

Facts, Fables and Fancies

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

The Unseen.

"And yet, with all that beauty of voice, she does not appeal to the people." Said the Senator's wife who sat next me. "There's something in here that isn't in keeping with the harmony of her voice." And she indicated the region of the heart.

"Is that so?" I murmured in a tone calculated to lead on. I did not care to offer an opinion in the matter. However, I felt a desire to know the opinion of others.

"Oh, yes," continued the Senator's wife, "that is admitted generally. She has a tuneful throat but not a tuneful heart."

"Well!" I answered again with the suggestive tone.

"Yes, she hasn't the soul to put into her music. I have heard her in some light senseless things and she rendered them well. There was no feeling required, and she could fill the requirements of voice."

"Indeed!" I returned, "I do not know her very well, but I think she has a splendid voice."

"Yes, to be sure, she has, but that's all." And the Senator's wife and I separated for the evening. I went home feeling wiser in some respects than before, and in a very thoughtful frame of mind.

The Life Visible.

I asked myself the question: what would the human body or the human life be worth without a soul? Is the material end we reach a satisfying one? Are we content with the sound of our voices which dies away on the air forever; with the fleeting show of life and the unstable admiration of our friends? Tell me, O, my soul, is the life visible alone worth living? Of what value to us are the things we can see with our eyes or hear with our ears of ourselves alone? Are they not the outward expression of hidden greatness? Does not the present moment take its joy from the moments we believe are yet to come? The caresses of a lover would lose all their rapture if he new he was kissing his love for the last time. They would be as the kiss of farewell upon the face of the dead. Is it not the belief and hope in other days yet to come which fills the present with joy? Surely it is not the thing we see that delights or benefits us so much as the unseen power our imagination deals with.

The great infinite heights and depths, the boundless lengths and breadths that the eye cannot see nor the ears hear, but which the mind can picture for itself. The material things of everyday life point to a boundless world of golden promises where our imagination dwells happily; and that is the extent of the value of materiality.

If a singer suggests nothing but a good voice and a musical education we are not pleased when we listen. There are no heights nor depths in which to pasture our imagination. The soul is fed on its imagination; therefore if we stiffen our necks against everything romantic or visionary we close all possible communications between ourselves and the sweet fields of the land of the soul, and shut out all that is worth while.

Wholesome Imagination.

The difference between the soul's imagination and false imagination, however, must be clearly defined. They are as different as daylight and darkness. Imagination is a word that has been greatly misunderstood, or perhaps I should say, it has been only partially understood. The definition of unreality has been attributed to it almost altogether, until we regard it as something to be avoided. But when we think of it as a quality precisely synonymous with idealism and creative genius, and when we see that to imagine is strictly to think, we must place it in a higher category.

Miss Keller's Optimism.

I have recently read Helen Keller's essay on Optimism. This is Miss Keller's first real entrance into the field of literature, and it has aroused much comment over the fact that Miss Keller, being blind and deaf, should write a book on Optimism. But Miss Keller makes it very clear in her book why she of all persons may best write on Optimism.

Since optimism means the bright out-look of the soul; the growth and use of the soul's powers. Since material things are only the signs of Unseen Forces, and that the Unseen is real. Material things may not, cannot influence her life. She must turn to

the unseen kingdom for resources, for stimulus. She has happily found this kingdom big with possibilities and more than a solace to her physical limitations, she has found it the broadest, best world in which to find perfect happiness. In this kingdom the sky is blue and all is bright and happy. Miss Keller lives in it, not languidly and insipidly inert, but the breath of the morning blows on her cheek, the blood of youth flows in her veins, and her one thought is to press on and up. In this kingdom of the soul, to her as to all others who find it, life is work and work is joy unspeakable.

Depressing Imagination.

False imagination promises illegitimate pleasures. It keeps the mind dwelling and doting upon benefits which idleness and slothfulness have rendered impossible, which no effort has been put forth to obtain. The result of such imagination is that the soul's powers weaken and decay. The mind grows sick at hopes deferred and becomes unenterprising and suspicious; looks for disappointments and calamities to spring out from behind every friendly shadow. To sit and whine for pleasure is foolishness. It has been said that it is a good idea to put in about eight hours of good solid labor every day while we are waiting for something to turn up. This would be a good life motto for any one. Under such circumstances there would be no time to look for calamities and to dwell upon possible defeat.

Characteristic of Soul-Land.

The growth of the power of the soul's resources is the one thing in the world worth working for. So far as material things lead us to contemplate the unseen vastness, just so far is it of use to us. If any are engaged in employments they cannot put their hearts' best service into it is unfortunate. All such are spending their days monotonously and discontentedly, coming no nearer to happiness as the years pass by. Let every one fill his hands with something to do; with honest labor which he is not ashamed of nor despises, then let him open his eyes to visions, let the Unseen Forces work upon his inner life, let his imagination fly to the heights and depths and lengths and breadths of the infinite. All will be well. The soul's kingdom is characterized by progress, by climbing. It may be with struggles and strivings, but with climbing surely to dizzy heights of achievement, where the air is pure and where life is gladness.

Hum-Drum Life.

It has always been a great wonder to me how some people can live in the world from day to day and from year to year without making any visible progress. Are they living to the best possible advantage already? Is the way of life easy to them? Were they born with the faculty to be perfect without trying? Were they so well equipped with knowledge in the beginning that they need no betterment? And is it that I was so deficient to start with that not a sun goes down that I cannot point to something gained, some newly learned truth that goes into the everlasting structure which I call my life? Sometimes when a cloud has come between my optimism and me, when I am slightly out of touch with the Unseen Forces of light, and I get a distorted vision of things, I feel gloomy and sorry, arriving at the conclusion that I am less fortunate than many, because I have to dig and delve for what seems to come naturally to some in the simplest everyday affair of life. Then, when things brighten up, I know that when a life is no better today than yesterday it is a hum-drum existence, and that such lives count for but little in the infinite kingdom. I have noticed that there is a class of people who live as if life were a compulsory business instead of a pleasure. They seem to be waking out their allotted time and getting penitently and peevishly about it as if they resented the honor.

Triumphant Over Hardships.

I realize also that to some persons life is a deadly sorrow or a hard, wearisome process, and it often seems in such cases that it cannot be otherwise. Who or what is responsible for conditions like that I cannot say. But I believe that in most of such cases the eye of the soul looks out and up, and sees the reflection of the rainbow of promise and joy. I believe even they,

the true souls in such circumstances, would tell you that life is a noble privilege. And that the soul-life is a world unseen and unaccepted by the man or woman wholly given over to material living. That the invisible life is the better and larger part, and blessed are all they that find it.
IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Mrs. Sallie Moffitt, of Moffitt, Made Happy by Host of Relatives and Friends.

On last Sunday, December 27th, the children, grandchildren and neighbors in general assembled at the home of Alfred Moffitt, to celebrate the 82nd birthday of his wife, Sallie Moffitt. This happy old couple have lived together in wedlock for more than sixty years.

There was born unto them five children, three living as follows: Mrs. J. C. Cox, Mrs. B. B. Brooks, of Moffitt, and one son, Mr. T. A. Moffitt, the popular deputy agent at Ramseur, N. C.

Aunt Sallie joined the Christian Church about 60 years ago, and has lived a faithful member all this time. She was from one of the best and most noted families in Roanoke county, being a daughter of Eli Brower, Esq., brother of the late Alfred Brower, of Brower's Mills.

Aunt Sallie's only living sister, Mrs. W. R. Brown, was present as were also the following friends: J. C. Cox and family, B. B. Brooks and family, H. N. Brooks and family, W. A. and R. L. Moffitt and families, R. C. Cox and family, W. F. Bray and wife, and a great number of others.

After the crowd had assembled a portion of scripture was read and prayer offered by Rev. H. T. Moffitt. Then short addresses were made by L. E. Brady and E. W. Brown. All seemed to enjoy the services, but the good time was yet to come.

After the service a bountiful dinner was served, consisting of the very best the neighborhood could afford. It was estimated that 75 people partook of the dinner. There was plenty for all and a good supply carried home. May Aunt Sallie live to celebrate many more just such occasions, is the wish of every one that was present.
H. T. MOFFITT.

The Enemies of The Rose.

Be on the lookout for the enemies of the rose. You will have to fight for every fine flower. I have given up the use of hellebore, because it is so unreliable. Paris green is likely to burn the foliage if strong, and if weak it fails to accomplish the purpose for which it is used. I depend on a homemade remedy which is made by melting half a cake of the ordinary size of Ivory soap and mixing it with a teacupful of kerosene. Dilute this mixture with ten gallons of water, and apply with a sprayer, being careful to have it get to all parts of the plant. This preparation is far more satisfactory than any of the insecticides for sale by the florists, and will never injure the foliage or flowers. It is a good plan to begin the use of it before the various rose enemies put in an appearance, and keep up its use until their season of activity is over.—Eben E. Rexford in "Making the Country Home", in The Outing Magazine for June.

Mothers who cough their children Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup invariably induce it. Children like it because the taste is so pleasant. Contains Honey and Tar. It is the Original Laxative Cough Syrup and is unrivaled for the relief of cough. Drives the cold out through the bowels. Conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

Only the truly great can stand alone. The Man of Galilee was majestic in his solitariness.

Nearly every person who is subject to attacks from the stomach suffers from a morbid dread of a dietetic treatment for relief, that is three-fourths starvation, and one-fourth tea and milk. On the other hand you can eat as you please and digest the food by the use of a good digestant, thus giving the tired stomach equally as much rest. Eat what you please and take a little Kodol for indigestion after your meals. It digests what you eat. Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

Love is the only power of the human heart that grows by absolutely giving itself away.

Food don't digest? Because the stomach lacks some one of the essential digestants or the digestive juices are not properly balanced. Then, too, it is this undigested food that causes sourness and painful indigestion. Kodol for Indigestion should be used for relief. Kodol is a solution of vegetable acids. It digests what you eat, and corrects the deficiencies of the digestion. Kodol conforms to the National Pure Food and Drug Law. Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

It is the sterility of difference that distracts.

When the cold winds dry and crack the skin, a box of saline can save much discomfort. In buying saline look for the name on the box to avoid any imitations, and be sure you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

They spoke sweet words above her bier
Of some all-happy shore.

Where no pain comes to cause a tear,
Ever and evermore;

They made a garden of her grave,
Where many a fair vine creeps,
And to her tomb this comfort gave:
"She is not dead; she sleeps."

III

They told me birds would come to sing
For her a lullaby,

That for her sake the stars would swing
Their watch fires through the sky,

That conscious winds would will to stir
The roses at her head.

And all the suns would dawn for her,
Who sleeps, and is not dead.

III

They said her spirit loves me still,
Sees all, and understands,

But where the lips that spoke her will—
Where are her eyes and hands?

Not all men's prayer that she would live
Can move the guard of death,
Nor all the lore of age give
Her little body breath.

IV

The birds may sing, the flowers may start
Each spring where old flowers were,

But I can never teach my heart
That they bear heed to her,
Nor my fond passion to disguise
With light the path I grope

Can give me back her love-lit eyes,
Her heart-beat, and my hope.

V

I know so little! It is strange
A flower should be cut down

Ere, with its notes it suffered change
To autumn's gradual brown,
But this I know: should I grow old
Beyond the years of men,

I shall not ever, ever hold
My arms for her again.

A Robust Family.

Mr. H. W. Boyte of Glendon was in to see us the other day, and said the Monroe Journal had been bragging about some big Union county families, and he gave us his family history on the same line.

He is 49 years old, and has raised seven children, five boys and two girls, whose weights are 240, 227, 150, 200, 114, 114, and 87, while his own weight is 196 and that of his wife is 220, making the total weight of the family 1,548 lbs.—Moore County News.

Clear up the complexion, cleanse the liver and tone the system. You can best do this by a dose or two of DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Safe, reliable little pills with a reputation that everyone knows. Recommended by Standard Drug Co. and Asheboro Drug Co.

SOUTHERN FARMERS

Need a Southern
Farm Paper . . .

One adapted to Southern crops, climate, soils and conditions, made by our folks and for our folks—and at the same time as wide-awake as any in Pennsylvania or Massachusetts. Such a paper is

The Progressive Farmer.
Raleigh, North Carolina.

Edited by Clarence H. Poe, with Dr. Tait Butler, of the A. & M. College, and Director B. W. Kilgore, of the Agricultural Experiment Station (you know them), as assistant editors (\$1 a year). If you are already taking the paper we can make no reduction, but if you are not taking it,

You Can Save 50 cts.

By sending your order to us. That is to say to new Progressive Farmer subscribers we will send that paper with the Courier, both one year for \$1.50. Regular price \$2.00.

Address all orders to

THE COURIER,
Asheboro, N. C.

Furniture! Furniture!

My enlarged stock enables me to offer the public new House Furnishings and in greater variety. Selling at a small margin I expect to move the stock rapidly.

Besides these I offer specials in Dining Chairs, Rockers, Couches, Lounges, Hall Rocks and Iron Beds.

Still better is our Art collection of Pictures. See them. A full line of Bedding.

O. R. FOX, Asheboro, N. C.
Successor to Kearns & Fox.

CARBUNCLE CURED.

Three years ago my system was in such a condition that I had a succession of Boils—in all, sixteen. They were mostly between my shoulders and on the neck, though I had one bad one near my right eye. As fast as one would get well another would come and they troubled me and caused me to suffer all the summer. Finally they developed into a large Carbuncle on my right shoulder—as large around as the top of a bucket. My whole arm was affected and caused me great suffering. I had to carry my arm on a pillow. It was September when the Carbuncle came and for six weeks it had to be dressed three times a day. Knowing the trouble came from blood I bought a box of Mrs. Joe Person's Remedy and took a half dozen bottles before I stopped, and it cured me. By the time I took the six bottles, my Carbuncle was well and I have never had a touch of the trouble since.

Mrs. E. Z. TAYLOR,
Heokerton, N. C. Now of High Point, N. C.,
August 16, 1904.

A Guaranteed Cure for Piles.

Inching, Blotting, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if HAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 10 to 14 days. 50c

For Good Sound

DOGWOOD.

WE WILL PAY

\$15.00

PER D.D.

LOADED ON THE CARS;

\$7.00

PER CORD FOR MAPLE,

4 ft. long, 7 inches and up;

HICKORY,

\$12.00 per Cord.

H. B. WORTH, Treas.
Greensboro, N. C.

BACKACHE

"I wrote you for advice," writes Lelia Hagood, of Sylvia, Tenn., "about my terrible backache and monthly pains in my abdomen and shoulders. I had suffered this way nine years and five doctors had failed to relieve me. On your advice I took Wine of Cardui, which at once relieved my pains and now I am entirely cured. I am sure that Cardui saved my life."

It is a safe and reliable remedy for all female diseases, such as periodical pains, irregularity, dragging down sensation, headache, dizziness, backache, etc.

FREE ADVICE

Write us a letter describing all your symptoms, and we will send you Free Advice, in plain sealed envelope. Address: Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn. J13

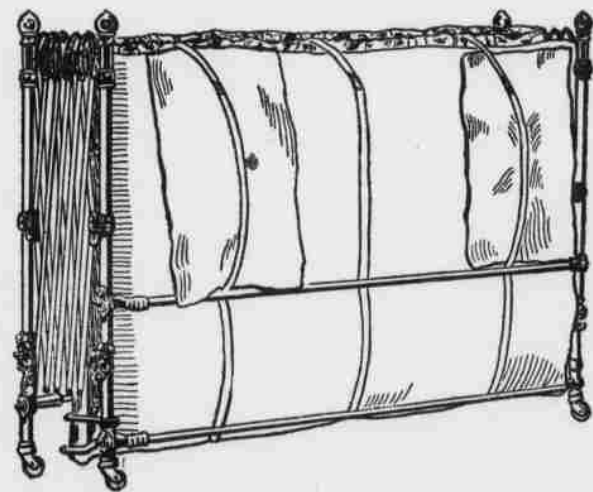
At Every Drug Store in \$1.00 bottles. Try it.

WINE OF CARDUI

SAFETY IRON FOLDING BEDS

The Twentieth Century "Sleeper."

Once used, always



People's House Furnishing Co.,
High Point, N. C.

CHOOSE WISELY . . .

when you buy a SEWING MACHINE. You'll find all sorts and kinds at corresponding prices. But if you want a reputable serviceable Machine, then take the . WHITE .



27 years experience has enabled us to bring out a HANDSOME, SYMMETRICAL and WELL-BUILT PRODUCT, combining in its make-up all the good points found in high grade machines and others that are exclusively WHITE—their instance, our NEWLY INVENTED CATOR, a device that shows the tension at a glance, and we have others that appeal to careful buyers. All Drop Heads have Automatic Lift and beautiful Sewall Front, Golden Oak Woodwork. Vibrator and Rotary Shuttle Styles.

OUR ELEGANT H. T. CATALOGUES GIVE FULL PARTICULARS, FREE.
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.