Facts, Fables and Fancies.

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

Our Affinity With Nature.

Have you not heard people declare that if the weather didn't clear up they would "go up in smoke," or "go frantic," or do some other desperate thing? I have. Have you ever felt that way yourself? Have you ever felt some day just like every cherished hope had suddenly lost its relish: that there was not much use in anything, and you wondered why such a seething, contending world was ever put into being by an allwise Creator? And, further, have you not felt at the same time that if you were called upon at the point of a bayonet to give your reason for such a condition that you could not give it? I have. Have you ever had such gloomy feelings on sunshiny day? Take a mental look backward and see if this sickness of purpose ever came to you amidst a day of sunshine without an objective cause. We all have heartaches, and clouds of vexation and sorrow whenever there is cause for them, but it is the blue, gloomy pall that comes over us without apparent reason that I speak of. When the skyscrapers are wrapped in clouds, summer or winter, may sensitive souls absorb so much of the gloom of the physical condition that they sympathize entirely with nature. Some persons are more susceptible to nature's changes than others, showing their closer affinity with nature. During now time I take this a good sign of great souls. I believe that the closer we are allied to nature, the nearer we have been modeled after the perfect Being, Nature's God.

Nearer Defectable Mountains.

At one stage of my life I was rather ashamed to admit that I was gloomy on cloudy days because I thought it was a sign of weakness or perhaps of sentimentalism. Since careful consideration of the matter I am glad to recognize the fact that gloomy days make me gloomy, and that I am happy on bright days, unless I have material cause to be otherwise. In fact I regard this affinity with nature so important in human beings that not long ago when I heard a woman say that the weather never had any effect upon her, I suspected her of being prosaic and hard hearted, and I fell to studying her nature. So far as I could observe her my decision was that she lacked almost altogether that depth of soul that it takes to make a poet. Right here I want to say that all people do not write verse. Time pass throng every walk of life who never dreamed of weaving verse. Of this I wish to talk to you some other time, now I go back to my subject. True and sincere as this woman is, for I know her often, yet all things must work out to her material satisfaction else she is not pleased. She does not go much on the sentiment of things, yet she does not find fault to those who can, for she realizes that it is a plane a little more elevated than hers. She is the kind of person one might wish to have to manage one's affairs where the utmost honesty and discretion were necessary, but the person with a great heart with whom one would like his final judgment to rest.

During the quiet and unspoiled study of this person's nature I come to this conclusion, concerning myself and others, who weep when the sky lowers, who laugh and sing when the sky is shining, where some all nature is in the body when the soft, tender breezes of spring come in all their wardens, whose power—"Far more than the Delectable Mountains" than we think—that perhaps we need not go so far as some to be prepared for the utter enjoyment of that state of ecstatic bliss.

A Sonnet.

Once when the sun had been hidden all day by dense clouds I had one of these very severe spells of sympathetic gloominess with me. It seemed that the business of my life was having a lull. Figuratively speaking, I was standing still trying to solve for my own satisfaction the question if all things have a good reason for being; in other words, I was taking an inventory of my stock of life, and debating whether it was worth the supreme effort. That grave and sullen melancholy which follows closely in the train of doubt was having its way with me. The day was passing and the sun who had not lent his beams at all to lighten us would soon lose his opportunity for the great dark earth would roll [illegible] and the night close in [illegible], I went to the door to look out, expecting to draw in some draughts of pure air and then go on with my work of reasoning about the worth of life, etc., but,—I forgot to breathe consciously, and stood still gazing in wonder at the glorious beauty of the sunset sky. The sun himself had gone, it was his reflection that made the sky so beautiful. The clouds were breaking into fantastic shapes and floating lightly and idly about. Oh, the magic coloring of those clouds, painted by Master painter! Oh, the hyacinth blue of that bit of sky, and the soft radient glow on trees and house-tops and everything! And oh, the splendor that stole into my heart! I stood and gazed and the gloom went out of me, I know not how nor why. But the golden light of the western sky, like the spirit-wind that blow eth where it listeth, crept around me and shone on me bathed me with the elixir of life and peace, so that when I turned away I was free. As I stepped lightly from room to room, busy with duties of home, I sang:

[illegible]

Ashamed, Art Thou.

Let none of us be ashamed of our affinity with nature, or the ease with which her aspects move us, for it speaks of our affinity with life and beauty, and God. Some people are proud of their immovable natures, they boast of their steadiness with alacrity. I tell you that only the hare-brained are immovable. Don't boast of your adamant feelings, or that you can't be moved by the sweet and touching things of life, because it is a sure sign that you are either hare-brained or stubborn. And I would rather be hare-brained than stubborn.

Remember that "The wind will rock a tower, while it whistles right through an old empty hut."

IDA INGOLD MASTEN.

MOORE COUNTY NOTES.

Carthage & Pinehurst Railroad--Telegraph Company Sold--Other Items.

The telegraph line from Cameron to Hallison has been sold by the Carthage Telegraph Co. to Frank D. Jones, of the Durham & Charlotte railroad.

Legislature has passed a bill providing a graded school for Cameron.

J. F. McArthur, agent for the Randolph Cumberland railroad, has moved his family from Staley to Carthage.

Laying rails for the Carthage & Pinehurst railroad will begin at Pinehurst this week. Grading is being pushed as rapidly as possible.

The cut being graded at Caddell & Freeman's mill bears the distinction of being the deepest in the state. It is 90 feet wide, 35 feet deep and 1500 feet long. Two hundred hands are at work at this point. —Moore County News.

P. H. Carroll, of Laurinburg, Beaverdam was probably fatally injured by a rock falling on him at a quarry near Spencer Wednesday last. His skull was fractured and his shoulder and collar bones were shattered. He is in the hospital at Salisbury.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 10.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xxvi. 12-25. Memory Verses, 16, 17—Golden Text, Matt. v. 9—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1897, by American Press Association.]

That we should be asked to omit all these intervening chapters and specially chapters xxii and xxiv seems too bad indeed, and we simply can't do it and have the mind of God. The weakness and wickedness of man are seen in Abraham's sinning again because he gave way to thoughts and fears (xx. 11). The birth of Isaac when his father Abraham was 100 years old, the casting out of Hagar and Ishmael, the angel's care of Hagar and the new name of God, the everlasting God (El-olam), are found in xxi. Chapter xxii gives us the most wonderful picture in the whole Bible of the father offering up his only son, the father carrying the fire and the knife, and the boy carrying the wood and asking, "Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Abraham receiving Isaac back from the dead in a figure (Heb. xi. 19) on the third day, and on Mount Moriah, where the foundation of Solomon's temple was afterward laid; the ram offered in Isaac's stead, the new name of the place (Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will see or provide). The union of the two previous separate promises concerning the seed as the sand and as the stars and many other models of grace and glory make it easy to pass such a chapter. Chapter xxiii tells of the death of Sarah, the purchase of the cave of Machpelah and her burial there at Hebron. In chapter xxiv we have such a ravishing foreshadowing of the Holy Spirit telling of the riches of the Father who gave all His wealth to His only Son that He may obtain a bride for that Son. Chapter xxv tells of the death of Abraham and his burial by Isaac and Ishmael in the cave of Machpelah, the birth of Jacob and Esau and how the latter sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

Our lesson chapter opens with Isaac sojourning with the Philistines instead of at the well of Alim that liveth and seeth (Gen. xvi. 14, margin; xxv. 11) because of a famine in the land. The Lord blessed him there and confirmed the promise to Abraham of a blessing to all nations and gave him the star end of the promise, the dust of the earth or sand portion being afterward given to Jacob (xxviii. 14). We find Isaac falling into his father's sin of calling his wife his sister, lest he should be killed for her sake, and, as in his father's case, reproved by a heathen king. Yet God bore with His erring child and cared for him and blessed him for His own name's sake in spite of his sin. "If we believe not, He abideth faithful. He cannot deny Himself" (II Tim. ii. 13). The unchangeable faithfulness of God is our only resting place (Mal. i. 2; iii. 6). In verse 3 we hear God saying to him, "I will be with thee and will bless thee," and in verse 12 we read, "And the Lord blessed him," and the next two verses tell something of the extent of the blessing. There is nothing that can compare with the blessing of the Lord which maketh rich and to which our toil can add nothing (Prov. x. 22, R. V.). In Isaac's case it brought a hundredfold, but in Israel the promise was that if they kept the Sabbath year the ground would give a three years' harvest in the sixth year (Lev. xxv. 20, 21). The blessing upon the lad's five loaves multiplied them sufficiently to feed perhaps 10,000 people, and what about the draft of fishes in Luke v. and John xxi. after the nights of fruitless toil? Is not His blessing everything? But it will always provoke envy and opposition and even persecution, as in verses 14 and 15. This we are taught to expect for His sake (John xv. 18-21; xvi. 1-3), and if we receive it in a proper spirit He will be magnified.

Where we are not wanted it is not wise to stay, so Isaac, being requested to move on, did so (verses 16 and 17), and he certainly did so very meekly, without any arguing or talking back. James and John would have fetched up a town on one occasion if they had been permitted, because neither they nor their Master was wanted in that town (Luke ix. 52-56).

Isaac learn to reopen his father's wells, which the Philistines had stopped and filled with earth after the death of Abraham, but as fast as he reopened them the Philistines claimed them, and he, without strife, yielded the first two. It is not our way, as a rule, to take such injuries meekly. Much trouble has often come from less provocation. Isaac meekly reopened a third, and they did not claim that, so he said, "Now there is room for us all." But who of us would have acted so? We next find him at Beersheba (the well of the oath), and the Lord appeared to him the second time, saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee and will bless thee" (verses 24, 25). There he built an altar and worshiped, and his servants dug another well.

Now note the sequel to his yielding the wells. Those who had driven him away from them came to him, desiring to make a covenant with him. They come with a lot of talk that does not sound true (29), but Isaac does not notice it, and we better not. But what we do notice is their testimony to God as seen in Isaac—"We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee" (28). How much are we willing to bear that God may be seen in us? The same day that Isaac received these men kindly his servants brought him word that they had found water. Is there not a connection?

How He Lost His Opportunity

[O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."]

How little the average person who is trying to get on realizes how many things are occurring in his experience which are trying to down him, and which are hindering his advance! A poor job, an unkind word, a stinging criticism, ingratitude for a favor, failure to give assistance when it was in his power, hard problems skipped way back in youth, a hasty act, an indiscretion of an unguarded moment. All things are likely to come up when he least expects it and bar his progress. Many an able man with political ambitions has failed of election to Congress, or of appointment to some coveted office, because of some slip he has made, or of somebody, perhaps a private secretary, who has put in the word that checkmated the move for his advancement.

Perhaps, it was a sarcastic remark about someone who later was in a position to help him, that lost him the opportunity.

Many a man has lost his opportunity for advancement under the present administration by opposing and criticizing Theodore Roosevelt in his earlier career, when he did not dream that the former would ever occupy his present lofty position.

You never can tell where a thoughtless or unguarded moment will land, or what effect a sarcastic remark may have on your future. He is a fortunate man who guards his tongue, who tempers his acts with prudence and good judgment.

[illegible]

[illegible]

A Doctor's Medicine

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Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

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NOTICE.

This is my last round for the collection of the taxes for the year 1906, and all who have not paid their taxes are urged to meet me at the above times and places and pay. I am compelled to settle the taxes and shall be forced to levy on all who fail to meet me and pay their taxes this round.

Very truly yours,
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