

THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XX.

FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1905.

NUMBER 7.

OLD PARD, The Story of Collie

By Joseph E. Wing.

Nearly twenty years ago I owned a shepherd puppy away out on the Range Valley ranch in sunny southern Utah. He was not pretty—dark with tawny markings, small, too, for his age, but his eyes were merry and had in them a peculiar knowingness that I had never seen in dog-kind before, nor since. I named him Pard and he was truly a most willing and effectual partner of my joys and sorrows. The canyon was a lonely place, so far as humankind went, though it was peopled with all sorts of animals, some that we chose and some that chose us.

This little Pard puppy had the most surprising courage I have ever seen in any animate thing. It was not coupled with moroseness or ill temper, it was not displayed for his own gratification, but in obedience to my wishes. He would not hesitate to attack any living thing and the tempestuous fury of his attack and rage would bluff off almost anything so that he won surprising victories. I do not like useless dog-fighting, but when we discovered his quality we would give him signal to attack other dogs, some of them full grown and four times his size and weight. It was astonishing and amusing to see him launch himself with fierce impetuosity upon some huge antagonist and I never knew it to fail that the big dog would be so overwhelmed with surprise, dismay and wonder that he would give up and turn tail. I suppose he wondered what sort of animal this was anyhow, behaving so differently from what might reasonably be expected of a puppy. Only with his brothers, all bigger than himself, could he have a real fight, and this we prevented as much as possible for fear that one might injure, maybe kill, the other. I seen Pard and big Bummer, his new brother, twice his size, roll down a precipitous hillside, one relaxing hold. And yet Pard had a sweet, sunny temper. He fought because of his

leaping joyfully to me, the kitten gone. I hunted for it but only found a few fragments. He had eaten it, but he never again hurt a kitten.

We named him Old Pard after the good one, and he soon became one of the family and felt a personal responsibility for many things. He developed into a fine watchdog, too; to some he showed only a friendly greeting, others he instinctively felt ought to be denied any admission at all. We learned later that some of those he hated worst were night thieves; he had either known of their prowlings or had instinctively hated them. Many feared him and our hen roost fared better than our neighbors', though later he extended his night patrol to the home of a close neighbor, to their great satisfaction.

Old Pard developed into a great worker with stock. He was always too swift, too impetuous to suit me, but he was a big help. Many thousands of lambs he has helped pen, always he was in place when it was time to put the feeding lambs in the barn or to drive them out at feeding time. He would "speak to them" when they were tame and stubborn, barking fiercely as long as you wished, subsiding at command. He knew what I wanted of him always, but would not always do it. I never knew what a perfect sheepdog he was capable of being until one day when I was up on a barn roof the lambs got a gate open and 500 of them came racing into the road. Pard saw them before I did and stopped them. I was about to go down to his assistance, but to my astonishment he began doing exactly what I had long been trying to teach him, going from side to side, his white brush high in air, waving to and fro, gently, quietly; slowly he drove them back, never one mad rush, never a bark save when it was needed. It showed to me that he had sense enough to

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the victory and came grimly on after a time, on three legs. Thereby was illustrated a curious side of dog nature. The two dogs had neither had a racial friend before, my neighbor's dog had never been known to leave his house, yet in a day or two I found fraternizing very amiably with Old Pard! He was the only dog not belonging on the place that Pard ever made friends with, and he was killed soon after, how I never knew. It was strange that no one ever killed Old Pard. He was hated by a good many and did in fact have some lead in him; he was annoying to passers-by who had dogs with them but he would not harm any honest man.

The crowning act of a useful life was when he saved my brother Willis from a horrible death. We had a gentle Jersey bull, deborned. People got afraid of him but I laughed and showed that he could be driven with a cornstalk. One day Willis went out to the pasture to drive up the cows, the bull sulked and would not come. Willis kicked him and in an instant the lurking devil came out, the beast sprang at him, knocked him down; the boy sprang up and ran, the bull overtaking him in an instant and knocking him down again and tried to gore him. The third time this was repeated, Willis' head was butted down into the mud until blood ran from his ears. I saw it from afar and started to run to help. Never did my feet seem so glued to the ground; it seemed to me that I was rooted to the spot as I realized all that would happen before I could gain that quarter of a mile. All at once Old Pard bounded by me like a flash and streaked across the field. Before he had gotten half way the bull saw him and hesitated a moment, before he was there the great coward was in slow retreat. Old Pard knew the enormity of the offense and promptly seized him by the nose and led the bellowing cringing bully a merry dance across the field. By a miracle not a bone was broken, but the bull went into bologna soon afterward.

I wonder how long dogs live? When Pard was about twelve years old he lost his hearing and became morose and unhappy. He was of use, though, and we suffered him to stay another year, then got a new puppy. It was touching to see the new and playful Collie and the old veteran. The puppy worshipped him and while he played with him it was with a good deal of respect, and Old Pard suffered no indignity from him. He was constantly and going

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Dairy Notes.

In making good butter there is always plenty of time to do everything just right; if you find there is not time, then you are not making good butter.

If the churning is done at too low a temperature in making granular butter, the butter will be crumbly.

Persistence in milking is more desirable than a large flow at first, which in a short time suddenly decreases.

Feeding Corn Fodder.

It is stated without contradiction that the food value in the corn plant is in the proportion of 55 percent in the fodder and 45 percent in the ears. These figures will seem incredible to those who have long believed that the fodder had little food value. The main difficulty in utilizing the corn fodder has been to get it in such shape that the stock would be able to consume most of it. The modern shredder will accomplish this in a satisfactory manner, and in most farming sections men are making a business of shredding the fodder for those who have no machines.

The price asked is comparatively small—small enough at any rate to warrant having it done. In the absence of the shredder it is not a bad plan to go back to the old hand cutter, and in this way cut and break the corn fodder so that the cows will be able to eat more of it than now. It is slow work, the use of this cutter, but unless one has too many cows to warrant the time spent, it will pay, though not so well as the shredder. Look up this shredder suggestion if you have a heavy supply of corn fodder.

Places for a Little Manure.

Those who grow vegetables in large or small quantities may not know that the soil devoted to them manured and rough plowed in the fall will do better work than if all the preparation is done in the spring. There will be enough of the fine work to do in the spring, so why not do some of the coarse preparation now? Many things, such as rhubarb and asparagus, for example, are much helped by a protection of manure put on in the fall. These are good places to put some of the fine portions

and adopt better ones. If the bull begets unprofitable or substantial calves put him off and start a better strain of cattle. Some men go all through life lamenting their mistakes and misfortunes. Others resolutely burn their blunders and take up with good things, achieving fortune in the end and having only memories of the older and less favored days. The hold-fast trait is a good one when intelligently exercised. Grip is a good thing, but gumption is a better. The mud turtle is said to hold on until it thunders. Fortunate the man who can hear the thunder of unprofitable results and let go his grip on unsuccessful methods. The times change and we must change with them or suffer. Persistence in pursuits should be guided by possibilities of achievement. Consistency is no virtue when it leads to loss. Circumstances always alters cases.

Cream Separating on the Farm.

While Indiana is not recognized as a great dairy state there is certainly a growing interest in the dairy side of the farm. The establishment of several new creameries in different parts of the state, together with the large number of hand separators being sold by leading separator manufacturers, all indicate that more attention is being given to this branch of farming. Several of our creameries are now accepting hand separator cream. There is no reason why just as good butter cannot be made from cream separated on the farm as can be from that separated at the factory. The fact that it often is not as good is because the owners of the separators do not take the same care of the cream that they do for the milk where they deliver every day.

Recent inspection at several creameries under the auspices of the State Dairy association showed that the commonest fault in the milk delivered was improper cooling of the milk, and in the case of hand separated cream often too much age with insufficient cooling. This prompts me to urge that those who are selling hand separated cream to the creameries should be particular to cool each lot of cream to a temperature of 50 or below immediately after separating. This can be done by setting the can of cream into an ordinary tub of cold water. In most parts of the state well water freshly drawn has a temperature of about 50. Where the amount of cream is small and considerable water is used little difficulty will be found in cooling the cream quickly. If this cream is delivered three times a week and has been kept under as cleanly conditions as prevails at most farms, a creamery should have no difficulty in making first-class butter. The de-

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A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED, "DIVINE COMPANIONSHIP."

The Rev. Charles E. Benedict Makes a Beautiful Commentary on the Briefest Yet Most Comprehensive Biography Ever Written—Neta's Life.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Rev. Charles E. Benedict, pastor of St. James' M. E. Church, Eighty-fourth street and Twentieth avenue, Bensonhurst, preached Sunday morning on "Divine Companionship." The texts were from Genesis 1:24: "Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him," and Hebrews 11:5: "Before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God." Mr. Benedict said:

This is one of the briefest yet most comprehensive biographies ever written. These passages, containing twenty-three words, tell us about all we know concerning this man Enoch. Imagine the story of your life told in three sentences! He walked with God, he pleased God and he was translated. This is the record of Enoch's life. It reads more like an epitaph than a biography, yet I would rather have those first two statements true of my life than to have the most eloquent tributes or eulogistic praises ever written or spoken by men. To walk with God and to please Him! Do you know of anything more desirable?

It is said that a man's walk is indicative of his career. Manner and gesture are an index to character. It is possible to make an estimate approximately correct of the type of men you meet on the street by noting the poise and bearing of the average pedestrian. One walks with a firm, quick step, head erect, shoulders back, and you feel instinctively that he is an energetic, resolute, self-respecting man, bound to succeed. Another shambles by with shiftless gait, dragging his feet rather than lifting them, and you put him down for a loafer. A third glides along noiselessly, threading his way in and out among the crowd, and you know intuitively that he is a sly, scheming trickster. Another walks with unsteady gait, stepping carefully, as if the pavement were rolling and bumping against his feet, and as with pitying glances you watch him stagger along you say, "The poor fellow is drunk." So a man's gait betrays him. His walk signifies the manner of his life.

One is likewise known by the company he keeps. We are largely what our friends and companions are. Tell me the sort of persons with whom you associate, in whom you confide, to whom you go with all your troubles and with whom you share your every joy, and I will have no difficulty in estimating your character. To retain purity of character if one's associates are base and ignoble is an impossibility. And it would seem equally impossible to live an impure, vicious, wicked life if all our associates are noble and virtuous. We are influenced unconsciously by the words and actions of our friends. Like the chameleon, we take on the hue of our surroundings and reflect the likeness of our companions.

The human heart under normal conditions craves companionship. From the beginning it was so. God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, so He gave him a companion and helpmeet. We are so constituted that we must have some one with whom to share our happy hours, some good, true friend who enters into our experiences with sympathetic appreciation, whose heart aches in our sorrow and rejoices in our joy.

The strangest truth contained in all God's wonderful volume of truth is that He who created the universe, the Lord God Omnipotent, whose wisdom is omniscience, whose goodness is perfection, whose love, that He should condescend to the companion and associate of

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day morning, Jee Healey called around to pay his usual visit. He used to come every Sunday and bring a bottle of whisky with him, and then two would start it all day until they turned the whole house into a bedlam. Well, I saw Healey coming last Sunday morning, and I was afraid it would be all up with poor Murphy if he got with him. I went down to the door, and when he asked if Murphy was in I said, "No, Murphy is out. He don't live here any longer." So I sent Healey off and saved Murphy from temptation. But what I want to know, your reverence, is this, did I tell a lie? I meant that the old Murphy did not live there any more. You know Mr. Moody told us that when a man is converted he is a new creature; old things have passed away, and that the old Murphy does not live any more in that attic.

"If any man be in Christ he is a new creature. Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." After a man makes this discovery he begins to learn important truths. He learns that he must now walk, not after the flesh, but after the spirit. This is by no means an easy thing to do. I wonder how many have mastered this art? 'Tis one that cannot be acquired in a single lesson. I sometimes think we shall never know perfectly how to walk after the Spirit so long as we bear this body of flesh. There is much misapprehension on this point. Not a few have been sorely perplexed, and some have been quite disheartened in their attempts to make the plain facts of their experience fit certain doctrines taught from the Scriptures. Here is a typical example. A young man entered upon the Christian life. There was no doubt as to the genuineness of his conversion. He accepted Christ intelligently, and with an earnest purpose to give Him a loyal service. He had run the whole gamut of sinful indulgence, but the change in his life was a radical one. He ceased to do evil and tried to learn to do good. But he was hindered by old habits and tendencies which still lurked in his flesh. The struggle was fierce and he faced it heroically, until one day more severely tempted than usual he went to his pastor and said: "It's no use, I might as well give up trying; I have been guilty of some of the same old sins that I used to indulge in, and I won't be a hypocrite, so you can take my name off the record." The pastor made use of his Master's method, and answered the young man with a parable. It was the old story of a farmer who was plowing in a meadow lot. He kept his eyes fixed on the tree at the farther end of the field, and determined to make his first furrow as straight as possible. That was to be his guiding line, and it was his intention to make each furrow as straight as the first. He succeeded fairly well for awhile, until a bird flew close to his face and startled him so that he jerked on the rein with the result a crook in his furrow. Several times in the course of his plowing he got off the line, but just as soon as he discovered his deflection he pulled back and got on the straight line again.

How aptly this illustrates the initial experience of a child of God. He starts out with the determination to walk in the footsteps of his Master. That is the central purpose of his heart. His new nature throbs with a single motive of loyalty to Christ. But in his immature condition he blunders, he flies into a passion perhaps, or indulges some old sinful habit, forgetting his new relationship with God, and he makes a crook in his furrow. But in the instant when he comes to himself he repents of his deflection and, fixing his eyes upon Jesus, he gets back on the line and tries again. Such deviations from the line of rectitude often dishearten young Christians. Their blunders of immaturity are mistaken for tokens of insincerity. Walking with Christ in the school of experience they will learn that the evidence of their loyalty to Him in whose footsteps they seek to follow, is not found in the absolute perfection of their walk. The real test lies in their immediate repentance and turning back to the line when a deviation or deflection has been discovered. A non-inspiring truth that one ought to know at the beginning of the Christian life is that walking with God leads ultimately to a beautiful companionship. A beautiful commentary on this made by a little boy, of London.

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NIGHTMARE.
Menageries, where sleuthhounds caracole,
Where jaguar phalanx and phlegmatic
Frigit ptarmigan and kestrel cheek by
With peewit and precocious cockatoo.
Giant seneschals, in crochety cockades,
With seine-nets trawl for porpoise in lagoons;
While scullious gauge erratic escapades
Of madrepores in water-logged galleons;
Flamboyant triptychs grained with guerkins green,
In reckless fracas with coquetish cream,
Festive gargoyles, with grotesque chagrin,
Gash the gresswome nightmare of my dream.
—London Punch.

JUST FOR FUN



"I see that some bumptious doctor claims 'that pumpkin pies are filled with microbes.'" "Happy microbes! 'Nother piece, please."

Dealer—Well, sir, did that turkey do for all your family? Customer—Very nearly; the doctor says he'll have to come for a week yet.—Town and Country.

"A man owes a great deal to his country." "Yes," answered Senator Sorghum, "and it is a lucky thing for some of us that our country can't foreclose."—Washington Star.

"It looks as if the people were getting on to us at last," said the crooked politician. "What will we do?" "Time, I'm afraid," replied the other, despondently.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady Notasent (see Grotto) shall most certainly sue you for divorce, Lord Notasent—Please don't, my dear. I've worked your dad for enough now, without bracing him for alimony.—Puck.

Gayboy—You shouldn't complain, my dear. Before we were married I told you how bad I was. Mrs. Gayboy—Yes, but you didn't tell me how much worry you were going to be afterward. Chicago Daily News.

Johnson (with fat Government position)—I want you to tell me plainly, doctor, what is the matter with me. Old Doctor—Well, sir, you are suffering from underwork and overpay.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father? Adult Son—He is at the shop editing his new edition of "Society As I Have Found It." Mrs. Intrade—What! A book? Son—Yes, a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable bills.—Pick-Me-Up.

"Who is the villain of your production?" asked the hotel clerk. "Well," answered Mr. Stormington, "the man who plays the part named Smith; but the villain of the manager who got us into this."—Washington Star.

Tommy—I can count up to five on my fingers, can't I ma? Ma—Yes, Tommy, but don't brag. I saw a little boy no older than you today who could count up to fifty. Tommy—Gee whiz! Where did he get all them fingers.—Philadelphia Press.

"Now, my boy," said the man to the messenger boy; "don't be an hour gone with this message." "No, sir," said the boy, feeling in his pocket for a message.