

THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XX.

FRANKLIN, N. C. WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1905.

NUMBER 6

AGE.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory."—
Proverbs xvi, 31.

Shows of three score years and ten may
make white the heads of men,
But the sunshine of the summers sparkles
In their smiles again,
And the glory of their years—ah, how
splendid it appears
When they tell us of their gladness that has
lurked behind their tears,
Of how Time, the silent thief, took the sor-
rows that were chief,
Leaving love and light and laughter in their
lifetime's garnered sheaf.

Age—the sun rays in the west; end of the
toll and quest:
With the evening star that beckons on the
rosy road of rest,
While a murmur soft and low brings the
songs you love and know—
All the sweet and subtle measures of the
songs of long ago,
Is the best of life the gold that our youth
is said to hold?
Is the preface to be chosen, or the story
that is told?

—W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

THE HONEY THIEF.

By FRANK LILLIE POLLOCK.

For several years Lancaster and I had been managing a rather large apiary in southern Ontario. In 1900 we tried the experiment of establishing an "out-apiary" in the wild country northeast of Toronto.

The forest had all been "lumbered off" and the ground burned over, and from the charred earth had sprung miles of raspberry bushes and crimson fireweed, growing in an almost impenetrable tangle over and among the half-burned roots and logs and trunks. All this furnished thousands of acres of bloom, that lasted from June till frost, and there were no bees to gather the nectar.

The country was quite unsettled, and we had to ship our bees by express and then haul them eight miles from the railway over a colouroy road; but the experiment was a success from the start. Out of our fifteen hives that year we sold one hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of beautiful comb-honey.

We had now more than a hundred hives on the spot, and this backwoods had become the larger half of our business. We usually went up to the out-apiary in early spring to unpack the hives and then one of us camped near the hives during the summer, to harvest the crop. It was generally Lancaster who did this, for his management proved much more successful than mine, although he disliked the work. He had no interest in any other business but his honey. But

one animal, wild or tame, that was capable of such a feat—the honey-loving bear.

Bears, as well as deer, were not uncommon thereabouts, but we had never tried to find either. But now that bear had found us, it was certain that he would return to renew so sweet an acquaintance.

Lancaster had a double-barreled shotgun in his tent, which I think he had never fired. I took the bicycle, rode four miles to the nearest settler's cabin, and borrowed his rifle with a magazine full of cartridges. We decided to lay an ambush that night.

Daylight lasts late in that latitude and season, and at nine o'clock it was hardly twilight. Some of the bees were still flying about, not yet recovered from their excitement. We selected a screened nook on the hillside, where we could overlook the whole establishment, lay down in the middle of a clump of weeds, and waited for night.

Darkness seemed never coming. Long before dusk had fallen a big white moon rolled up over the burned woods, flooding the wilderness with clear light.

This illumination kept the agitated bees restless, and we could see them hovering thickly about their entrances, while the homeless ones crawled over their ruined hives.

leg crippled him, and the tree was covered with a crust of charcoal, which gave him no clawhold. He persevered for a long time, and it was only after a score of futile experiments that he gave it up and lay down in the bushes, alternately licking his wound and glancing resentfully at us up above him.

Meanwhile the bees that had accompanied us in our flight forced themselves upon our notice. Both of us had lost our hats, and the insects had settled on our heads and faces and necks, crawling about inquisitively and stinging at every opportunity. Lancaster suffered worse than I did, for, unlike most bee-keepers, he had never become hardened to stings.

We could see the swarms on the bear, too, but he was armored in hide and hair. We tried to wrap our coats about our heads, but it was not successful. The venomous little creatures seemed to discover the smallest loophole, and I had a dozen crawling about under my clothing. I was in mortal terror of being stung in the eyes, but I contrived to protect them.

The pain became agonizing; it was almost unendurable. I smarted all over from the scores of tiny poisoned punctures, and the effect upon us of the incessant attack was maddening, and really beyond any possible description. We could not move. We were standing on short dead branches and holding on to the charred trunk, and it seemed that it could hardly be worse to be clawed by the bear. There was really a certain danger that we might be stung to death, and I began to feel a rising dizziness and nausea from the amount of poison I had taken. I had to hold hard to avoid falling.

"I can't stand this!" exclaimed Lancaster. "I'd rather fight the bear!" But I did not think that he really meant it.

There was no use in fighting the bees. We could only cover and wait for the stings.

"I simply can't stand this!" wailed poor Lancaster, five minutes later; and the next moment he slid past me and jumped, wisely choosing the side most remote from the bear. As he struck the ground he stumbled and fell, and I expected to see him instantly mangled.

The bear rose stiffly but alertly. Instead of making for his enemy, he stood quite still, trembling violently. It seemed to me, and shaking his head with a sort of moan. Lancaster righted himself and rushed off through the bushes toward the tent. But there seemed no longer any danger. The bear began to sway as he stood, and his knees began to tremble, and then

HOW THE PLANTS GROW.

ARE ABLE TO TAKE FOOD ONLY IN MINERAL FORM.

The Difference Between the Growth of Animals and Plants is Plainly Described—The Plant Possesses Very Limited Powers of Assimilation.

The Epitomist gives a very good description of the methods of plant growth so far as they are understood. The difference between the growth of animals and plants is plainly described. The article is as follows:

Like all living things, plants grow by the assimilation of food, plant food, therefore, is the raw material from which the growth of new substance is produced, says the Epitomist. The only difference between animals and plants in this respect lies in the fact that animal organs are able to take food in the form of organic matter, which has existed in animals or plants. Plants, on the other hand, are able to use only materials in mineral form. Of the many substances entering into the composition of agricultural plants all, except carbonic acid and water, come directly from the soil, through the roots. One other ingredient of all plants, namely nitrogen, really comes from the air, but it enters the plant through the soil to which it is carried by the rain. Plants are composed of both organic and inorganic materials. Each exerts indispensable influence in the action of the other. The soil material or mineral matter, is the means of changing air materials into organic compounds. These compose much the larger part of all vegetation. In similar manner atmospheric plant materials are indispensable to the changing of soil substances into these important organic materials. Each is essential to the action of the other, and is, therefore, necessary to plant growth. There is an important difference between plant food and mere material fed to plants. This difference is as definite with the plants as it is with animals. The animal feeder never forgets that only a part of the substance fed to his animals is actually utilized or enters the body as a part of the new growth made. Of the total material fed to animals, it is known that only a part is digestible and has actual food value. The feeder has visible evidence that a considerable part of the material consumed by his stock is actually excreted, proving that only a portion has been used. The plant possesses equally limited power of actual assimilation, though it is exercised over the whole material. From

MAPS ON UNIFORM SCALE.

Government Urged to Map All Their Possessions on One Scale.

The International geographical congress, at its recent meeting in New York asked the government to make a general map of America on a scale of 1:1,000,000. At the present time three governments are producing maps on this scale, which will cover about one-fourth of the land surface of the globe. If the United States should make a similar map of the whole of America it would include nearly one-third of the area of the entire land surface.

Within the last thirteen years four of these international congresses have done all they could to promote the making of such a map. There is need for it. No uniform map of the entire land surface exists on a scale large enough to serve many practical and scientific purposes. There are many maps of parts of the lands on a far larger scale, as for example nearly all of Europe, large tracts of North America, and parts of Africa; but a map of all the lands on a uniform scale is also highly desirable for many purposes.

As Professor Penck has shown, none of the large colonial powers has yet produced a map of all its possessions on the same scale. It is difficult, therefore, to get a clear idea of the proportionate size of different parts of these empires. It is not easy for the geographer to compare different coast lines, river basins, bays and so on, unless he has them before him on adequate maps of uniform scale. Here is an illustration. The Germans are now mapping China on a scale of 1:1,000,000, just as the French are mapping the Antilles. With the proper sheets of each map in our hands we may at once get the right idea as to the comparative size of the areas embraced in our war with Spain and in the present struggle in the Orient.

When we speak of a map scale of 1:1,000,000, we mean that one inch on the map equals 1,000,000 inches in nature; or, in other words, that an inch on the map is equivalent to 15.7 statute miles. This is not a large scale, but it would be far more adequate for the general purposes of the geographer, the merchant, or the tourist than any map we now have of the United States. Our government survey maps are on too large a scale to be convenient for many ordinary purposes, and our best map for general use, made in Germany, by the way, is too small. Its scale is 58.3 statute miles to an inch, and though the map contains as much accurate information as it can hold, it is too small to show all the details desired by the student or traveler, or to give an adequate impression of the country.—New

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "PETER'S RENUNCIATIONS."

By Rev. Dr. John Hampton, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Brooklyn, N. Y. — Dr. John Hampton, pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church, preached Sunday morning a sermon on "The Life and Character of Simon Peter," the special subject being "Peter's Renunciations." The text was from Luke x:3, 10, 11: "When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed Him." Dr. Hampton said:

It was the second decisive day in the life of Simon Peter—a day of destiny. Months ago in Judas he had followed his brother into the presence of Jesus; for the first time he then saw and heard the Messiah. With Peter, to see and hear was instantly to decide. He became a disciple, forthwith. In the interval, Peter has been some of the time in company with his Master; but much of it at his business, toiling and trafficking; meditation his constant avocation; to testify of the Christ to others, as he met them in the contacts of the strand or the market, his habit and his pleasure. No laggard, half-hearted disciple would Peter be, we are sure. His zeal and enthusiasm would lead him rather to overwork the role of advocate; to urge men with heat and energy to accept the Messiahship of Jesus, even before they were ready. There is an unwritten chapter of Peter's life as only a disciple, which would be well worth the reading, if we had it. After its perusal we should be less disposed than now we are to think that usefulness in Christ's service is necessarily connected with ordination thereto as an exclusive calling. There could hardly be a more effective showing of what a mere disciple can do for his Master and his fellow men than this lost leaf of Peter's biography would furnish. If this were not the case you may be sure Jesus never would have called Peter this day to the continuous opportunities of the ministry; nor, later, to the weightier responsibilities of the apostolate.

For an incident crisis had been precipitated in the career of Jesus as Messiah. His rejection at Nazareth was the cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, that nevertheless, portended the final distant storm burst of hate unto death, from which there would be no escape for Him. Rejected by "His own" after the flesh, it was time He was gathering "His own" after the spirit and preparing them to be His persecutors and interrelaters. So He left Nazareth to take up His residence at Capernaum, that He might be near the most prominent and promising of the group of His early disciples. What though these were only a quartet of fishermen? The Lord saw not as men saw, but with the insight of one who "knew what was in man, and needed not that any should testify of man." He knew the time had now come to separate unto Himself and the service of His kingdom, the founders of His church. His eye saw every precious possibility in their nature. He discriminated them one from another, appreciating the individuality of each, and yet discerning their complementary temperaments and qualifications. With Him to feel was to act; when His "hour" had come He never deferred.

painfully and abasingly conscious of his weakness and inferiority is the instant in His disciple's experience when Jesus is surest to turn encourager and restorer of His own. When we are determined to say the worst of ourselves He is busy making the best of us. When we think much of our sense of unworthiness, that He and we must part company, then He is most resolved never to leave nor to forsake us. "Fear not," rings out His word of cheer, "This is the beginning of richer life and wider service. Henceforth thou shalt catch men." For the knowledge of self and the distrust of self it arouses, and the knowledge of Christ, with the confidence in Christ it awakens—these are the first shoots of spiritual growth and the first foundation stones in the edifice of a disciple's usefulness. Spiritual sensitiveness is the condition of ministerial effectiveness. It is the man who knows he is not fit to hinder whom Christ can make so.

Therefore, when the boats with their marvelous freight of fish, had been brought to land, did Jesus ask of Peter and his partner that surrender of themselves to service, which involved the separating of themselves from every other interest and occupation to exclusive and continuous companionship with Christ, and to constant work for others, under His direction. Then and there, as one of four, did Simon Peter make that supreme renunciation, which, because it was made at his own command, and was the manifestation of faith, and the proof of love, the Lord accepted, and forever after blessed: "They forsook all and followed Him." It was a sacrifice of consecration which only those who have done the like are fit or competent to judge. If we are ready to put ourselves in Peter's place, to face the indeterminate future as he faced it, that day; to think of the kind of interest in his business a man of such energy must have had, and the enthusiasm for his occupation as a fisherman which evidently, to the last, he felt; if we are observed to note the intent evidences in the gospel story that the business hitherto had flourished and prospered, so that Peter and his associates dwelt in comfort, bordering on the edge, at least, of competence, estimated by the standards of that land and age—then we shall know what a venture of faith and expression of confidence in his Lord Peter made when he left all for Christ, giving up the chance of future gains and binding himself to the sacrificial use of present possessions for the common good. It is frequently said, disparagingly, of Peter's renunciation of the world and its goods, "It was a little all that he left," and Peter has been criticized, for himself, referring to a later day, to the sacrifice he, with others, now made—"a boat, a few nets, dirty and old, an occupation especially laborious and in some features of it repellent to men of ordinary refinement." Was what he left, we are told, well? Perhaps it was so; more likely it was otherwise. But whether the "all" were little or much, Peter left it; left it instantly, utterly and without regret. He transferred himself in profoundest faith and liveliest gratitude to Jesus Christ and His service exclusively, forever. For Christ's sake, the work's sake, the world's sake, he renounced his former life and ambitions, to give himself and all he had unreservedly to Jesus Christ. And Christ welcomed, applauded and has abundantly rewarded the sacrifice. It is a surrender not asked of every disciple, but in proportion as any disciple approximates its spirit of faith and consecration, in that measure will he realize his completest spiritual life. It is a sacrifice completely even than is asked of every disciple called to an exclusive ministry; but only to the degree that the minister of Christ can detach himself from the world, and its spirit of gain getting, will his largest spiritual power and widest influence be realized. Here stands Peter's noble example of renunciation for Christ's sake, upon the pages of scripture, summoning us all, from our vain seeking for material good as the all of life; and from our disposition to keep what we have gotten as exclusively as our own. Christ's disciples belong to Christ, and all they have is given whether they are called to use it all in more immediate service or not.

Let us beware of losing sight of the fact that Jesus became the all of our life, and what we have gotten as exclusively as our own. Christ's disciples belong to Christ, and all they have is given whether they are called to use it all in more immediate service or not. Let us beware of losing sight of the fact that Jesus became the all of our life, and what we have gotten as exclusively as our own. Christ's disciples belong to Christ, and all they have is given whether they are called to use it all in more immediate service or not.

THE LAND OF "HERE INSERT."

"The Land of Hope" and of "Pretty Soon," "The Land of the Never-to-be," "The Land of Might" and "The Land of Dreams"

Are worked to the limit, see? And other varieties of strange lands Have staid the poet's spirit; But—sing of whichever you choose— Of the Land of "Here Insert!"

Ah, all of the dreams of youth come true In the land of (Here Insert!) The girls have eyes of a wonderful hue In the land of (Here Insert!) Never a sorrow and never a pain, Never a loss but always gain, Ever the sun and never the rain In the land of (Here Insert!)

Faith is a fadeless plant that grows In the land of (Here Insert!) And lips make mock of the red June rose In the land of (Here Insert!) And death sits downward soft as sleep In eyes that never have learned to weep, And the dress patterns are sold quite cheap In the land of (Here Insert!)

And so, kind friends, if you happen to have A special desire to sing, A land of any particular style, Yet haven't the time for the thing, Just take the second and third of these Voices (easy as dirt) And put the name of your mythical land Where it tells you to "Here Insert!"

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

JUST FOR FUN

Algy—it takes three generations to make a gentleman, you know. Penelope—What a chap you are for looking ahead.—Life.

Owner (as automobile starts backing down the hill)—Pull everything you can see, and put your foot on everything else!—Punch.

"Were you ever in love, Edwin?" "No, but I have a brother who's had measles and mumps an' most everything."—Harper's Bazar.

Lady—Ob, that big dog isn't the one I advertised for. My dog was a little fox terrier. Boy—Yes'm, "Your dog's inside o' dis one!"—Puck.

"Jones is growin'! at the world again." "Why, I thought he was doing well." "So he is; but he wasn't expectin' his good fortune!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Miss Antique—Why have you always remained single? Oldbach—Simply from force of habit, I suppose. You know—you know, I was born that way.—Philadelphia Record.

Woman of the House—You're not one of those labor agitators, are you? Goodman Gongrong (with his mouth full of pie)—No, ma'am, I'm a real agitator.—Chicago Tribune.

Giles—So you've got a place in that banking house? I suppose it was because you knew the president? Harris—Partly that, and partly because he didn't know me.—Boston Transcript.

Church—Haven't seen you at the theatre lately? Gotham—No; I'm laying the foundation for a fund which is to be divided between the plumber and the coal man this season.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Boss—I'm afraid you are not qualified for the position; you don't know anything about my business. The Applicant—Don't I, though? I know more than you do about my typewriter.—