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## The Stolen Will.

By Arthur B. Rhinow.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of a fine day in February, 1883, when I was walking briskly along a country road of southwestern Ohio. Now and again, as I reached the brow of a hill I saw the Ohio river, which had flooded its banks, for we had heavy rains of late. They, together with the melted snow, had made the gentle river a wild and dangerous stream.

I would gladly have lingered to watch the rushing current, carrying timber, parts of wrecked houses, and many other indications of its destructive power; but I had come to the Buckeye state for another purpose, and was anxious to reach my destination an hour or two before dark.

I intended to visit a friend, Fred Andersen, whose acquaintance I had made in the East. He was a fine specimen of western youth, and very soon we felt drawn to each other, mutual confidence cementing our friendship. He often told me of the old homestead on the Ohio, his mother, long dead, and the queer notions of his father. Old Mr. Andersen once had lost a law-suit through the trickery of an attorney, and since that time condemned all lawyers.

Fred had an elder brother, Henry, a scapegrace, who had grieved his father a great deal. Once, when the father's patience gave out, he handed Henry several thousand dollars, and told him never again to show his face in the old home. The son took the money, roamed through the world, and came back penniless but proud, even boasting of the wild life he had led and the sinful way in which he had wasted his money. Then the father bought him a small farm, not far from the homestead, and gave him to understand that he would be disinherited, having received his share. The son's eyes shone with an evil light, when thus informed, but he dared not rebuke his stern father.

Now, however, there was a different set of affairs. A few weeks ago I had sent me a letter, stating that I had very much to have me come to him.

"I know," he wrote, "your presence helps me. If I ever needed a hand it is now; so come on and help me in my troubles."

My mind to see him tomorrow. You will, of course, go with me. And while we are waiting for your luncheon, you might as well read the letter.

He handed me an old letter, and I read it carefully. Of course it was but a fatherly communication and nothing like a legal document, but it certainly could be used to advantage in a suit. I was just about to comment on it, when the servant announced that the meal was ready. Immediately Fred arose, and, throwing the letter carelessly on the desk, said,—

"Come, now; you must be hungry after that walk."

While maturing our plans during the meal, I thought I heard a noise in the library, the room in which the desk stood. I remarked it, but Fred's mind was so occupied with the lost will that he had not heard it.

"Guess the servant is in there straightening things up a bit," he said. "We don't get much company around here, and when any one comes it makes him nervous."

After I had satisfied my hunger Fred asked me if I would like to look about the homestead. I told him I was a little tired, and would rather sit and chat in the library. He assented and led the way. He must have been thinking of his letter as he entered, for he walked right up to the desk. Then I heard him utter a cry. I looked and saw his hand nervously fumbling through the papers.

"Anything missing?" I asked.

"Yes, the letter."

"May be the servant mislaid it while he was dusting."

The servant, an old darkey and former slave, was called. He denied having touched the papers.

"Did you see anybody in this room, after we left it?" Fred asked.

"No, massa."

"Well, did you see anybody about the house?"

"No stranger, massa. Jes' Massa Henry wid his gun out a-huntin'."

"My brother?" Fred quickly asked.

"Was he near the house?"

"Yes, Massa Henry was a-chasin' a rabbit. He jes' done show me de rabbit runnin' down de hill. He say he no mo' shoot today. Massa Henry mighty good to me; give me a big gun he shot."

stranger could not see our faces. We had the advantage in that respect, for the entrance to the saloon was brightly illumined.

After Fred came back we had not to wait very long. The stranger came out of the saloon, rubbed his mustache with his handkerchief, cleaned his glasses, and slowly walked up the street. We followed him. As we passed along we heard people talk of flooded cellars, and the warning in the papers. Fred paid little attention to those remarks, but to me the expressions of anxiety were very interesting.

After a walk of about half an hour, the man halted at a corner, held his watch up to the street lamp, and then leaned against a post, evidently expecting somebody. His patience was not put to too severe a test. Soon another man arrived, and immediately the two proceeded up the street. As the second man came up, my friend pressed my arm, and I nodded my head. In the light of the lamp we both recognized Henry Andersen. We had to be very careful, now, for we had reached a part of the town whose streets were more deserted than the business district. The two men ahead of us seemed to feel perfectly safe, however, for they walked on unconcernedly.

We were near the famous "bottoms" of the city, when Henry Andersen and the stranger stopped at an old two-story frame house. The stranger fumbled in his pocket, drew forth a key, opened a door, and both entered. We took a position on the other side of the street and intently watched for a light.

A man came out of the house in the shadow of which we were waiting, and I accosted him, asking,—

"Do you know, sir, who lives in that frame house?"

"Some crazy Dutchman," he replied. "Seems to be a star in a class of his own. Nobody knows what he's doing, and I certainly don't care." With that he left us.

The light for which we watched seemed about to fail us, and Fred was beginning to show signs of disappointment.

"Have patience, Fred," I exhorted. "I don't think we shall be disappointed—there it is now!"

A little light shone through the cellar windows, as though some one were going into the cellar with a candle.

But we had only a second to watch the little light. Suddenly there came a blinding flash of fire, and almost at the same moment a deafening roar, as though a mammoth cannon had been shot. We were thrown to the ground.

When we rose and looked over to the frame house, we saw a mass of flames coming out of this, as though it were a volcano. The neighbors came running, and the fire was extinguished.

## JAPANESE WAR OUTFIT.

### TROOPS WELL PROTECTED AGAINST COLDEST WEATHER.

All Clothing Made of the Best Material—Great Coats of Thick Woolen Goods and Hooded—Many Details of How the Health of Soldiers is Preserved.

Miss McCaul, who was recently commissioned by Her Majesty to go to Japan to inquire into the working of the Japanese Red Cross society, has brought back with her the complete outfit of a soldier of the Japanese Imperial Guard, which was presented to her by Gen. Teranchi, the minister of war, together with samples of the food supplied to the soldier on active service. These various articles, which have been inspected by the king, who has expressed great interest in the many ingenious devices they present, will shortly be exhibited at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall. They are worthy, says the British Medical Journal, which publishes special photographs of the most careful study by all military officers and afford a striking example of the care and strong common sense with which the health and comfort of the soldier are considered by those responsible for his outfit and the minute attention to detail which is characteristic of the Japanese army.

One notable feature of all the clothing is that it is apparently made of the best material. The material for the winter clothing appears to be all wool, and warm. In the neat blue parade uniform, jacket or tunic, plain flat brass buttons are done away with as far as possible, fastenings being in nearly all instances carried out by means of flat hooks and eyes. The summer jacket and trousers are of khaki drill; the jacket is perfectly plain, and there are no buttons on any of the garments. A strip of white linen is issued to wind round the neck as a collar inside the tunic. The forage cap which goes with this uniform is a marvel of lightness. It has a detachable linen cover to be used in summer, from which hangs a linen screen to protect the neck. This screen being made in three parts—a centre and two sides—allows the air to pass freely. For all uniforms the trousers are made like riding breeches, in that they end above the ankle, where they are made to fit tight to the limb, being fastened by tapes instead of buttons.

Putties or garters must, of course, be worn with these. The ordinary great-coat is of thick woollen cloth with bone buttons. It has a hood which can be raised over the head. A comparison of this, as shown in the accompanying illustration, shows that it is far more comfortable than the ordinary great-coat, and is better adapted for the tropics.

## LONG FLIGHT OF SEAGULLS.

### They Follow Army Transports Across the Pacific and Back.

We are proud of our great ocean liners and the speed that they make, a speed which has made foreign countries ridiculously near and has brought the nations close together. To the people of a hundred years ago the story that a vessel could cross the broad Pacific within a month would seem like the sheerest fancy of a romancer. Yet, at that time, seagulls existed as they do at the present day and they made their long trips without provoking any especial comment. Today it is looked upon as nothing very marvellous that birds are able to fly from America to Asia and back again. But, if we pause to consider it, the feat is really something after all.

These birds are especially fond of the United States army transports, for these ships carry many men, who, denied the taste for books, which renders an ocean journey less tedious, and having limited facilities for deck sport, take to feeding the gulls as a pastime. When one of the big vessels leave the Golden Gate and passes the Farallone islands a hundred or more brown bodies with long sweeping wings leave their resting place and take up the flight in the wake of the transport.

Then some soldier who has made the trip before says: "Here come the seagulls. We'd better feed them if we want a quick passage this trip," and many soldiers invade the steward's premises and gather up the waste bread and victuals.

The birds seem to know when they are to be fed, for they come flying in ever narrowing circles until they are within a short distance of the ship. Then the food begins to fall on the waters, and the brown-winged forms swoop eagerly down upon the waves and seize what has been thrown forth. This is continued until the food is exhausted, and then the soldiers go below, leaving the gulls to get away with their food as they fly. They never seem to rest, these queer birds. Day after day they follow the ship, cleaving the air with swift wings, flying easily and without apparent effort. Indeed, it seems as though they were not made to rest.

On the last trip of the transport Logan one of the gulls had its wing muscles injured in some way and dropped fluttering upon the deck, its wide, goose-like bill open, and strange squawks coming from its throat. A soldier spied it and took it to its bunk, where he fed it daily until it became strong again. Then he allowed it to fly away. But the bird had not forgotten its benefactor. Every day it would light on the deck and allow none save this particular man to feed it. It followed the boat to Honolulu, to Guam, and finally to Manila. Where it rested during the week the Lo-

## THE PULPIT.

### AN Eloquent Sunday Sermon BY CHAPLAIN CLARK, OF THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

Subject: The Unlooked-For Increment.

Baltimore, Md.—The following brilliant sermon was contributed to the Sunday Sun by the Rev. J. H. Clark, D. D., chaplain of the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis. It is entitled "The Unlooked-For Increment," and was preached from the text:

"Behold, I have done according to Thy words; Lo! I have given thee a wise and understanding heart. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked."—II Kings, III, 12-13.

Solomon's request is a surprise. Left to the promptings of ambition it is not characteristic of men to ask for simple gifts or few. The natural request would have been for the things the King did not ask—long life, riches, honor, victory over enemies. Instead the request was simple and unselfish. It was made with a most becoming humility. It was for a wise and understanding heart. This would be enough. Then came the Jehovah's answer: "I have given thee a wise and understanding heart. And I have also given thee that which thou hast not asked." This was increment, increase, that Solomon had not counted on.

How much is involved in doing the right thing at the outset! Somehow first things take hold on last things. The energy of the first block the child pushes over in the row is not expended till the last block is down. The first branches you bend and the into shape make way for the beauty and symmetry of the full grown tree. The shipbuilder can tell from the keel that is laid the sort of ship that is going to be built. From the dimensions of growing columns the architect can quickly estimate the weight of arches or dome. So God sees in some simple, honest prayer we may offer the beginning of all we may ever achieve of knowledge, goodness, service; see in it all our life shall ever mean to ourselves and other fellow-men. Wonderful are the connections between first things and last!

It is, too, an immeasurable satisfaction that when we have done the right act, said the right word, offered the right prayer, put ourselves in the right attitude in anything our responsibility ceases. Then the way of Divine Providence is opened in our lives. Solomon made just the right prayer; then God gave him what he had not asked.

How this simplifies life! We have only to do the right thing at the right time; the rest takes care of itself. In ordinary circumstances we all know well enough what the right thing is. In the Old Testament a well-known character said: "I, being in the way, the Lord led me." The secret of it was that Eliezer started on the right road; then the Lord led him to the well. The happy outcome we all know. When our prayer is: "Make me true to this work, this demand, this occasion, this duty," using the light we get, we need give ourselves no further trouble. The results are not in our hands. They are all begun their careers

tation. One of the things Solomon did not ask was honor. It was enough for him to be wise and just. Wisdom and justice were the highest sources of his honor. For wisdom and justice he is reputed above all else. "If day by day we strive for the inward things from which reputation takes substance and shapeliness, we need give ourselves no further thought about the matter. What men think of us will take care of itself. Growing plants do not give themselves concern over summer; they are the gift of spring to summer, and summer will take care of them. So, living as we ought, we commit our reputation to God, whose presence and whose care are the real summer of all good things among men.

If Solomon informed his courtiers of his request to Heaven they probably told him that he had missed a great opportunity. They might easily have said: "Why did you not ask for riches, for vastly extended power and dominion? How much better they would have been than wisdom?" We could have furnished the wisdom." But the prayer was of the right sort. Jehovah was pleased with its modesty; and the things that were not asked for were in due time given. The surprise of life often lies in the insignificance of the means to some great end. People in the navy know that the smallest thing connected with a great gun is the most indispensable—the firing pin. That gone, and the gun, so to say, is on the shelf. In the army one of the smallest duties of the cavalryman is the caring for his horse. There is an instance in history where cavalry that did this duty well and cavalry that did it ill, otherwise equally matched, fought a battle, in which those who neglected their horses were cut down almost to a man. Doors to great events swing outward on little hinges. Art and religion and education and war abound with decisions and acts and incidents, small in themselves as mustard seeds, yet so growthful that great events and great deeds have come and lodged in the branches thereof.

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Is a man poor? Let him remember Christ's knowledge of his poverty. It is no light thing to be poverty-stricken in the midst of wealth. To see loved ones denied comforts and even necessities merely through lack of a few pieces of glittering metal; to have growing sons and daughters deprived of an education; to see suffering ones unrelieved; to have no opportunities to increase one's usefulness; to expose one's family to moral degradation because of lack of a competence—these are but a few of the evils of poverty.

To men in such circumstances, Christ said, "I know thy poverty." Who better could understand? Had He not as an eldest son seen something of sordid economies in that carpenter's home at Nazareth? Had He not as a widow's main support suffered in the harsh limitations of a Galilean peasant's lot? Had He not at times been deprived of a place to lay His head? It was for your sake He became poor. —Pacific Baptist.

## TO A PERIPATETIC MINSTREL.

Italian, swart and freely oleaginous,  
That through the hours anterior to the  
Dost banish sleep and wake unholy rage in  
By playing "Christian Soldiers" on the  
horn.

O more than skilled to lacerate the tym-  
pani!  
And take the luckless sleeper by the  
throat,  
Thine ear-compelling onslaught leaves me  
Write in an anguish like a dying stoat.

There is a something balefully insidious  
Pent in thy weapon's penetrating glare;  
Its breathings are the most profoundly hid-  
eous  
That ever cleft the uncompensating air.

Perhaps the charm that soothes the artless  
Intractable breast is wanting from thy  
strain;  
Perhaps thine instrument's peculiar rav-  
ages  
Are prompted by a love of causing pain.

Perhaps a burning sense of man's ingrati-  
tude  
Invigorates thy petrifying blast;  
Perhaps this merely represents the attitude  
Of one who plucks a sweet revenge at  
last.

Unknown thy motive is; but I suspect it  
has  
Birth in a breast phenomenally hard,  
And oh, the dire—the desperate effect it  
has  
Upon the wakeful senses of the Bard.

—London Punch.

—London Punch.

—London Punch.

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