

# THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

VOL. 4.

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NO. 11.

## Kiss Her and Tell Her So.

You've a neat little wife at home, John,  
As sweet as you wish to see;  
As faithful and gentle-hearted,  
As fond as wife can be;  
A genuine home-loving woman,  
Not caring for fuss or show;  
She's dearer to you than life, John,  
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John,  
As likewise your breakfast and tea;  
Your wardrobe is always in order,  
With buttons where buttons should be.  
Her house is a cozy nest, John,  
A heaven of rest below;  
You think she's a rare little treasure;  
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John,  
Let fortune be foul or fair;  
Of whatever comes to you, John,  
She cheerfully bears her share,  
You feel she's a brave true helper,  
And perhaps far more than you know,  
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John,  
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a cross-road somewhere in life, John,  
Where a hand on a guiding stone  
Will signal one "over the river,"  
And others must go on alone.  
Should she reach the last milestone first,  
John,  
'Twill be comfort amid your woe,  
To know that while loving her here, John,  
You kissed her and told her so.

## Nineteen Centuries of Growth

It will soon be nineteen centuries since angelic voices o'er Judean hills announced to the shepherds the birth of Jesus, who in his death was to be Savior of all and in his resurrected life King of all. Centuries have lengthened out since the earthly mission of the Babe of Bethlehem was finished; since, returning to his Father to receive all power in heaven and earth, he committed to his disciples and followers the completion of the work he had begun, the world's salvation. In the record of those years there has been much to call forth intensest sorrow; but the careful student sees the history of the church, as the path of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

At the end of the first century, the century of apostolic labors, the movement that has been born in a manger and destroyed, as its enemies fondly dreamed, on the cross, numbered among its followers, gathered in the face of persecution and death, a million and a half of believers. The next two centuries were spent in the death struggle with heathenism in the bounds of the Roman Empire. At the end of the 2nd century it had but two millions adherents, but at the end of the third century it numbered five million. After that, under the patronage of Roman Emperors, its numerical strength rapidly increased. During the 4th century the number of Christians was doubled. At the end of the 5th century, there were 15 million Christians; of 6th, 20 million; of 7th, 24 million; of 8th, 30 million; of 9th, 40 million; of 10th, 50 million; of 11th, 70 million; of 12th, 80 million. The 13th century is the only one since the organization by which there has been a decline. The 14th century only gained what the 13th lost. The work of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries was chiefly reformatory; but renewed life brought renewed growth, and at the ends of these centuries, respectively, the church numbered 100, 125 and 155 million. Notwithstanding the rapid advance of civilization during the 18th century, there was little growth, relatively, in the first sixty years of that century. At the end of the century there were 174 million Christians.

In the closing years of the 18th century, the church was blessed with a revival as far-reaching in its effect on life as the reformation had been on doctrine. One feature of this revival was the awakening in evangelical hearts of the desire which had called forth the sacrifice of calvary, which had sent Paul through the dangers of wild beasts, robbers, shipwrecks and persecutions to a martyr's death, which had inspired the simple hearted but

faithful heralds of the cross, who braved writer's cold and savage hate, to carry the truth to our fore-fathers in Germany and Britain—the desire to bring the world to Christ. Mighty has been the fruit of that desire, and mightily does it increase. It took 18 centuries to reach 174 million; the last century has seen an increase 319 million. The last decade has added as many to the church of Christ as the total number after eleven centuries. And this with so little knowledge or interest among the great mass of Christians. What may even the last five years of this century accomplish if the church will awake to its glorious mission! But alas! of the 493 millions who profess the cross, how few are at work, heart and powers, to extend its peace-giving sway. Awake, O Zion! Put forth thy strength, O Israel!

N. H. D. W.

## The Iowa Meteorite.

The Boston Commonwealth says: A close examination of the fragments of the Winnebago County (Iowa) meteorite has been made by Prof. H. A. Newton, of Yale College. More than a thousand pieces of the meteor are in the museum at Yale, and the examination of them results in some interesting deductions. The meteor was a very noticeable one and attracted the attention of very many persons over a large extent of country, from the comparison of whose stories the details of the meteor's approach have been determined. One man, a surveyor, had the presence of mind to direct his theodolite to the cloud left after the explosion, and an accurate reading of his circles gave most reliable data. The fragments were scattered over several square miles, and vary in size from a grain of dust, almost, to some eighty pounds. It is estimated that the meteor must have been at least five hundred pounds in weight and was perhaps as large as a small flour barrel; and that it approached the earth with planetary velocity, or about ten miles per second, in an orbit not unlike that of the earth itself until within about five miles, when it burst. After the explosion, the velocity of the pieces could not have been greater than that of sound, or about a quarter of a mile per second. After the primary explosion, there must have been numerous minor ones, evidence of which is to be seen in the fragments themselves. Their velocity was so great that the friction of the surfaces against the air caused the material to fuse and to flow backward over the edges. Different stages of fusion are clearly noticeable, and in addition many cases of fresh fracture, which must have taken place when the fragment was quite close to the earth.—Scientific American.

## A Mistake Often Made.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of the bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. This is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, soon or late, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built on the sand, and its foundation will be sure to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of that young man is safe who eschews every phase of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.—Sel.

## Bread. Where? How?

ANCIENT AMERICAN BREAD—CONTINUED.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

Parching loose grains well stirred in an open, iron dish does as well as either of the aforementioned methods in any experiments tried, and gets over the first and main difficulty of producing the meal or dough with a stone mortar and pestle. Mr. Mercer says this meal, as I have made it from freshly parched grain, is the easily produced Mexican Pinol, carried invariably on long desert journeys in Chihuahua and Sonora,—sometimes seasoned with herbs or parched cocoa shells, and generally mixed with sweetened water as a strengthening beverage.

The taste of cakes made from parched corn meal, I find on experiment, differs as much from that of others made from fresh grain as it does from the flavor of bread made by Mexican Indians from Metate crushed grains previously softened in hot lime water; but, given the meal, the Lenape process of cooking the dough in the embers of an open fire is that to-day in use by the negroes of Southern Maryland and Virginia.

In an ash cake baked in the embers before me at Eggleston's, Giles county, Virginia, in February, 1894, (writes Mr. Mercer), they reproduced the mode of the Lenape cook, while with their hoe cakes, originally baked by the cornfield hands on hoe blades thrust into the wattle and clay fire places in log cabins,—another Indian cake, that cooked on flat heated stones, is imitated.

Recipe for Hoe cakes. Put one pint of corn meal into a bowl and half a teaspoonful of salt; pour over it sufficient boiling water to moisten the meal and let it stand ten minutes; then add the water until the batter will drop nicely from a spoon. Bake the same as griddle cakes on a hot griddle. When done, put a piece of butter on the top of each cake and serve. The old colored cooks in the South used to make these cakes to perfection, and baked them on their hoes before a wood fire; hence the name.

M. H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Our State University.

A point not made in the discussion last evening but pertinent and proper now is, that when certain friends of the denominational colleges admit the right, and necessity of State aid to common schools, they admit themselves out of court; because they have shown by their works, and earnest works too, that they are more in earnest about higher education than lower, for they have established and endowed colleges for higher education, and for this purpose they have accepted thousands of dollars from people too poor to obtain or afford the benefits of an ordinary business education. These friends have shown by their works that they know we can never have a good system of lower education until we first establish a plan or plans for higher education. The people must have leaders before they can be led.—Raleigh Caucasian.

Good manners declare that their possessor is a person of superior quality, no matter what his garb, or however slender his purse. They prove his respect for himself, and also prove his respect for those whom he addresses.

She—"Do you think a girl ought to let a man kiss her before she marries him?" He—"Yes; if she expects to be kissed at all."—New York World.

## Cheap Pleasures.

"Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures?" asks a writer. "Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look, they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in the neighborhood, who is the mother of a half dozen children. Send them a half peck of sweet apples, and they will be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it or make him another, and how quickly the sunshine will play over his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few seconds, or speak a kind word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. You employ a man, pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart, to lighten up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. Pleasure is cheap. Who will not bestow it liberally? If there are smiles, sunshine and flowers about us, let us not grasp them with a miser's fist, and lock them up in our hearts. No, rather let us take them and scatter them about us, in the cot of the widow, among the groups of children, in the crowded mart, where men of business congregate, in our families and elsewhere. We can make the wretched happy, the discontented cheerful, the afflicted resigned, at an exceedingly cheap rate. Who will refuse to do it."—Selected.

## Origin of "Uncle Sam."

Speculation has recently arisen regarding the origin of the term "Uncle Sam" as applied to the United States government.

In the war of 1812, between this country and Great Britain, Elbert Anderson, of New York, purchased in Troy, N. Y. a large amount of pork for the American army.

It was inspected by Samuel Wilson, who was popularly known as "Uncle Sam." The barrels of pork were marked "E. A. U. S.," the lettering being done by a facetious employe of Mr. Wilson.

When asked by fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., for United States, were then almost entirely new to them), said "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Uncle Sam Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied on the increasing extent of his possessions. Soon the incident appeared in print, and the joke gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and, says John Frost, the Boston historian, will no doubt continue so while the United States remains a nation.

## District Conference.

The Warrenton District Conference will be held at Scotland Neck, beginning Tuesday night May 21st and closing Friday 24th. The following were elected delegates from Northampton Circuit at the recent quarterly meeting: J. T. Flythe, H. H. Grant, C. W. Britton, and P. W. Edwards. Alternates: A. H. Reid, W. E. Spivey, W. H. Brown and John H. Baughman.

J. C. Davis was elected trustee of the church at Woodland in place of Paul Harrell, transferred, and J. W. Buxton in place of N. Baughman. (deceased.) at Pinners church.

## Courtesy Begins at Home.

Courtesy begins at home, and should be put on with one's slippers when the feet are thrust out of bed in the morning. Let me see a woman meet her servants in the morning, and I can tell you if she be a gentlewoman or no. The thoroughbred lady—in the old acceptance of the word—has a kindly greeting for every fellow creature, no matter how lowly, with whom her life throws her in daily or frequent contact; and the little wayside flowers in the form of cheery "Good-morning's" and "Thank you's" which she scatters through her days, earn for her willing, often devoted, service, and are most efficient aids in helping the household machinery to move on without jars.

The woman who on leaving her room in the morning, passes her house maid in the hall without notice, unless to rebuke the girl for not having done her work before, is a boor, no matter what be her social status; and her fellow is the woman in the boarding house who brushes past her neighbors without more recognition than she would accord a stone, and eats her meals in stolid silence,—which she usually considers dignified reserve.

Easy and pleasant recognition of persons with whom she is for the moment thrown in contact marks the woman of cultured heart as well as brain, and impels no further acquaintance unless it should be mutually desired. The woman who is afraid, on occasion, to speak courteously to a stranger, or proffer needed service or information, must be very uncertain of her own position.—From "Etiquette of Everyday Life," in Demorest's Magazine for February.

## Flowers of Love.

Give the living the flowers of love.  
Let their perfume fill the air,  
And their sweetness and beauty cheer  
Hearts that are burdened with care.

Give the living the flowers of love,  
Nor wait till the journey's o'er,  
When the hungry heart and patient lips  
Are still forevermore.

Give the living the flowers of love,  
Let each day hold in store  
Some memory of kindness done  
To those who go before.

Give the living the flowers of love.  
Oh! bitter the tears that fall  
For thoughtless acts and cruel words,  
When death has ended all.

—Jennie L. Lyall.

## Dead, but Alive.

As an old minister was trying to comfort a doubting Christian woman, who was in deep despondency, she cried out, "Oh, I'm dead, dead, twice dead, and plucked up by the roots!" He replied, "Sitting in my study the other day, I heard a scream, 'Johnny's fallen into the well!' Before I could reach the spot, I heard the mournful cry, 'Poor little Johnny's dead—poor little Johnny's dead!' Bending over the curb, I called out, 'John, are you dead?' 'Yes, grandfather,' he replied, 'I'm dead.' I was glad," said the old man, "to hear it from his own mouth!"—Selected.

Love is the great instrument of nature, the bond and cement of society, the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot so properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that: it is the whole nature wrapt up into one desire.—South.

## A Student of Natural History.

Little Tommie, a bright little fellow three years old, in speaking of an elephant he saw at the circus, said: "It had a tail at the end of his nose." A few days ago he was shown a dead snake that some one had thrown into the street, and when he reached home his mother told his father of it, but Tommie said: "No, papa, I didn't see the snake, I saw his head on the end of his tail!"

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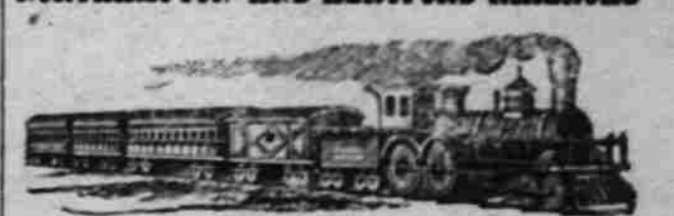
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## NORTHAMPTON AND HERTFORD RAILROAD



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

	Train No. 134.	Train No. 38.
NORTH BOUND.		
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.		
Leaves Gumberry, N. C.	P. M. 12:15	P. M. 4:30
" Mowfield, "	12:55	5:10
Arrives Jackson, "	1:15	5:30

F. Kell, Gen'l Mgr.  
Chas. Ehrhart, Actg. Sup't.

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