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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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THE TRUANT.

I started to dreamland this morning, and I saw on a cloud that hung over the vast...

LITTLE CANTEN.

In the winter of 1861, I lay sick in an army hospital, and was worn nearly to skin and bone by one of those dread diseases of the camp...

After a while day dawned, and we got some breakfast, Harry calling and I finished...

My mother and sisters were too much concerned about me to think much about anything else...

My brother came in late in the night, his eyebrows and mustache tinged off, his clothing barred in many places.

"This is awful," said he. "It looks like the whole town is going."

"Let her go," said I, with drowsy indifference.

How long he was gone I do not know, but he returned our situation because a critical one for the fire was making its way rapidly to our direction.

"Well, well, don't cry, bub—I'll take your word for it, and where were you going?"

"To Virginia, to find my papa."

I tucked up my mouth for a long whistle, but as that would be expressive of disbelief, and as I didn't want to risk hurting the little fellow again, I restrained myself...

"If you are going to Virginia," said I in a kind tone, "you are on the wrong train—this is taking us back to Charleston."

to go to Virginia now—I want to go back home.

"Ah, has your heart failed you, my little man?"

"No sir, 'tain't that; but I met a man today who said he knew my papa, and he told me that he had gone home on furlough."

I was amused by the child's simple faith in the assurance of a stranger, but as I thought home would be the best place for him, I said nothing to stagger that faith...

His name was Harry Sinton, and he had reached the mature age of 10, his mother had been dead two years...

"Harry, you are a little hero," when the conductor made his first round through the train...

After a while day dawned, and we got some breakfast, Harry calling and I finished...

"Oh, if my boy only knew I was here! We would not have to suffer another minute for water," said my comrade in distress.

"God bless you, lad. But give the captain these some water, quick; he is nearly dead for it, as well as myself."

"Isn't that Harry Sinton?" said I, in astonishment, as the boy turned toward me to assuage my thirst.

By the time we reached Charleston the journey had so exhausted my strength that I left the train more dead than alive...

"We'll have him strong enough to eat two more rations before long," he laughingly remarked as he left the hospital.

But notwithstanding that the home nursing did greatly benefit me, I was still for some days too weak and ill to give much attention to my promise to the little Harry.

My brother ascertained for me that no such name as Sinton was registered at any of the hospitals.

"I had been home perhaps ten days, perhaps longer, when the quiet of my sick chamber was interrupted by the direful calamity that befell the city—"

It is not my purpose to describe the origin, extent and incidents of the fire. I could not do so; but I well remember the scared, white faces of my mother and sisters as the fire gained in extent and rapidly...

When he knew that the end was coming, he called me to his side and begged me to take the boy, and so Harry once again became my charge.

"In those last days at Petersburg discipline became greatly relaxed. The pickets were friendly with each other, and exchanges of tobacco for northern newspapers were of daily occurrence.

"Well, one day whilst he was thus engaged, and was on the part of the lines where I was stationed, the pickets suddenly commenced firing. I called hastily to the boy to jump down.

"At last, when the women folks were almost beside themselves with terror, my brother burst in, and said: 'Mother, girl, I must get you away from here. It's rough on you, old fellow, on me, said, turning to me, 'to take you out on such a night, but it's either that or a roast.'"

A few things were hastily gathered together, a letter was improvised for me, and somehow or other we all got

in the streets. I have a vivid recollection of a sea of faces, a pandemonium of noise and confusion, a jolting and pushing forward through the crowd, and at last we cut through to a safer and quieter position of the town.

How it happened none of us could tell, but it must have been that your youngest sister, who had been especially in charge of him when we left the house, had released his hand at some time or other whilst we were making our way through the crowd...

As we were in the act of executing this movement, a Minie ball pierced my leg and I fell helpless on the field, suffering a great deal of pain as I lay there, but oh! the pain of the wound was as nothing in comparison with my suffering for water.

"At last I managed to crawl towards a deep ravine, some hundreds of yards distant from the spot where I had fallen, hoping to find there what I wanted. I reached it only to find myself surrounded by a crowd of men.

"Another wounded had crawled to the same spot, led there by the same hope, and we exchanged regrets over our failure.

"The words were scarcely spoken when a young boy stood before us, crying in his hand.

"Father, are you hurt much?" said he, anxiously.

"I'm afraid so, my son. How did you find me?"

"The men told me you were wounded and down this way somewhere, and so I came hunting you as quick as I could."

"God bless you, lad. But give the captain these some water, quick; he is nearly dead for it, as well as myself."

"Isn't that Harry Sinton?" said I, in astonishment, as the boy turned toward me to assuage my thirst.

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of a wild beast than a man's, and rushed to his side. He gave me one looking look from his glazing eyes, put out his arms as if to embrace me, and the next moment was dead.

Many of the war scenes in which I participated have long since faded from my recollection, but never until my dying day will I forget my brave little boy and his untimely death, and deep down in my heart there is a place sacred to the memory of "poor little Canteen."—C. M. Douglas in Atlantic American.

Many things which seem mysterious, and serve to puzzle the wisest men, might be, if the cause and effect were understood, as easy of solution as the question in the following incident, which is related of Buffon, the great naturalist.

One day he entertained a company of distinguished savants at dinner, at the conclusion of which they all went out into the garden.

It was a very hot summer's day. In the center of the grounds there stood on a pedestal a large glass globe, which one of the guests happened to touch with his hand, when he found, to his astonishment, that it was warmer on the shady side than on the side turned toward the sun.

An animated discussion ensued, in the course of which every imaginable law of physics was made to account for the strange paradox.

The host was, however, not quite convinced, and, calling the gardener, he said to him: "Pray tell us why the globe is warmer on the shady side than on the side turned to the sun?"

"The man replied: 'Because just now it rained, and for fear of its cracking with the great heat.'—Youth's Companion.

In former times, when society ignored the natural and affected the artificial, pastoral poets and painters depicted such graceful, gayly dressed shepherds and shepherdesses as were never seen save in the Arcadia of dreamland.

The "craze" attained its climax when the unfortunate queen of France imprisoned a dairy maid, and her husband, Louis XVI acted the part of a miller. The absurdity of the "fad" is illustrated by a humorous sketch, quoted in "Eray Leaves of Literature."

A London damsel who had been a schoolmistress, wandered into the fields in the hope of discovering a live "shepherd."

To her delight, she encountered under a hawthorn hedge, with his dog by his side and his crook in his hand and his sheep round about him, just as if he were sitting to be modeled in china for a chimney ornament.

"Ah, gentle shepherd, tell me where's your pipe?"

"I left it home," replied the damsel, scratching his head, "cause I ain't got no baccy."—Youth's Companion.

The population of London has grown from 150,000 in 1603 to 4,500,000 at the present time. Supposing that the present rate of growth was maintained, London might easily, in the course of another half century, possess a population of over 7,000,000.

The six principal railway lines of the metropolis carried annually over 200,000,000 people. The tramway companies carried unitedly some 150,000,000 more, and the two great "bus companies, the General Omnibus and the Road Car companies, carried from 120,000,000 to 150,000,000 per annum.

Speaking of remarkable incidents, I can tell you one that I have never seen equalled, although it occurred more than half a century ago.

It was on a trip from Louisville to St. Louis with a big cargo of salt in barrels. When just low Grand Tower, on the Mississippi, came in contact with a hidden obstruction. While they were preparing to put her about again, after being at the bottom of the river a day and night, she popped up with surprising suddenness with her deck to the top of the water.

It is estimated by a mint official that there are still in existence somewhere in the country, tied up in old stockings or in the hands of curiosity collectors, over 100,000,000 of the old fashioned copper cents, about 120,000,000 of copper-nickel cents, nearly 5,000,000 of the present issue of brown pennies and 25,000,000 of nickel three cent pieces and about 200,000,000 of the steel five cent piece.

The total value of these outstanding various coins is put in round numbers at \$62,500,000.—New York Telegram.

Caucasian Flowers.

A Russian journal devoted to the industrial interests of the Caucasus describes the cultivation of the pyrethrum plant in the Caucasus.

The flowers of the pyrethrum (Pyrethrum roseum) are used for making the powder which is sold under various names—"insect powder," "Persian powder," "death to insects," etc.

In Europe these flowers are only found in Dalmatia, but these are white, and not rose violet, like those of the Caucasus. The Dalmatian pyrethrum is greatly appreciated, and when its crop is scarce the Caucasian flowers are eagerly sought for, and their price increases by from 200 to 300 per cent.

This was the case in 1887 and 1888. Prices which had varied between three and seven roubles for the previous ten years, reached all at once, in 1887, fifteen and sixteen roubles at Tiflis.

Formerly a certain quantity of pyrethrum in powder was exported from the Caucasus, but Europeans were satisfied with receiving this delicate article in this form because it was discovered to be mixed with foreign substances, and growers in the Caucasus could not reduce it to the impalpable state requisite to preserve its efficacy.

At the present time the flowers only are exported. It is necessary that they should be cut as short as possible at the stalk, gathered when ripe, dried in the shade and in a current of air, because in the sun the bloom and rose color are lost, and, lastly, that they should not be mixed with other herbs when being gathered.

Recently a fraud has been noticed in the packages of Caucasian flowers, other flowers resembling the pyrethrum, found. The exports amounted to between 175,000 and 200,000 kilograms last year; of those three-fourths were badly prepared, the reason having been a very rainy one.

A fight to the death between a fine milk cow and a large rattlesnake occurred recently on the farm of Mr. Joseph Carter in Bibb county, Ala.

Mr. Carter had turned his cows into a fresh pasture where there was some very fine grass, which they began to eagerly devour.

At length the grass was very thick, the cows were feeding in a bunch on the bank of a ditch when they scented a rattlesnake and moved away with the exception of one large, black cow.

She stood for a moment looking in the direction the snake was supposed to be. The grass was very fine in that direction, and the cow soon made up her mind to go in that direction.

She ventured a little farther forward, occasionally stopping and looking about her, evidently trying to discover the snake. She had moved forward perhaps ten feet from the point where the animals first scented danger, when without the customary warning rattle the snake struck and buried its fangs in the lower jaw of the cow.

The cow did not run away, but backing slowly a few feet, she stood still, her feet and tail bristling with rage. Then, with a mad yell, she plunged forward directly toward the spot where the rattlesnake was lying hidden in the grass.

The snake was on the alert, and again struck, burying its fangs in the animal's nose this time. This seemed to madden the cow, and she plunged forward, trampling the snake in the ground with her fore feet and trying in vain to pin it with her horns.

The snake was soon out and trampled to death, and the cow died from the effects of the two bites in a few hours.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There are some things which seem at first glance to be matters of temperament, but which longer contemplation assures us are matters of duty.

Among these is the habit of cheerfulness in a family. If we are placed in families for each other's protection and comfort and pleasure, each member of a family has a part to perform in relation to every other one, which part becomes a duty as a thing assigned for performance, and accepted, is always a duty.

But in what degree does it contribute to any one's comfort and pleasure to see a sour and doer face constantly about one, to meet a morose manner, redoubt or brooding, or to be called upon to be the perpetual assuager of an undying grudge, the bearer of burdens of confidential communications of sorrow, or to be the witness of tears, if any other member of the household has been subjected to wrong or loss or injustice?

Thus it is as evident as the first law of mathematics that a part of the duty of each individual in a family is to keep an even balance of good temper, and not to let those things which disturb one's serenity in any way, but in which the family has no direct share, come into his house and make an atmosphere of unpleasantness there.

Even if the disturbing cause is something in the family itself, the duty holds in the same manner; the matter, if it is serious enough, should be attended to at once, and composed and settled so that good temper and serenity may be restored.—Harper's Bazar.

The trade in California wines in the east is steadily growing. There are many people of wealth and taste in this city who buy California wines for home use.

Many of these people have been in California and visited its vineyards, and learned the merits of their wines from personal inspection. But the bulk of the California wines is used by the middle classes, who desire a good wine at reasonable prices.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT.

Burdette Attends the Exercises at Two Schools and Learns Something.

My son, a few weeks since, I was called out to the great state of Illinois to attend the commencement exercises of the high school in Dwight, a pretty little town in Livingston county.

You know about what a high school commencement is; there were orations by the young gentlemen and ladies upon "The Golden Mean of Mental, Moral and Physical Power," "From the Morning to the Evening," "Success," "A Plea for the Boy of Today," "A Plea for the Girl of Today," "John A. Logan" and "Night Whirls." On the stars, "I don't know about that; it is well, I listened and I grew interested and I learned something that I should have known a hundred years ago and I was glad I went to Dwight, Ill., and attended a high school commencement.

On my way back home I talked it all over with myself—you know I like to talk with myself on the train, it is better than any other company, except the one I get into when I can shut myself up, whereas the communicative stranger who pulls his mouth upon the defenseless traveler will sometimes hold him up from Chicago to Brooklyn and talk him clear into the liden of The Eagle office.

Thinking over what the graduates of the high school had said in oration and essays, I began to wonder on the way the old things in the same way. I envied Louise De Clercq, and Nellie Dougherty, and Frederick Smith, and Henry Wood, and Bessie Huey, and Charles Vickery and Nellie Jeffries their views of life.

They had a familiar sound, but I didn't quite recollect where I heard them before. But it dawned on me after awhile. I began to remember the Ballot Box, which, at the time I read it, I believed contained the essence of all truth and philosophy, and was a prophecy of what was to be within a very few years from the date of that masterly paper. And a bright, rosy tinted, glowing prophecy it was.

I said, "You miserable old cynic"—you see in these familiar conversations which I hold with the best man on the train, I sometimes take things from myself that I wouldn't stand from a smaller man—"you miserable old cynic, I know what is the matter with you; you have lost enthusiasm; and losing that you have lost all the soul that a man's work has. You have lost enthusiasm, and that makes you a hireling; you have lost faith and that shrivels your soul; you have lost your 'hurry' and are of no earthly account in a mass meeting; your waist has grown fatter than your mind, and that has made you lazy; you are too old for tennis, too scant in the breath for baseball, too active for cricket, too fond of ease for society, and because none of these things are right in your line, you say: 'All is vanity.' Everything is vanity to a useless man. Get back to the starter's scratch and begin over. Look at the world as it now really stands, and you'll believe more in your fellowmen and more in yourself. You will correct certain mean tendencies toward scoffing and burlesquing everything that doesn't please you.

I talked to myself like a deacon all the way across Ohio and Pennsylvania. Then, when I came east I attended a college commencement. A great school; standard higher than even the mortuary on the Fifth tower. I covered in a corner and was pounded into a condition of numbness with Greek orations and Latin essays. And the English orations were marvels of elegant diction, smooth, well rounded sentences, and the choicest English, clothing the noblest sentiments, from which at intervals solid chunks of wisdom fell upon the floor with a dull sickening thud. I was grand, and even the president begged approval and grave professors forgot their dignity and applauded. And the president made a speech, and two or three learned doctors of law and divinity made eloquent and thoughtful addresses. But wise and learned as it all was I kept wondering where I had heard it all before—saying only the Greek and Latin. Ah, yes; I had it. At Dwight I read the Ballot Box.

I sifted through out of the language of the high school out west and the university down east, and it was about the same thing. The same generous, manly, brave, hopeful way of looking at things, the same earnestness, the same enthusiasm that keeps the learned doctors as young and brave as the boys whom they teach, year after year; the same sublime confidence in his own ability to do a life's work, and other man in the vineyard, shaping the thought and nerve mind and body of the high school boy and the college graduate; no wonder I envied them. I felt grateful to them. I made up—what for the sake of brevity I may be permitted to call my mind, that I would look at the world with their eyes; that I would believe in them; that I would gratefully learn and sing more; that I would close out my sick of censure and put in a full line of praise; that I would sigh less frequently and hurrah more loudly, and upon slighter provocation.

I am going to every commencement at Haverford, my boy, between now and the year when you will cross the threshold, and you look to it that when you graduate your old father may know nearly as much as you do.—Robert J. Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

My dear sir," said he to Top, "do you know how much time you lose dipping a pen into ink? Ten dips a minute means 600 dips an hour, or 6,000 dips in ten hours, and each one a name!"

Top—Yes, I know, I have figured it all out.

Top—Yes, I am using the new patent fountain pen you sold me about a month ago—using it in the old way, because it won't write any other way.

The P. P. S.—Beg pardon;—and in the wrong office. Good day.—San Francisco News Letter.