

What You Read.

A person's habits or dreams are formed by what they read. Mrs. Nicholby had a hazy idea of things and Mrs. Partington always was speaking malapropos because of some impossible thing she had read. In one of the most delightful of stories, Flower of the Dusk, one of the characters reads the Ledger or some of the impossible weeklies and has a very distorted idea of high life and the romance of the world. We read the novels of the present day and wonder if such things could happen. If the yellow set really do as the book pictures. Mrs. Humphrey Ward tells us in almost caricature what the divorce does and how nowadays marriages are tandem, etc. We see impossible situations and contrivances and we wonder if we have missed a part of what is going on. It is like attending a three-ringed circus—there is always something going on in the other two that we can't see or have missed.

In an article in last week's News it was asked where are our great men and women—nothing above the common level. There have been good novels published but they are few and far between. Where do we find anything like Dickens or Scott, Thackeray or Cooper? But any one that talks so is an old fogy and does not know what is good. We have had what at the time was considered a great book because it sold up into the thousands and if we count by the editions there are greater books than these older novels.

A book is great for the ideals it raises. If it is for the dilaetation of the morbid taste of a diseased mind or body, it is not great. If it depicts a shameful state of society only to gratify the morbid desire for purely sensual dilaetation, it is not a good book to read, though it may sell into the thousands. The nicle libraries which tell of the adventures of an impossible cowboy or gambler or robber and which fill the young mind with false ideas not only give a false knowledge but have spoiled a ductile mind for the better things of life and nature.

A novel of so-called high society has spoiled the pure mind for that which is ennobling and the book that tells of a trifling delectante life with no aim except to gratify the senses, is no incentive to endeavor and accomplishment.

Books like John Strong tell us of a life full of good strong work tho' under a shadow. The trouble with most books is that they have no underlying motive—and are written only to be a good seller and money-maker.

When you read the lives of the men who have accomplished something in this world you will find that they have not filled their minds with these yellow back novels or caricatures of society, but with good wholesome reading that broadens the mind and develops the latent powers of the intellect.

Really the way novels are reeled off today, one gets so far behind that you can never catch up and like Arthur Balfour, who says it is best not to read a daily, we would say perhaps it might be better not to read these books.

But then what are we to read? Almost everything that comes our way is of this character. It is hard in fact, at first to know what to read and to choose. Our talent is not developed. Besides it depends on our reason for reading. If it is merely to pass away the time and we expect to forget immediately—why just read anything—but the trouble is that we do not forget and there always remains something that either elevates our standard or leaves us worse and we should not desire this last but rather desire the elevation of our minds.

There is a story for boys and girls called "Keeping the Trys" that if read could not but help elevate and give nobler ideals.

There are novels that have certain aims in view that will broaden our horizon. There are books of history and thought that will help us to lay a foundation for a pure and noble manhood and womanhood and help us to understand the movements and problems of the day and will

enable us to live better.

Encircled as we are and often circumscribed in life, we need to read in order to understand the world. But our reading should be such as will give us a true idea of the world and not the worse side.

If you want to know the true life of the West, don't read the nicle library but read Ralph Connor's books of the Selkirks. Get a true idea and you will be better and you will feel like living the true life.

As your life and the ideas you form depend to a great extent on what you read—as you wish to be your best, read what is best.

Pickpockets of the Spirit.

There is a kind of burglar that ravages the earth and for whom there is no law but who should be punished just as much as if he had broken into the house and robbed—nay, he is worse, because he takes away what all the earth cannot give back.

A person who has worked hard all their life and scraped and saved and has had a hard time but through all that time has rested in the faith that she will have her reward and all this will pass away—in short that she will have all different and with this faith she has lived and suffered without failing, but someone comes along and tells her that it is an illusion, that she was believing only in a dream.

He robs her of her faith and strength and she is made desolate by the hand of a thief. We know a man who had suffered and worked and traveled—had encountered opposition—had lived the dreary routine of his days existence and accomplished things despite the opposition amidst discouragements and difficulties and his life was made more bearable by day dreams of his trips upon a yacht and with a congenial party. He travelled over Europe and reviewed the galleries and talked with poets and sages but some ruthless robber comes along and tells him that he is wrong and that this is a sin and useless and so worked upon him that he lost that pleasure and his faith and endurance weakened. A pickpocket of the spirit was what he was and should have been given a long sentence for taking away the staff of a busy but dreamy life.

Louise Alcott has told us of some little ones who lived in the life afar off. The dolls were personages of a different life from the narrow pinched one in which they lived and the dreary surroundings were beautified by the thoughts of what it might be, but one day some ruthless person for a little lack in service or some absent minded response—spoke sharply and censured her for doing and making believe so far as to neglect the duty and the joy of the little life was crushed it was a ruthless pickpocket that entered into the spirit and robbed the most precious possession and one that never could be given back.

We wonder often if these burglars that enter unbidden into the life are not more reprehensible than the robber of houses. Parents and teachers have to be well careful of how they destroy these dreams or ideas of the children. We who are working for the moral uplift of the world should be careful of how we tear down the cherished hopes of others.

The doubter and sceptic who does not believe and who tries to take away this delusion (as he calls it) of others is nothing more than a pickpocket and a burglar. He is entering the spirit and robbery it of its most cherished treasure. If you are doubtful keep it to yourself, don't rob others. Let the people have their dreams and illusions. They may work them out and at least they help bear the hard things of this life.

Don't be a pickpocket of the Spirit.—Youths Companion.

Frank Rigby, whom some of the citizens of the town will remember, and who has been staying with Dr. Maxwell at Beaufort, N. C., for the past several years, is visiting friends and relatives in Marshall.

Prof. H. T. Hunter, who has been spending some time at Bluefield, Va., was in town Tuesday.

Canonization of the Vicious.

We have read an essay by J. G. Holland on the subject of this article and the truth of much that he says is so applicable to our everyday life and the world around us that we cannot help but make it a basis for an editorial. As there is one class of men in the world which is interested in magnifying the sins of others, so there is another, hardly less numerous, bent upon making the sins of others respectable.

You never see dinners given to Milton, Martin Luther, Cowper, Bunyan, and others who were good in their greatness. But you see bumpers drunk to Burns, Goethe, Byron and others like them—men whose weakness call for an extra cloak of pity and whose vices make sight drafts on all the ready charity in the market.

One of the most fallacious and mischievous of current notions is that great talents offset great vices and that because men have above dispicable and horrible in unbridled ambition and limitless lust.

And when we come down to our own circle do we not apologize for vice or habit and by this apology canonize it, for the pure cannot attain anything. When men glory in this—when it is common report that such things are done—things that should bring a blush of shame to the face and we pass over it—are we not placing vice on a pedestal and virtue in the mire.

He who spares vice or apologizes for it in any place, wrongs virtue in every place. He helps the good to look upon it leniently and thus to lower the tone of morality in themselves. He assists the bad to make it respectable and thus to give them warrant and license in its imitation and even in its emulation. He discourages virtue in the humble and poor, the great masses who form the real basis of society and upon whose goodness and truth the state must rely for its character before the world and its stability in the world. He disturbs the apprehensions and the confidence of talent they have in themselves as bad as they wish. Because a man has power or riches the decalogue does not rule for him while the brother of less talent and less wealth will be held responsible for obedience to these laws. The result is that all canonize vice and the excuse that the poorer man is not given justice finds a basis of truth if we look at it fairly, for one law should rule all. And men high up in station, be it for money, intellect or power, whose faults are condoned do it because of the indulgence with which they are treated by men in general.

An unprincipled man (and we use the phrase for any that does wrong knowingly) who can achieve and maintain power over the minds of good men independently of his moral character, and secure at the same time the sympathy and support of bad men by participating in their vices, will always do both. The prevalent disposition which is seen on all sides to make heroes and martyrs of the infamous great, amounts to a premium on all that unsettles the moral balance of all to whom his words and influence come.

Let us braid no more wreaths to hide the mark of Cain on the brow of murder. Let us send up no more clouds of incense to hide the front of shame. The intellect will bow, if it must, but let it be with a protesting tongue and arms closely folded over the heart.

Are these not the thoughts of a sage and a teacher? Vice never should be tolerated because if it is, virtue is wrong. We have seen vice covered up and the protesting voice hushed, but every time it is, vice becomes stronger and more reason of excuse is given.

Let there be no more canonization of vice, whatever commendation of the decalogue it transgresses. If we condone vice, we extol virtue, but if we condone it, we trample virtue in the dust.

We notice that Mrs. Allison has treated the Gutter House to a new coat of paint which adds much to the looks of the place.

Courage

What is courage anyhow? We read of men who stand up in the firing line and are ready to give and take and the immediate exclamation that forces itself from our lips is—what nerve, what courage! Then it seems as if the only vantage ground from which it may be shown is in war or on the battle ground or in the stirring scenes of border warfare or mining camp. But in piping times of peace, the courage which is shown in battle is just as inherent in man as in these times of strife, and oftentimes it is more difficult to show than on the battlefield. Physical courage is oftentimes recklessness only and when one lacks this recklessness he passes for a coward. Psychologists would tell us that true courage is the strength of spirit or intellect over matter as it is manifested in our bodies and the most dangerous person is the one who lacking this intellectual courage and acumen, gives away to recklessness. Many a man kills another, not because he is courageous but through pure cowardice. He is so much cowed that the only way he sees to get out is to shoot and kill.

True courage does what is right, not consulting the cost of things or looking to what it will lose. In the battle for right it will stand and be assailed, but will keep on with the battle until right wins. And the one who stands up for right, cost what it may, has greater courage than he who faces a posse of officers or dares the danger of a fight. We have to look at things from the right view-point and if we do will gain the battle over self and over the enemy.

"He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day" is a couplet that we have often used to show up a coward. But he who has true courage will oftentimes give away to seemingly cowardice in order to morally win out.

There are men who will stand at bay for hours when they can fight back, who grow pale with fright when they have to fight with one they cannot fight against. Places where firearms are useless and only the innate courage of the spirit—disease and wrong moral obliquity unjustly hurled against us and the fight that only time can end—these are some of the things that test a man and his courage, and oftentimes the greatest heroes are those who have stood these things and never whimpered. Some cannot understand—others will—but the world will have to admit that these are her heroes.

We will have to raise our ideas of heroism. The trouble with us is that we have still the tales of Roland in the peers of Charlemagne or Richard Cœur de Lion of rollicking fame, but the world has changed and the fight is not of lance or battle-ax in lists of Ashley nor the plains of France in medieval ages, fighting for glory or her lady's smile, but with weapons that are moral—the big stick, the word, the pen, and the lists are men's brains and hearts and the sponsors are right and justice. It requires courage to fight these for they threaten loss in many ways—tho' it may be but temporary, and contumely and derision. Many a man falls before it. He alone who is strong with courage will ride through it and at last be crowned with success.

TO THE TAX PAYERS OF MADISON COUNTY.

It appearing to the Board that various tax-payers throughout the county have failed to list their tax for the year 1909 as prescribed by law, notice is hereby given that all persons who fail to appear before James Smart, Register of Deeds, on or before the first Monday in September, 1909, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

J. C. CHANDLER, Chm. Board Commissioners. JAMES SMART, Clerk to Board.

Lady Teachers Wanted

To teach the famous Queen Quality. The best shoe on earth for the money. Apply at once to T. N. JAMES.

We Are Able

To make money for our stockholders. To loan money to our customers. To pay interest to our depositors. To keep safely all funds entrusted to us.

Give us your business and see how pleasant and profitable it is to carry an account with

The Bank of French Broad, Marshall, N. C.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE BANK OF HOT SPRINGS, HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

At the close of business, June 23rd, 1909.

RESOURCES: Loans and Discounts \$13,282.20 Overdrafts 309.85 Banking-house and fixtures 3,049.12 Due from Banks and Bankers and cash 5,815.92 TOTAL \$22,547.09

LIABILITIES: Capital Stock \$10,000.00 Undivided profits, less current expenses and taxes paid 1,113.38 Notes and bills discounted 800.00 Deposits subject to check 8,668.50 Demand certificates of deposit 1,928.62 Cashier's checks outstanding 36.59 TOTAL \$22,547.09

North Carolina—Madison County. I, C. J. Ebbes, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

C. J. EBBES, Cashier. Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 30th day of June, 1909. JASPER EBBES, Notary Public.

Southern Railway Company

SCHEDULE OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

N. B.—Following schedule figures published only as information and are not guaranteed.

East Bound (Central Time) No. 36, daily, due 5:00 a. m. No. 12, daily, due 12:12 p. m. No. 102, daily, due 8:38 p. m. West Bound No. 35, daily, due 2:35 a. m. No. 101, daily, due 6:55 a. m. No. 11, daily, due 2:55 p. m.

SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE. W. A. WEST, Agent, Marshall, N. C. J. H. WOOD, Dist. Pass. Agent, Asheville, N. C.

Notice of Sale Under Execution.

Under and by virtue of an execution to me directed by the Superior Court of Madison County in the case of Roberts, Miles & Company against A. E. Shaw and Francis T. Shaw, I will on Monday the 16th day of August 1909, it being the first Monday of the August Term of the Superior court of Madison county 1909, sell at the Court house door in the county of Madison and State of North Carolina to the highest bidder for cash, all the interests of the said defendants A. E. Shaw and Francis T. Shaw in and to the following described tracts of land, situated in the Town of Hot Springs, Madison County, N. C. bounded as follows: First Tract: Commencing 200 feet from the corner of Bridge and Walnut Streets, thence with Bridge Street 100 feet to a stake, thence south east 800 feet to a stake, thence north east 100 feet to a stake, thence 300 feet to the beginning, containing one acre more or less.

Second Tract: beginning on a stake at the corner of Bridge and Walnut Street, and runs south west with bridge street 980 feet to a rock wall, thence southeast with said wall or fence 544 feet to a garden fence of the farm house lot, thence east 100 feet with said fence to the top of the hill or bluff, thence south with said bluff on the edge of same 540 feet to a sweet gum tree on the bank of the creek, thence down the meanders of Spring Creek 419 feet to the corner of Walnut Street, thence north

west with said creek 641 to the beginning, containing seven acres more or less. In this tract is excepted the Merrill lot.

Third Tract: commencing on a stake on Walnut street in the town of Hot Springs just 200 feet from Mrs. C. T. Rumbough's vegetable garden and former dwelling house recently sold to Frances Rebecca Shaw, thence 110 feet in a south east direction with said street to Spring Creek road 200 feet, thence to original line, thence south west 200 feet to a stake, thence northwest 100 feet to a stake, thence 300 feet to the beginning, containing one and one half acres more or less.

Fourth Tract: beginning on a stake 18 inches south west of a triple black walnut now a stake the walnut being gone at a point opposite the intersection of Walnut street with Spring street and Hill street and runs north 59 east and parallel with Hill street 146 feet to Conway street, thence south 52 east and parallel with the said Conway street 91 to a stake, thence south 52 west 146 feet to spring street, thence same course 90 feet to Spring creek; thence north 52 west and with the meanders of said creek to a point opposite and on a line with said Hill street 91 feet to a stake at the upper end of the turn hole in Spring Creek, thence north 52 east 80 feet to the beginning, containing about one half an acre more or less.

Fifth Tract: beginning on the south east corner of Sarah McFall's lot on Walnut street, 80 feet from the corner of Hill and Walnut street, thence north west with Walnut street 80 feet to a stake in Ward's line, thence north east 100 feet in a parallel line with the division fence of D. E. Ward to a stake in the Southern Improvement Company's line, thence southeast with said Company's line 80 feet to another corner of Sarah McFall's lot, thence southwest with Sarah McFall's line 127 feet to the beginning, containing about one-half acre.

Sixth Tract: beginning on a stake in the corner of Bridge and Walnut street and runs south 67 1/2 west with said Bridge street 15 and 15-100 poles to a stake in the corner of the Neal and Nicholson lot, thence same course and still with said street 2 1/2 poles to a stake, thence south 44 west and still with said street 2 poles to a stake, thence south 21 west and still with said street 28 poles to a stake at a point where this line crosses said Bridge street, thence same course in all 39 poles to a rock wall fence, thence south 60 east and with said wall or fence 12 poles to a stake, thence east and still with said wall or fence 10 poles to the end of said wall, then north 30 east and up the side of a bluff or ridge 8 poles to a stake on top of said bluff or ridge, then south 63 1/2 east and with the top of said bluff or ridge 22 poles to a sweet gum tree on the west bank of Spring creek, thence northwest and with the meanders of said creek 18 poles to a stake in the line of Merrill lot, thence north 51 1/2 east and still with the meanders of said creek and line of said Merrill lot 12 poles to its northeast corner of Walnut street, thence north 35 west and still with the line of said Merrill lot passing its corner northeast at 110 feet and still with said Walnut street 38 poles to the beginning, containing about eleven and one-half acres.

Seventh Tract: beginning on a stake 18 inches southeast of a triple black walnut, now a stake, the walnut being gone at a point opposite the intersection of Walnut street with Spring and Hill street, and runs north 52 east and parallel with Hill street 146 feet to Conway street, thence north 52 east and parallel with said Conway street 91 to a stake, thence south 52 west 146 feet to Spring street, thence same course 90 feet to Spring Creek, thence north 52 west and up and with the meanders of said creek to a point opposite and on a line with said Hill street 91 feet to a stake at the upper end of the turn hole in Spring Creek, then north 52 east 80 feet to the beginning, containing one-half acre.

Eighth Tract: beginning on the south east corner of Sarah McFall's lot on Walnut street, 80 feet from the corner of Hill and Walnut street, thence north west with Walnut street 80 feet to a stake in Ward's line, thence north east 100 feet in a parallel line with the division fence of Ward to a stake in the Southern Improvement Company's line, thence southeast with said Company's line 80 feet to another corner of Sarah McFall's lot, thence southwest with Sarah McFall's line 127 feet to the beginning, containing one-half acre.

On or more of said land as is necessary to satisfy said execution and cost. This 16th day of July 1909. C. J. EBBES, Cashier.