

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

LASKER, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

NO. 24.

Henry Ward Beecher.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

On the last Sunday in September, 1872, I heard Henry Ward Beecher preach at his church in Brooklyn, New York. It was his last sermon after his return from a summer vacation. Expecting that the church would be more than full I went early in order to secure a seat. The church building is a large, plain structure, destitute of ornament, twenty feet back from the sidewalk. It had four doors in front, each door corresponding with the four principal aisles in the church. The door was only one step above the sidewalk. When I reached the church half an hour before the time for church services I found each door occupied by an usher. The principal business of these ushers was to keep people out of the church. This seemed strange to me, as I had always seen them anxious to get the people inside of the church. At the door which I attempted to enter I met a handsome young man of the most urbane manners. In a kind and pleasant voice he asked each one wishing to be admitted to please stand aside until the pew holders passed in. At that moment I looked and along every street the people in a perfect stream were hastening to the church. The ushers seemed to know every pew holder, and every pew holder seemed to know his rights. They passed into the church in an uninterrupted and unbroken chain. Looking at his watch the usher told those who had been waiting to pass in. Having taken my stand next to the door I was the first to enter the church after the invitation was given. I was immediately met by a very graceful and pleasant person who conducted me to a choice seat about mid way the church on the right hand side of one of the principal aisles. Those who were there for that purpose immediately commenced drawing out the seats from the ends of the pews, thus extending each seat across every aisle. There I saw seated in this vast auditorium more than three thousand people. Hundreds were turned away from the doors because there was no space for them to be seated or to stand. The changing of position and the moving of feet produced a rumbling noise which could be heard in every part of this vast room. I could hardly imagine how that quiet could be obtained necessary for the preacher's voice to be heard by all who were present. The choir consisted of sixty trained singers in the gallery just behind the preacher's stand, and but three or four feet above him. At this moment a tall, angular lady just behind the preacher and about midway the choir, arose and commenced singing a solo. "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Instantly everything was perfectly quiet. A pin might have been heard to fall in almost every part of the audience. The singer, although tall and angular, was attractive in her appearance. Her hair was fair, her eyes were blue, and her complexion was fresh. There was a tremolo in her voice which seemed as if she was struggling for confidence. Her voice was as sweet as the notes of a flute. Every moment it was louder and louder and sweeter and sweeter. In the second verse four other persons joined in the song, and then the entire choir. The preacher then stepped forward and offered his invocation. Another hymn was sung and then the regular morning prayer. Afterwards was sung that grandest piece of all church music, the coronation hymn. More than half the audience joined in the singing of this hymn. The great

twenty thousand dollar organ poured forth its deep and solemn tones. The choir was in full accord with the organ and the audience were in full accord with the choir. It seemed as if no one could help singing. Without thought the writer himself commenced singing. But recollecting that he could not sing—the power of song having been denied him—he of course was quiet. He was then a listener and not a participant. Mr. Beecher then stepped to the front of his stand, two feet above the audience, and without any book in his hand repeated his text. In a single moment without any circumlocution he was preaching. This was the period of Mr. Beecher's popularity. It was just before the shadow of Elizabeth Tilton clouded his brilliant career. Mr. Beecher was a man of medium size, well formed and with a handsome and attractive face. His clothes were well fitting and made to order; and the soles of his boots were neither too thick nor too thin. He wore no beard or mustache and his hair was long and combed back behind his ears. His voice was cultivated until it fell like music upon the ear. So clear and perfect was his articulation that not a word that he spoke from the first to the last but what was heard by the most distant one of the vast audience, although his voice was not loud. For nearly an hour he held this vast audience bound with a spell. His language was plain and simple, but his thoughts were as grand as the falls of Niagara. Not a word did he use that could not be understood by the plainest farmer; yet they were so woven together as to bring out all of the tints of the rainbow. His sentences were all bright and sparkling; they were full of live thoughts and endless gems of beauty. It seemed as if he were trying to bankrupt the English language so as to leave nothing of the beautiful to be said in future. At one time I saw a thousand persons with handkerchiefs to their eyes and soon after I saw three thousand persons with their faces wreathed in smiles. When the audience was dismissed hundreds went forward to shake hands with their preacher and to welcome him home from his summer vacation. As this vast assembly slowly left the church with uncovered heads the great organ filled the air with its deep and solemn tones. Of all instrumental music yet known the organ is the most heavenly. While under the melancholy strains of the great organist no one felt as he passed out of the church the slightest disposition to say a word. Neither did he wish to mar the moral photograph which had been impressed upon his heart during the past hour. CARLTON. Rehoboth, N. C.

Robert Collyer's Father.

And now about my father, writes the Rev. Robert Collyer, D. D., in the June Ladies' Home Journal. I think still he was as good a smith as I have ever known, a man who would forge no lie in iron or steel; with soft, steadfast brown eyes, strong and sinewy arms to labor, and never sick a day I can remember, always at his work until he fell dead that day with the hammer in his hand. Blacksmiths, I think, are usually silent men. The old Beechers were, as I have heard, who were of this craft, silent men who left the pent-up speech to their sons and grandsons. This was my father, also. He was a silent man, while both father and mother were as free from contagions and infections as the sound oaks are and the stars, so that the microbes, when they came in the dreadful form of fevers, found nothing in them for prey.

Bread. Where? How?

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

LENTILS.

The Lentil is a favorite article of food in the Oriental countries in which it grows, having been in use there from the earliest times. It is of the pea family, and is cultivated like the English pea, only it is sown later. Large quantities of lentils are imported into London and Hamburg, to be used as an ingredient in soups and sauces, being much prized by cooks. In Egypt and Syria, the parched seeds are exposed for sale in the shops, and they are esteemed the best food to carry on long journeys. They are dressed in the same manner as beans, dissolving into a mass, and making a pottage of a chocolate color. It was for a mess of lentils that Esau sold his birthright to Jacob, preferring a savory dish of pottage after a long and weary siege of hunting rather than the honors accruing to the eldest son of a patriarch. It is in Egypt that the lentil crop is of the most value, for in the land of the Pharaohs the lentil forms one-sixth of the food of the people, besides being extensively exported to other countries. It is well adapted to the soil and climate, as it requires little irrigation save what the Nile provides. The Egyptian lentils are reputed to be the best and most nutritious in the world. From Cairo to Assouan, the farmers of the Nile Valley regularly rotate the crop with wheat or maize, gathering it in about the end of April. Every peasant grows enough for his own consumption, making it into porridge, which he finds both wholesome and sustaining, and the cheapest food he can obtain. Also, from the flour of the lentil, good bread may be made, thus adding another nutritious substitute for white. The hygienics recommend using the pulp for a healthful pie-crust. In Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, Suez, Port Said and the other towns, the consumption of the lentil, especially in soup, is enormous. Most of the export goes to London, there to be converted into invalid or "patent" food, under some fanciful name at a fanciful price. Oh! the development of the years! For centuries, the art of making or baking bread from grains, peas and beans, after being ground in their rude mills, was generally unknown; and it was long, when even the Romans learned the art, except to make unleavened bread or cakes. M. H. RICE. Lahaska, Pa. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

Near Gainesville a newly married couple on the train one day attracted a good deal of attention at a station by their peculiar behavior. A lady got on the train at a station and took a seat in front of them. Scarcely was she seated before they commenced making remarks about her wearing last season's hat and dress. She was severely criticised for some moments. Presently the lady turned around. She noticed at a glance that the bride was older than the groom, and without the least resentment in her countenance she said: "Madam, when you please to have your son close the window behind you?" The son closed his mouth instead, and the madam did not giggle again until the brakeman called out "Lula."

A young lady, the other evening, kissed in the dark a young man whom she mistook for her lover. Discovering her mistake, she said: "It's not he, but it's nice."

A JUST TRIBUTE

OF PROF. E. A. ALDERMAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

Hon. A. M. Waddell, of Wilmington, thus writes to the Messenger, concerning the address of Prof. Edwin A. Alderman, at the Guilford Battle ground celebration some time ago, on the life of William Hooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. We have not had the pleasure of reading it but knowing Prof. Alderman's high ability, his industry and patient research into all matters of historical interest which he undertakes, we are quite prepared to believe that the compliment paid him by so fine a scholar and finished an orator as Col. Waddell himself, is entirely merited and well bestowed. Col. Waddell says: I particularly desire to call the attention of your readers to the finest piece of biographical literature that has ever been produced by a North Carolinian, and one which ought to be especially attractive to Cape Fear people, as the subject was one of the leading spirits of the Revolutionary period, and the author is a Wilmington man. I refer to Edwin A. Alderman's address at the Guilford Battle ground on William Hooper, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. It is a pamphlet of sixty pages, with an appendix, a picture of Hooper, etc., and is an elegant, scholarly description of the best educated scholar and orator of the day, by one of the most accomplished scholars and orators of his own time. Professor Alderman, who is professor of the Philosophy of Education at the University, has by this address placed himself in the front rank of American writers, and has shown such capacity for dealing with subjects like that of this address as to make it his duty to do still larger work for the honor of his native State. I am very proud of him as a North Carolinian and a Wilmingtonian, and am very sure that all who read this pamphlet will feel as I do on the subject.

The North Carolina Teachers' Assembly.

The coming session of the Teachers' Assembly, which begins on the 18th of June, at Morehead city, will be the most attractive one in all its history. In addition to the regular programme, which has been prepared with great care by the Committee, there will be present a number of prominent educators and lecturers from other States, including Dr. Mowry, President of Martha's Summer School; Dr. Windship, Editor of New England Journal of Education; Mr. Polk Miller, the South's favorite dialect speaker; Miss Virginia Culbertson, a charming poet and humorist. The oratorical and musical contest will be particularly fine and there are a larger number of entries than ever before. The railroads have made the usual low rates for the assembly, and the attendance is going to be very large. A number of parties have been organized in Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia to visit the assembly. That's what I call a good dinner," remarked Bobby, as he leaned back in his chair with an air of repletion. "Bobby I'm ashamed of you," said his mother. The minister, who was dining with the family, laughed heartily. "Bobby appreciates the good things of life like all the rest of us," he said. "Don't you think it was a good dinner?" Bobby asked of the minister. "Yes, I enjoyed it very much." "Ma said she thought you would because she didn't suppose you got very much at home."

CAPT. W. J. ROGERS.

RETURNS TO HIS NORTHAMPTON HOME—WHAT IS THOUGHT OF HIM IN THE WEST.

Capt. W. J. Rogers who was appointed by President Cleveland a member of the townsite board of Enid, Oklahoma Territory, over a year ago has completed his work there and returned home, much to the joy of his old friends and neighbors in Northampton. The Wave, a daily paper published at Enid, contains the following notice of his leaving: Major W. J. Rogers, late president of the Enid townsite board, departed Sunday evening for his old home in Margaretsville, North Carolina, where he was called to look after a large plantation he owns. In the departure of Mr. Rogers Enid has lost one of her best citizens, who came among us to perform the duties to which he had been assigned; a stranger among strangers, and while those duties were arduous and liable to displease many litigants, he never swerved from what he thought to be just and right, being actuated by honest principles, well ingrafted into his being through the channels of a thorough education. In making his decisions Mr. Rogers was slow, but when he once made up his mind he was as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar and no one has questioned the justice thereof. In leaving Enid he bore with him the respect, confidence and friendship of Enid's best citizens as well as his associates of the townsite board. Being a Democrat of the old school he was ever ready to defend or criticize the actions of his party.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Mary E. Pruden.

The subject of this sketch was born Nov. 6, 1819, and died March 23rd, 1895, age 75 years, 4 months and 17 days. She was the beloved wife of John J. Pruden and they lived happily together for a number of years. Their union was blessed with two kind and affectionate children now married and have a family of kind hearted children some of which are nearly grown. Thus has passed away from earth one of the best of wives and mothers, a kind hearted Christian, always ready and willing to do good to others whenever she could. She was a consistent member of the Baptist church at Mt. Carmel, and always loved to attend her church. She had been a great sufferer for many years, yet she kept up and with willing hands was ever ready to administer to the sick and distressed in the neighborhood. She leaves a kind and affectionate husband, one daughter and son and several grandchildren to mourn her death. They will miss her sadly as with her many relatives and friends. We will all miss her kind deeds and good counsel. Weep not, dear husband and loving children; she has gone to live with her Savior and in the sweet bye and bye when your work is done on earth and Jesus calls you then you will meet her across the river where she will be waiting to welcome you to live with God forever. May you so live while here in "the flesh" that when the summons come you can say, I am ready and will go to be united again a happy family in Heaven. A FRIEND.

Trespassers-Take Notice.

All persons are hereby forbidden to cut, remove or damage, or in any way injure, any timber or property of any description which we own in Northampton or in any other county in North Carolina, without our special permission, under pains and penalties prescribed by law. FIRE CUMMER COMPANY. This November 20, 1894.

Grange Directory.

Directory of Northampton County Pomona Grange for 1895. Officers: A. E. Pele, M.; J. B. Brown, O.; Rev. Jesse Flythe, Chap.; P. B. Murphy, Lect.; H. C. Lassiter, S.; J. W. Johnson, A. S.; K. Davis, Treas.; E. C. Allen, Sec.; J. W. Griffin, G. K.; Miss Lorena Crowder, P.; Mrs. I. R. T. Davis, C.; Miss Roxie Brown, F.; Mrs. M. E. Parker, L. A. s.

STANDING COMMITTEES. EXECUTIVE—Rev. Jesse Flythe, J. B. Brown and J. W. Spivey. EDUCATION—Rev. J. C. Fleetwood, Kibchen Davis and Mrs. I. R. T. Davis. FINANCE—Columbus Deloatch, H. C. Lassiter and J. W. Griffin. AGRICULTURE—J. T. Parker, Geo. Smith and Miss Berta Parker. CO-OPERATION—Nezzie Davis, E. C. Allen and Mrs. I. R. T. Davis. Meets quarterly on 4th Tuesday in January, April, July and October.

W. Paul Moore, D. D. S., Jackson, N. C. Office at residence.

W. W. Peebles & Son, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, JACKSON, N. C. Office No. 1 West of the Hotel Burgwyn. One of the firm will be at Rich Square every second Saturday in each and every month, at Woodland every third Saturday, and at Conway every fourth Saturday, between the hours of 11 a. m. and 4 p. m.

DR. G. M. BROWN, DENTIST, WOODLAND, N. C. Teeth extracted without pain.

T. R. RANSOM, Attorney at Law, Jackson, N. C. Practices in the Courts of Northampton, Halifax, Bertie and adjoining Counties.

Jackson Female School Opens Monday, September 9, 1895. For terms apply to Miss L. H. Whitfield, Principal.

NOTICE! Having qualified as executor of the will of L. B. Stephenson, dec'd, I hereby notify all persons holding claims against said estate to present them to me for payment on or before June 15th, 1896, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. Debtors must pay promptly. This May 29, 1895. T. J. STEPHENSON, Ex'r. By B. S. Gay, his attorney. 6-661

NOTICE—SUMMONS. North Carolina, Superior Court. Northampton County, T. J. Vaughan, U. Vaughan and B. B. Winborne, Executors of Uriah Vaughan, deceased, against Jno. D. Bottoms, Administrator of Jno. G. Edwards, Joseph A. Garriss, Trustee, Thos. P. Edwards, Jordan Edwards, Albert Sidney Edwards, Sarah E. Edwards, Jno. D. Bottoms and wife, Henrietta Bottoms, Atlas Coggins and Theodosia Coggins, his wife, and John N. Vaughan, Defendants. The defendant, Jno. N. Vaughan, will take notice that he is hereby required to appear at the August term 1895 of the Superior Court of Northampton county, N. C., to be held in Jackson on the 1st Monday in August, and answer or demur to the complaint in the above entitled action, which is brought to have the Deed of Trust, executed Feb'y 13th, 1886, by J. G. Edwards and wife, Martha S. Edwards, to Joseph A. Garriss, Trustee, declared fraudulent and void. This the 16th day of May, 1895. J. T. FLYTHE, C. S. C. 5-23-95.

HOUSE MOVING. Yes, it pays to use printer's ink. We hear of side lines and out lines. For more than ten years I have worked at house moving as a side line; have moved nearly two hundred houses. No need of any one now straining himself to move the old way. In writing to me please describe the house, the distance and the condition of the way. Heavy houses a specialty. No failure yet. E. S. ELLIOTT, 3-14-17 Rich Square, N. C.

J. J. BURNETT'S Is Headquarters for Ice Cold drinks of all Flavors and Kinds, Milk Shakes, Claret Ice, Pineapple Sherbets, &c., &c. When in town, don't fail to come and see me. J. J. BURNETT, Jackson, N. C.

CHEW BELLE OF WINSTON TOBACCO. It sweetens the breath and preserves the teeth. The best 10c plug on the market. For sale at the leading stores.