

# THE FRANKLIN PRESS.

VOLUME XXI.

FRANKLIN, N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906.

NUMBER 33

## TWILIGHT.

The sunset fades, and once again the hills  
Against the sky, majestic and supreme,  
Loom spectrally and half unreal seem,  
And mystery the misty valley fills.  
Melodiously now the mountain fills,  
Unheard by day, take up their lyric  
theme  
Of ecstasy, like voices heard in dream,  
An obligato to the whippoorwills,  
Invisible, the spirits of the dusk

Fly the swift shutes on their shadow  
loom,  
And weave the wonder-fabric of the  
night,  
The wind is but a whisper, sweet with  
musk  
Exhaled from fragrant lips of bud and  
bloom,—  
A whisper—and the one word is De-  
light.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in Scribner's Magazine.

## Through Stress of Competition.

A strange atmosphere of matrimony was approaching the village of Rugglesbury. That is was compressed within an inadequately small space is true. The foremost van of Blinker's World-Famed Circus held it. Yet the vehicle lumbered none the quicker along the road for all the amorous vapors that floated within its painted sides.

The ringmaster, the clown, and the gentleman who illustrated the haute ecologie upon a coal-black steed sat there in moody pensiveness. Unmarried as were all three the disadvantages of their bachelorhood had become acutely evident during a pause in a game of "nap." Owing to a common dearth of funds they had been playing for the empty glory of points alone. It was perhaps this fact that caused their thoughts to stray in the direction of deeper affairs.

"Traveling about like this," grumbled the clown, "don't give no chances. By the end of a week, when a girl's got so far as to realize that you've a heart under the paint, the orders is—up and away."

"It's different with me," mused the chevalier de l'haute ecologie, "but I don't know as it's any better. It's my position and appearance they've got to get over. It takes 'em a good week to learn that I'm not affable in a—aristocratic way."

"Same here," chimed in the ringmaster, "exactly."

"What we want," said the clown, "is to go to work in a more business-like fashion. If we don't strike some idea for quick courtin' like as not we shall go about the country single all our lives."

The ringmaster started up.

"How about a beauty show?" he exclaimed. "Blinker would tumble to it if we had one at Rugglesbury. Good business for him it would be. The point is this, consolation prizes—you know

of a dairyman, the reputed owner of a nest-egg. The other two were the offspring of the local carpenter and blacksmith respectively.

"Whichever way it goes," asserted Sam Evans, "the advertisement for the Maypole will be first rate. As for lettin' folks know, you leave it to me, Job. You couldn't have struck a better man for what I might call givin' wind to you notion."

He proved as good as his word. When Job Yardsley entered the circus tent upon the eventful evening of the beauty competition the murmur that was rising from the packed circle died into sudden silence. As he seated himself in that segment of the tiers which, red-baize-covered, demanded the most expensive admittance, a wavering cheer rose from the opposite benches. These being the lowest priced held a freight of irresponsible boyhood. The hushing chorus of a multitude of mothers with Sabbathically dressed daughters by their sides crushed the untimely demonstration.

Job Yardsley gazed about him in genuine surprise. In whichever direction he turned a small sea of faces looked into his own with a frankly interested stare. Job blew his nose. It seemed to him that the space that separated him from his neighbors was greater than that in other parts of the amphitheatre.

When, upon the closing of the tiers of the usual program, girls singly, in twos and in threes, shyly entered the ring in preparation for the contest Job's heart beat perceptibly faster. A couple of score girls were there below—dark, fair, short, tall. One—he wondered which—was destined to enter his life in the most intimate fashion.

The judges entered. Job started a little as he observed them. He expected a more

while the occupants of the cheaper seats rocked and swayed in open mirth.

In the meanwhile the two girls who had stood at her side received a hair comb and a straw pin respectively. But the presentation was unnoticed. Another shout went up as Sally Magin sank down by the side of Job.

Job with deeply flushed face, sprang to his feet. Utter silence fell once more. Job wavered. The stupendous hush had unnerved him. He sank down, and the sinking sealed his fate.

A minute later Sally's arm was through his. Her eyes sought first the blouse and then Job, while the crowd thundered acclamation. Only when it realized that Mr. Blinker had not completed his announcements did the turmoil cease.

"We have now come, ladies and gentlemen," he proceeded with a broad smile, "to a stage in the performance which is p'raps the most romantic that this palatial tent has ever seen. It is my pleasure to inform you that over and above the awards already presented, we have three consolation prizes. These, ladies, are the biggest on record. They consist of nothing less than these three bachelor gentlemen." He indicated his fellow judges.

At a sign from him each placed an arm about his companion's waist. The hissing of a vast indrawn breath sounded from the assembly. "And you, gentlemen, it will interest you to hear that the ladies have accepted their prizes with the graciousness that marks their sex."

The hoarse protests of Elizabeth Harmer's father were drowned in loud murmurings of amazement. The three blushing girls after a struggle with their countenances brought to each a smile that would have delighted a photographer. The evidence of acquiescence was convincing. Romance was in the air.

Mr. Blinker prepared



### Breeding Geese.

Breeding geese do not need special feeding or care. They will keep themselves in prime condition if given unlimited range of meadow where they can have ample exercise. A small feed of oats at sunset is often given with benefit.

### Green Bone.

Green cut bone undoubtedly increases the egg production, and it also materially reduces the demand for grain, but bone meal, containing as it does but little water, ground so that it is about the size of a kernel of wheat, is always ground from dry bones, and while it helps egg production some is not so digestible and is not to be compared with green cut bone.

### Light Horses Need Action.

Action is extremely important in light horses. It should be straight and true. At the trot it should be what is known as the straight line trot, no wabbling from one side to the other, or swinging the feet. The action from behind should be straight, the feet picked up smartly, hocks well flexed and the feet or both fore and hind legs at each step placed immediately in front of the former position.

### For Cattle.

As nutritious as increases the ounces of them for that is comes little grow- cattle can get claim it the

left untreated and the four others had different combinations of manurings. The row left unmanured gave 104 pounds of apples per tree during the five years from 1900 to 1904, both inclusive, and in the fifth year (1904), which was the year of maximum yield for the entire orchard, the weight of the apples per tree was 55 pounds and the number 294. The best results from manuring was obtained by a complete manure, consisting of 11-8 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 11-2 pounds of basic slag per tree per annum, applied to the roots during the winter. During the five years the yield per tree from this dressing was 163 pounds of apples, while by the fifth year the bearing increased to 401 apples, weighing 105 pounds per tree—that is, the weight of the apples per tree increased by manuring from 55 pounds on the unmanured trees to 105 pounds on the manured trees, or 90.9 percent; while the number of apples increased from 294 to 401 per tree or 36 percent. The increase in average size of the apples is remarkable. Those from the unmanured trees averaged 2.98 ounces each, and those from the manured trees 4.19 ounces each.

### Farm Notes.

Keep the ewes outside as much as possible, but do not expose them to rains or snows.

In late spring feed cows clover hay and corn. For early pasture put them on rye and wheat.

Lack of available plant food in the soil and neglect are the great causes of unfruitfulness with many orchards. Kind treatment of the horses develops their best traits and makes them more companionable as well as more useful.

Don't make the mistake of planting poor seed because it is cheap. Cheap seed always proves high priced when

and to the stal- ances-

Gen. Bubb was engaged in nearly all of the celebrated engagements of that

## BOTH FOUGHT THE SIOUX

### OLD INDIAN FIGHTERS WILL AGAIN SERVE TOGETHER.

Gen. Bubb and Major Sibley Were With Crook in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expeditions—The Sibley Scout's Narrow Escape From Capture as He Tells of It.

Brigadier General J. W. Bubb, who has been ordered to St. Paul to assume command of the Department of Dakota, and Major Frederick W. Sibley, the commanding officer of the Third Squadron of the Second Cavalry, now stationed at Fort Snelling, saw service together against the Indians during the campaign of 1876 against the Sioux. Both were at the time young lieutenants. General Bubb had been promoted from the ranks during his service in the civil war, while Major Sibley was then a young officer just out of West Point. They served throughout General Crook's Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions, and General Miles's campaign through Montana—General Bubb with the Fourth Infantry and Major Sibley, then, as now, with the Second Cavalry, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

One little incident of Lieutenant Bubb's bravery is related by the famous war correspondent, afterward Congressman John F. Finerty, in his book, "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux." The incident occurred in Wyoming in May, 1876. It is thus described by Mr. Finerty:

"Some officers informed us that the ferry between the camp and Fort Fetterman had broken down, and that we could not get our mail or send dispatches. The river at that point is so rapid and so full of whirlpools that few men care to swim it and most horses refuse to do so. A wagon driver, together with a sergeant and two private soldiers of the Second Cavalry tried the experiment of swimming their horses over a few days before and all were drowned. It was absolutely necessary for us to cross the river.

"When we reached the ferry we found that it had been patched up in a temporary manner and concluded to go across. When near the Fetterman bank the rope broke, and we should have been swept down the stream at the imminent risk of drowning but for the heroism of Lieutenant and Commissary Bubb, who plunged into the river on horseback, caught a cable which somebody threw toward him and towed us in safety to shore amid the plaudits of the spectators."

Gen. Bubb was engaged in nearly all of the celebrated engagements of that

us more rapidly. The situation was growing more serious every minute. My men were doing good work with their rifles. It pleased me to see one man shoot a noted Sioux chief right through the heart. The old sinner never twitched a muscle after the lead hit him. We never knew how many he killed because when an Indian is shot his comrades keep him out of sight. Well, we held them off for four hours, and they were four hours of hot work, I can tell you. My scout then told me that the Indians were on three sides of us. We had one chance left to retreat, and this chance was fast lessening because fresh Indians were coming."

Both Finerty and De Harthe relate the story with much more elaboration and both say that Lieutenant Sibley at first hesitated in taking to flight even under those circumstances, but Grouard convinced him that it meant a terrible death to all and no good could possibly come of it if they stayed.

"I did not like to abandon our horses," relates Major Sibley, "but it was that or die. So the retreat was ordered. I inspected each man personally to see that his equipment was right, but owing to my inexperience and the excitement of the moment I forgot the rations. Only one man in the command took his rations. Only one man in the command took his rations. It was an hour or so before the Indians discovered that we had fled. By that time we were up on the mountain in places so steep that one man had to help the other up. The horses could not follow us. So for the time being the Sioux would not strike us. Grouard took a mountain trail which we followed on foot for fifty hours without a mouthful to eat. Such fearfully vigorous exercise without food nearly killed us.

"Toward the end of this perilous march we all became so weakened that we marched for ten minutes and then would lie down and rest. Several of the most robust men became insane, and one or two never regained their wits. When we reached Crook's camp I slept for twenty-four hours without waking, and during that time the camp was sharply attacked by Indians. Even the roar of musketry did not disturb my sleep in the least. Not a single man was lost on the trip."

remarking on his experience of plains life, Major Sibley said that it seemed wonderful to him what remarkable instincts the halfbreed scout possessed. A scout had led him across a trackless waste on a dark night when the snow was falling and the wind blowing. The horses were continually drifting to windward to get their faces away from the cutting blast.

There was not a landmark to guide the scout. Yet in the face of all these difficulties the scout would lead the

## MAUD OF THE MUCK RAKE.

Maud Muller on a summer's day  
Raked the meadow sweet with hay,  
Her pa was not a man of wealth,  
All that she had was rugged health.

Sighing, she said: "Coffound the luck,  
I think I'll go to raking muck."

Because she tolled a wild unrest  
And an eager longing filled her breast.

"Why should I have to work," she cried,  
"While others scorn me in their pride?"

"With riches, they have never earned  
Their backs on me are proudly turned.

"The good Lord never planned things so  
There's something rotten here below.

"An Ida Tarbell I will be,  
And whack the plutocrats," said she.

The Judge appeared upon the scene,  
Bringing an odor of gasoline.

He stopped to buzz the girl awhile;  
She was plump, and he rather liked her style.

She knew that he possessed a wad,  
He thought: "How sweet a name is Maud."

He spoke of railroad stocks he had,  
The maiden listened and was glad.

"In two years, if my luck is fair,"  
He said, "I'll be a millionaire."

"I travel on passes through the land—"  
Maud sweetly said: "Oh, ain't that grand?"

"As far as rebates go, I'll say  
That I regard them as O. K."

"A block of Standard stock I claim—  
No matter how I got the same."

"Now tell me, Maud, and tell me true,  
Don't I look rather good to you?"

Her face against his breast she hid,  
And gladly answered that he did.

Today she is the Judge's wife,  
And lives in style, enjoying life.

And oft she wonders in her pride  
Why people can't be satisfied.

"Why," she complains, "do critics pitch  
So foolishly into the rich?"

"Why do they ever scold or sigh  
Because the things they need are high?"

"Wise Providence has planned affairs,  
We rich, alas, have many cares.

"But while we nobly bear the strain,  
Why should the ones below complain?"

"Of all wise words, the best by far  
Is: 'Take things meekly as they are.'"

—Chicago Herald.



The easiest way to reach the top is  
to get in on the ground floor.—Puck.

"Crossed in love once more," lamented the Hellespont as Leander clambered up the bank.—Princeton Tiger.

Few things please the average man more than to receive a letter from the school-teacher and find five