

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

VOL. 3.

LASKER, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894.

NO. 4.

NOTICE.

By virtue of the power conferred upon me by a decree of the Superior Court of Northampton county in the special proceedings pending therein wherein J. A. Burgwyn as administrator of Jesse Bristowe, is plaintiff, and Martha Bristowe, et als, are defendants, I shall, on Monday the 5th day of Feb'y., 1894, at the Court house door in Jackson, sell to the highest bidder, a tract of land situated in Roanoke township, Northampton county, N. C., adjoining the lands of R. W. Vaughan, B. F. Bristowe, Everett Davis and others, containing forty acres more or less, it being the same tract of land on which Jesse Bristowe formerly resided.

Terms of Sale: One-third cash, the balance in one year, bond bearing eight per cent. interest; title retained till all the purchase money is paid. This Dec. 30, 1893. J. A. BURGWIN, Com. S. J. CALVERT, Att'y. 1-3-94

LAND FOR SALE.

Pursuant to and by virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Northampton county, North Carolina, in the case of J. G. Edwards et als vs. M. H. Fittrell, we, as commissioners of the court, shall, on Monday, the 5th day of February, 1894, sell, at the Court house door in Jackson, at public auction to the highest bidder, a certain piece or parcel of land situated in Kirby township, Northampton county, North Carolina, and bounded by the lands of W. P. Sykes, H. T. Massingale, J. H. Hedgepeth, H. M. Hedgepeth, Mrs. H. L. Davis and others, containing one hundred and thirty-two (32) acres, more or less, the same being sometimes known as the homestead of the late J. H. Edwards.

TERMS OF SALE: Five hundred and fifty dollars cash; the balance on a credit of one and two years secured by bond bearing eight per cent. interest from day of sale and retaining of title till all the purchase money is paid. Jan. 2, 1894. S. J. CALVERT, C. G. PEBBLES, Commissioners. 1-4-94

NOTICE—LAND SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage deed executed to me by Junius Lanier and his wife, Mollie Lanier, to secure the payment of a certain bond therein mentioned, said mortgage deed being of record in Book No. 88, page 188, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Northampton county, and default having been made in the payment of said bond, I will sell at public auction, for cash, at the Court House door in Jackson, in said county, on Monday the 5th day of March, 1894, at 12 o'clock, the certain tract of land described in said mortgage deed, to satisfy said indebtedness, interest and cost. The said tract of land is situated in Northampton county, and is bounded on the East by the lands of W. H. Edwards, on the South by the lands of W. B. Coker's estate, on the West by the lands of James Vassar, and on the North by the public road, and contains (50) fifty acres more or less. JAMES VASSAR, Mortgagee. 1-18-94 This January, 13th, 1894.

NOTICE.

By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Northampton County in the special proceedings wherein J. A. Burgwyn as Administrator of W. P. Edwards is plaintiff and Mary A. Edwards et als are defendants, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder at public auction at the Court house door in the town of Jackson, on MONDAY THE 5TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1894, the following valuable real estate, to wit:

- First tract: situated in Seaboard township and known as the "Jordan quarter" tract containing 711 acres. This has been divided into several small farms.
 - Second tract: Situated in Seaboard township containing 60 acres and known as the "Bill" tract.
 - Third tract: Situated in Jackson township containing 42 acres known as the "Birt Jones" tract subject to the dower of Caroline Jones.
 - Fourth tract: Situated in Wicaccanee township known as the "Old Place" containing 114 acres.
 - Fifth tract: Situated in Seaboard township containing 100 acres and known as a part of the "Old Place" on which W. H. Taylor resides.
 - Sixth tract: Situated in Seaboard township containing 88 acres and known as the "Wheeler" tract.
 - Seventh tract: Situated in Jackson township containing 2 acres adjoining the lot of B. S. Gav.
 - Eighth tract: Situated in the town of Jackson and known as the residence of the late W. P. Edwards.
 - Ninth tract: Situated in the town of Jackson being the store house and lot now occupied by W. R. Deloatch.
- Terms of Sale:** One-third cash balance in one and two years bond bearing 8 per cent. interest from day of sale; title retained till all the purchase money is paid. The sale of said property was extended from December 11, 1893, to February 1st, 1894. This Jan. 4, 1894. J. A. BURGWIN, Com. S. J. CALVERT, Att'y. 1-4-94.

FARMERS,

Do you want to Increase your Egg Production? Then buy Thoroughbred Leghorn Males and put into your flocks. for sale by:—URAH Poultry Farm, Rich Square, N. C. T. C. Peete, Prop.

A Legend of the Roanoke.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

When the ships of Sir Walter Raleigh under the command of Amadas and Barlowe, first touched the coast of North Carolina, the Roanoke river was called by the natives "Moratoc."

How long it retained the name or when it was changed to Roanoke, we have no authentic history. Dr. Hanks, in his history of North Carolina, says there was somewhere within the present limits of Bertie county an Indian town called "Okanoak," and here, we would suggest, we have probably the origin of the name now applied to the river, which, bordering Bertie on the West and South, empties into Albemarle. We call it Roanoke, an easy corruption from "Okanoak."

But there is still existing an old Indian legend handed down to us, through the mists of many generations, long since passed away, in which another version of its change of name is given.

"Once upon a time," so says the old legend, "there was a chieftain of the Tuscarora Indians, who, by some means, came in possession of a beautiful roan horse, noted for its strength, docility and wonderful power of endurance, one that had never failed to respond to any call made upon him, however difficult. In fact, he was a counterpart of old Mazeppa's noble steed, that after 'dread Paltowa's day' bore the old chief in safety from the fatal field.

"But he was hardy as his lord, And little cared for bed and board; What'er was to be done, would do, Obeyed his voice and came to call, And knew him in the midst of all, Though thousands were around and night, Without a star pursued her flight, That steed from sunset until dawn His chief would follow like a faun." —Byron.

Having occasion to cross the Moratoc on business connected with the welfare of his tribe, the chief chose the roan to bear him on his journey. Arriving at the bank of the river, he was surprised to find it a raging torrent, full to overflowing from the recent heavy rains above. He calmly surveyed the rushing waters, unmoved by the dangerous outlook before him and without an atom of fear, to which his heart was a stranger, made preparations to cross. Gathering the reins of his bridle with a firm hand he gently pressed the flanks of his noble roan with his moccasined heel; the horse, which had never yet flinched from any task however dangerous and difficult it might be, with a heart as fearless as his rider, did not hesitate a moment, but boldly made the desperate plunge in the mass of seething waters. For an instant or two, it seemed as if both horse and rider had been engulfed, never to rise again, but soon coming to the surface, with expanded chest and dilated nostrils, he calmly breasted the foaming waves and made for the opposite shore. Inch by inch he gallantly fought his fearful way, and seemed to exult, in having found in the perilous task before him, an opportunity of showing the chief, his indomitable courage, and the matchless power of endurance possessed by him. After many a sturdy stroke he drew near the shore, only to meet a deeper and swifter current, one that would call forth all his strength, and try to the uttermost that power of endurance which had never yet been equaled. The chief seeing that he was being slowly borne down the stream by the strong force of the current patted his mane and spoke gentle words of cheer to encourage him in this hour of trial. The noble animal in the agony of his desperate struggles for life, understood the kind intentions of its rider, and realizing at last his perilous condition he redoubled his

efforts to reach the shore, only to be baffled by the treacherous current.

On and on, despite his strength and all the energies of his nature, he was carried down, until drifting with the current, he was borne near the shore and caught in the limbs of an oak that grew on the bank—then the die was cast. Becoming entangled in the branches that extended in the water, his most desperate plunges availed nothing only to exhaust what little of life was left.

The contest was not long; already weakened by the fearful passage of the river and his desperate fight with the powerful current, his limbs tied, as it were, by the branches of the oak, nature could do no more. The chief, with the stoical indifference of his race, to death, commenced in plaintive tones, his death song, and for awhile it seemed as if both horse and rider, that had been inseparable in life, would go down in death together, but it was not to be so. The horse soon ceased his useless struggles for life and the few bubbles of air that rose to the surface of the water, alone told where the roan had sunk to rise no more. The chief by clinging to the over-hanging branches of the oak, succeeded in reaching the shore, and thus escaped the sad fate of his companion.

After many days the chief returned foot-sore and weary, to the home of his people and assembling his tribe, recounted to them the tragic death of his beautiful roan in the treacherous waters of the Moratoc.

They, sympathizing and lamenting with him the great loss of their tribe, ever after, in speaking of the river, coupled the color of their lost favorite with the oak, as the cause of his death, called it *Rvanook*.

Thus the legend runs,—and the fact becoming known to all the Tuscaroras living in that region, the name was accepted, to commemorate the loss of the companion of their chief, whose body lay entombed beneath its turbid waters.

BART MOORE.

Grab Town.

Unexpected Flowers.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

In a night vision, amidst the neglected shrubbery of a remote corner of the front yard of a long ago home, methought I found a beautiful, though remarkably ethereal spray of flowers. So filmy, so dewy yet vague it appeared, that it needed an intensely sharpened spiritual vision to fully comprehend its fairy-like texture, color and rare loveliness. Painted in Heaven's own hue, the flower was transcendently beautiful.

Near by, there blossomed another brilliant species unknown to the botanical world, seemingly unknown and unloved by the residents, yet giving inexpressible pleasure to my higher emotions even after awakening.

And, such a life! Last evening, an unexpected flower of pleasantness sprang up along the highway of Life, when learning that a son had subscribed for a semi-monthly, which I had manifested a preference for, thus making for me a "Sweet Surprise" for all my New Year.

Thus, unexpected flowers are spontaneously springing up along Life's pathway, to fill our souls with raptures of Heaven lent glory; but we must guard our eyes from becoming holden by the bitter-sweet weeds of care and crosses, or we will, oh! so often, fail to catch the satisfying gleams of their beauty as they blossom at our feet.

When Rosa Bonheur, the *magnifique* of European artists, was a child, she comprehended not the undeveloped possibilities that were existent in her grand combination of unformed character. Nor could her gifted parents recognize in that

strong, inflexible will, the stern, tangible determination, the reticence of thought, soul and spirit, the scarcely repressed eagerness of ambitious aspirations enchained within her opening future; but when her restrained genius began to feel the power of growth, and the expansiveness of developing wings to richer heights of light and warmth: when the unexpected flowers of promise burst into a glorious bloom, her proud father—Raymond Bonheur cried out—"My daughter, you need attend the detested sewing-school no more; you shall model and paint at my side!" A humble member of the White Ribbon Army said,—"When I read about the Crusaders * * * my spirit fluttered its wings just as it does when I come to understand one of God's great thoughts * * * an uplifting that makes your body seem too small for your soul. When I read how those women knelt in the snow and prayed, and sung—

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

in the saloons amongst rude and wicked men, I could't keep still. I walked back and forth and cried, and said 'AMEN!' That was all I could do, being so far away, but I was one of them, just the same." And this unexpected flower of triumphant Gospel work smiled into this life of a humble sister-worker, although "so far away" in the rocky fastnesses of Maine, blossoming still more efficiently by rendering it possible through God's inspiring grace for her to knit, like Dickens' weird woman in his "Tale of Two Cities," the life of a saloon out of the mining district where she dwelt, and thereby, "covered a multitude of sins."

Even though one may make unexpected flowers bloom for the enjoyment of others, while through overwrought sensitiveness and jarring friction he fails to appropriate the crowning halo of his own glorious giving from his heart's treasures; yet remember, faithful toiler, there is a Holy One who knows—

"Though great its might, the power of gold True love can never buy, And yearning hearts are not consoled By fame or life's cage high."

George Herbert's genius wrought this gem for the encouragement of every faithful, however humble effort—

"A serrant with this clause, Makes drudgery divine; Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws, Make that and the action fine."

The excellent Report from the Worthy Chairman of the Pennsylvania State Grange Committee on Womans' Work, really abounded in unexpected flowers of enthused efforts and ultimate results. May the work of the coming year still farther enhance and ennoble our principles of progression, for—

"The weakest soldier's name is writ On the great army roll."

MARY H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

In some parts of Continental Europe the State schools are the best to be found. In Munich the children who are trained in private schools number not more than twelve in a thousand. The city schools there are systematized to such an extent that special departments are formed for the weak minded, for the "slow" pupils, and the children of the abject poor are given facilities for study away from their homes—Christian at Work.

Be patient with your dull boy. Some minds are like Norwegian pines. They are slow in growth, but they strike their roots deep. Dryden and Smith were dull boys. So was Goldsmith; so was Gibbon; so was Sir Walter Scott. Isaac Barrow was so stupid in his early years that his father once said that if God took away any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac.

Democrat versus Federalist. No. 8.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

"Honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none," said Jefferson. "A monetary (alliance) conference with all European nations," say Cleveland and Harrison. The one posing before the people as an advocate of "Democracy," the other known as a pronounced and fervent follower of Hamilton. And what will be the consequence should an international monetary system be perfected? The very next step taken, would be to perpetuate it by a formal treaty, and then no matter what hardship it might entail upon us, it could not be overthrown except by war. For this reason Jefferson warned us to beware of "perpetual debt," and "entangling alliances with other nations."

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, * * * the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since History and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government" * * * "why! by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice. It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." Thus spoke the immortal Washington, Sept. 17, 1796.

Writing from Paris to Mr. Madison in 1787, Mr. Jefferson said that, "One of his chief objections to our present constitution was that it did not more strongly provide for the restriction of monopolies." Corporations which were designed by Hamilton to take the place of entailments, are dangerous enough, in all reason; but when you allow the resistless power of the corporation to unite itself to the evil spirit of monopoly, its issue is tyranny of the most ruinous kind. Take every one of the colossal estates which are today a menace to our republic, and you will see that monopoly created it. And rail road monopoly has created more of them than all the other branches of business combined; we have few merchant millionaires, no farmer millionaires, a fact, they ought to digest at their leisure. We have hundreds of manufacturing millionaires, and scores of them among the national bankers; but it is in the corporate monopoly in its worst form, that we have individual fortunes climbing into the hundreds of millions. Look at the method pursued by the half dozen men of the "Standard oil" monopoly who have grown so fabulously rich, a corporation which in its march to power has committed almost every crime known to the code. If a true history of this company could be written, it would read more like a romance of the "Middle Ages," than a statement of commercial facts possible in the nineteenth century.

This is the organization to which the "Hepburn Committee," which was appointed by the New York Legislature alludes, "as the mysterious organization whose business transaction are of such a nature that its members decline giving a history or description of it, lest their testimony be used to convict them of crime." And today this company has its attorneys in the United States Senate to guard its interest. Read the methods by which Gould, Stanford, Huntington, and Vanderbilt made their fortunes, and the story is the same:—monopoly, and in nine cases out of ten it is rail road monopoly. "No nation ever allowed such magnificent robbery as ours has permitted."

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