

FEB. 20, 1917

THE CARLETON PLACE HERALD.

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Arkansaw

He Was a Gentleman of the Southwest.

By F. A. MITCHEL

When boys' summer camps were first established in the United States, at one of them, located in northern New England, were two boys who were chums. They were the very antipodes of each other. Both were of the older boys at the camp, being between seventeen and eighteen. Frank Vinton hailed from Connecticut. He was intellectual and spiritual. Those who knew him best predicted for him a marked career in some intellectual pursuit, probably the church. Edward Davis was from Arkansas and a typical southerner. He was long of limb, large boned and muscular. He was two years behind his chum in fitting for college.

Each was in his way a leader of other boys. Frank Vinton was usually entrusted with the management of the entertainments got up at the camp and was recorder. His camp journal was beautifully written. Davis, who was universally called Arkansaw, led the hikes, the canoeing, the swimming—in fact, all the sports. Naturally the boys, who placed strength and daring above intellect, admired him more than Vinton. But Arkansaw ranked himself far below his chum. What we possess we do not value; what we lack we covet. Arkansaw saw no merit in his diving from a platform elevated forty feet above the surface of the water or being able to throw any boy in the camp. He would have given his strength and daring for the ability to learn Latin grammar, which was beyond his intellectual endowment. For this reason, perhaps, he was pleased at his intimacy with the intellectual Vinton.

When the season was ended and the campers went home the chums regretted that they could not enter college in the same class. Vinton had passed his entrance examination, but Davis had still a long period of study before him. When Vinton became a junior Davis became a freshman. Of course he entered the same college as Vinton. Notwithstanding that they were two years apart in the college curriculum they were still chums. Naturally their associates wondered what was the tie that bound the brawny southerner and the polished New Englander. The truth is, persons don't usually make friends with their counterparts. They generally seek what they are not themselves.

Vinton graduated with high honors, and while his chum was struggling through the last two years in college he was studying for the ministry. The Arkansaw was wanted on the varsity crew, on the varsity football and baseball teams, but he could not be induced to train with any of them. He had as profound a contempt for muscular as he had reverence for intellectual strength.

Davis pulled through college, being graduated among the "dregs," as he called them, of his class. Vinton studied theology at his alma mater, so that their intimacy was not interrupted. When Davis finished his academic course Vinton was admitted to orders, having taken a three years' course in two. They said goodbye to each other, Davis with more regret than his friend, who by this time was beginning to feel the difference between them, for the clergyman belonged to an aristocratic family and was engaged to a society belle. She had met Davis and wondered what her lover could see in him to admire. Perhaps this is the main reason why Vinton parted with his chum without the regret that was to have been expected.

Davis inherited an estate that rendered him independent of work, but it would have been impossible for him to be idle. An office in the gift of the people of his state becoming vacant and it being desirable that a man not stained with political iniquity should be elected, Davis was waited on by a committee from both parties who asked him to run for the office, promising him a sure election. He was too dumfounded for awhile to reply, then said that a better man than he was needed for the duties involved. But the committee would not accept his refusal and left him assuring him that he would be elected whether he ran or not.

This was the beginning of a political career that was thrust upon Davis, but it lasted only a short time, for he became disgusted with politics, and when his friends proposed to nominate him for an important state office he flatly refused.

One summer five or six years after he had parted with Vinton he resolved to go north for a visit, taking in his old chum by the way. The truth is he had learned to love the north in summer while at the boys' camp and longed to get back into the northeastern territory where he could enjoy the cool woods and waters.

One Saturday evening a lanky man with a strong southern accent registered at a hotel in the city where Frank Vinton was rector of the most fashionable church. Edward Davis was the name entered, and his residence was Arkansas. Sunday morning he went to the church in which his old chum preached. He noticed that the congregation was made up of the elite and all were dressed in the height of fashion.

An assistant read the service, and the rector preached the sermon.

Arkansaw, gazing for the first time in several years on his old chum, saw that he had grown sleek and parted his hair in the middle. His sermon was on the value of a correct interpretation of the Scriptures, and his interpretation of certain passages pertaining to riches were very comforting to his congregation. Arkansaw was slightly disappointed in his friend's development, but his heart was still with the man who had been his chum till the spell—on his chum's part—had been broken by marriage. At the end of the service he waited at the church door for the rector and his family to come out. Vinton on seeing him grasped his hand cordially, but Mrs. Vinton could not conceal a look of annoyance. Arkansaw was dressed in southwestern costume. His hat did not shine as did the rector's, for the latter was of silk, while Arkansaw's was of felt, with a very wide brim.

"Come to my study tomorrow," said Vinton. "This is, of course, a busy day with me. Monday is for us of the cloth our day off. I shall expect you by 9 o'clock."

Then Vinton was hurried away by his wife lest he should be seen talking to the rawboned Arkansaw. Davis rather expected his old chum to take him home with him to dinner. Vinton did not dare to do so since he knew the guest would be frozen out by his wife. So the man from the south was thrown upon his own resources for the rest of the day. After dinner he sat smoking in the hotel office. A gentleman sitting near opened conversation with him.

Before parting with this person Davis learned a disagreeable truth. There was a skeleton in the rectory of Vinton's church. Mrs. Vinton was accepting the attentions of a man of fashion. The congregation would have already brought the matter before the vestry except for their attachment to their rector, who was the only person that appeared to be ignorant of the situation.

The next morning Davis and Vinton met in the rector's study. Vinton, now that he was alone with his old chum, relapsed into the chum of former days. But there was no invitation to the rectory. Mrs. Vinton had put her veto on Arkansaw.

"How long will you stay here, Ark?" asked the rector.

"I'm not decided about my going. I may be here a day or two, and I may go suddenly, so I'll say goodbye in case I don't see you again."

Vinton pressed his friend's hand. Davis saw that there was something on his mind, but could not fathom it.

The same afternoon the tall southerner appeared at the office of one T. Robinson Rhodes and sent in his card. The office boy who delivered it returned with the inquiry as to the nature of the caller's business.

"Private," was the reply.

The boy went back and presently returned with the words "Come in" and led the visitor to the office door. Davis saw a man dressed in the height of fashion sitting at a rosewood desk. Looking about to see that they were alone, the southerner closed the door and turned the key. Mr. Rhodes looked at him in surprise.

"What do you want with me, sir?" he said.

"Sign that," replied Davis, laying a paper on the desk before Mr. Rhodes. It read:

From this day I agree to forego any association with a lady to whom I have been paying marked attention, never again to call upon her at her house or to join her elsewhere.

Mr. Rhodes' eyes were fixed upon this paper long enough to have read it a dozen times. He was thinking what to do. He was no coward and resolved to try to dominate the man who seemed disposed to interfere in his affairs. He turned upon Davis fiercely.

"Is this a case of blackmail?"

"You know that it is not."

"I don't know who is the lady to whom you refer, but if you intend to drag any lady into a quarrel you are contemptible."

"There is no necessity for dragging the lady's name into a quarrel. I have not mentioned her in his paper."

"Suppose I refuse to sign it?"

"You shall sign it."

"How do you propose to compel me?"

"There is but one way I can compel you unless you refuse to sign it. If you refuse I shall seek you out in some public place and insult you. I am not known in this city, and no one will suppose that my real motive is to prevent your bringing ruin upon my friend, his wife and his children."

There was something so quietly determined in the southerner's manner that his adversary saw there was no escape for him. What his course would have been had he not had all to lose and nothing to gain no one knows, but he saw that this man was saving him from himself and yielded.

"I must communicate my reasons to the lady for my action," he said after pondering.

"That is admissible."

Davis left with the pledge duly signed and, going to his hotel, departed on the next train.

The Christmas festivities had passed when Mrs. Vinton said to her husband:

"You have been overworked during the holidays this year, dear, and are tired out. Suppose we run down south for the cold season."

"In what direction?"

"We might make a call upon your old friend Mr. Davis."

Vinton looked searchingly at his wife.

"As you like," he said.

When Arkansaw next saw his old chum he was greeted with fervor by his chum's wife. She gave no explanation for the change, but the Dixie man knew that he had saved her from a grievous misfortune. From that day she also was his chum.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VIII.—First Quarter, For Feb. 25, 1917.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, John v, 1-15—Memory Verses, 8, 9—Golden Text, John ix, 4—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

While the lesson assigned to us today covers only fifteen verses, we must consider, as far as possible, the whole of this wonderful chapter concerning Him who is the fountain of living waters and the only judge of all mankind. These feasts were all originally "feasts of the Lord" (Lev. xxiii, 2, 4, 44), but they had degenerated into mere religious formalities as feasts of the Jews. Jesus attended them because there He found opportunities to teach and to heal, and it was His custom to go everywhere preaching the gospel of the kingdom and healing all sickness and disease (Matt. iv, 23). The scene of the healing of our lesson was at a pool in Jerusalem called Bethesda, which was by the sheep market or, as in the margin and the Revised Version, the sheep gate. Bethesda means house of mercy, but mercy can only be found in Him of whom the sheep gate is so suggestive, the Lamb and the sheep of Isa. lxi, 6, 7, on whom all our iniquities were laid, the Lamb of God, who taketh away sins. It is interesting to note that the building of the wall by Nehemiah began and ended at the sheep gate (Neh. iii, 1, 32).

This pool, with its troubled waters, was as useless for a really impotent person as were the feasts of the Jews to help any one, for he must needs be a lively impotent who would get in first. The poor, hopeless impotent of our lesson had his infirmity thirty-eight years, and we remember that the infirmities of Israel in the wilderness lasted just thirty-eight years (Deut. ii, 14), and only the Lord Himself could and did deliver Israel. Without help from any mortal man or without ever touching the pool this poor impotent was made whole, for surely the fountain is better than the pool, and there is none other who can do ought for the really impotent, and such we all are, for the whole world is guilty before God, and there is not one thing that we can do, not one step that we can take toward the righteousness which God requires.

We can only plead our guilt and utter helplessness, and then comes from Him the word of life and health, and we become justified, freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Rom. iii, 19-24). As it is stated in verse 24 of our lesson chapter, hearing His word and receiving Him we have everlasting life, have

passed from death to life, and shall not come into judgment for our sins. The Judge Himself says so (verse 22), and that settles it. This is the life that is given to all the dead in sins who now receive Him, and the hour still continues, though it has already lasted nearly 1,900 years (verse 25). The other hour of verses 28, 29, will last 1,000 years and will begin with the resurrection of the righteous at the coming of Christ (I Thess. iv, 16-18; Luke xiv, 14) and will end with the resurrection of the rest of the dead for the great white throne judgment (Rev. xx, 5, 6, 11-15). Note some of the testimonies of Him who alone can give life, before whom all sickness flees and to whom all judgment has been committed: The Son can do nothing of Himself; the Father loveth the Son and sheweth Him all things that Himself doeth; the Father hath committed all judgment unto the Son; he that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent Him; I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me; the Father Himself hath sent me; I am come in my Father's name; had ye believed Moses ye would have believed me, for He wrote of me (verses 19-23, 30, 37, 43, 46). Yet this is the man whom they sought to kill, accusing Him of breaking their Sabbath and of making Himself equal with God.

One would think that His words and His works would have convinced them (verse 30). But when people allow themselves to be blinded by the devil he does his work very thoroughly. When the truth is rejected God allows lies and strong delusion to grasp the hearts (II Thess. ii, 9-12). One great hindrance to believing God is the temptation to seek honor from men rather than from God only (verse 44), the desire to be held in esteem by our fellows because of learning and scholarship, the unwillingness to be wholly for God and seek in all things only His approval. Jesus Christ came in His Father's name seeking in all things to glorify Him, and all His words and works were the Father's through Him. But there is one coming in His own name, and it may be soon, who will exalt himself and whom all the world will worship except those whose names are in the book of life (verse 43, with Dan. xi, 36; II Thess. ii, 3, 4).

Israel's trouble and that of the whole world can only be remedied by Him who healed the impotent man at Bethesda, and He will come in His power and glory to do it. But the other man, the man of sin, the devil's man, must get in his work first. Before this wicked one shall be fully manifested the church, the hindrance to the full manifestation of the devil's power, must be taken away (II Thess. ii, 7, 8).

Why Worry?

If you're afflicted with the worry habit, consider this old Chinese proverb: "The legs of the stork are long, the legs of the duck are short; you cannot make the legs of the stork short, neither can you make the legs of the duck long. Why worry?"

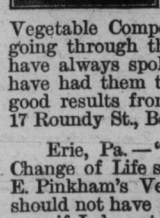
A Woman's Problem

How to Feel Well During Middle Life Told by Three Women Who Learned from Experience.

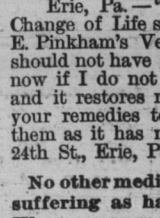
The Change of Life is a most critical period of a woman's existence, and neglect of health at this time invites disease and pain. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs. Read these letters:—



Philadelphia, Pa.—"I started the Change of Life five years ago. I always had a headache and backache with bearing down pains and I would have heat flashes very bad at times with dizzy spells and nervous feelings. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I feel like a new person and am in better health and no more troubled with the aches and pains I had before I took your wonderful remedy. I recommend it to my friends for I cannot praise it enough."—Mrs. MARGARET GRASSMAN, 759 N. Ringgold St., Philadelphia, Pa.

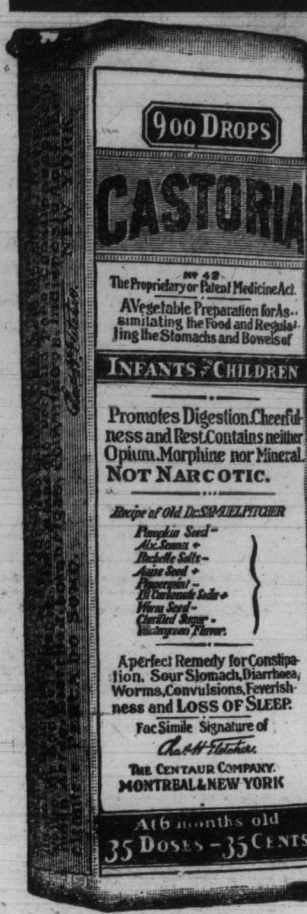


Beverly, Mass.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for nervousness and dyspepsia, when I was going through the Change of Life. I found it very helpful and I have always spoken of it to other women who suffer as I did and I have had them try it and they also have received good results from it."—Mrs. GEORGE A. DUNBAR, 17 Roundy St., Beverly, Mass.



Erie, Pa.—"I was in poor health when the Change of Life started with me and I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I think I should not have got over it as easy as I did. Even now if I do not feel good I take the Compound and it restores me in a short time. I will praise your remedies to every woman for it may help them as it has me."—Mrs. E. KISSLING, 931 East 24th St., Erie, Pa.

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MARION & MARION, MONTREAL.

A Guatemalan Marimba.

The people of Guatemala are very fond of music. Their most popular programs are those in which classical selections predominate. Band, orchestral, and marimba music constitute an indispensable feature of all public festivals and entertainments.

The most highly prized music in Guatemala is that of the Marimba, a sweet-toned musical instrument said to have been invented by the "Tecomate," a tribe of Indians of the State of Chiapas, Mexico. The original form of the instrument, crude in structure, was brought to Guatemala, where it has been greatly improved. It resembles the xylophone in structure and manner of playing. The keys, strips of wood graduated in length to the musical scale, are made of two kinds of wood called "hornigo," not unlike cedar, and "aguacate." The keys are held together by means of a cord drawn through them. There are 45 tones and 30 half tones. The bass tones are given by the long, thick slats, the high tones by the short, thin slats. The keys are struck with two small rubber hammers called "banquetas."

The marimba is about eight feet long, and varies from one to two feet in width. The sounding board beneath the keys is constructed of two kinds of wood, "taxicob" and "guachipilin," and the keys are made of mahogany. The cost of a marimba is from \$60 to \$125 gold.

The finest marimbas are manufactured in Quezaltenango, and the most skilled operators also come from the city, which is the second in size in Guatemala. Eight operators are required to play a marimba, and the addition of a bass viol, a recent innovation, gives strength and volume to the music.—Scientific American.

Japanese Superstitions.

The Japanese have many curious superstitions about animals, the chief among which is their belief in the supernatural power of foxes. There are numberless shrines, indeed, dedicated to foxes in Japan.

The badger is another animal feared by the superstitious Japanese mind. It is believed to have power to annoy people and to be able to turn into a priest at will.

The crying of weasels and the baying of dogs are considered evil omens, and such insignificant happenings send a shudder over the believers.

In Japan, a light-colored mouse in the house is a sign of happiness. If a spider falls from the ceiling in the morning it brings pleasure, but if at night it is thought to be very unlucky. To see a centipede at night means happiness in Japan.

Diplomacy.

Billy was sending out invitations to his birthday party.

"I don't think I would mention the birthday," advised his mother. "It looks so much like asking for a present."

To this Billy demurred violently, but was finally persuaded to yield the point. For a long time he thought deeply. Then, solving the problem, he asked:

"Well, mother, we won't say anything about the birthday, but don't you think that we might put the picture of a cake with candles at the top of the paper?"

Cheering Him Up. He (anxiously, after popping the question)—Why do you cry, my love? Did I offend you by my proposal? She (quietly sobbing)—Oh, no, dear. Mama always said to me, "Lil, you are such an idiot that you will not even get a donkey for a lover," and now I have got one after all.—Philadelphia Bulletin.