arose with a strength and intensity exwas not disposed to consider his actly suited to the circumstances marriage as an unwise speculation.

How the children grew up I supose their good angels knew. Ho gave them food and clothing and shelter. and sent them to school. But every year he became conscious that they were growing to an age when it would be impossible to ignore their exist-And this fact struck him not unpleasantly one fine summer evening when they returned together for the

long vacation. Robert, the eldest, had become a really handsome fellow, and the father acknowledged this the more readily because in appearance he

"Stood beside him like his own youth." But here the resemblance ceased. Morally and mentally no two men could be more unlike.

Lucy Hammond was a brighter, fairer, copy of her mother; a pretty, gentle girl "Not too bright nor good

For human nature's daily food."

So Ralph, coming one night to the dull, silent house which is called 'home," found there was a new element which he scarcely knew how to manage. For though he hardly acknowledged any love for his children. he was very sensitive as to whatever touched his own pride and comfort: and it gave him a new sensation of pleasure to consider this fine, manly youth as his son, and the bright, pretty, girl as a bond to his wishes and commands.

reasing, and required all his thoughts However, he did nothing on impulse furing those hours in which men may work; so that when he reached his He thought over all the circumstances home the affectionate care of his pretwhich might, could or would affect his welfare, and then resolved to iy wife and the encircling arms of own take Robert into his office and make irrepressible children very exclusive-Lucy the manager of a home which he iy claimed his first attention. re\_furnished with ostentatious but

last ten years. If I start at once, a can be in New York by Christmas. and poor; The Dove was once its emblem, and the sign That marked it as a wayside inn obfrugal, dwelt high consecration And gratitude still guards it as shripe, Hallowed by that success which time but makes more dear!

ufficient in those days of small pre

things happen-I suppose they are

natural sequence of events-but grad-

especially so at any mention of Rob-

The unpleasantness of the news

from New York was in such direct

home, that Robert might well be ex

used from not seeking more of it. Be

side, his business was constantly in-

ontrast with the surroundings of his

ert Hammond's books.

quish their old home.

rt or his whereabouts.

What do you say?" "God go with you, Robert, dear! think you are right." So the next morning Robert Ham oud set his face eastward, and in

due time tried the familiar walks of New York city. But he found his father's office in a strange name, and his memory had passed from the con-stantly changing financial world. The

which differ so much from the adult ones that they can hardly be recognized as belonging to the same family as their parents. Most boys and girls are familiar with full-grown floundold home was empty, and falling into that look of decayed gentility which is so much worse than honest poverty. ers, but very few of them, and few older people, know anything about the appearance of young flounders and the Then he suddenly remembered a lit. wonderful transformations they undertle farm not far from Patterson, which go. In spring and summer it is poshad been part of his mother's fortune; sible for young nature students to seand hiring a horse and buggy, he tried cure specimens of newly hatched to find it, it was only a low stone cotflounders by dragging a fine mesh net

er" has b

tage, surrounded by cherry trees that on sunny days when the water is were old and bare. The fields about smooth. were white and still, the little stream be kept alive in dishes of salt water. bound in icy fetters, the cattle star-ing pitepusly on the barren earth, and and examined from time to time with a low-power miscroscope. dumb in their cold hunger and com-fortless life. The flounders begin life as do ordinary fishes. When they first emerge A rude, unpainted fence divided from the egg they swim vertically, with the head turned upward. Their

small garden and yard from the general waste of desolation; and, walk. bodies are symmetrical, and their ing slowly across the yard was a figeyes are on opposite sides of the head. ure which, in spite of shabby clothes Gradually the position of the body changes from vertical to horizontal, and ageing years, Robert easily recognized as his father. and the fish remain thus for some The old man saw the approaching time, swimming like ordinary fishes;

buggy, and going to the gate, called but while still very small there is out in querulous tonesforeshadowing of the bottom life they "You need not alight, sir; we have are destined for, and they enter upno room to entertain strangers. We on a series of remarkable changes.

never do, sir! No, indeed!" He kept up his protestations the more fervently as he saw the stranger Work, manual work, was first obtain did not pay any attention to them, ed, and its results carefully used. In meanwhile standing inhospitably at two more years he had saved capital the closed gate.

Robert saw a pale, weary-looking the eye moves around the front of tensions to buy a few thousand feet of woman come for a moment to the lumber. I don't know quite how such the head; in others 't moves directly door, and then, after a vacant stare. close it again. It was all very dis the eye's position is accompanied by couraging, but he never for one mo ually, almost imperceptibly, the thoua change in the position of the body, ment hesitated in his intentions sand became tens of thousands of feet, Leaving the horse tied to the fence, and the small lumber yard gradually he walked up to the closed gate, and side of the body from which the eye extended itself along the low, sluggish stretching his hand across it, said: Illinois river; while a small fleet of "Father."

lake schooners waited on the yard, The old man's face grew suddenly and their every arrival and departure gray, and the lines about the mouth left a balance on the right side of Robleepened involuntarily; he dropped his eyes, but raised them quickly to For the first seven years a desultory say: orrespondence was kept up with "I am a poor man now, Robert;

Lucy, but the last news had all been there is nothing to be got by seek unfavorable. Lucy spoke of losses ing me out." and reverses, and intimated that she "I want nothing, father, but your

was afraid they would have to relinforgiveness and love. I am a rich man now, unless you shat your doors Nor were these all her troubles; it against me. In that case I shall feel was evident she suffered much from poor enough." her father's growing irritability and "Come in, then." unreasonableness, and that this was

The tone was not a gracious one uals, and vice versa. In a few spebut Robert knew what it had cost the cles both right-sided and left-sided old man to humble himself so far, and fish occur in about equal numbers .--he accepted the invitation with From "Nature and Science" in St.

"Thank you, sir." Earnestly, as they walked up the little path, Robert spoke to his father, and what he said must have had some effect, for when they reached the house-door, he opened it with nervous with a little slip of paper in his hand haste, and in much softened tones on which is written his Christian called out: "Lucy, here is your brother Rob-

name. A. J. Brooks of Shelburne Falls,

Nicholas.

bottom.

Lucy's welcome made up for all depicked from his garden a strawberry linquencies, and the evening which It was about twelve years after Rob which measured six by six and a half little, ended and ert Hammond and his wife had turned inches. confidence as had never existed before between the father and his chil dren.

ert!"

"FLAT AS A FLOUNDER." A SERMON FOR SUNDAY Something of the Life History of AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED. Interesting and Curious Fish. The expression "as flat as a flound " has become proverbial, but it does GLORIFYING THE FATHER.

Such specimens may easily

The most striking of these changes

is in the position of the eye. The eye

of one side or the other slowly but

steadily moves over to the opposite

side of the head and takes a place be-

side the other eye. In some flounders

through the head. This shifting of

which ceases to be upright and be-

comes more and more oblique. The

the right-sided forms the left

not apply to very young flounders reached by the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. Mc-Leod, of Brooktyn, N. Y.-We Can Make God Beal, We Can Make the Gospel Sublime.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.-Upon his return to his public from his wacation, the Rev. Dr. Thomas B. McLeod, pastor of the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, preached an eloquent sermion. Sunday morning on "Giorifying the Father." The text was chosen from John xr.3: "Herein is My Father glarified that ye bear much fruit, ro shall ye be My disciples." Dr. McLeod axid:

How wital, dear friends, are all New How wital, dear friends, are all New Testament representations of religion! Compare the New Testament with the eth-ical teaching, or religious teaching of all other books in this respect, and you are simply astonished. There is nothing m-chanical in them, nothing formal, nothing institutional-every process in a process of

simply astoniahed. There is nothing me-chanical in them, nothing formal, nothing institutional-every process is a process of life. It is no use for a man, or for men, to claim that they have Abraham for their father. Religion is not a matter of who a man's ancestors were; it is a matter of what a man himself is. Jesus has given us in one pilly sentence His estimate of the worth of the claim that is based on de-ceent, on heredity, on social prestige, when He says that God could raise up, or make children, unto Abraham out of the very stones of the roadide. The concern that interests God, when it comes to the matter of religion, is whether a man is a living plant or a dead stick. The hedge, though it be a hedge of flowers or roses, in which the stake occurs, does not make the stake a living thing. The line of descent in which a man stands, nor the social posi-tion he occupies, nor the church of which he is an attendant, or a member, is noth-ing the the and stake in a hedge. There was a certain fine man, a fine man mocially, religiously, politically-one of the bast of men as men went-came to Jesus to make inquiry on the subject of religion. He was reverent and devout and respect-ful and courteous and cultured and learned, a leader and teacher of the people, a lee-turer on ethics, but when it came to reli-gion, Jesus said to that man, "Ye must be born again." The vitality of the represen-tion we find in the New Testament reli-gion is its life; "I have come that ye thight have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly."

And so of tests. Not simply of the rep-resentations or descriptions of religion, but also of the tests, the New Testament tests of religion. How are we to know that we are living Christians? How are we to know that others are living Christians? Why, the New Testament pushes us up to the point of urgent heilef, and insists on it, that the test is fruit, not leaves, not flowers, but fruit, and that fruitfulness is the only essential thing that shall triumph under the test. Jesus may endure barren-ness outside of the church, but He cannot endure it inside of the church. A bramble is moving gradually becomes inferior o the other, until by the time the change of the eye is complete the fish swims with its blind side underneath. and this position is ever after maintained. The flounder then ceases its free swimming habit and sinks to the Some species of flounders are rightsided and others are left-sided. In

ness outside of the church, but he cannot endure it inside of the church. A bramb'e in the woods is bearable, but a brambie in the orchard, that is intolerable. "By their fruits ye shall know them. Men do not gather figs of thistles or grapes of thorns." "The man of God is perfect, fruitful unto all work works." eye moves to the right side, and the left side becomes undermost. In the leftsided species the opposite conditions prevall. It rarely happens that rightsided species have left-sided individall good works." How little stress Jesus lays upon those

How little stress Jesus lays upon those tests that are so universally adopted and applied, and admitted to be sufficiently ad-equate; attendance upon religious ordin-ances, subscription to creed and statement, routine observance of rites and ceremonics; He makes nothing of all that, and He comes to us, friends, just as He came to the fruitless, leafy fig irce by the wayside, searching for fruit, not for leaves, not for blossoms, not for florescence, not for es-thetic delight in sacred music, not for fon-mess of the literary side of religion, not for ness of the literary side of religion, not fo a keen appetite for well digested and pre-mented truth, but for fruit—fruit, and He sented truth, but for trutt-trutt, and the comes up closer to us, friends, than any-body else can come-than our dearest and nearest can come-for, after all, these can see only outside appearances. He sees real-ities. They see things that pass for good market is a bars. it. No manna falls from heaven to feed WOMEN IN ART CRAFTS. THEY WIN SUCCESS AS POTTERS AND METAL WORKERS.

it. No manna falls from heaven to feed those poor men. They starve. God is wondrously pittiful, and there are strong people who are perfectly able to help and comfart weak and sickly people, but these eickly people die for heck of help. No min-istering angel comes down to cool their fe-ver and heal them. Don't von see that we. God's hand, God's voice, the branches and wigs of the vine, limit the fruitfulness of the vine, limit the power of the Almight? "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ve be My disci-ples." Friends, the thought is appalling; it oppresses me. When I look at that from one side I am terrified to think that the thing that God wanted done yesterday is not done through my negleet. Development of the Work of Women Along the Line of the Decorative Arts-A New Pottery from a Southern College-Handmade Metal Work Well Paid.

is not done through my neglest. And yet there is encourigement here for us all. Apart from the vine the brand withers, it can do nothing. Abiding in the

ited to the maker, like paintings in an art store, it is interesting to see how withers, it can do nothing. Abiding in the prison doors for those in captivity, but supposing the hands of the Lord be pur-alyzed, how can He do these things? We are the voices of Christ. Christ wants to publish abroad to the end of the earth the message of God's love and the way of sal-vation, but if the voice be silent, how can He do it? We talk about the mercy of God having we talk about the mercy of God having the work of women is developing along the line of the decorative arts. "It is not strange," said the proprie tor, "when the movement started by William Morris spread to this country women were the ones who had the leisure to fuss with art crafts, and work with them at home for their own

We talk about the mercy of God having no limitation. We talk about the bound-less pity of God, and we do well, but the pity of God and the mercy of God have their limitations. Not according to the dis-torted Calvinism which our fathers believed of God we have the fathers believed. satisfaction. ed. God's mercy is infinite. God's pity is boundless: His love extends to all men-that we believe: in that declaration we glory; we count it the very flower and con-onation of, our religion. And yet God's mercy is limited, His compassion is bounded, His pity is shortened by us-by us. Ac-cording as we are willing or unwilling is cording as we are willing or unwilling is the limitlessness of the love of God. Let us take a homely illustration. Here is a friend-a man whoneyou have always

is a friend—a man whomyyou have always known, a classmate it may be in school, an associate in business—and he has falleu upon evil times and everything that he spent his life in accumulating is gone. You are rich, you are perfectly able to put that man on his feet again: to give him a sec-oad chance and another start; you are God's elected minister for that purpose. But you don't do it. God is kindly dis-posed to that man; God would hein that man, and He has put you in a position to help him. You are His hands: you are God's ministering agency, but you limit God's goodness, don't you? God is very pitiful, very pitiful. Rich men can feed poor men, but they don't do vine, the branch bringeth forth much fruit,

men can teed poor men, out taey don't do vine, the branch bringeth forth much fruit, and we may abide and we may clorify our Father. Glorify Him. Make Him shine with radiance and beauty in the eyes of man. Make God manifest. We can make

God real; we can make the gospel sublime in the eyes of those who are living without it. We can so tell the story; we can so it. We can so tell the story; we can so live our religion; we can so manifest the grace of God in our lives; we can so let our light shine that others our neighbors and friends, our children and relatives-shall glorify our Father in heaven.

God Only is Perfect.

God Only is Perfect. Perfection, in every absolute sense, can-not be found among men-it abides only with God. Man, at his heat, is not free. An heir of immortality, he is imprisoned into time. Candidate for sainthood, he has a heritage of sin and corruption from the generations of the past. Called to do all things through God strengthening bin, he finds that the spirit is willing but the each is weak. Converties need the meanse the he hads that the spart is writing but flesh is weak. Countless perior menace voyage of the perfectionist. Presumptu-sing often have dominion over him, w he thinks it is not robbery to be co-with God and share with the absolute with tood and share with the absolute the attributes of divinity. Spiritual pride leads him to moral ruin when he is per-suaded to forget the hour of prayer be-cause of his conceit that with him every breach is a prayer. The Man of Nazareth was so far from this vanity that He spent was so far from this vanity that He spent whole nights in coumunion with God on the mountains and in solitary places apart from His companions. The perfectionist, again, is deceived when he materializes the things of God. by asserting for the saints below an earthly empire over disease and death and by claiming a part in the politi-cal rule of the quick-coming Christ in a millenial raisen at Largadem

and pots decorated in indigo blue? millenial reign at Jerusalem of wicker That was made by one of the Increasing God's Opportunities. Increasing God's Opportunities. Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to disp'ay His grace and power." So it is, and the thought will grow upon you as you medi-tate upon it. Just think, "I am God's op-portunity!" Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it glorious? When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in ser-tion was an each when it is but to up. women in America to make pottery. She began soon after the Centennial. "This odd black ware, on the conrary, is one of the latest develop ments in a unique guild of women This guild is made up of a set of women who studied art under a well known God has richly pressed and abnored in ser-vice we can see how it is, but do we ever think of ourseives as God's opportunity? Every one that responds to God's call, "Coune!" gives God a larger place in the world. Every one spice above God's command painter. "At the conclusion of their course they consulted together and decided Every one who obeys God's command "Go!" assists God is command that it would be better to find some more practical form of art than to con-Every one who obers God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated heart and life is a new garden in which God plants His seeds of love and guace; a fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power. Take it home, dear young friend, and say to yourself. "I am God's opportunity." Be that and your life will become unutter-ably grand and your experience unspeak-ably sweet.—A. W. Spooner, D. D. tinue to paint as an accompaniment of slow starvation. They consulted the painter, and he told them there was plenty they could do if they would consent to submit to a few requirements. The first was for each to select a ma terial, clay, wood or something else, and without any preliminary instruction learn to handle it herself. Then One Thing We Can Do. Each one in any given place has a re-sponsible share in every other's good work in that place. In some things we do our part with our hands; in other matters we do our part with our hearts. What the Apostic John said about evil deeds is as' rue of good deeds: "He that giveth him greeting partaketh in his \* \* works." By our well wishing we become partakers in what others do. John said the same thing in the next Epistic: "We \* \* ought what others do. John said the same thing in the next Epistic: "We \* \* ought what others do. John said the same thing in the next Epistic: "We \* \* ought what we welcome in our hearts when we have welcome in our hearts when we have do it—in all this we have a share. How wide reaching, then, are the opporti-nities of even the moot secluded! How great is the work in which even the least coming, or speed any good ourgoing, we proming, or speed any cood ourgoing, we there into the prophet's work, and shall the theat do our share. One Thing We Can Do. they were to go through a thorough course of study from the best standards, after which they were to let their originality crop out as it would. "They have all become art craftsmen of a high order. This black pottery, which in its glaze and finish reminds you of some of the Pueblo Indian pottery, is the work of two mem bers, mother and daughter. "Do you see these two exquisite bronze belt buckles, one with a Swastika design, ornamented with red coral, and the other made of two little Greek figures, with a bloodstone in the centre? Those buckles . cost \$25 aplece, and there is not another like either in the world. The maker cast them and then destroyed the die. She is another member of the guild.

### A CRUSTACEAN CAROL.

Down beneath the rolling occan, At the bottom of the sea. Lived a Shvimp who had a notion That a pe feet shrimp was he. He was bright and he was prett, Clever, too, and rather witty; He was jinn, distinctly jinn, Was this pleasing little Shrimp; So, of course, as you may see, He was all a shrimp should be, He was all a shrimp should be,

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As the Shrimp one day was filting, Here and there and all around, He beheld a Cockie sitting On a little sandy mound, And he said, "O Cockle denry, You look rather said and weary; I will sing to you a song, Not too short and not too long; And I'm sure you will agree It is all a song should be, It is all a song should be."

Then the Shrimp, with smiles of please

Took his banjo on his knee, Ind he played a merry measure Like a Carol or a Glee; 

for pare love of it until she had produced some of the finest work in America, is an example. Here and there women, finding that they could make salable things, have gone into the business for money, but never for money alone. They always preserv

their love for the work itself which is what distinguishes an art craft from just a plain craft. Take pottery, for instance. Every one knows that the famous Rookwood was invented and developed by a

In an up-town store devoted to art

crafts, in which everything is hand

and each piece of work is cred

"Mrs. Montgomery Sears of Boston

vorking away over her beaten silver

voman. Now there is another woman former worker in the Rookwood potteries, who is making the only porelain in America, except the produc of one New Jersey plant. "She has a little kiln out in her back

yard in Cincinnati, where she produces rom 10 to 20 pieces a month, and she deserves great credit for the perseverance and ability with which she as developed a true porcelain.

"The credit for the most distinctive contribution of the South to the art ife of America must also be given to woman. A new pottery is now coming up from New Orleans, from the college for young women founded and endowed by Sophie Newcomb, which is pronounced the most distinctively indigenous ware yet produced in America.

"It seems to possess no suggestion whatever of the older wares of Europe and Asia, and the distinctive flora of the south, like the cotton plant and sugar cane have been utilized as sugges tions for the decorative motives in a distinctively original manner.

"The college management, desiring to develop artistic handicraft, was checked by the fact that there was no opening for employment along that line in the south. A pottery was there-fore stablished under the manage-ment of the art department of the college, and there the graduates of the course we'r employed. As a result, many young women are now gaining money and reputation in an artistic vocation which they would otherwise have been unable to pursue. "You see these gray pieces of sait

our destination let us try to avoid giving the impression that we are newly married. George-All right, Maud: glaze, like the German kitchen jars you can carry this portmaneau.-Pick-Me-Tin nrs "I want a good revolver." began the determined-looking man. "Yes, sir," said the salesman. "Six chambers?" 'Why-er--you'd better make it a nine-chamber. I want to use it on eat next door." "Yes, Maud has agreed to sell kisses at the lawn fete." "I don't see how she can do it." "Oh, she's put the price so high that the boys are trying to make up a pool in order to buy one. -Cleveland Plain Dealer, "Do you know what happened to Lot's wife when she turned her face and looked behind?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Well, if she was gettin' off a street car, I know," said observing Tommie.-Yonkers Statesman. "Ethelinda's suitor represents one of the best families in Europe," said Mrs. Cumrox. "No, he doesn't." answered her husband. "I've heard about that family an' it's a purty good one He misrepresents it."-Washington Star. "Do you think that politics offers a career to the average young man? "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "It offers a career. But like everything else in politics, the offer is liable to have a string to it."-Washington



Mendicant-Why, a feller can't live by

doin' nothin'."-Philadelphia Bulletin. Teacher-What is a synonym, Freddie? Freddie-A synonym is a word to be used in place of another word you can't spell!

Gabriel-Doesn't that New Yorker find it homelike here? St. Peter-No. he says he can't get used to the golden streets not being torn up.

First Meenister-We must gie it up, Alfred. Second Meenister-What, gle up gowff? First Meenister-Nae, nae, mon; gie up the meenistry .- Punch. First Citizen-If you were by yourself I'd hit you. Second Citizen-Well, ain't I by myself? First Citizen-Ain't I with you?-Glasgow Evening Times.

"And what happened," asked the teacher, "after the Pilgrims had landed?" "A good many people got to lyin" about their ancestors."--Chicago Rec. ord-Herald

Patty-1 always think of all the unkind things I have said during the day before I fall asleep at night, Patricia -Dear me! Do you stay awake as ong as that?

Child (in berth of night steamer)-Mummy, I'm so sleepy, I want to go to bed. Mother-But you are in bed. dear. Child-No, I'm not. I'm in s chest of drawers!-Punch. Bride-George, dear, when we reach

grudging extravagance.

their backs on New York. They were At first Robert's share in the busisitting together one evening in that ness was confined to its most legitimate aspects, and, being apt and clevquiet hour which supplements the one given to children.' and precedes those er, he won his way very rapidly into given to rest. his father's favor. But as he became

The fire burned brightly, and the more familiar with the business and lamps from under rose-colored shades found Friendship, Honor and Integthrew soft, warm tints on the beauty rity only so much stock in trade, bit disputes occurred between them and comforts of a thoroughly hand-

some room. Sitting in her low chair Not for this, however, had the elder vith closed eyes, and idle hands fold-Hammond any idea of dissolving the business relationship he had formed ed over the dropped sewing, Mr8 Hammond was holding pleasant comwith his son. Unwittingly to Robert, munion with her own thoughts. The his open countenance and free, gentlemanly manners, were useful in allurface had yet the tender look left on nig that confidence which his own it by the children's kisses, and though her lips moved not. I am sure any one crafty countenance would never have could have said she was praying. gained.

In the second year of their alliance, Perhaps she was. God knows that if however, these disputes grew every any human souls ought to pray it is those women who share with angels day more determined in character, and Robert finally summed up all his the charge of immortal souls, faults by a romantic and improvident Just far enough away to make a low

murmur, the children were saying marriage with a girl whom old Ralphtheir prayers, and outside the luxuri declared in a passion of anger, "was ant home the snow fell silently and not worth a penny." For youth, beauthe dim shrubs shivered against the ty, virtue and love were not market. able assets to a man who knew no window panes. It was near Christmas, too. standard but "cash."

Christmas influences were in the air The result of this marriage was and in the heart. A sudden and great total estrangement between father and tenderness fell to Robert Hammon son, and the erasure of the son's name as he listed to his children's voice from the business. I do not believe and looked round on his happy home the last result troubled Robert much. for he had always spoken in contempand the face of his good, true wife. tuous terms of the principles on which And he remembered his faults that night. Where were Lucy and his it was conducted. Besides that he father? For nearly three years he had made the girl he loved his wife, and he had one thousand dollars in had heard nothing certain, and th hard cash, and unlimited funds in the last wondering and uncertain intellibank of Faith and Hope. The latter, gence had been of a very sad and unhowever, he found always below par leasant nature. He recalled easily in the market, and ere long he was enough all the dark, hard points in pushed very close to the wall indeed. is father's character, but that gave im no satisfaction. Somehow he was

The Hope told him many a promising tale, and urged him westward with sensible tonight that he had not been faultless. And Lucy? In all the years persuasions which were well secondhis necessities. Only one thing they lived together, he could not rekept him in New York-the face of member a single wrong that gentle soul had done him. his pretty, gentle sister; but she, with And now perhaps both were suffer unselfishness of true affection forgot

her own loneliness in his welfare, and urged his departure. Before leaving, he sought his fath-

er's presence to win from him some kind word or promise of forgiveness but the old man was very bitter in his anger and disappointment.

"I have no time, sir," he replied shaken him out of a lethargy and in to Robert's petition for forgiveness and goodwill. "I have no time for fooleries. If you are sorry, come is thy father and thy sister?" back to your desk again. If you can't do that, I must understand my 'goodwill' to mean a share of my fiw thousan excuse. "Mary," he said to his wife, in tone and dollars when I die.'

"Father, I cannot do business in the way you propose. I should lose my self.respect, and I cannot self myself. do you think father and Lucy are?" "God knows, Robert-and that is sir, if your thousands were millions." ody wants to buy you, sir,

one comfort-but I was just thinking eve, at any price. I am HOTTY about them." have no more time at your disposal." So saying, he dropped his eyes upon an interest table, and Robert, after hing him a few moments, went down the room, pushing in his pre-occupation chairs and ottomans out of ut with a swelling heart and a veil

tears over his eyes. Westward the young couple started at day, their whole possessions in Mrs. Hammond waited quietly, tak titch after stitch, and giancing ionally ato the troubled face of not very large trunk. Just for half in hour, they stopped in their way to the depot, to kiss the and little face of facey, and arrang for some method Presently he simpped before her and

"Mury, the river is dead-looked with

WAY.

so solemn and earnest that she opened

her eyes with a start. "Mary, whe

"Were you? That is strange.

Then, after a few minutes' intense thought, he got up and walked up and

mmunication with her. bert Hammond pushed forward

They spent a few days in New York before leaving for the west, and the elder Hammond, attired once more in irreproachable broadcloth, visited such of his old haunts as were will ing to know him, making no small boast of the immense wealth of his "son Robert," and the gigantic business they were going to do together in Chicago.

I should do very wrong if I led my readers to infer that Ralph Hammond's character essentially and im ediately changed. His avarice never left him until his dving day. But in the beautiful companionship of his son's wife and children some of the roughest and most selfish traits were gradually toned down. He could not, if he would, disbelieve in the unselfish affection of Robert and his family. who hore patiently with all his faults.

and who certainly had nothing to expect in return. And in the dark days which spent in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, this belief in human love helped him wonderfully to hope and trust in a love Infinite and all-embracing. Lucy, in the quiet and peace of he lew life, regained her youth and pretty looks, and is today a happy wife and mother of brave sons and beauti

ful daughters. In her redeemed life and in the comfort and improvement of their father's later years, Robert and Mary Hammond found cause for gratitude in that having recognized their duty, they had sought out and gone after it; for it grew to a blessing on earth, and its final reward in heaven .-- Waverley Magazine.

A Boy and His Dog.

He was just a little ragged news boy, and he was accompanied by a dirty looking yellow dog. As these two old cronies passed along Ninth street a well-dressed youngster saw ing the pangs of poverty while he had enough and to spare. The though fit to shy a brickbat at the cur. Like a shot the newsboy dashed across the street, doubled his little fists and op had crossed his mind before, and very often of late, in his counting-room, in his lumber yard, among his children. But never had it affected him as now ened hostilities upon the dog's tor nentor. The latter, too seemed ready for a fight, and within a very brief It was as if some mighty hand had space little heads were being pummel tones of yearning and reproach call. led and little jaws" were receiving ed to him, "Robert Hammond, where punches galore. A crowd soon gath ered, but before a great quantity of blood had been drawn spectators jumped in and tore the lads apart. H might have answered. "I am not their kceper," but he never thought of such 'You," sneered the well-dressed

"I wish now I'd throwed the brick at With a mad but unsuccessful effort to get back into the battle the defiant owner of the yellow canine retorted: "Makes no difference if you retorted: "Makes no difference if you t'row at me or me dog, dere's goin' to be trouble! I'd just's leave croak as to see dat dog imposed on" After much persuasion the belligerants were conxed to separate,' but if they meet again, I'll wager half a pie there'll be something doing.--Pitts-burg Dimentoh

urg Dispatch.

Her Past. Miss Passay haun't any beau at al

"No; her past dis "Why, there's nothing the matter t that It's too long

No carnivorous bird or quardruped

in England will eat the flesh of a cat. The rule applies even to the carrion crow, which will devour dead dogs greedily.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

When a Russian dies he is buried

Samuel S. Stafford, a prominent awyer . ( Oxford, N. Y., is dead there at the age of 67 years. His death was caused by blood poisoning, resulting from a wound received before Port Hudson on June 11, 1863.

In Iceland there are no prisons, and the inhabitants are so honest in their habits that such material defences to property as locks, bolts and bars are not required. Yet its history for the past 1000 years records no more than two thefts.

The Russians are experimenting with a "water-clad" battleship, which has an upper deck of cork and a second deck or armor. The space between the two can be filled with water, then the ship floats a foot under the sea's surface.

There is a man living in Augusta, Me., 50 years of ago who has never eaten but two meals outside of his own house. He has never ridden in the steam or electric cars and never has been more than 20 miles away from home and then he went in a way-

The monkey lives in the forests of ine-tenths of Africa, from the mountains of the Atlas ranges in the north to the Orange river of the south; and is also seen in great numbers and variety throughout India, Burma and Cochin, China, the islands of the Indian archipelago and parts of southern China and Japan. Strange to say. he draws the line at New Guinea and the neighboring tropical coasts of northern Australia, where he is conpicuous for his absence, though the

conditions there seem to be favorable The "Graft" In Russia

for his prosperity.

Six-years ago a secret official report to the Czar on the discontent in Poland gave official extortions as the main cause and recommended that the salaries of officials should be made sufficient to live on and that they should then be held strictly responsi

The Czar's own copy of this report was stolen for the London Times, and bore a note on the margin in his

and bore a note on the margin in his handwriting saying: "This is to be done as soon as the treasury shows the necessary funds." It has been rumored of late that the war was brought on to cover pecula-tions. I do not believe it. Not much of a vell is considered necessary for which things in Russia; and it was the war with Turkey which revealed the rotten condition of officialions to Alex-ander II. and caused him to turn to his brother with the despeiring re-mark: "I believe that you and I are the only two men in Russia who have not been, bribed."

works in us, born, it may

works in us, norn, it may be, of weaked ambition or of self-concait. He sees right down into the centre of the soul, and He is looking for fruit. What shall He find in you and me? Fruit or leaves, or just bare ranches The test is fruitfulness. Now that ought

The test is fruitfulness. Now that ought to be an easy test to apply, and it surely, friends, is a safe test to apply—for you and me to apply to our own selves. But then, some one may say, "Well, what constitutes fruitfulness? I am ready now to lay hare my soul before God: I am ready now to go down on my face before God and apply the test; I am ready now for heart-searching, and to measure myself by this atsordard test; I am ready now for heart-searching, and to measure myself by this staadard, but I want to know what constitutes fruitfulness." "What are the fruits that Jesus expects and that I am to look for and by which I am to measure myself?" Why, the Bible is simply full of that. It has set the whole thing so plain, and so fully, and so variously that a wayfaring man though a fool need not mistake as to what fruitfulness in the Christian life is. Jesus says, "Bleased are the poor in spirit."

Jesus says, "Bleased are the poor in spirit." Come now, we are examining ourselves about the fruits. "Bleased are the poor in spirit; bleased are the meek; bleased are the merciful (the good hearted); bleased are the pure in heart; bleased are the peacemakers; bleased are they who have not simply a reliah now and then, but a unger and a thirst after righteousness-ightness. These are the fruits that the bristian man is expected to grow in his

rightness. These are the fruits that the Christian man is expected to grow in his character. An apostle says, the fruits, or the fruit of the spirit, is love, joy, long suffering, patience, meekness, faith, temperance. The ruit that the Christian is to develop, that will be developed, that Jeaus will expect if there be life-Jove-the bearst of all good-ness-love to God and love to man. "Who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how shall be love God-how can the love God whom he hath not seen?" Fruit; love of measure of the second second second second fellowship with believers; joy in service and ministry. Love-joy-pease. Content-ment of mind under all circumstances; the harmony of conviction, of thought and af-fection. Long suffering - patient endur-ance not only in affliction, but patient en-durance of wrong and provocation; and meakness and trumperance and all the rest. What does fruitfulness meas? It means imply the development or achievement of character that will approve theelf to God. But this growth of character does not ex-haut the expectation of Christ concerning was. If does not exhaust the fruit which the Christian has to bear. There is other fruit. You read that passes gaain and you will see that the tenor of it has to do with fellowship with Him, but He is thinking also of the good which His disciples are to achieve. "We could hild uselight are to achieve. "What dows how the Him huit he is thinking also of the good which His disciples are to achieve. "We words abide in you, ye shall bring orther of what His disciples are to achieve. "They first how ranch abide in the vine it bringeth forth no fruit. Hy a bide in Mea-gerther of what His disciples are to achieve. "They first how and first concerning do ing, doing, doing. Apart from the vine it bring th forth no fruit. Hy e abide in minds are so set upon getting, giving, giving-that we are deal to the words of Christ concerning do ing, doing. Apart from the vine the branch the vine cannot bear fruit. And kere, frisade, we ome up to something

kind of exultant joy. It bells a always our dependence upon me we have Christ confeoring.) nee on us. Marvelous thing! s cannot bear of itself except i vine." and the vine canno without the branches. The 4 puts that thought in another he says. "Ye are the body of sembers each severally—mean coily of C

Ever Onward and Upward.

We are commanded to be perfect, to love God continually, to rejoice evermore, and in everything to give thanks. And reason is in accord with reveation in en-joining this duty. Man's pathway is ever joining this duty, status pathway is ev onward and opward. Jarger and seemin ly infinite possibilities of fature schiev ment invite him to press on with unwear ing footstep.

Those on Trial Those on Trial. "Are these masterpieces" asked a tour-ist in a Forentine gallery, adding, "I must admit that I do not see much in them any-self." "These pictures, sir," was the au-swer, "are not on trial; it is the visitors who are on trial." It is the critics who are an trial, not the Scripiures.-New York Observer.

ton. A few days since a lady in that city, with her child, entered a Beacon street car and mentioned to the con-The New York Mail has finally fixed the responsibility for the baldheadedductor that she desired to get out ness of the men of this generation near Arlington street. No doubt asthe Watertown Times-Standard states It is the nightcap that did the m chief, and while it did not make t generation that wore it baldheaded, it weakened the bair producing organu and subsequent generations have had to pay for the same. That is The

Respeck-Yes, 1 like that young It is appounced that the menacing

third rail is to be covered from one and of the subway to the other, so that no possibility can it become a source of arcidents. On every railad line, surface olevated or

thad Vard, London, is the at the call

Star. Friend-You've never been called in consultation, have you? Young doctor -No; but I'd like to be. It's nice to charge ten times as much as the other doctor for saying that you don't know any more about the case than he does .- Puck.\*

"I see the Russians have decided to "These beautiful boxes of hammere win by tiring the Japs out." "Yes. I allver with enameled tops are by an once knew a man who thought he'd d other member. So is this silver chate that with a buildog that had secured a grip on his leg. But he finally decided laine bag, in which the maker knit the big of silver beads, turned out the that it would only be wasting time" silver clasps and hammered the top Chicago Record-Herald.

"Such workers cater to the women She-Jack played an awfully h ess trick on Florele. He-How's that? of the millionaire class, who are willshe-Why, they were engaged, you ing to pay exorbitant prices for things know, and last night, at the which have no double in the world."masque, Jack made up so that Flomin didn't know him. He proposed and was accepted again!-Puck. Appreciated.

An Indian Without a Country.

George Foster, one of the patriarch of the Cussehta town, appear the Dawes commission recently as a witness in an enrollment case. For ter is a sure enough full-blooded in dian, but he is a man without a co

try. He was once enrolled as a i nole, but in an evil moment he elect ed to establish his citizenship in the Creek Nation as a member of the Cussebta town. His name was surjecter on from the Seminole roll and the roll was closed forever, in accordance

with treaty provision. Meantime he neglected to have name placed on the final roll of ta town, and so was shut Sumeats town, and so was a of both nations. He has made el efforts to establish his z he Creek nation, but without Nothing but a special act of o an restore him his los for ethe

Naybor-Nice boy, was he? Henpeck-Every time he met yen if Maria was within hearing. the City Jen 'd say: "How d'ye do, bod Hadolphia Press.

the condition of the Oore

the many directions from which they came and went, seemingly without regularity, she innocently remarked to the conductor as he landed her: "I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure; but I'm straid I've taken you out of your way."—Philadelphia Pub-lic Ledger. It Fiattered Him. Naybor-You seem to be de-

tcher's boy.

of beaten silver.

New York Sun.

There are no people so distinguish

ed for courtesy as th. people of Bos

to pay for the same. That is The New York Mail's explanation. It is just as good as any. Still the musi-cian's explanation given a short time ago, that heldbeadedness was caused by antagonistic vibrations of certain tunes, is rather better, because it ap-pears so much more scientific and gives range for wider speculation.