

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

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NO. 7.

Bread. Where? How?

THE LOCUST.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

The Locust, or Grasshopper, is one of the most formidable insects mentioned in the sacred writings. It is used as the symbol of desolation, so great and terrible were its ravages. It is still dreaded in the East, as well as in the United States, where, in extensive localities, its devastating power cleared all vegetation in its pathway, not many years ago.

M. Olivier thus describes its attacks in the East: "With the burning south winds (of Syria) there come from the interior of Arabia and the most southern parts of Persia, clouds of locusts, whose ravages to these countries are as grievous, and nearly as sudden, as those of the heaviest hail in Europe. We witnessed them twice. It is difficult to express the effect produced on us by the sight of the whole atmosphere filled on all sides, and to a great height, by an innumerable quantity of these insects, whose flight was slow and uniform, and whose noise resembled that of rain; the sky was darkened, and the light of the sun was considerably weakened. In a moment the terraces of the houses, the streets, and all the fields were covered by these insects, and in two days they had devoured all the leaves of the plants."

The effects of the locusts in Egypt (Ex. 10:12-15) were terrible beyond description. Locusts were used as food, and are still in some parts of the East. Sometimes they are ground and pounded, mixed with flour and water, and made into cakes, or they are salted, and then eaten; sometimes smoked, boiled or roasted, stewed or fried in butter.

Bread is well termed the "Staff of life." It is said that a slave of an Archon at Athens, first made leavened bread by accident. He forgot some of his dough, and some days after, came upon it and found it sour. His first thought was to throw it away; but his master coming out, he mixed it quickly with some fresh dough he was working. Of course, his bread was delicious.

M. H. RICE.

Meshoppen, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Educational Mass-Meeting.

Rev. J. C. Kilgo, President of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., will preach in the Methodist church at Weldon, N. C., on 2nd Sunday in March, morning and evening. On Monday, 11th, at 1 p. m. he will address the people at same place on subject of Higher Christian Education and its relation to secular education. Everybody cordially invited to come and hear this most eloquent preacher and educator.

R. P. TROY, Pastor.

Feb'y 7, 1895.

President Kilgo preached two fine sermons at West Market Street church last Sunday. The sermon in the morning was especially forcible and full ofunction. The effect upon the congregation was extraordinary. At night the sermon was directed to the young people connected with the Epworth Leagues. He also addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the afternoon. His visit will long be remembered.—N. C. Christian Advocate.

Among the half dozen great sermons we have heard, we rank that preached in this city Sunday morning by President Kilgo, of Trinity College. There was nothing wanting in it to stamp it great in thought, great in matter, and great in delivery. The church was crowded, and there was but one opinion of the sermon.—News & Observer.

Compassion Rewarded.

This story was told by a grocer, when half the inhabitants of a quiet suburban street in New England were out on their door steps watching a policeman chase a thief—a miserable young fellow—who turned, and dodged, and doubled with such an expression of despair on his face, that though he had picked a pocket, no emotional young person present could help feeling sorry for him. The grocer proceeded:

"He looked at me as he passed me, and I saw hunger in his eyes. Maybe that drove him to it. But I don't think he is a professional thief, and somehow if I could, I would not have him hunted down to-night. Prisons don't make desperate men better, though they are needed for criminals of course. You see I had a curious experience of my own, once upon a time, and I never have forgotten it, and never can.

"It was when I first began business, with a very little capital in a poor quarter of the town, with poor folks for customers—people that never bought delicacies. When they were cheap, I'd have a few oranges. Now and then some cheap show-apples, and I usually had a ham or two to sell in slices. They didn't go off very fast, but I kept a couple of them in their yellow cloths, always hanging at the door. I remember I was standing at the door towards evening, when I first noticed a new policeman on our beat. He was a large man, naturally, but so hollow-cheeked, and with such sunken eyes, that I thought to myself: 'That man must have been ill lately.' He was staring at the hams with those eyes of his. I don't know why I had it fixed on my mind, but he would come for one, but when I went out to take them down before shutting up for the night, I saw the policeman standing in the shadow staring at the hams. He kept it up for three days; on the night of the fourth a storm burst over us, the hams hung under shelter, and I did not try to take them in.

"I thought no customers would come in that rain, and I sat down near the fire to read my newspaper, and take a smoke in comfort, and somehow I got interested in some political speeches, and before I knew it my wife was calling to me that it was 11 o'clock, and I'd better take in and shut up. The rain had stopped. It was clear and cold, and the stars were shining in the pools of water you'll always see after rain, in a badly paved street. Everybody seemed to be in bed; it was as still as death; I tell you, I jumped when a cold hand came out and touched mine. 'Ho!' says I. 'Hey, what's that?' 'It's only me, Mr. Spicer,' says a hoarse woman's voice—'me—old Sally. Gimme a shilling, and I'll tell you news.' 'O, go away, Sally,' says I. 'You'd only drink it. As for news you can't tell me anything.' 'I can, says she. 'O, I'll tell you—a decent man, like you won't begrudge a shilling for the like of my news. I'll trust you. Your policeman, the new one, the thin man, is a thief.' I looked up. Only one ham hung overhead. 'Maybe you took it yourself, Sally,' says I. 'I couldn't reach it,' she said. 'No, I saw him. The buttons on his coat shone in the lamplight as he got it down. He hid it yonder somewhere. When he changes with the other man, he'll get it. Then you can catch him at it. Now pay me for my information.'

'I gave her a shilling, put up the shutters, and crossed the street. There was a great laurel near the church. I struck a match and searched about, and there wrapped in paper, I found my ham. I was furious. A com-

mon thief would not have made me feel as I did. But a policeman, bound to guard my property, to rob me! It was my duty, I felt, to do the worst I could to him. And just then, I heard the whistle that called the other man to his post, and heard the slow steps on the pavement. And in a moment more, there he was. I let him get the ham under his arm before I showed, then I pounced upon him like a tiger. 'A pretty policeman, you are, you thief!' said I; and I held him fast. He struggled for a moment, and then all of a sudden, dropped the ham and staggered back against the church wall. 'O God, my wife!' said he, and began to sob. 'You ought to have thought of that before,' I said. 'If the guardian of our property is to steal it, what is to become of us? A man on good wages, too—a man that don't need anything. I wouldn't blame some poor beggar so much, though I'd have him arrested. But you—you ought to be hung.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I deserve it all, but let me tell you one thing first. They are starving at home. I am hungry—so hungry that I am faint. But at home they have had nothing but a little gruel for three days. I've only been appointed lately. I don't get any wages until pay day. I've been ill, and I've worked hard to get this place. I ought to have begged before I stole; but I swear I meant to pay you for that ham—to send you the money when I'm paid. My wife asked you for credit yesterday. You said you gave none. They don't where the neighborhood is so poor. I know. There, do what you like with me. I'm done for.'

"I led him over to my shop, and I went in and shut the door behind us. 'Policeman,' says I, 'I'm doing what the lawyers call condoning an offence, I know; but see here, I'm taught that the time will come, when I shall stand before the Great Almighty to be tried for my offences. Then I took down a basket, filled it with provisions, and said to him: 'Take these home as a present, and let your wife come here tomorrow. I'll open an account with her.' You can settle with me on pay day.' 'God bless you,' he said, 'and prosper you. You deserve to be rich, to be happy. Do you know what you saved me from? I'd die for you!' His wife came next day, and I gave her a little book, and he paid me square and fair, and many a good turn he did me, as a policeman can, if he chooses.

"But after a time I was better off, I seemed to prosper wonderfully, somehow, and I moved to a better street and a better shop, and I lost sight of my policeman.

"Well, this was all long ago. There was no telegraphs, no messengers, or police calls in houses. The firemen were a brave lot of fellows, but they hadn't the chances they have now, and your house might be burned down before they came to you, and got the hose fastened to the fire plug. And so one night, when my wife and I waked to find a red glare in the room, and to know the stairs were in flames, we hadn't much hope for our lives. I shouted out of the window as loud as I could, 'Fire! fire!' and I heard the policeman whistle, and shout the word after me, and windows flew up. I started down the street, looking for help, and I saw a policeman—the one that stole my ham—who had come flying up at the call of the other, dash toward the house. In went the door, for I heard it; and in a moment he was there through the flames, as it seemed. He seized my wife in his arms, wrapped a blanket about her and I followed with the children.

"We were in the street, as it seemed, by a miracle, when my

wife cried out: 'Little Billy! Little Billy!' Our boy was still in the house, in the little room next ours. I rushed toward the house. The smoke and flames beat me back, but the man who had rescued us plunged into them. Men dragged us out of harm's way, and against the glare of the light, I saw standing in the window of the second floor, that man with my boy in his arms. 'The ladder,' some one shouted. 'They've got the ladder up!' Then a great shout arose—horror or joy? Great heaven be praised, it was joy, and they put my little Billy in my arms, his golden hair all scorched, but not hurt otherwise. 'Papa,' he said, 'Billy most burned to def, onto the big man carried him down aladder.'

"As he spoke there came a crash. The roof had fallen in. There were burns on his hands and on his face. He had barely escaped with his life, but he gave me the smile of an angel. 'God bless you,' said he. 'Don't thank me. I've only paid a debt.'

"That's why I want one who's gone wrong, to have a chance," said the grocer, turning away, and walking toward his shop.—Herald of Peace.

One Reason Why Ladies Should Like Masonry.

(From a Scrap-Book, by Rev. W. S. Williams, P. G. L., of North Carolina.)

During the Mexican war, a lad of 15, a daring young Virginian, leaped a fence and climbed a parapet some hundred yards in advance of his company, and was taken prisoner; but not until he had killed three Mexicans and mortally wounded a Colonel. His poor mother heard of his fate, and as he was her only son, her heart groaned for his release; but remembering that she was a Mason's widow, hope lighted up in her bosom, and she exclaimed: "I will go and test the talismanic power of the Order my husband loved so much." She sold a few articles of furniture, and with the money she went to Washington City, and in her dusty attire she entered the department of the Secretary of War, and with difficulty obtained an interview. She told the Secretary of her son's capture, and her desire to go to him. "I can't help you, madam. A very expensive journey to Mexico." "Sir, will you be so kind as to recommend me to the care of the commander of the regiment which is to sail in a few days from Baltimore?" "Impossible, madam," he replied. "Sir, I have one more question to ask before I leave your office. Are you a Mason?" "Yes, ma'am, I am. Then, sir, permit me to say that I'm a Mason's widow, and my son in prison is a Mason's son." That moment the Secretary's manner changed to the most courteous interest. He gave her a note to present to the Secretary of State, who received her most kindly, and gave her a letter to the commander at New Orleans, directing him to procure her a free passage to Vera Cruz. The lodges placed in her hands \$300 with a talismanic card from the Grand Master at Washington, and the widow started on her journey. The captain of the steamer on which she embarked for New Orleans no sooner saw her talismanic card than he gave her the best state-room on the ship; and when she reached the "Crescent City," she had \$290 of her \$300.

The Colonel in command of forwarding troops gave her a free passage on the first steamer that left for Vera Cruz. After a passage of five days she reached Vera Cruz, and having a letter from the commander at New Orleans to the American Governor, she sent for him enclosing the talismanic card from the Grand Master at Washington. The Gov-

ernor immediately waited on her at the hotel, and gave her a transport to the city of Mexico, by a train that was to start next morning. Within twenty miles of the city they were overtaken by a detachment of dragoons escorting a government official. The Colonel in command provided her with a fleet and gentle Mexican pony, and she assumed her pace with the troops, escorted by the officers, and never fagged until the towers of the city of Mexico were in sight.

She reached the city on the second day's battle, and attempted to enter the gates. An officer seized her bridle, and told her she must wait until the city was taken. "O, sir!" she exclaimed, "I cannot wait one hour in sight of the city that holds my son a prisoner.—I must see him." "The city must first be taken, ma'am." "I cannot wait, sir; my son, my only son, may be dying in chains. One hour's delay may remove him from me. I must go to him. I will enter the city!" "Madam," said the officer, "you cannot reach it by crossing the battle-fields. You will surely be killed." "Sir," said the lady, "I have not traveled from Virginia to the gates of this city to fear to enter them. Thanks for your kindness—a thousand heart felt thanks for you and the officers who have been so kind to me, but do not detain me longer. I will enter the city in search of my dear boy." And on she sped, but soon another officer rode up by her side, and admonished her of her danger. "Sir," she replied, "this is no time to talk about danger: My son is a prisoner in chains. I am told that Santa Anna is a Mason, and is in the midst of you glittering group. I will place in his hands this talismanic card, and he will restore my dear boy unto me." "War destroys all brotherhood," said the officer, who was not a Mason. She made him no reply, but struck her pony and started across the field. At that moment the masked battery that mowed down one-half of the Palmetto regiment spread right across the gory field she was crossing in a semi-circle to avoid the retreating platoons. The next moment she was seen in the rear of the battery in full array. Hundreds seeing her stopped, forgetting the storm of iron balls that howled around them, to follow with their eyes what seemed to be an apparition. "The love for her son has made her wild," said an officer, who attempted to arrest her flight. "She will surely be killed," said another. "The God of battles will protect her," said a brave Tennessean. "She will reach Santa Anna as sound as a rock!"

The soldier was right. She went over the fields of death unhurt, and reached Santa Anna. He received her politely, and when she told him her errand, and presented him her talismanic card, "Madam," he said, "I am a Mason, and know the obligations of the Order in peace and war. When your son was taken prisoner he mortally wounded my nephew, who is now dead. But he shall be restored to you." He immediately gave her an escort to the prison, with an order to restore her son to her arms. The order was obeyed, and that very day she embraced her long lost boy, and in due time returned to her home in Virginia with more money than she started with.

So much for a mother's love, and so much for the protecting arm of the noble Order of Free and Accepted Masons.—Tidings from the Craft.

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TIME TABLE.
In effect 8.30 A. M., April 16, 1894.
Daily except Sunday.

NORTH BOUND.	Train No. 134.	Train No. 38.
Leaves Jackson, N. C.,	A. M. 8:30	P. M. 2:15
" Mowfield, "	8:50	2:35
Arrive Gumberry, "	9:30	3:15

SOUTH BOUND.	Train No. 41.	Train No. 3.
Leaves Gumberry, N. C.	P. M. 12:15	P. M. 4:30
" Mowfield, "	12:55	5:10
Arrives Jackson, "	1:15	5:30

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