

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

A VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA, CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS—TRIP UP THE NILE.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.] U. S. F. San Francisco, ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, Mar. 5, 1895.

In Algiers we relieved the "Chicago" and became flagship of the European station in command of Admiral Kirkland, and on the 21st of Feb. last both ships put to sea.

When a few miles at sea we steamed slowly in order to bid each other fare-well,—three hearty cheers were exchanged and the Chicago's men were so overjoyed at the thought that they were going home that many of them threw their caps overboard, and even a dummy marine was hurled from aloft into the sea.

They flew a homeward-bound pennant 350 feet long and while they steamed away to the sun-set we headed to the east. We passed on the north coast of Sicily and through the beautiful strait of Messina which separates Sicily from Italy.

We then headed South-east and on Feb. 27 anchored in this harbor not far from the Palace of His Highness the Khedive of all Egypt.

An Arab pilot brought us in from the sea. On the morning of 2nd inst a party of about 30 men left the ship to see the wonders of the world.

We spent most of the day visiting places of interest in this city. We were at the River Nile and in the Khedive's garden, then to Pompey's Pillar. This is one of the 15 original columns that supported the front of an enormous structure several thousand years ago, the fourteen others with the building fell ages ago and have been covered by the debris of many centuries.

This pillar is composed of four parts and, I judge, about 150 feet high. The curiosity about it is that the main part, which makes up over 100 feet of its height, is composed of one piece of polished granite possibly 16 feet in diameter.

There is no machinery in existence to-day that could raise even one fourth of this column of granite. The sight-seeer can only reflect what Egypt has been. Next we visited the Catacombs, one of the burial places of the ancient Egyptians. Here we descended about fifty feet below the surface of the earth; then we could look in several directions through large tunnels cut in solid sandstone. These passage ways were some twelve feet wide and possibly fifteen feet high and on either side, one above the other, were many excavations about two feet square and deep enough to receive the body.

I crawled into one of these places and found a bone. There were others that were sealed up yet. We saw other kinds of vaults and several caverns that were so dark we did not care to venture in. In the darkness we could see curious bats flying from wall to wall.

But these places were abandoned for their original purpose centuries ago and are now only fit for the greedy eyes of tourists.

Tired of Alexandria, we secured the services of one of the best guides—one who has shown many American people to the Pyramids,—and at four o'clock P. M. boarded the cars and away we went up the fertile valley of the Nile.

These green plains, I think, are 15 to 20 miles wide; from the middle I was able to see the barren sand-hills on either side.

No trees except a few tall palms and I noticed that all this valley

has to be irrigated for it seldom rains. Along the railway line one sees life as it is in the country—long trains of camels and donkeys on their way to and from the market; herds and their keepers in the fields, oxen employed in turning large wooden wheels which lift the water from the canals and run it off into small ditches over the fields.

Nearly all the people live in small villages and their houses are built of mud and straw, for they have no timber; the houses have no chimneys and some no windows. At 8 o'clock at night we were in Cairo, the capital of Egypt and the largest city in Africa.

The next morning was Sunday, but not with the Egyptians; their stores and shops of trade were open and usual business was going on; but we had little time to spend in Cairo for we must see the Pyramids, nine miles away; accordingly our guide brought five carriages; some however preferred to ride donkeys while their drivers ran behind with a stick to make them go fast. Crossing the Nile we came to the prettiest drive-way I ever saw; two rows of great shade trees formed an arch over the way the whole distance. At the end of this drive where the verdant plains of the Nile and the boundless waste of desert land meet stands the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

The largest Pyramid, called Gizeh, is 543 feet high, 693 feet on each of the four sides and its base covers 11 acres of ground. The layers of stone from bottom to top number 208. Many stones are over 30 feet long, 4 feet broad and 3 feet thick. All of this material was brought from the Arabian mountains many miles away. How were these stones of such enormous weight transported? Indeed it is wonderful.

From the Pyramids we could look away out on the desert and see something which they told us was petrified forest.

About twenty miles up the Nile we could see two other Pyramids and another out on the desert.

Not far from the Pyramids is the Sphinx to which we rode on camels. This wonder has the body of a lion and the head of a woman and possibly, four of five thousand years ago adorned the front of a palace of Kings; but the sweeping sands of the desert century after century have covered all except the head, neck and a part of the right front paw which from the shoulder is 40 or 50 feet long.

Retracing our journey we came aboard the ship at nine o'clock that night, and our clothes full of sand from head to foot and very tired but well satisfied.

Now, I do not assert that all I have said is correct, for I have no books for information, so have to write from what I was told and from my own observation.

J. BARNES

Give Encouragement.

Give the young and struggling a word of encouragement when you can. You would not leave those plants in your window boxes without water, or refuse to open the shutters that the sunlight might fall upon them, but you would leave some human flower to suffer from want of appreciation or the sunlight of encouragement. There are a few hardy souls that can struggle alone on stony soil, shrubs that can wait for the dews and sunbeams, vines that climb without kindly training, but only a few. Utter the kind word when you can see it is deserved. The thought that "no one knows and no one cares" blights many a bud of promise. Be it the young artist at his easel, the young preacher in his pulpit, the workman at his bench, the boy at his mathematical problems, or your little girl at the piano, give what praise you can.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A COMMON PLACE ADVENTURE UNINTELLIGIBLY RELATED IN GOOD DICTIONARY WORDS.

[The following is a clipping from an old copy of St. Nicholas, and shows that we have a great many words that our most voluble talkers never use. It is a literary curiosity, and I want some of the boys and girls who read your paper, to reproduce the story in simple language for your readers.—W. C. P., Seaboard, N. C.]

Being easily exsuscitated, and an amnicolist fond of inescating fish and brogglng with an ineluctable desire for the amolition of care, I took a punt, and descended the river in a snithy gale. The water being smooth, I felt I could venture with incoluimty, as I was familiar with the obuncous river.

Having brogglod without result, I rowed toward an eyot, intending merely to quiddle, when I suddenly saw a hackee. Wishing to capture him, I decided to circumnavigate, and take him unaware. Landing, I derved myself where I could see the hackee deracinating grass. He discovered me, and skugged behind a tree, occasionally protruding his noll.

Seizing a stick, I awaited the caput. When the neg appeared, I feagued him. The hackee, whice is pedimanous, tried to climb the bole. He seemed sheepish, and I suspected him of some michery, especially as his cheeks seemed ampullaceous. I caught him by the tail, and he skirled. Though he was spruck, I held on with reddour, and tried finally to sowle him. The hackee looked soynded, and tried to scyle. I belabored him, and he cleped, making vigorous oppugnation, and evigently longing for divogation.

Then a pirogue approached, and an agricultor landed. This distracted the hackee, and I sowled him, but dropped him because he scratched so. I vowed to exungulate him when caught.

Borrowing a fazzolet, I tried to yend it over the hackee's head, as a means of oceation. The agricultor aided. He was not attractive, seemed crapulous, and not unlike a picaroon. He had a siphunculated dinner-pail, which looked as if he had been battering it while pugging. But with a stick and some string he made a gin, and tried to make the hackee bisson. This caused quincing by the hackee, who seized the coadjutor's hallux. Thus exasperated, the agricultor, captured the hackee without any migniardise; but he glouted over the bite, and his rage was not quaited until the hackee was a litch. Carrying it to the punt, I sank into a queachy spot, which delayed me until the gale obnubilated the sky.

While removing the pelage, I found the lich somewhat olid, because the swinker had feagued the hackee, and so I yended the lich away, went to market and supped upon a spitchcock and a hot bisk.

War Relics.

Friend Warlick wrote a communication for the Courier a few weeks ago, informing its readers as to the number of relics he brought home from the war. Mr. Warlick also counts gun shot and sabre cuts as relics. Now if those are counted as relics I can nearly beat him two to one. At the battle of Gettysburg I was wounded nine times, had fifteen bullet holes through my clothes and 2 through one shoe. Lost no limbs and would make a pretty good old soldier yet if they would give me a position in a suttlers shop.—D. A. Coon, in Lincolnton (N. C.) Courier.

Bread. Where? How?

THE KOON-TI PLANT. NO. 2

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

In preparing the Koon-ti for market, it has to be reduced to fine flour. The mills in which it is prepared are something like the apple mills of the North; in fact, one gentleman here uses an apple mill.

The real Koon-ti mill need not be particularized, as most of your readers can imagine their structure. They cost about \$40.00. Horses, steam and hand mills are all used. Some of the latter, like "the mills of the gods, grind slowly" as you can conjecture.

A man can dig from four to five barrels of the roots a day. The tops are cut off and most persons cut the roots in about two inch pieces. They are then deposited in barrels of water, and left to soak about twelve hours, when they are thrown into the mill, ground into pulp, and strained through a brass wire sieve until the starch is extracted.

This starch runs through the sieve into a tank where it remains about three hours to settle. From this runs off what is called the rid water; and which, by the way, is one of the finest fertilizers. You ought to see how splendidly vegetation flourishes around a Koon-ti mill. The starch is then shoveled out of the tank, and placed in a barrel which is filled with water, and left to stand another three hours. In this barrel, the starch settles to the bottom; and when the water is poured off, a layer of yellow starch is found overlying the white. This yellow layer is carefully removed, and used as food for chickens, pigs, etc. Horses are fond of it, and the Indians make bread of it. The "yellow," as it is called, is never shipped, there being, as you see, plenty of uses for it in the home market.

The white layer of starch is again washed, and after settling once more, is taken from the water and spread upon cloth "dryers" fastened on wooden frames. After a couple of days drying—one day in the hot sun is often sufficient—it is ready to be marketed.

M. H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Spirit of the Teacher.

"As is the teacher so is the school"—a maxim trite, but forever true. As is the teacher's interest in a given subject, so is the interest of the pupil, and so the strictly ethical effects. One of the saddest sights on earth is a half-dead teacher, working upon a half-dead class, the product of his own handicraft. As, on the other hand, one of the most beautiful, is the inspiring teacher before a class, made sharers of his own spirit, throbbing with a certain newness of life and sense of growing power. I have seen the mere Gerund-grinder, or numerical Baggage machine, monotonously laboring at a creaking crank, and turning out mechanisms the image of himself, and I have seen too, the Artist teacher, a happy union of cultured brain and loving heart, working even upon the inert product of the spiritless tradesman with results typified in the dream-vision of the prophet. "What a marvelous change! How soon is there a shaking of the dry bones, a movement of flesh and sinews and covering skin, and a soul created under the ribs of death?"—J. A. MacLellan.

Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the motion, the actual condition of his own heart, and other men—so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy—must and will give heed to him.—Carlyle.

He Got the Place.

The boy came briskly into the office, doffed his hat and bowed to the manager.

"I understand you want a boy, sir," he said.

"Yes, we have a vacancy."

"Can you? What sort of a place do you want?"

"Where there's a little workand as much pay as the house can stand."

"Um, most boys when they come are willing to take all work and no pay."

"I'm not most boys."

"Oh, you're not? You are pretty fresh, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir, but I know it, and I'm getting cured."

"Do you expect to get the kind of a job you want?"

"No, sir; nobody gets what he wants, exactly, but it doesn't hurt him to expect a good deal."

"What pay do you think you should have?"

"Three dollars per week."

"The other boys we have had only got two."

"How many have you had in the last year?"

"Eight or ten."

"I thought so. That's the kind of a boy a two-dollar boy is."

"Are you not that kind?"

"No, sir; if I come I hang up my hat and stay."

"Suppose you don't like it?"

"I'll stay just the same."

"Suppose we bounce you?"

"I'll be glad of it, sir."

"Glad of it?"

"Yes, sir; if the house isn't satisfied with the right kind of a boy, it isn't the right kind of a house for the right kind of a boy to be in."

The employer took a second look at the boy.

"Um," he said; "will you say that again?"

"No, sir; it's time I was going to work if I'm going to work, and if I'm not, it's time I left. Do I go in or out?" and the manager, with much doubt in his mind, said "in," and the boy went in with a will.—American Store-keeper.

Obituary.

Passed away from a bed of suffering on Sunday morning March 17th, 1895, W. C. Wilson in the 46th year of his age. Mr. Wilson come to Northampton from Norfolk County, Virginia, in 1876, and shortly afterwards married Ida, the daughter of Alanson Capehart Esq., then one of the largest planters on Roanoke River. His wife dying a few years afterwards, Mr. Wilson continued to live in Northampton County until his death. For fifteen years he was the trusted agent of George P. Burgwyn, Esq., at the Bull Hill Mill stores. Mr. Wilson was true and faithful to the interests of his employer. He was a kind hearted, courteous, clever gentleman, and was very popular with all classes—especially with the colored people—by whom he was universally respected and beloved. If he had an enemy in this world—it is a fact unknown to the writer of these lines. Truthful, efficient in business matters, gentle, open handed and open hearted, he will be sadly missed by every one, with whom he had any intercourse whether in business or in social life. He suffered much towards the last. Let us hope, that he is now at rest, and in that world where pain and sufferings are unknown.

J. B. M.

Jackson, N. C.

A class in grammar was reciting and one of the younger boys was asked to compare "sick." He began thoughtfully, "Sick"—paused while his brain struggled with the problem—then finished triumphantly, "Sick, worse, dead."

NOTICE

I have qualified as administrator on the estate of Nathaniel Baughman and all persons holding claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me on or before the 21st day of March, 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. This 12th day of Feb, 1895. 2-13-6. J. A. BURGWYN, Admr.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

If you want a position for next year, or if you desire a better salary, we can be of service to you. Write for particulars.

If you know where a teacher is wanted give us information and if we can fill it, you shall be rewarded.

CHAS. J. PARKER, Manager, Teachers' Aid Association, Raleigh, N. C.

ROUEN-PEKIN DUCKS.

The hardiest and best layers of all ducks. One of the very finest ducks on the market for general purposes, especially noted for large size and good laying qualities.

Eggs in season at \$1.50 for 13.

Apply to E. M. Lowe, Bryantown, N. C.

Spectacles and Eye Glasses.



Do you want a pair of glasses that will make you see better and do better work, that will preserve your eye sight if it is defective, that will not tire your eyes, then come to W. P. MOORE & CO., Jackson, N. C., who are making a specialty of fitting Glasses and can replace broken parts at small cost.

GROCERIES!

I. C. BRINKLEY,

(Successor to Ellenor & Brinkley)

610 CRAWFORD ST. - PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Can be found at the old stand where a full and complete line of Groceries are kept which are offered at

LOW DOWN PRICES

at Wholesale and Retail.

The Hotel Burgwyn,

JACKSON, N. C.

Livery Attached.

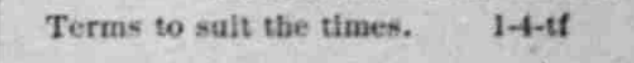
This Hotel, situated on the most desirable lot in Jackson for a hotel, is well furnished throughout and no efforts spared to fit it for the convenience and comfort of its patrons.

THE TABLES WILL BE SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE MARKET AFFORDS.

Terms to suit the times. 1-4-tf

JAS. SCULL, PROPRIETOR.

NORTHAMPTON AND HERTFORD RAILROAD



TIME TABLE.

In effect 8.30 A. M., April 16, 1894.

Daily except Sunday.

Table with 4 columns: Direction (North/South Bound), Train No., and Time (A.M./P.M.). Includes routes like Northbound to Gumberry and Southbound to Gumberry.

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