

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

Give Thanks.

For all that God in mercy sends,
 For health and children, home and friends,
 For comfort in the time of need,
 For every kindly word and deed,
 For happy thoughts and holy talk,
 For guidance in our daily walk,
 For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
 For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
 For songs of birds, for hum of bees,
 For the refreshing Summer breeze,
 For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
 For the great ocean's mighty flood,
 In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
 For the returning morning's light,
 For the bright sun that shines on high,
 For the stars glittering in the sky,
 For these, and everything we see,
 O Lord! our hearts we lift to thee,
 For everything give thanks!

Burdens on Young Shoulders.

"Now, boys, you must take up on yourselves the entire responsibility of getting to school in season. I will see that your breakfast is ready on time; but I shall not find your books or your hats for you, or remind you that it is time to start. If you go through college, it will take you seven years—three for preparation and four for the college course. I will provide clothing, books, all expenses, but you must see to it that you are every day punctual in your attendance. I cannot assume that burden in addition to all the rest."

Thus spoke a mother to her two sons, who were just starting on their preparatory studies for a college course. She had a double reason for thus throwing upon them the burden of responsibility for punctual attendance upon their school duties. It was necessary that they, being fatherless, should early learn to spur themselves to duty, to hold themselves to account for their successes and failures; and she had already assumed all the burdens she could bear. From that hour she never in a single instance reminded them that they were likely to be late. She did with great care go over the monthly reports their teacher sent home, and show her gratification when their standing was high. She kept overlooking their studies in the evening, sympathizing with their enthusiasm, and helping in the solution of their duties; but all the responsibility of their progress she made them feel rested on themselves. By the striking of the clock in their room they knew when it was time to get up, when it was time to go to bed, when the hour of breakfast arrived. If they carelessly laid down their hats and coats out of place, she did not interest herself in the least to help in finding them. It was unnecessary even to remark: "If you had hung them in place, you would easily put your hand on them;" for they had heard from earliest infancy, "A place for everything, and everything in its place;" "A time for everything, and everything in its time."

As the result of this course on the mother's part, the two boys, though walking two miles to school in all weathers, were rarely if ever late; and when they entered college, to which they went daily by the train, they were uniformly and easily on time. Punctuality had become a habit, and they needed no outside prodding in keeping their engagements. This sense of responsibility continually enlarged until it embraced and increasingly wide area, and when they reached full manhood they were entirely accustomed to bearing its burdens manfully.

During all this time, of course, the school gave the law to the family life. Every arrangement was made for the easy performance of school duties. Such diversions as would suggest or demand late hours at night were avoided. The evening meal was served at such an hour as would give time for study when it was over; or an early hour for retiring was insisted on that an hour for study before breakfast might be secured without robbing the time for sleep.—The Friend.

LETTER FROM AFRICA.

THE TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—
 A STOP AT GIBRALTAR—ROUGH
 WEATHER.

U. S. S. San Francisco,
 ALGIERS, AFRICA,
 Jan. 28, 1895.

I will try briefly to describe our passage across the Atlantic. At this season of the year and in this latitude, ships seldom make the passage without encountering a gale of some kind. Our trip was no exception to the rule. We had been lying at the New York Navy Yard nearly six months, undergoing thorough repairs in every part of the ship and making all necessary preparations for a long cruise. In addition to our batteries we had four torpedo guns put in, after which we steamed up to Newport, R. I., and took on board 8 modern torpedoes. A board of inspection inspected the ship and her crew, and pronounced her ready for a foreign station. On the 10th inst. we hove up anchor in the ice bound harbor of Newport and put to sea. As soon as we reached the open sea we realized what was before us,—a rough passage.

Strong wind, heavy seas, bitter cold and snow-squalls made it very disagreeable on deck.

When we were out two days we came to the gulf stream and the weather became so warm that it was pleasant to stay on deck and enjoy the breeze. Some times we would meet one of those "Ocean grey-hounds" that makes the trip in six days and it is a grand sight—to see them wallow and plunge in a heavy head sea.

We frequently sighted sailing ships but never got near them.

The seventh day out the sea was so rough that our decks were drenched with breakers, the wind was dead-astern.

Afternoon all appearances indicated a gale, so all the hatches were covered and made secure, the sea gulls hovered about the ship as if anticipating great sport, the wind in the riggings made a dreadful noise and the great billows began to mount up above the ship as though they would roll over us. About four o'clock we were compelled to "heave to"—that is to put the bow of the ship to the weather—then the sea and the clouds seemed to become the same color and from below one could hear the clash of the mess-kettles and dishes in every direction.

Myself and a ship-mate stood on the port side admiring the great foaming billows, such as we had never seen before, when a huge sea arose above the ship and we saw that it would break on the deck, so we turned to escape it, but it was too fast,—we were caught,—lost our footing and the sea rushed us across the deck in a very rough manner; however, we stopped at the rails on the other side, and then we went below and left the men that were stationed on deck to "admire" the seas.

The ship acted nobly and very few seas broke over her fore-castle, but she rolled and pitched so that it was very difficult to keep on our feet.

About midnight the seas somewhat abated and we resumed our proper course.

I could not help thinking, when our big steel cruiser was tossed about in such a manner, of what Columbus and his brave men must have suffered in their little wooden ships, so small that all three of them could have easily stood on our gun deck.

On the 19th inst. we dropped anchor at Faya, one of the Azore Islands. These belong to Portugal. The soil looks very fertile and well cultivated here. Notwithstanding these islands are about 37 degrees North Lat., the

climate is so mild that oranges, lemons and other tropical fruits grow in abundance.

Most of the people are very poor because of the dense population.

A native who could speak a little English, told me that the laborers worked for 200 Reis a day, which in our money is 20 cents.

On Pico Island I saw an extinct volcano rearing its head more than 8,000 feet above the sea, and while its foot was clothed in pretty orange groves its summit was capped with snow and ice.

The next evening we hove up anchor, and steamed away due East, bound for the Rock of Gibraltar.

On the morning of the 25th we sighted land and in the afternoon steamed through the strait of Gibraltar.

On the left were the gray craggy mountains of Spain while on the right loomed up the dark and gloomy hills of Morocco, Africa.

We met many steamers bound for all parts of the world.

We stopped at the Rock only five hours. This is the scene of many hard fought battles and is now held by the British.

It is truly said to be the strongest fortification in all the world. I am told that there are 365 tremendous guns planted in the solid rock.

At nine o'clock p. m. we steamed away in to the Mediterranean sea, bound for Algiers, Africa.

We arrived here yesterday at noon.

We found here the U. S. Flag-ship, "Chicago." She has been on this station since June, '93. In a few days we will relieve her and become Flagship and she will sail for home.

This is the biggest city on the Algerian coast and a very pretty looking place.

Algeria belongs to the French.
 J. BARNES.

The Oil Fields in Ohio.

A number of very valuable oil fields have been discovered in Ohio the past year. The income from these wells, based upon their present output, promises to make an appreciable addition to the oil interest of the country. One of the new wells, known as the Kirkbridge, produces 310 barrels of crude oil per hour, or 7,440 barrels per day of 24 hours. Another single well averages over 1,200 barrels per day. To do the work of collecting, refining and shipping this immense product, an elaborate system of pumping stations, tanks, piping and other forms of machinery have been provided.

It is not generally known that the oil interests of Ohio have developed very rapidly of late, and that Ohio, as an oil producing State, promises to rival Pennsylvania. In a single county, Wood, the pipes for carrying the oil consist of 340 miles of 2 inch pipes, 70 miles of 3 inch pipes, 125 miles of 4 inch pipes, together with other sizes, making a total of some 800 miles of pipe, and representing an outlay of \$15,773,000. In addition to this the oil territory contains 260 storage tanks, which have cost \$6,000 each, and there are besides immense outlays necessary for bonuses, rentals, labor and building. At present the storage tanks of Wood County contain about 8,000,000 barrels of crude oil, valued at \$4,400,000. During the past year the output of oil from Wood County alone has been 20,000,000 barrels of oil. In other counties of Ohio the interests are also very large. There are at present some 17,500 oil wells in Ohio. Of this number over 3,000 have been drilled during the past year.—Scientific American.

A Glimpse of the Old Dominion.

R. T. M.— was the son of a Methodist preacher of Kentucky, known for his unflinching fidelity to his convictions and his independent habit of doing his own thinking. R. T. was like his father. At the age of nineteen he was teaching school. One evening a slave, owned by their nearest neighbor, a warm friend of his father, came to him and said: "Massa Robert, I want to learn to read and write, and I want you to help me."

"But, Adam," said Robert, "you know it is contrary to law, and liable to be visited with a heavy penalty to teach a slave to read."

"I know dat, but wha's de harm. I just wants to learn to read de Bible."

"Yes, but the law makes no exceptions; but, Adam, I don't believe the law is right, I have no respect for it, and on one condition, I'll agree to teach you to read and write, if you have the patience to learn."

"What's dat condition, Massa Robert?"

"It is that you will never write a pass for yourself or any one else to be out after nine o'clock at night."

"All right, sah; I'll never do it."

Accordingly, night after night, the slave followed the directions of the young school-teacher, fashioning pot-hooks after his copy, and laboring through his ab, abs, until, as the reward of his patient toil, he could write fairly well and read the Bible. But such a flagrant crime could not go unpunished. The alert prosecuting attorney got hold of the facts, and the case of Robert was presented to the grand jury and witnesses summoned. Robert, learning of what was brewing, mounted his horse and rode to the county seat, and went to the hotel and put up his horse, and got his dinner, and there met the foreman of the jury, who was a warm friend of his father and the owner of Adam. As he came up to him he said:

"Hello, Bob, what are you doing here?"

"I came to court."

"Who are you courting?"

"Nobody."

"But what are you here for?" he continued, uneasily.

"Well, sir, I understand I'm indicted before the grand for teaching your slave, Adam, to read and write, and I propose to go before them and give all the facts. If this State will send a man to jail for such a thing as that, I'm their man."

"See here, Bob, get on your horse and go home."

"No, sir; I shall do nothing of the kind. I propose to see the bottom of this business."

The foreman turned away, greatly perplexed, for he had no idea of allowing the son of his friend and neighbor to be subjected to any penalty for what he had done. When the jury convened after dinner, the first case brought forward by the prosecutor was Robert's, and a witness was put on the stand who told all he knew. At this juncture the foreman, though it was wholly irregular, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, and Mr. prosecutor, I know all about this case. The young man is the son of my friend and neighbor, and he is here, and proposes to come before you and plead guilty to all that is charged in this indictment. This slave is mine, and the facts connected with it pertain to nobody's business but my own. Now I want this case nolléd or withdrawn, right here."

Such was his influence, that the prosecutor promptly did as he was requested to do, and Robert

quietly returned home the same evening.

Years and years afterward, when slavery had long become a thing of the past, Robert met a slave of long ago on the street in the city where he was residing. The man recognized the benefactor of his boyhood at once, and made himself known by calling up the facts we have given.

"What are you doing here?" said Robert.

"I am here to preach," said Adam.

"You a preacher? I should like to hear you."

"I would like to have you to hear me to-night, at the little brick church on — street."

"I'll be there," said Robert.

At the time appointed, a large congregation. Robert among them, listened to the melting story of the cross. In concluding his sermon, the preacher gave the facts about his learning to read and write; and said: "And now, friends, the man is here who taught me, and I want you to know him."

At the close of the service, the congregation gave an ovation to this modest man, who as a boy, dared to do right because it was right. And so he does yet. What a delightful commentary upon the promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."—A. Robinson, D. D., in Christian Advocate.

List of Magistrates.

- There are 43 Justices of the Peace in Northampton county. The terms of fourteen of them expire this year and their places will be filled by the present Legislature, unless the law is changed. The terms of all of them expire on the first Thursday in August in the years named. The following is the Northampton list with the date of the expiration of their present terms:
- GASTON TOWNSHIP.
- B. M. Pugh, 1897.
 - N. D. Wilkins, "
 - J. R. Carstarphen, 1899.
 - J. H. Crew, "
 - J. A. Snow, "
- JACKSON.
- J. A. Parker, 1895.
 - J. A. Buxton, "
 - Edwin Wright, 1897.
 - J. E. Moore, "
 - G. P. Burgwyn, 1899.
 - J. T. Peebles, "
- KIRBY.
- R. J. Ricks, 1895.
 - J. B. Stephenson, "
 - J. Q. Parker, 1899.
 - B. F. Martin, "
 - K. R. Maddrey, "
- OCCONECHEE.
- R. T. Wheeler, 1895.
 - J. E. Ransom, "
 - W. T. Joyner, 1897.
 - L. M. Long, 1899.
 - G. S. Urquhart, "
- ROANOKE.
- Wm. Grant, 1897.
 - A. E. Peele, 1895.
 - C. W. Britton, 1897.
 - J. M. Baugham, "
 - A. J. Conner, 1899.
- RICH SQUARE.
- George Bishop, 1895.
 - Joseph Morris, "
 - E. P. Outland, 1897.
 - H. E. Peele, "
 - H. C. Edwards, "
 - Isaac Carter, 1899.
 - Albert Vann, "
- SEABOARD.
- B. D. Stancell, 1895.
 - W. J. Maddrey, "
 - J. L. Harris, "
 - W. F. Grubbs, 1897.
 - J. J. Wheeler, 1899.
 - J. E. Woodroof, "
- WICCACANEE.
- H. C. Lassiter, 1895.
 - J. H. DeBerry, "
 - J. D. Bottoms, 1897.
 - I. P. Parker, 1899.

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