

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

LASKER, N. C., Nov. 10, 1892.

Andrew J. Conner, Editor and Proprietor.

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Address all communications to THE PATRON AND GLEANER, Lasker, Northampton County, N. C.

All articles intended for publication should be written plainly, and only on one side of the paper.

The real name of the contributor must in all cases, accompany the communication, as guarantee of good faith.

The editor will not be held responsible for the views entertained and expressed by correspondents.

Entered at the Post Office at Lasker, N. C., as Second Class Matter.

Most of the public schools in Northampton opens the first Monday in December, and school committee men and teachers should remember that the law and the regulations made by the county Board of Education require that teachers shall be employed by the committee in meeting, and that unless a teacher can show that he was employed by at least two members of the committee, acting together, the county Superintendent is prohibited from approving his order for salary.

For the benefit of our readers outside of the county we would say that of the candidates voted for in this county Fleetwood, Burgwyn, Harrell, Mitchell and Woodard are Democrats; and Deloatch, Williams Morris and Cneatham are Republicans; and Blanchard, Brown, Griffin, Early and Thorn are People's party; and Britton and Peele are Prohibitionist.

There was no opposition for Sheriff, Surveyor or Coroner, therefore we did not give the returns for those candidates.

GROVER CLEVELAND is the only man that has ever been elected president of the United States after having been once elected and defeated for second term and then nominated for third time. He is in many respects the most remarkable man in American history. He was nominated at Chicago against the most determined opposition of the entire delegation from his own State who supported New York's favorite son, David Bennett Hill, who is one of the most brilliant men in the United States and the idol of his party in New York. Cleveland is a man who has the courage of his convictions and does not hesitate to do what he believes to be right regardless of the consequences to himself or his party. This was strikingly shown by his vetoes of private pension bills and by his famous tariff message of 1887, which James G. Blaine, who stands preeminent as one of the greatest living statesmen of the country so promptly cabled his views upon from Europe and attacked it in his vigorous style. That message and his devotion to the principles of civil service reform no doubt caused his defeat in 1888, but the elections in 1890, when the tariff was again the leading issue, showed that a majority of the people were in favor of the principles enunciated in his message of December, 1887, and the election of last Tuesday fought upon the same issues, proves that the American people are yet demanding a reform of the tariff.

I desire to say to persons living at a distance who desire to see me at my office on business, that it would be best to write me in advance when they expect to come, as I am not at home all the time. My friends will also be doing me a favor by remembering that on every Thursday I am so busy that I cannot attend to any other business, either public or private, except what I am already engaged in, as that is publication day for THE PATRON AND GLEANER, and on that day I have to

write the locals and editorials for the paper, read the proofs, make up the forms and address about a thousand papers to the subscribers, which is about all I can do in in one day.

ANDREW J. CONNER.

Pendleton Points.

The election passed off very quietly at this place Tuesday. The Democrats seemed to be very well pleased at the result. There were about twenty or more 3d party votes cast here; half or more of them were colored voters. Eliars Carr for Gov. and C. W. Michell for the senate made a good showing. The Republicans have been carrying the election at this precinct heretofore. There was a big split in the voting here.

Mr. Ed. Beaton, a Lumberman from Boykins, Va., has bought several lots of lumber near here and will commence cutting and hauling the same to this place at once. Mr. Beaton understands handling lumber as it has been his business for several years.

The peanut crop in this section is better than was once expected; the farmers are very busy picking and bagging the same for shipment, but few has come to this market for sale yet. The cotton crop is a very short one and the most of it has been sold.

Mrs. D. N. Stephenson and Mrs. W. T. Lee have been quite sick but much better at present. Mr. W. E. Woodard's youngest child has been at the point of death for several days.

Pendleton, N. C., Nov. 9.

The Modern Dog.

Every vice of the age reflects itself in the modern dog. He is self-conscious, affected, communicative gushing, the victim of ennui; he thirsts for excitements, for society, for public notice. From room to room he speeds, looking for that in which he finds most society and is most brought forward. He is vain of his accomplishments and delights in begging, in refusing or accepting bits of cake "from Mr. Gladstone," in giving three cheers for the Queen, in saying "William!" Mr. Romanes mentions a dog in Dumfries who could say "William." Nobody ever heard of a cat who attempted anything of that sort. It is told of a dog living in a small country house that when the local magnate had other magnates staying with him that dog would go away and desert his master for the more diverting and distinguished society. The dog is all expression. He communicates every one of his numerous emotions. He is so vain that a large and, it must be admitted, handsome collie has been known to contemplate himself all day in a mirror. The dog must always be "in evidence." How much of his acknowledged gallantry in saving life and attacking robbers is due to a mere desire to see his name in the papers can never be certainly discovered. In fact, he is bitten with all the sentimentality and effusiveness of the period. Even his friends, even Miss Frances Power Cobbe, will admit, on reflection, that the dog has been thus degraded by associating with mankind. He is by way of being a philanthropist. "That dog'll speak to any beggar," said a Lowland shepherd of his own hound, which had gone and wagged his tail to a passing angler.—The Saturday Review.

A Safe Investment.

Mrs. E. J. Newsome, of Margarettsville, N. C., has been appointed and commissioned as general agent for Northampton county for The Fraternal Mutual Benefit Association of The Universal Brotherhood, of Natchez, Mississippi.

This Association pays to its members \$12.00 per week in case of Temporary Disability.

\$12.00 per week in case of Sickness.

\$48.00 a month in case Total Disability.

\$48.00 a month in case of Sickness.

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Can you afford to stay out?

Ladies, Gents and Misses admitted.

This is a good chance for families to secure their members from want when sickness or misfortune overtakes them.

For full particulars call to see or address Mrs. Newsome, of Margarettsville, N. C.

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Character.

Let it be your most earnest endeavor to keep your moral instincts right and true. Never let them be disguised by sentiment; never let them be obliterated by self indulgence; never let them be sophisticated by lies. Do not think that light words and careless thoughts about them will be indifferent, and will leave you unaffected by them. "Character," it is said by our latest moralists "is not cut in marble, it is sometimes living and changing and may become diseased, as our bodies do." You learn here, in season and out of season, line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little there a little, that honesty, truth, diligence, obedience, kindness, purity are your duties to God and man.

You know that this teaching is right and true, and that in time and eternity your happiness depends thereon.

Oh, never lose sight of it! Say to yourselves, constantly, that this is good, and that is evil, this the noble course, that the base; this right that wrong, this your duty and happiness, that your ruin and curse. Oh, choose your side in the battle of life. "Abhor that which is good." For as you have heard the sin and its course, so in very few words hear its punishment. That punishment is nothing less than the failure of all life, the waste, the loss, the shipreck of the soul, the sapping of every mental and moral force and every vital instinct, for as the fire devours the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their roof shall be as rottenness, and their blossoms shall grow up as dust, because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts and despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." How powerful is the metaphor. The rose is a glorious flower, yet how often have we seen the rose tree shriveled, withered, blasting, producing nothing but mouldering and loathly buds. Why? Because there is some poison in the sap or some canker at the root. Have you ever seen it so?—Dean Farrar.

Wealth.

Wealth has its votaries, and o'er human nature exerts wide influence. Men are ambitious to obtain, for the glitter and show which attends it, its gorgeous drapery and following robes, its leisure and its luxuries. It is natural and it is well, to seek independence over physical want, and to command the gratification of the eye, the taste, and the intellect. Some seek riches for the power they give and the influence they command; they are anxious to wipe the tear from sorrows cheek, clothe naked poverty in comfort, and feed starving tenantry of the almshouse. Who does not honor the princely dispenser of good gifts, and, the royal reliever of many wants! It is his vocation to bless, and his privilege to receive benediction. Under his auspices the artist fights his way to distinction, the scholar vanquishes the resistance of science, and the church builds her alters, and dedicates her temples. To amass it, all appetites conquered. He whose only ambition it is, to be rich, even for the innocent pleasures money can give, is greeted with but little respect, although he may induce in censure. Whilst he who acquires gain in order to dispense its blessings to the poor, or to furnish the means of full untrammelled action to enlarge intelligence and expansive benevolence; is loved by all, and condemned by none. He is the steward of God's mercies and the agent of his divine beneficence. But he from whom pity cannot wring a pittance or famine a crumb, or friendship a token, is of all men the supremely contemptible, and of all small things, the most diminutively little.

Honor in Defeat.

"Sir," said the defeated highwayman, as he slowly picked himself up and gathered himself together; "that was done very scientifically. May I ask of what class of pugilists you are the champion?"

"Of none," replied the victor. "I am simply a plain man who wont let himself thrashed."

"Let me clasp your hand," returned the other. "In this age of Champions, men of your kind are so scarce that it is rather pleasant than otherwise to be licked by one of them."

Subscribe to PATRON AND GLEANER.

THE GRAND LAMA'S PALACE.

An Eleven Story Building the Top of Which is Reached by Ladders. Potala, precipitous in many places, rises within the confines of the outer city of Lhasa in the northwestern quarter. It is heaped up in the most fantastic style with halls and storied temples and monster tombs; but, on looking up from the foot of these heights, the wholeseries seemed conjoined into one vast structure, surmounted by five gold plated rectangular domes of great size.

The chief erection is the P'o-dang Marpo, or "Red palace," a building carried up to the height of eleven stories and which is ascended from story to story by means of wooden ladders with broad but difficult steps. This is the central edifice around which the others climb and cluster. The lower stories are built against the sheer face of the acclivity.

After passing up a steep path avenue by trees, you arrive at the principal or eastern doorway of the whole establishment. Here, first, is a long hall, up which you may ride on pony-back if you choose. The hall is garished on either hand by long rows of massive prayer cylinders, which, placed like barrels on end on well oiled pivots, can easily be made to revolve with a touch as you pass along.

Each barrel has within it, wound compactly on the iron axle passing from top to bottom, innumerable lengths of paper, on which has been stamped many thousands of times the well known formula, "Om Mani Padme Hum," the special invocation to the Bodhisattwa Chenraisi, and therefore to the grand lama, who visibly impersonates him. At the end of the hall are broad stone steps, which mount to a paved landing, where stands an obelisk. You are now again in the open air, and two long flights of steps, hemmed in by the outer walls of other buildings, ascend up the face of the hill to the ground floor of the red palace.

Thence the ladder climbing commences. Five long ladders, one after another, have to be scaled, passing up through dark and mysterious vaults—really vestibules to the neighboring buildings—some with weird looking passages conducting who shall know whither? At the top of the fifth ladder things seem brighter, since now you enter the more habitable portion of the palace, comprising suites of rooms, set above set.

On this floor, in an adjoining apartment, are the lower limbs of an enormous Buddha of Jhampa, the Buddha-to-come. He is seated on a platform in this room and his figure is of such colossal proportions that it passes up through the floors of the two other stories above this one. Altogether the image is said to be about seventy feet high. When you have reached the third floor of the upper portion of the palace you may walk around and gaze upon the monster head and shoulders of this gilded Buddha.

All orthodox visitors on their way up perform solemn circumambulation around the legs, the body and the shoulders respectively, once on each of the three floors through which the effigy has been reared.—Murray's Magazine.

Memory.

How dear to our hearts are the bright memories of the past. Their joys will always last; even when we grow old it will be sweet to look back at our childhood's pleasant memories. Some of us have friends that are far away though their memory is ever fresh in our minds. It may be that some of us have mothers or children that are gone to the great beyond and yet, we always love to think of them. And when we are contemplating over the joys of the past, fond memory rushes upon us to cheer our hearts once again.

Oh! memory's joys will always last— No clouds can dim their brilliant say; Still bright and brighter glows the Past As hopes sweet vision fade away.

Hopes, Friendships, Loves a seraph band Which Time's cold blast had rudely torn.

As memory waves her magic wand, With more than former bliss return.

But memory, like a fairy dream, Still haunts the pensive view,

And, like mild evening lingering beam, Clothes fading scenes in loveliest here.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

Do your duty in life and you will count for one in this world whether you are married or single.

PLEASANT HILL POINTS.

Mr. Mellichampe's appointment next Thursday night.

A nice rain last Thursday night, but not quite enough of it.

Messrs Kilby and Phillips, of Suffolk, Va., spent a night here last week.

Miss Dora Joyner left for Richmond, Va., last Sunday, where she will in the future reside.

Speaking here last Wednesday by Messrs Mitchell and Fleetwood, both speeches were good. The attendance was small, considering the number of Democrats in this vicinity.

Miss Beatrice Woodroof was the guest of Misses Ella Taylor and Rose Furgurson last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith and little son, of Reams, Va., returned home Monday after spending a few days with relatives here.

A gentleman went from here to the Fair, did not take his "girl" but brought her a lot of pretty grass back. Don't we "old folks" wish we had some one to bring us grass.

A young lady was sick Friday after attending the fair on Thursday.

Of course we all know she did not get on a "spree," so cannot imagine what was the matter with her. It must have been she talked so much to the boys that she ate over "her peck of dust," or else drank too much water out of a well, that an old man told her had diphtheria down it, (guess why he said so, was because he had lemonade to sell) Now! friend, tell us which was it?

The people here were very much disappointed at not having the pleasure of hearing Rev. H. T. Williams preach last Sunday night. He was expected but was unable to fill his appointment on account of the illness of his wife. We regret very much to hear of her illness and hope she is much better ere this, and hope to have Bro. Williams with us in the not distant future. LEE.

Pleasant Hill, N. C., Nov. 7.

Jurors

For next term Northampton Superior Court.

FIRST WEEK.

N. W. Futrell, S. P. Rose, T. O. Atkinson, J. J. Howell, Thos. Boyce, H. P. Askew, F. W. S. Odom, Lawrence Boone, (col.) Geo. W. Stephenson, Jr., H. T. Boone, Jr., Geo. W. Vaughan, Sipe Deloatch, W. C. Boone, Jas. Muller, W. E. Harris, C. C. Camp, W. T. Byrd, E. E. Dunning, W. F. Hunter, R. H. Balmer, C. S. Boyce, Q. T. Gatling, H. L. Joyner, Moses D. Vaughan, A. R. Jacobs, J. T. Archer, W. L. Shoulders, John W. Buxton, R. J. Hancock, T. T. Floyd, W. M. Outland, B. H. Lanier, Lazerus Draper, M. L. Parker, J. J. Stephenson, Daniel Britton.

SECOND WEEK.

W. T. Stephenson, W. M. Watson, E. J. Peebles, John R. Futrell, John A. Sykes, B. S. Sykes, C. T. Daugherty, R. G. Collier, E. B. Williams, John W. Lassiter, J. T. Sears, C. S. Lassiter, W. H. Allen (of Gaston), S. G. Chitty, J. J. Vaughan, W. R. Edwards, W. T. Barrett, S. N. Parker.

North Carolina, Northampton County, Superior Court.

Chestine Futrell and W. P. Futrell, administrators of Ira W. Futrell, vs.

John T. Futrell, Rufus Futrell, Jas. I. Futrell, Alice A. Edwards and her husband, Walter Edwards, Elizabeth S. Chitty and her husband, Walter R. Chitty, Walter P. Futrell and Thos. E. Futrell and L. A. Joyner.

The defendants, John T. Futrell and Rufus Futrell, are hereby notified that the above entitled special proceeding has been commenced in this court for the settlement of the estate of Ira W. Futrell, deceased, and said defendants are required to appear at the office of the clerk of said court in Jackson on December, 17, 1892, and answer or demur to the complaint which will be filed within ten days from the date hereof. This Nov. 11, 1892.

J. T. FLYTHE, Clerk Superior Court of Northampton County.

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