

Speak no Ill.

"Say, speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind;
And oft to breathe each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing thus a kinder plan.
Fruit but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.
Give me the heart that fain would hide,
Would fain another's faults efface;
How can't it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base.
No, let us reach a higher mood,
A nobler estimate of man;
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all as best we can.
Then speak no ill, but lenient be
To other's failings as your own,
If you're the first a fault to see,
Be not the first to make it known.
For life is but a passing day,
No lips may tell how short its span;
Then, oh! the little time we stay,
Let's speak of all the best we can."
—Selected.

HIS LAST LETTER.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE W. J. CAPEHART
JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH
—HIS TRUST IN GOD.

The late William J. Capehart, of Bertie County, an account of whose life we published last week, was, from its first publication, a warm friend of the PATRON AND GLEANER, and in private and public encouraged its editor and contributed to its support. He often used its columns to speak to the people. His constant aim was to do something to advance the interest of the farming class. One of his last acts during his last and fatal illness was to write a letter for publication in his favorite paper, the PATRON AND GLEANER, but as we were crowded for space it has been held over till now, as it was one that would be good at any time. In it he offers encouragement to the small farmer and expresses his gratitude to God for the success he attained in life. Below is the letter:

ROXBEL, N. C.,
March 12, 1895.

EDITOR PATRON AND GLEANER:—Notwithstanding the unprecedented depression in almost every branch of business, the one and two horse farmers are in a better condition than ever before. They have a surplus of the staff of life on hand, with muscle to keep the supply replenished, and a sound head to direct the work of the muscle. This noble type of our population has from the dawn of creation executed their own work and never before have they been so bountifully rewarded as now. It is not so with large planters; they cannot do their work and are dependent on others to do it for them, at a time when honest toil will not pay the cost of production. This condition of things precludes the possibility of keeping up the larger farms. The average farmer does his own work and thereby retains in his pocket what the large farmer must pay out. Labor and taxes will consume the 20 horse man, while the signs of prosperity will be gleaming up all through the ranks of the average farmer. So you see the 20 horse man has too many horses and too many acres. He cannot work them all himself, and it will not pay to hire others to do it. A radical change with the 20 horse farmer is inevitable. Grass and stock is the only salvation at the present low price of cotton. The man that does his own work and hires no help is independent—can keep what he has and add more to it. But the 20 horse man must bid adieu to his old system, pull the bridle from the head of his horse and put the rope on the ox and walk or lead to the plough and pasture.

As to myself the All Wise Being has always been good and merciful. He has kept me living for 73 years, blessed me with a competency and now I find He has not deserted me. I am armed and equipped for the pending emergency, and for His many favors I am grateful and for which He has my loyalty.

W. J. CAPEHART.

Bread. Where? How?

THE KOON-TI PLANT. NO. 4.
[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

The principal market for the Koon-ti starch is Key West, though quite a quantity is shipped annually to the Bahamas, as also to Havana.

The Koon-ti starch is very fine and white when well prepared, although there is a great deal of difference in its quality, according to the care taken in its preparation. It used to bring much better prices than now, and a good deal more of it was made.

Parties who had purchased land here, made their living from the manufacture and sale of Koon-ti starch, while waiting for their trees and crops to grow. It takes seven or eight barrels of roots, on an average, to make two hundred pounds of starch; and about \$9.00 a week can be realized from it. The starch is used for laundry purposes as well as for food, many preferring it to corn starch or Bermuda arrow root. When properly prepared, the beautiful, snowy powder is as good for puddings and pastry as corn starch is; and as good in sickness or for children's use as arrow root.

In Dade county, Florida, it is an every day dish in one form of baking or another. And it is strange that so useful a product is not more widely known; as singularly enough, it is only a few years since, when a Florida editor was extremely anxious to learn something conclusive concerning this interesting gift from Nature's elaborate store-house; but no one could be found capable of giving the desired information.

KOON-TI PUDDING.

Pour boiling water on some Koon-ti, and let it boil hard-made just as you would starch for clothes. Then add as many eggs, as much sugar, milk and flavoring as for a corn starch pudding. Beat them well into the hot Koon-ti prepared starch, and bake until brown. It is delicious hot or cold.

M. H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Neighbors.

A good neighbor is always the most desirable of possessions, although in some cases their social value is underestimated. What constitutes a good neighbor is also frequently misconstrued, although the sensible acceptance of the term is, the neighbor who is friendly without being officious, helpful without being superfluously so, and finally, one who always respects the privacy of others' household affairs by a certain degree of formality of manner.

The social neighbor is not always the useful one, yet each in her respective place has special influences to exert of equally beneficial consequences. The sympathetic neighbor is also a popular one, but she has to exercise continuous tact, lest her solacing influence may be occasionally overdone or utilized at untimely periods. The inquisitive neighbor is always a dread to everybody within the reach of her intrusive curiosity, as she does not seem to have any intuitive respect for others' feelings as regards their divulgence of personal affairs to an outsider.

The truest and most respected of all neighbors, however, is the one who always speaks well of everybody, who devotes the largest share of her sympathies to her own affairs, is chary of administering unsolicited advice, and who always waits until her social and useful capacities are requested, and never renders herself officious even in her most sanguine efforts at proving to be a good neighbor.—A. M. Toohy.

Frontier Life on the Plains. No. 14.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

Keeping in a supply of provisions, clothing, etc., as well as articles for the home and farm 20, 40 and 50 or more miles from town was altogether different from what it was on a farm only 10 miles, or perhaps half that distance away, especially when we did not have means enough to lay in very much at one time.

We only lived 20 miles from town and of course this was not so bad as it was for those who lived as far again or further.

We would usually borrow from the neighbors as long as the neighbors had anything to loan us, and nearly all the neighbors would do the same until the whole neighborhood was in debt to one another and did not have anything more to lend, then somebody who owned a team would go to town and do trading for the whole neighborhood.

The man who was going to town would name a day, perhaps a week ahead, when he was going and we would all get to know about it in a very short time, then we would visit him and his family, take a little money or something else and tell him what we wanted.

One would take a sack of wheat and would want flour and bran, another would take a sack of corn and would want yellow meal, another would take a sack of corn and would want white meal, another would take 10 or 15 pounds of butter or perhaps it would only be 5 pounds; he would want 25c. worth of sugar and a package of coffee; another would take a dime for so much tobacco, another would want a little rice, and so on all the way around. Sometimes one person would want several articles, such as a broom, a fence board 16 ft. long, one pound of nails and a spool of white thread No. 30. The man who went to town would very likely have a full load both ways; sometimes he would make the trip in one day, sometimes he would take two days or even more if he lived further away than we did.

While at town he would have to do business nearly all over, for there was the mill to go to for the flour and bran, the lumber yard for the 16 ft. fence board, the hardware for a pound of nails, the grocery for the sugar, coffee and tobacco; and while he was there he might have to get 5 cts. worth of blueing, and a gallon of molasses, then he would have to go to the dry goods store to get the spool of white thread No. 30, and perhaps two or three yards of domestic. Besides all this he would likely have to do business with the dealer in farm implements, the harness-maker or shoe-maker not necessarily for himself but for some of his neighbors.

When he got his load all on it would usually be a pretty good load, especially if it was in prairie breaking season, and a mixed up load it would be; and if he was not very careful he would let some of the packages get bursted and contents spilled.

When he got home the neighbors would go to visit him again and get their goods. Of course they were all glad to get them and he was glad to accommodate them all without charge; it was "free delivery" both ways on the part of the man who went to town.

Now this looks like getting small quantities at a time, but this was the way we used to trade because we did not have money to buy any more; we would often get only enough of one article to pay back what we had borrowed, then we would either have to do without or start to borrow again.

The next time some other man would go and do the same kind of

trading, then the next time still another would go, then another, and soon.

Some settlers were stingy and would not go to town as long as they could send by some one else; but these were not liked very well and by and by had to go and do their own trading. When they did they would usually go without letting any one else know anything about it.

In the very first settling of the country we did not want very much and that was not very hard to supply, even if we did live a long way from town; but as the settlers got more land under cultivation, raised larger crops, and got more property around them their wants became greater and consequently harder to satisfy at such a long distance from market; there was more to haul off, and more to bring back, the trips had to be made more often, and became more tiresome, and finally was becoming one of the greatest burdens of our frontier life when a railroad and town was built near to us, which made life more pleasant in some respects, but added new burdens and made the old settlers more distant to each other, in sociability.

RICHARD COOPER.

Fairfield, Neb.

Planting With a Cannon.

Alexander Nasmyth, the landscape painter, was a man fruitful in expedients. To his mind, the fact that a thing could not be done in the ordinary manner, was no reason why it should be given up. His son relates the following interesting example of his ingenuity:

The Duke of Athol consulted him as to some improvements which he desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. Among other things, a certain rocky crag needed to be planted with trees, to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance. The question was how to do it, as it was impossible for any man to climb the crag, in order to set seed or plants in the clefts of the rocks.

A happy idea struck my father. Having observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannons, used for firing salutes on great days, it occurred to him to turn them to account.

A tinsmith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree seeds. The cannon was loaded, and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst, and scattered the seed in all directions.

Some years after, when my father re-visited the place, he was delighted to find that his scheme of planting by artillery had proved completely successful, the trees were flourishing luxuriantly in all the recesses of the cliff.—The Friend.

What is a "Lady?"

It would never enter into my head to think a person of great wealth and possessed of a fine establishment, a lady, if she could turn in her own house from a beaming recognition of some star of contemporaneous fashion to bestow a frozen greeting upon a social make-weight, or a poor friend of other days who had not kept pace with her in progress up the ladder of society, writes Mrs. Burton Harrison in an interesting discussion of the proper usage of the terms "woman" and "lady," in the April Ladies Home Journal.

To lay down a law for the use of the word in the present condition of American society would, I think, puzzle the most ingenious makers of social codes. For the time it must remain a matter of intuition when and where to apply the graceful courtesy title of "lady."

Jeff Davis' Capture.

General Henry Harnden, the officer of the Union army who captured Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy, is in Chattanooga to-day with the Wisconsin commissioners to locate the positions of the troops of that state in the Chickamauga National Military Park.

"It is not true," said he, "that President Davis was in woman's attire when captured. It was a cold morning, about daybreak, when I arrested him, and he had a woman's shawl over his shoulders. The story about hoopskirts is totally false."

Then General Harnden, who belonged to the First Wisconsin Cavalry, told how he was given 150 picked horsemen and given orders to capture Davis. They rode three nights and three days without rest. The capture was made near Irwinville, in Irwin county, Georgia. Just before the capture a body of Michigan cavalry on a similar expedition, and General Harnden's men collided. A fight ensued and two or three men on either side were killed, and a number were wounded before it was found out they were friends instead of enemies.

"When I reached the Davis camp," continued General Harnden, "the first man I spoke to was the Texas gentleman, now Senator Reagan, who told me that he was the postmaster general of the Confederate States. President Davis was sitting near by on a log, with a shawl, I presume his wife's, over his shoulders as it was a cool morning."

"How did the story get out that he had on dresses and hoopskirts?" asked the reporter.

"When I went to Macon and reported to General Wilson, my superior officer, he had the story telegraphed out as fast as I spoke, and the woman's shawl became exaggerated into female attire. In the excitement he may have misunderstood me, or the newspapers exaggerated it. I have tried for years to correct the story, but have been unable to do so entirely. It is very hard for truth to overtake a lie. In Grand Army posts when I attempt to explain it I am some times hissed. If the writer of history gets it corrected for future generations I shall feel better."—Chattanooga Dispatch, March 26.

Seeds and Words.

I dropped a seed beside a path,
And went my busy way,
Till chance, or fate—I say not which—
Led me, one summer day,
Along the self-same path; and lo!
A flower blooming there,
As fair as eye hath looked upon,
And sweet as it was fair.
I dropped a sympathetic word,
Nor stayed to watch it grow,
For little tending's needed, when
The seed is good we sow;
But once I met the man again,
And by the gladsome way
He took my hand, I knew I sowed
The best of seed that day.

Obituary.

Jacob T. Lassiter, son of Jesse and Tabitha Lassiter, was born in North Carolina, Feb. 3, 1852, moved to Arkansas in 1869. He professed religion in his 14th year and joined the Methodist church, South, in his 21st year. He was married to Tabitha A. Hicks, Dec. 10, 1873. She died Dec. 15, 1874, and he was married to Rosie Ann Glover, Feb. 20, 1878. He died at his home in Lonoke county, Ark., Jan. 14, 1895. He leaves a wife and 4 children to mourn their loss. May God bless and sustain them. Brother Lassiter lived a consistent Christian life till death. We knew where to find him.
FRIEND.

Teacher—"What is the meaning of the word excavate?"
Pupil—"To hollow out."
Teacher—"Give a sentence in which the word is properly used."
Pupil—"The small boy excavates when his papa licks him."
—Tid-Bits.

T. R. RANSOM, Attorney at Law, Jackson, N. C.

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H. C. Spiers,
Weldon, N. C.

NOTICE!

Having qualified as executor of William Grant, deceased, late of Northampton county, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the twenty-eighth day of March, A. D. 1895, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.
This the 28th day of March, 1895.
J. M. GRANT, Executor
of William Grant, deceased.

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.

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