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## VAGRANT'S EPITAPH.

Change was his mistress, chance his coun-  
selor.  
Love could not keep him, duty forged no  
chains.  
The wide seas and the mountains called to  
him.  
And gray dawns saw his campfire in the  
rain.  
Sweet hands might tremble! Ay, but he  
must go.  
Havel might hold him for a little space,  
But turning past the laughter and the  
ps.  
His eyes must ever catch the furling face.

Dear eyes might question! Yes, and melt  
again.  
Rare lips, a-quiver, silently implore,  
But ever he must turn his furtive head  
And hear the other summons at the door.  
Change was his mistress, chance his coun-  
selor.  
The dark firs knew his whistle up the trail,  
Way tarries he today—and yesterday  
Adventure light her stars without avail.  
—Scribner's.

## PRECIOUS OLD HOME.

By MARY SWEET POTTER.

Hester and Jacob Cross had a letter  
from their only son, which caused  
them both a great deal of anxious  
thought.

"You see, father," so ran a portion  
of the letter, "I can seldom leave my  
business to go out to see you, it is  
such a long, expensive journey, and I  
must think of saving the dollars and  
cents, now that I have a wife and  
child to provide for; so I agree with  
my wife that it would be a good idea  
for you and mother to come out here  
—just close up the old place and come  
out here and live with us for good.  
No use trying to sell anything, for no  
one would care to buy such a little  
tumble-down house; and if I remember  
right, there isn't a piece of furniture  
in it which is worth above a dollar.  
Just pack your clothes and a few  
things you value most and come right  
along and live with us."

"Don't you think Henry speaks a  
little too slightly of the old home,  
Hester?" asked Jacob of his wife. "It  
was good enough for me and my  
father before me, and he had a good  
comfortable bringing up in it."

"I s'pose he's got so forehanded that  
he can live in a way that makes the  
old things seem dreadful old, and he  
can't help it, Jacob," replied Hester,  
ready now, as in the time of her son's  
boyhood, to make excuses for his  
shortcomings. Yet there were plainly  
written upon her face lines of pain  
caused by some of the words in her  
boy's letter, which not even the seem-  
ingly sincere and hearty invitation to  
come and live with them could smooth

her own day lilies at home, grandma  
thought, and her heart went out to  
the little girl with a longing to love  
and care for it in the old-time ways  
in which she had nurtured her baby,  
her only one, the father of this one,  
but as different to it as the ox-eye  
daisy to the forget-me-not.

Hester Cross clung to the child with  
loving tenderness, loth, when the limit  
of time was reached, to give it to the  
nurse, who waited for her charge.

"We'll see," she said, when she and  
Jacob were alone again, "we'll see if  
I am not to have any comfort with  
Henry's baby. That nurse girl shall  
had been so calmly deserted by them  
four days before, appeared now, as, in  
the golden light of an October sunset,  
they stopped before it.

"Oh, I'm so glad I didn't tear up or  
down anything," sighed Hester, soft-  
ly, wearily, yet delightfully, as she  
stepped inside the dear old kitchen  
door. "Jacob, are you too tired to  
run over to Bennett's and get the  
cat? They'll give her up—it don't  
seem quite like home without her—  
why bless me! there she is, I might  
have know she'd see us coming. And  
now we'll unpack the things Henry  
made us bring, and have supper. Do  
get out from under foot, puss, till I  
get a fire built!"

And Jacob, splitting pine woodlings,  
kept his face turned aside from Hester  
that she might not see the happy  
tears in his eyes.

No one to welcome them, only the  
old cat they had deserted, yet for Hester  
and Jacob Cross it was a blessed  
home-coming.

Letters came at regular intervals  
from Henry during the winter, and  
each one was filled with news of the  
little child—all her little ways and  
wiles—bitter-sweet news to Grandma  
Hester. But through all ran the  
note of sadness—baby's illness, her  
She had illness after illness, and  
recovered, but she never grew  
Whole

Not until the old combs were well  
on their way home did the reason of  
their sudden return there dawn on the  
mind of their son. Then he said,—  
"Helena, do you care to know why  
your father and mother-in-law did not  
make a home with us as they first in-  
tended?"

She noted the bitterness in his tone,  
and said nothing, but waited with  
questioning eyes for what he had to  
say.

"They overheard your learned dis-  
quisition on the subject of grand-  
mothers—the danger of allowing them  
to nurse or caress their grand-  
children."

Helena Cross blushed a fiery red,  
she would have given much to recall  
the words which had worked such mis-  
chief.

She was not so cruel or hard-hearted  
as not to realize what she had done  
and to regret it from the bottom of  
her heart. She was young and felt  
the importance of wife and mother-  
hood, and had listened to too many  
well-meant but false and foolish teach-  
ings, and herein lies excuse enough  
for Henry's wife, whose punishment  
was quite adequate to her fault, or so  
her husband decided when a few hours  
later he saw her eyes swollen and fed  
with weeping.

As for the father and mother who  
had so suddenly changed their mind,  
no tongue can tell how blest and  
sweet, and altogether lovely, the  
"little old tumble-down house," which  
had been so calmly deserted by them  
four days before, appeared now, as, in  
the golden light of an October sunset,  
they stopped before it.

"Oh, I'm so glad I didn't tear up or  
down anything," sighed Hester, soft-  
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Whole

## SAHARA NOT A DESERT.

WATER, SOIL AND MINERAL MAY  
MAKE A FRENCH EMPIRE.

A Most Mischievous Legend That Pro-  
claims It an Unbroken Waste of  
Shifting Sands, Without Rain and  
Devoid of Animal Life and Vegeta-  
tion.

From my early youth I have been  
immensely interested in the Sahara  
and the Soudan. In 1879 I applauded  
the project of the Engineer Duponchel  
and wrote an article for the "Journal  
des Debats" urging that Algeria and  
the Soudan be connected by railway.  
Since then I have made numerous  
plans of this sort both in newspaper  
articles and in lectures.

In this present work, I treat first of  
the Sahara; I don't hesitate to say  
that the Sahara finds its complete re-  
habilitation in my book. A most mis-  
chievous legend still beclouds that  
vast region. The Sahara is regarded  
as an unbroken waste of shifting  
sands, without water or rain, and de-  
void of animal life and vegetation. If  
our superficial geographers had their  
way they would utterly abolish the  
Sahara, and they would think that in  
so doing they were getting rid of an  
obstacle and a nuisance.

There could be no greater mistake:  
The Sahara is worth keeping and  
worth exploiting; it has its value, and  
a large one at that. The future, a  
near future, I hope, will prove it. The  
world has been deceived regarding  
both the soil and the subsoil of the  
Sahara. It is not a waste of shifting  
sand. On the contrary, all but about  
a tenth of it has a solid and uniform  
soil. It rains there with perfect regu-  
larity. Any traveler who has spent  
a period of several months roaming  
about the Sahara will tell you he en-  
countered rainstorms, and sometimes  
very bothersome ones, or at least that  
he saw traces of recent rains.

Besides the water on the surface  
there is abundant water underground.  
The wandering tribes use only what  
is at the surface or only a few yards  
beneath it, as they will have nothing  
to do with the spontaneous pools,  
which they allow to be filled with  
rubbish and polluted by regue, peo-  
ple have jumped to the conclusion  
that either water was wholly wanting  
or that it wasn't fit to drink, when, as  
a matter of fact, very little labor and  
very little care are required to reach  
sources of a healthful water supply  
in part of the Sahara.

Cases can be either extended or  
reduced, and cases mean nothing  
plots of ground  
Hester. But through all ran the  
note of sadness—baby's illness, her  
She had illness after illness, and  
recovered, but she never grew  
Whole

southward salt, sugar, and manufac-  
tured articles, and northward skins,  
woolens, alpaca, cotton, tobacco, dye-  
stuffs and minerals.

To bring the tropics within six days  
of Paris, within six and a half days  
of London and Brussels, and within  
seven of Berlin—such a conjunction  
of rich tropical countries with the  
capital of great colonizing nations can  
be achieved at this point only. It is  
impossible for a mind gifted with re-  
flective powers and trained by experi-  
ence and informed concerning great  
modern enterprises and able to analyze  
them to doubt the immense value of  
the Sahara. Those who speak ill of  
these vast regions are either incap-  
able of reflection or devoid of experi-  
ence; they go on talking about "de-  
serts of shifting sand" precisely as  
Voltaire talked of the "acres of snow"  
and the "acres of ice" of Canada. The  
colonizing nations have a nobler way  
of appraising undeveloped countries.  
"Where there's space," said Cecil  
Rhodes, "there's hope."

When the English had built their  
railway in the Nubian desert they pro-  
ceeded to plan the development of the  
oasis of the Libyan desert and the ex-  
ploitation of the mineral resources of  
that waste region. Far more exten-  
sive is the Sahara—far richer are the  
resources it offers as an incen-  
tive to our activity.

What are we doing in this decisive  
period of our commercial history? Do  
choice spirits are indulging in disser-  
tations, spouting epilogues, criticising,  
raising objections. We must act. If  
we want to make the French-African  
empire a reality we must build the  
trans-Saharan railways. We need only  
construct them on a modest scale, but  
they will be of incomparable political  
and economical importance. Delay is  
perilous; it is by no means impossible  
for our French-African empire to be  
scattered to the winds, in part at  
least, by more farseeing if not more  
valiant nations. Should that happen  
France would for a second time have  
missed her destiny as a colonizing  
power and there would then be no  
hope of future reparation.—Translated  
by the Boston Transcript from the  
French of Paul Leroy-Beaulieu.

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Sahara desert is three times as  
large as the Mediterranean sea.

Chess is still included in the curri-  
culum of the Russian schools. It  
teaches the boys to move when young,  
and is a great advantage in times of  
war.

G. K. Mellen, the son of the presi-  
dent of the Consolidated, is working  
as a stenographer in his father's of-  
fice, and is going to learn the railroad  
business from the bottom up.

## A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

A STRONG DISCOURSE BY THE  
REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

Subject: The Ever Present God—The Goal  
Toward Which the Transition of The-  
ology Should Lead Us—Inward Aspir-  
ations and Longings the Voice of God

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. Lyman  
Abbott occupied the pulpit in the Church  
of the Pilgrims Sunday morning in the  
absence of the pastor, the Rev. Dr. H. P.  
Dewey. Dr. Lyman Abbott's subject was,  
"The Ever Present God," and he took for  
his text, Romans, xiv:7, 8: "But the right-  
eousness which is of faith speaketh on this  
wise: say not in thy heart who shall as-  
cend into heaven (that is, to bring Christ  
down from above) or, who shall descend  
into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ  
again from the dead), but what saith it?  
The word is nigh thee, it is in thy mouth  
and in thy heart; that is, the word of  
faith which we preach." He said:

The "word" in the New Testament  
means, God speaking. A friend sits by  
your side in absent-minded meditation,  
and his speech reveals the soul of man.  
So the word of God reveals the unknown  
God to us. We have not to go to the  
depths to find the manifestation of God is  
all about us and within us. We are all fa-  
miliar with the statement that we are  
passing through a transition in theology.  
If it were only a transition in theology it  
would not disturb us much. We could  
leave the theologians to study the theology  
of the future for themselves. But it is also  
a transition in religious experience. I am  
sure that the older members of this con-  
gregation can trace in their lives, more or  
less, a change, not simply in their intellec-  
tual opinions of religion, but in their really  
vital religious experience. We used to  
think, in our boyhood, of God as King  
sitting on the Great White Throne, with  
the angels gathered about Him and singing  
to Him. He was far away. We sent our  
prayers up to Him by a kind of spiritual  
wireless telegraphy, asking for things, and  
sometimes He would give us those things  
and sometimes He would not. But this  
was our experience of prayer, and that was  
our notion of the answer to prayer; and  
this faraway God, sitting on the Great  
White Throne, had revealed Himself to  
men through the Bible and through the  
Christ. It was a great historic revelation,  
and we went back, more or less conscious  
of that revelation of the faraway God in  
the faraway historic time, and we went to  
that Bible to find out what it told us re-  
specting God's law, of what was required  
of us, and the things with respect to  
God's grace, what He would do for us, and  
with many of us that experience has not  
changed. The picture of the great King  
has grown dim and indistinct, or disap-  
peared altogether, and remains, if it re-  
mains at all, as a recognized picture and  
not a reality. And that Christ, who  
came to us as a mediator between God and  
man, a revelation of the faraway God, has  
also grown faraway. That is, we have  
come to recognize that He is a great his-  
toric figure, and we are, more or less, per-  
plexed as to what His revelation is of the  
faraway God, and what His relation to us  
is, and our prayers have changed and our  
conception of the Bible has changed, and  
we can no longer take a text out of the  
Bible and rest upon it as a final and abso-  
lute authority. If we try, perhaps some  
succeed and some fail.

What I do want this morning is to  
point out, not what has taken place, but to  
indicate the goal toward which this transi-  
tion should lead us; what is the Promised  
Land toward which we should look; what  
is the religious experience we may hope  
for in the future to take the place of this  
religious experience of the past, that has  
grown dim and indistinct, and which is only  
half believed. In the first place, I am sure  
that we have been undergoing this  
transition since the church have  
if a vaguer  
not work  
not

We are to see not only what God has  
done in the past, but what He is always  
doing. Always God was in His work and  
He always is in it, forgiving, pitying, help-  
ing, feeding, comforting, strengthening.  
We do not know it, but He is always here,  
in the hearts and lives of men, doing what  
He did in the past, still saying to Nicodemus,  
"You need to be born again;" to the  
Pharisee, "Woe unto you that devour  
widows' houses;" to the weeping sisters,  
"Thy brother is not dead. There is no  
dying;" to the penitent sinner, crushed by  
the memory of a wasted life, "Go in peace,  
thy sins are forgiven thee." The life of  
Christ did not stop at the cross. I will  
not say that we look at the cross too much,  
but I will say that we have looked at the  
resurrection too little. Christ's is a con-  
tinuous life. That is what He means when  
He says, "I am with you always." We  
must realize that He is here and now in  
the lives of men. My conception of the  
Bible has undergone a great change and I  
cannot any longer go to a text and say,  
"That settles it." Shall I then shut the  
Bible up and say it is but a record of past  
life? No, it is the revelation of the eternal  
life, the interpretation of God in human  
experience, not only in the devout but also  
in the undevout; not only in the believing,  
but in the skeptical. The Bible seems to  
me like a great orchestra of 100 men all  
playing to express the musical life that is  
in the conductor. It is God speaking  
through the experiences of men. I believe  
that God is carrying us through a transi-  
tion time (all times are transition times),  
and taking away the idols upon which we  
rested, and which we have counted sacred,  
in order that He may carry us back to  
Himself; and that, if we take the experi-  
ence of the past twenty centuries and un-  
derstand the message it sends, its litera-  
ture, history and religious life aright, we  
shall find it all explains these words of St.  
Paul; we are not to ascend into heaven to  
bring God out of the past, nor look to the  
future, but we are to look about us and  
understand that He is still directing the  
destiny of nations and ourselves. We are  
to look within us and know that the aspira-  
tions, the desires, the dissatisfaction in  
ourselves, the longing for something higher  
and better—these are the voices of God.  
He was always and always will be in His  
world; and through the church and the  
Bible and by the revelation of Himself in  
the Christ, God manifest in the flesh. He  
is bringing us, not to the church, not to  
the Bible, not to the mediator, but to  
Himself. He ever lives, He ever indwells  
"closer than breathing, nearer than hands  
or feet."

## Hypnotism and Crime.

The average man knows in a gen-  
eral way that there is such a thing  
as hypnotism, and that a person when  
in the hypnotic state will do as he is  
bid. Consequently, when it is reported  
that a crime has been done by one  
man at the suggestion of another who  
had hypnotized the first, the average  
man is ready to believe it possible.  
This does not happen so often as is  
sometimes supposed, according to Dr.  
Pierre Janet, a French psychologist  
who has recently been lecturing in  
this country.

Doctor Janet says that of all the  
cases where hypnotism has been al-  
leged as a cause of crime, he knows  
of but three where the fact has been  
clearly shown, and in one of these  
cases hypnotic suggestion was not nec-  
essary to explain the crime. Doctor  
Janet says, further, that only five or  
six per cent, of mankind can be hyp-  
notized, if one uses the term with pre-  
cision. Other psychologists say that  
a man when in a hypnotic state can  
not be persuaded to do anything which  
he would not do if fully conscious of

## MUSIC MADE BY AZETIC PLAYERS.

Flageolets of Pottery Used by Their  
Musicians.

Among the many grotesque objects in  
the national museum, relics of a  
people who flourished on this con-  
tinent prior to the Indians, is a unique  
collection of musical instruments,  
many of which, however, weird in  
appearance, still give forth tones as  
sweet and clear as they did a thousand  
years or more ago. Nearly all of them  
are wind instruments, similar in princi-  
ple to the modern flageolet, and were  
found for the most part in Aztec  
tombs. The material is principally a  
fine species of pottery, and the flageo-  
lets are generally made in the shape  
of birds. Mr. E. P. Upham in whose  
department the collection is, has de-  
voted much labor to recording accu-  
rately the notes of the prehistoric in-  
struments, testing them with piano  
and violin.

But one of the flageolets was found  
to possess a range of notes in exact  
accord with the modern musical scale.  
Upon this little instrument Mr. Up-  
ham is able to play "There's Nae  
Luck About the House," as well as that  
simple melody could be executed upon  
any modern musical contrivance  
of a like nature.

A prehistoric whistle vase from Costa  
Rica shows that a useful contrivance  
now in vogue is by no means  
new. The shrill whistling sound emit-  
ted by the vase ceases when the liquid  
being poured into it reaches a certain  
height. The whistling oil can will be  
recalled as a modern utilization of this  
principle. A remarkable feature of  
the collection are some double flutes  
of bone used by the aboriginal inhabi-  
tants of Brazil. What makes these in-  
struments especially notable in their  
resemblance to similar specimens  
found on the Pacific coast of North  
America, and, more wonderful still, to  
those discovered in Greece, some of  
which may be seen in the museum at  
Athens. These instruments are seen  
depicted in ancient Grecian paintings;  
the tones produced by those in the  
Smithsonian collection are singularly  
soft and mellow.

Among the prehistoric bone flutes is  
a specimen from an ancient grave near  
Lima, Peru. It is formed of portions of  
the ulna of the brown pelican, the ends  
having been cut off and the cellular  
portion of the bone removed.

Two interesting specimens exist in  
the collection, albeit much damaged,  
of pan-pipes made of reeds. They  
were obtained by Ensign W. E. Sar-  
ford, U. S. N., from ancient burial  
places near Arica, Peru. The reeds are  
of graduated lengths, lashed to-  
gether by threads and held in place  
by a piece of split reed fastened  
transversely to their length. These  
pipes are now so crushed and mutilated  
that a positive sound cannot be  
obtained from them. That instru-  
ments of this kind are of ancient or-  
igin and were in use by the Peruvians  
before the Spanish conquest is shown  
by the account of the historian Garcilasso  
de la Vega, who said:

"In music they (the Peruvians) ar-  
rived to a certain harmony, in which  
the inhabitants of Colla did more par-  
ticularly excel, having been inven-  
tors of a certain pipe made of cane  
whereby every one of which  
higher and