

DEBORAH

(Short story by Miss Edwards.)

"Why, Deborah Oliver! What art thou dreaming about?"

At the sound of the sharp voice the little figure in grey turned away from the window, and faced the woman in the doorway.

"I can't say that I was dreaming about anything," she said listlessly. Her aunt laid both hands on her shoulder and looked down at her. In her eyes a great love for her orphaned niece strove to brighten the look left there by some misunderstanding.

"Tell me, Deborah, what troubles thee. Art thou not happy? He will be good to thee, far better than any other I know of. He is a good man."

But Deborah shook her head, and long after Elizabeth Oliver had left the room stood meditating. Yes, truly, no one would be more apt to be "good" to her than Jonathan Hilton. Jonathan Hilton was the preacher of the little town. He had known and loved Deborah for years, ever since she was but a girl. Now she was a woman, twenty-two, fair, small, and characterized by a quiet serenity that was at once beautiful and charming. Jonathan Hilton had not been Deborah's only lover, for every one in the town knew that Stephen Dalton had wooed her for many months before he went away, more than two years ago. But if Deborah cared for him she did not show it, not even when the news of his death in a shipwreck at sea was told to her. Still Jonathan Hilton wooed her, and at last she promised to marry him.

"Not that I love thee," she told him, "but because—" and she never finished.

She lived her life over there in the dim gray twilight that filled the room. Then with a sigh she went out to find her aunt and assist if possible in some light duty, for the Oliviers were in good circumstances, and Deborah worked, not because she must, but because her honest Quaker heart told her she owed it to the kind uncle and aunt who had raised her.

The days flew by. Autumn and all its glory was approaching, and with it, the harvesting, the corn husking and various amusements that are allowed at this time by the Quakers. Another event also was approaching, and that was Deborah's marriage. It was the subject of the village, and it filled every one with keen anticipation, except Deborah.

Next to Deborah's wedding the affair of most importance was the husking to be given in the big barn of John Winston, Stephen Dalton's brother-in-law. The morning of the great day dawned heavy and misty.

"Aunt, if these do not need me, I think I'll go to Sarah Winston's."

"This rather early and the fog lies heavy." But Deborah threw the grey coat around her shoulders and went down the garden walk. At the gate she plucked a pink rose that hung loaded with dew and tucked it in among her brown curls. 'Twas the first rose that had shone there since Stephen went away, and into her cheeks the first bit of color that had bloomed there for many a week began to creep.

She walked slowly along the path that ran beside the little brook, thinking, thinking. Ah, 'twas good to be alone, to be able to think, or am I mistaken, it must have been bad. "He's a good man," she thought. Then forgetting herself she spoke aloud, "But I do not love him." It was like a cry, for the meekness was not there, rather defiance glowed like twin stars in her dark eyes, and burned her cheeks to the red flush of the rose. Suddenly she lifted her head and, with a sharp cry, she stopped.

"Stephen! Stephen! is it really thee?"

The man leaning against the tree there in their old meeting place, turned and beheld the girl.

"Deborah!" He drew her to him; but, if suddenly remembering, she pushed him away.

"No, no, these mustn't," she panted. "Don't, Stephen, don't!"

He released her, and turned away. "Didst thou forget, Deborah?" But Deborah had fled. Across the fields and into the garden, never stopping till she reached her own room.

How she ever passed the day, or how it was that she managed to get ready for the husking she never knew. She did not wish to go, but since she had promised to go, she went.

Seemingly, she enjoyed herself; but when Stephen came in she sought her aunt.

"Aunt Elizabeth, take me home." To her aunt's anxious inquiries she only answered that she was not feeling well.

"The musn't get sick, tomorrow's thy wedding day."

After Deborah's departure, Jonathan Hilton laid his hand on Stephen's arm. "My son, I wish to talk with thee." Stephen frowned and would have broken away. "Come, Stephen, I wish to help thee," the little parson insisted, and somehow Stephen went.

Outside in the bright light of the harvest moon, Jonathan began to speak quickly. At first Stephen listened sullenly, then he began to shake his head. "I cannot," he said firmly, and walked away. Jonathan stood still a few seconds and then followed him.

Next day Deborah went to the village church, leaning on the arm of her uncle. Some say that her dress was not whiter than her face. She stopped without the church, under the ivy covered trellis, to speak a word to a friend, and while she stood there the sunbeams came and played among her curls.

"Happy is the bride that shines on," some one cried, as she passed within.

Instead of being beside the railing

The Great Wall of China. But it would have been well worth while to make the trip if we had gotten nothing else but the view of and from the Great Wall at the end of the journey. About two thousand miles of stone and brick, twenty-seven feet high, and wide enough on top for two carriages to drive abreast, this great structure built two thousand years ago to keep the wild barbarian Northern tribes out of China, is truly "the largest building on earth," and one of the world's greatest wonders. It would be amazing if it would only cover plains and lowlands, but where we saw it this morning it climbed one mountain height after another until the top-most point towered far above us, dizzy, stupendous, magnificent. By what means the thousands and thousands of tons of rock and brick were ever carried up the sheer mountain sides, is a question that must excite every traveler's wonder. Certainly no one who has walked on top of the great wall, climbing among the clouds from one misty eminence to another, as we did today, can ever forget the experience. Perhaps it was well enough, too, that the weather was not clear. The mists that hung about the mountain-peaks below and around us; the roaring wind that shepherded the clouds, now driving them swiftly before him and leaving in clear view for a minute peak after peak and valley after valley, the next minute brushing great fog-masses over wall and landscape and concealing all from view—all this lent an element of mystery and majesty to the experience not out of keeping with our thought of the long centuries through which this strange guard has kept watch around earth's oldest Empire. Dead, long dead and crumbled into dust, even when our Christian era began, were the hands who fashioned these earlier brick and laid them in the mortar here, and for many generations thereafter watchmen armed with bows and arrows rode along the battlements and towers, straining their eyes for sight of whatever enemy might be bold enough to try to cross the mighty barrier.

However unwise the spirit or the aim in which the wall was built, we must admire the almost matchless daring of the conception and the almost unparalleled industry of the execution. Beside it the digging of our Panama Canal with modern machinery, engines, steam-power and electricity—considered as a feat of Herculean labor—is no longer a subject for boasting. To my mind, the very fact that the Chinese people had the courage to conceive and attempt so colossal an enterprise is proof enough of genuine greatness. No feeble folk could even have planned such an undertaking.—Clarence Poe, in Raleigh (N. C., Progressive Farmer.

History That is History.

Fascinating as it is for its present-day interest, however, Peking is even richer in historic interest. And by historic in China is not meant any matter of the last half-hour, such as Columbus' discovery of America or the landing at Plymouth Rock; these things to the Chinaman are so modern as to belong rather in the category of recent newspaper sensations. If he wishes something historic, he goes back three or four thousand years. For example, a friend of mine, at a little social gathering in New England some time ago, heard a young Chinese student make a talk on his country. Incidentally he was asked about a particular Chinese custom. "Yes," he answered, "that is our custom now, since we changed. But it has not always been so. We did the other way up to four or five centuries before Christ." Whereupon the audience, amazed at the utterly casual mention of an event two thousand years old as if it were a happening of yesterday, roared with laughter, which the young Chinaman was utterly unable to understand. When Christ was born, Peking (or what is now Peking, then bearing another name), having centuries before grown into eminence, had been destroyed, rebuilt, and was entering upon its second youth. About the time of the last Caesars, it fell into the hands of the Tartars after 1215. It was during the reign of Mongol Emperor, Kublai Khan, that Marco Polo visited his capital, then called Cambulac. Seventy-three years before Columbus discovered America, Nankou, built the great wall that surrounds the Tartar City to this day—forty feet high, wide enough on top for four or five carriages to drive abreast, and thirteen miles around.—Clarence Poe, in Raleigh (N. C., Progressive Farmer.

Don't Depend on the Hoe.

The hoe is too costly an implement to be depended upon, for it takes a man, and you will never need a hoe in the field if you start early with smoothing harrow and weeder, and if the cotton is planted in hills, there will be little need for chopping. For the cultivation of the hood crops you will need power, and we must have the horse-power to start with the smoothing harrow and the weeder. With these you can get over the land so rapidly that you will never be caught in the grass, and will need to put a plow in to cover the grass in the rows, for the early use of the smoothing harrow and weeder will prevent its starting there.—W. F. Massey, in Raleigh (N. C., Progressive Farmer.

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OLD TESTAMENT TIMES

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE

BIBLE STUDIES

DEFEAT THROUGH DRUNKENNESS.

I Kings 20:12-21—March 19

"It is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink."—Proverbs 31:4.

TODAY'S lesson recounts an invasion of the land of Israel by King Benhadad, over-king of Syria, who had under him thirty-two kings of Syria and a large army. Warfare in those days, of course, was very different from what it is today. The numbers in conflict were fewer and their weapons inferior. Their motive was plunder.

Our day witnesses a considerable advance along the lines of diplomacy. Wars and invasions now are always based upon some philanthropic motive—to free people from bad government, or to compel them to pay their debts, or to open up their country to civilization, or to give them more responsible and representative government, or greater freedom of religion. Robbery and pillage, by an invading army, are reprobated. Whatever is taken from the conquered people must be obtained by the levying of an indemnity fund. All this speaks to us of a higher moral sense, even though much relating to it be hypocrisy. The very need for the hypocrisy implies that, with a considerable number, there are qualms of conscience on the subject.

The Battle Was the Lord's, and of Course He Won

Benhadad sent his demands to King Ahab saying, "Thy silver and thy gold are mine; thy wives and thy children, even the goodliest of thine." King Ahab, recognizing the greatness of the army and his own unpreparedness for resisting them, answered, "My Lord, O King, according to thy saying, I am thine, I and all that I have." But when the invader broadened his demand and included with it the wealth of all the nobles of Israel, their wives and their children, etc., resistance was aroused. Thereupon the invaders set the battle army against the walls of Israel's Capital, Samaria.

At this juncture God sent a Prophet to Israel's King, informing him that he would deliver the invaders into his hand and give him a great victory. The astonished Ahab asked by whom would the battle be waged against the host. The answer was that at the command the princes of the provinces should fight under Ahab's direction, supported by the militia. By this signal victory God would demonstrate his power by protecting the nation with whom he had made the Law Covenant.

The Divine order was followed. Two hundred and thirty-two princes, or chiefs, of the people at noon passed out of the gates of the city, followed by seven thousand militia—a small number wherewith to meet a host. Apparently this was poor generalship; but the Lord was the General and overruled the results. King Benhadad and his associates had been drinking. The Syrians were ordered to capture the men alive. But this they did not do. Soon the Syrian forces were in disorder and completely routed. Humiliatingly speaking, the battle was lost by Benhadad's over-confidence, and particularly by his indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

Lessons Which We May Draw

The honest, the holy, the reverential of mankind, who seek peace and righteousness may be likened to Israel, to God's people. Benhadad and his thirty-two kings and their armies would correspond to Satan and his various hosts of unrighteousness. We may name these hosts as we please. To some, one portion, and to others, the more reprehensible. Many of these kings may represent various Trusts which, by manipulation of life's necessities, are attacking the welfare of the people. Others of these kings may represent various vices which prey upon the public, including intemperance. The forces thus set in battle array against the public are appalling, especially when the wealth at their command is considered.

The demands of these various "interests" come first upon the honorable and well-meaning public servants. But when the demands broaden, and it is evident that general pillage is the intention, the voice of the Lord should be heard and heeded, and a stout resistance should be made.

As with Ahab, the resistance should not be defensive merely. The call is for the princes, the chiefs of the people, who love righteousness, to go out first to do battle with all iniquitous invaders of the rights, happiness and interests of the people. And these princes or leaders who stand for righteousness should be ably seconded by all the courageous and efficient of the people.



Benhadad, King of Syria.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother, Bearing his load on the rough road of life?

Is it worth while that we jeer at each other In blackness of heart—that we war to the knife?

God pity us all in our pitiful strife!

God pity us all as we jostle each other; God pardon us all for the triumphs we feel

When a fellow goes down; poor, heart-broken brother, Pierced to the heart—words are keener than steel, And mightier far for woe or for weal.

Were it not well in this brief little journey, On over the isthmus, down into the tide, We give him a fish instead of a serpent, Ere folding the hands to be and abide, For ever and aye, in dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other; Look at the herds all at peace on the plain; Man, and man only, makes war on his brother, And dots in his heart on his peril and pain. Shamed by the brutes that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble Some poor fellow traveler down into the dust? God pity us all. Time too soon will us tumble, All men together, like leaves in a gust; All of us humbled down into the dust.

—Joaquin Miller.

More Poultry for the Farms.

No careful observer can fail to note the increased interest in poultry raising in the South during the last year. Like all other lines of live stock raising, it is especially receiving attention in the area being invaded by the boll weevil. It is simply astonishing what capacity this little bug—the boll weevil—has for making men think and even act. All lines of live stock are receiving more attention than ever before and poultry is coming in for its share of increased attention. But, strange as it may seem the greater part of this increase in poultry interest is among the people in the towns and to a much less degree among the farmers. This appears to us wrong. Surely there is no place where the opportunities for raising strong, healthy poultry at a minimum of cost, are so good as out on the farms. Not only is this true as regards the production of utility poultry—eggs and birds for food—but it is especially true of the production of fancy poultry and birds for breeding.

By much care, constant work and intelligent feeding and management, good poultry is produced on the small lots in or near the towns; but it requires more intelligence and poultry knowledge to raise good birds under such conditions than it does to accomplish the same results on the farm. Why then, is most of our best poultry raised in the small towns or near the cities?

The range which may be given the birds on the farm, except perhaps during the breeding season, is almost unlimited and this means a variety of feed, such as poultry require, and ample exercise, two things most essential to the economical production of vigorous birds.

It requires some knowledge to raise good poultry; and this can only be obtained by reading and studying the experience of others as set down in poultry journals or agricultural papers and in books, and by actual personal experience in the handling of the birds. In the past this has been thought too small a business for the farmer, but if that is still the idea, we insist that the women and children should be given an opportunity to add this additional industry to the farm. Nor would we limit them to the production of eggs and the growing of birds to be used as food; but would insist that where the inclination exists they be given a chance to produce the best, to be sold as breeders, or eggs to be sold for hatching.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

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Buff Wyndottes; S. C. White and Buff Leghorns, Stock and eggs at bargain prices also O. I. C. hogs, W. E. Carroll, Normandy, Tenn., Route No. 1.

For Sale—Jig Saw, cost \$90.00, will sell for \$40.00. Six inch Moulder, cost \$300.00, will sell for \$140.00. Best condition. J. H. Cole, Randleman, N. C.

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For Sale—S. C. R. I. Reds, White and Brown Leghorns, Black Langshang, Plymouth Rocks. Eggs for setting, 15 for \$1. M. B. Grant, Darlington, S. C.

Eggs in incubator lots or single settings from S. C. Reds, \$1.50 per 15; \$8.00 per hundred. Nice cockerels, \$2.00 each. Eugenia Hammond, North Augusta, S. C.

Hustling Agents wanted to sell accessory indispensable to all automobile owners; very liberal terms. Write for particulars. Henszey, Box 542, Troy, N. Y.

Cabbage Plants—65c thousand, for balance this season; oldest grower here; Fishel White Rock eggs, \$1 per 13, from beautiful birds. Thos. W. Blitch, Young's Island, S. C.

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Circuit Court Sale.

State of South Carolina, County of Orangeburg—In Common Pleas. E. N. Mittle, Plaintiff, against Wm. L. Bishop and Mary Louise Bishop, Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment in the above entitled case, I will sell at public auction at Orangeburg Court House, during the legal hours for sales, on the first Monday in April, 1911, being the third day of said month, the following described real estate:

All that certain lot of land, with buildings thereon, situate in the town of Bowman, in the county of Orangeburg, in said State, fronting towards the Southwest on Ott Avenue eighty (80) feet, and running back to the depth of one hundred and eighty (180) feet, and bounded on the West by lot of said William L. Bishop, on the Northeast by lands of the Bowman Land and Improvement Co., on the Southeast by lands of J. D. Stroman, and being the same lot of land conveyed by Robert E. Copes, Judge of Probate, as Special Referee, to Mary Frances Bishop, who died bearing even date with the said mortgage, the same being executed to secure the payment of the balance of the purchase money.

Terms—Cash, the purchaser or purchasers to pay for all papers and all taxes falling due after the day of sale, and in case the purchaser or purchasers fail to comply with the terms of sale, said premises will be resold on the same or some subsequent salesday, on the same terms, and at the risk of the former purchaser or purchasers.

G. L. SALLEY, Clerk of Court of Common Pleas for Orangeburg County, S. C. March 14th, 1911.

Citation for Letters of Administration

State of South Carolina—County of Orangeburg.

By G. L. SALLEY, Clerk of Court, Acting Probate Judge.

Whereas, Fred K. Norris, has made suit to me, to grant him Letters of Administration of the Estate of and effects of Ned Avinger, deceased. These Are Therefore to cite and admonish all and singular the kindred and Creditors of the said Ned Avinger, deceased, that they be and appear before me, in the Court of Probate, to be held at Orangeburg, Court House, on March 27th, 1911, next after publication thereof, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the said Administration should not be granted.

Given under my hand, this 13th day of March, Anno Domini 1911.

G. L. SALLEY, Clerk of Court, Acting Probate Judge

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