

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

VOL. 4.

LASKER, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 1895.

NO. 25.

Mother's Hymns.

Hushed are those lips, their earthly song is ended:
The singer sleeps at last;
While I sit gazing at her arm-chair vacant,
And think of days long past.
The room still echoes with the old-time music,
As singing soft and low,
Those grand, sweet hymns, the Christian's consolation,
She rocks her to and fro.
Some that can stir the heart like shouts of triumph,
Or loud-toned trumpet's call,
Bidding the people prostrate fall before Him,
And crown Him Lord of all."
Joyful she saw "from Greenland's icy mountains,"
The Gospel flag unfurled;
And knew by faith "the morning light was breaking"
Over a sinful world.
"There is a fountain," how the tones triumphant
Rose in victorious strains!
Filled with that precious blood, for all the ransomed,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."
Dear saint, in heavenly mansions long since folded,
Safe in God's fostering love,
She joins with rapture in the blissful chorus
Of those bright choirs above.
There, where no tears are known, no pain or sorrow,
Safe beyond Jordan's roll,
She lives forever with her blessed Jesus,
The lover of her soul.
And tender notes filled with melodious rapture,
That leaned upon His word,
Rose in those strains of solemn, deep affection,
"I love Thy kingdom, Lord."
Safe hidden in the wondrous "Rock of Ages,"
She bade farewell to fear,
Sure that her Lord would always gently lead her,
She read her "title clear."

Manners.

It is a self-evident fact that the boy who wishes to succeed in life must have good manners. No matter how poor a boy may be or how little he possesses, he may always possess good manners. One may be polite and gentle with very little money in his purse, a writer who has devoted his pen to the improvement and help of youth tells us. The French and Germans of the lowest class, he says, are gracious in manner and well bred. These foreign workmen will lift the hat even to each other, while some of our American boys, I add, hardly will give this salute to a lady. It doesn't cost anything to learn to be polite, and as Lady Montague says: "It buys everything."

The well-mannered boy holds in his hand the key which will open hearts and doors for him. "Win hearts," said Lord Burleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "and you have all men's purses." Another man has said that "spite and ill-nature are among the expensive luxuries of life." Dr. Johnson once said: "Sir, a man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." The bars go down before the polite boy, while rudeness shuts up the heart and purses too.

The place to learn and practice politeness is at home. I do not think much of the boy who practices it outside, and who when he is at home is rude and unmannerly. Such politeness is like a thin wash of gilt which soon wears off. It must come from the heart and always be there. "Kindly affectionate one to another." "In honor preferring one another." Let your manners be even as courtly at home, and then when you are outside that courtliness will come natural to you and will not have to be assumed. Learn to thank your mother and sisters for their little attentions. A traveler on the shores of Lake Nyanza, in the heart of Africa, says that here "Ingratitude or neglecting to thank a person for a benefit conferred is punishable." Open the door for your mother to pass through as carefully as if she were a stranger. Pick up the little articles she or your sister may accidentally drop, and then

you will never neglect these little courtesies outside. "Wait" on the ladies at home in the many kindly little ways your heart will prompt, and you will find yourself doing so without any effort. I was won not long ago by a poor boy who certainly never had one lesson in "etiquette." His manners were perfect. While other boys stood by in rude negligence, he was always ready to perform the many little kind attentions which win the heart. He did it so simply and naturally that I knew that his mother had been the recipient of those attentions from his boyhood up. He had been practicing on her, and in that practicing had become perfect.

Some boys, and some brought up in well-to-do families, pride themselves on being rough. They think it betokens manliness. On the contrary, it shows a small, low nature. It has a bad influence on your associates, and at the same time well bred boys will avoid your society. It is said that Benjamin Franklin, when he was a workman, reformed the habits of the entire shop. The results of good or bad manners are almost incredible. Your manners to a certain degree indicate your character and you are judged by them. To be sure a boy may sometimes be gruff outwardly who has a kind heart, but you will find that that kind heart will keep him from being boorish; and yet how much better he would succeed in the world if his manners were more gracious and cordial! The learned metaphysician, Locke, was writing about his son's education to Lord Peterborough. He said: "Your Lordship would have your son a thorough scholar, but I would have mine well bred and well tempered."

First impressions go a great ways. It is well known that the polite youth who applies for a situation has much in his favor. An employer soon learns to notice all externals and to judge the inner spirit by them. It is said that men succeed almost as well in life by their manners as by their talents. A clergyman whom the writer knew, who had no talent for preaching, but was remarkably kind and affable in manners, has built up a large church and has now a wealthy congregation, while a more talented preacher but with no graciousness of manner has failed in several churches.

The perfect manner is one of ease, altogether unaffected and self-forgetful. In order to acquire this you must make it your home manner. It is said that good manners are neither more nor less than beautiful behavior. Politeness is kindness. The polite boy refrains from annoying others, and endeavors to contribute to the happiness of others.

It is well, however, to read some thoroughly good book on etiquette so as to know the rules which govern polite society, for some day, though you may be poor now, your lot may be cast among cultured people or among people who consider a breach of etiquette almost a crime. Though your heart may be kindly and your manners affable, you do not want to be guilty of a rudeness born of ignorance.

But while you are striving to be a perfect gentleman, never forget that it is of far more importance to be a consecrated Christian. Beside that everything else pales. Take Christ as your model in all your deeds and words and thoughts. Then indeed will your manners be perfect.—Irene Widdemer Hartt in Christian Work.

The cleanness and purity of one's mind is never better proved than in discovering its own faults at first view.—Pope.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

CUSTOMS OF EASTERN PEOPLE—THE NAVAL REVIEW—BIG STORM ENCOUNTERED—DENSE FOG.

U. S. F. SAN FRANCISCO. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG., May 28, 1895.

While in the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean we were joined by the U. S. Cruiser "Marblehead," and she has been cruising with us ever since. After coaling and taking a supply of stores at Algiers, we sailed from that port on the 17th inst. That night at about one o'clock we passed a fleet of twelve French men-of-war. They were steaming two abreast in perfect military order, and with their bright electric signal lights they presented a grand and beautiful picture, such as we seldom witness at sea.

The next day the sea became very rough and the Marblehead, being only half as large as this ship, suffered considerably. At times, while I watched her, she would dive into the huge billows and then rising aided the seas in sweeping her decks fore and aft, while the spray was flying above her stacks. Her pilot house was slightly damaged and her beautiful gilt figure-head was carried away, the loss of which we much regret.

On the morning of the 19th we put in at Gibraltar, but at sunset steamed away through the strait and entered again the Atlantic, and the sombre hills of the Dark Continent, now kissed by the sun's last dying rays, soon melted into distance, and darkness covered the face of the mighty deep.

Heretofore, while on the Mediterranean, I regret having failed to mention some of the peculiar customs of the people among whom we went. Not a port did we make where the people regarded Sunday any more than any other day, except that on that day there seems to be more travel and trade, and the store-keepers are busy waiting on customers all day. In the far east the people eat no breakfast—their first meal being at noon. This was very annoying to us at the hotel in Jerusalem, but rest assured we were not backward about eating at noon. In Cairo, Egypt, we visited nearly a dozen hotels and restaurants in search of breakfast and finally had to be content with bread and cheese at a baker shop.

Once more in the Atlantic we headed north, coasting Portugal, Spain and France, and found it rather rough off the Bay of Biscay, which is noted for rough weather.

We made this port yesterday morning under rather unfavorable circumstances; having to drop anchor twice on account of the dense fog which fell upon us so thick we could hardly see the water over the side. Southampton is inland, and we had to come in behind the Isle of Wight through a little strait, and it took us 23 hours to run 30 miles. The Marblehead was right along with us, but we couldn't see her—couldn't even see a light through the fog. We just "poked" along, sounding the whistle every minute, while a man on either side with lead lines took soundings every few rods—we feared running on rocks. Now and then we would hear the sound of a whistle ahead; then the two great monsters (ships) would approach each other very slowly and pass unseen in the utter darkness, all the while rending the damp night air with deafening blasts of the whistles.

Yes, we are at last in our fatherland, and it is quite a relief to get once more among English speaking people—it seems like home, after being among "savages" so long. England is a

grand old country. Her green fields and groves are beautiful to look upon, but remember you can look upon them only when the fog is off.

The days are very long here. At 3 o'clock A. M. it is light, and at 9 P. M. it is not yet dark.

Our U. S. S. "Alliance" is here, and soon we expect to be joined by our two great cruisers, "New York" and "Columbia," from home. Then, in one fleet, we are to proceed to the Baltic sea to take part in the celebration of the opening of the great North sea canal. This is expected to be a grand occasion, in which all the great powers of the world will be represented by their ships. We hear that Secretary Herbert will be there on the U. S. Dispatch boat, "Dolphin."

With our fleet of modern cruisers we intend to make no little impression. J. BARNES.

Bread. Where? How?

FOR THE SISTERHOOD.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

While at a neighbour's recently, she told me with pride and satisfaction of a new-fashioned way of making bread which she had learned, that needed no over night mixing or raising, and made bread-making the nearest a play-spell of anything she had ever found. She said that after once starting, it only needed about five hours to develop nice loaves; and the swiftness and magical workings gave the suggestive name of "Witch" yeast to the wondrous compound.

Now, I have found the modus operandi of this attractive yeast in the Farm and Fireside as taken from the Orange Judd Farmer, signed A. C. P.; and is said to be the best and easiest bread-making ever tried.

Good Yeast.—Pare twelve medium-sized potatoes and cook in sufficient boiling water to keep them well covered. While they are cooking, take one pint of flour, one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, wet with enough water to make a smooth paste, pour over it two quarts of boiling water, and cook till it looks clear like starch. Pass through a colander into a two-gallon jar. When the potatoes are well done, pass through the colander, too, also the water in which they are boiled.

Fill the jar within a finger's length of the top. When this mixture is lukewarm, stir in four dried yeast-cakes that have been previously soaked (or a pint of baker's yeast) and set in a warm place to rise. When a thick, white scum rises to the top, it is ready to use. Cover, and set away in a cool, dark place. For four three-pint-basin loaves, take three pints of the yeast—no other wetting—stir in a batter, and in an hour it is light enough to mold into a loaf. If this is covered with an inverted pan, no tough crust will form. When light, mold only enough to shape into loaves. They are light enough to bake when no dent remains from the pressure of the finger on the surface. In winter, warm the flour; in summer it is not necessary.

I learned a kind of yeast in years ago, which was styled "Lightning yeast," and it was true to its name.

In the general outlines of the recipe given above, my yeast was similar; and many a time have I had my bread all nicely baked in just four hours from the time the compound was brought from the cellar and kneaded into loaves. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and Sisters of North Carolina—"Enter every open door" for making life easier and better! M. H. RICE.

Lahaska, Pa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Joys of the Preacher.

[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

More than thirty years ago when all of Italy was placed under a civil government, Victor Emanuel deprived the Pope of his temporal power at Rome. He found confined in the cells under Rome more than three hundred ecclesiastical prisoners. The King's first order was to have the iron bars that fastened the doors of the cells broken and the captives set free.

As is well known Rome is built upon seven hills of rock and for ages those stones beneath the city have been a net work of prison cells. By the exercise of his temporal power the Pope for a long period of time had been in the habit of consigning to these underground prisons all dissenters from the Catholic faith as heretics.

Many years ago when Venice was ruled by Priest-craft and not by civil authority, the principal crime charged against the citizens was heresy.

After being tried, if found guilty the punishment was indefinite imprisonment. That the prisoners might not know the exact location of his cell, they were blindfolded and led through winding passages and finally passed over a bridge that crossed a street. This bridge the prisoner was permitted to see. It was called "The bridge of sighs." He was finally carried to his prison door and allowed to read the inscription over that door. It was in these words, "He who enters here leaves hope behind." Over the doors of some of these cells under the city of Rome was found written the same inscription.

Some of these prisoners were old and gray. They had been confined for many years. They saw no light except the light from the passages that passed along in front of their dungeons. They saw no person except the jailer who brought them their pitcher of water and their loaf of bread once a day. Many of those prisoners could not remember how long they had been confined, nor had they any recollection of the charges preferred against them at the time of their imprisonment.

Victor Emanuel ordered a small sum of money to be placed in the hands of each one of these prisoners; a sum sufficient to pay their expenses to their respective homes.

One of these prisoners, who had for many years lived behind the iron bars of his prison door, on his return to his home passed through a small village. On the corner of one of the streets he saw a large building occupied by a bird fancier. His curiosity led him to enter the building in order to see the beautiful birds confined in their cages and to listen to their songs.

Finally he purchased one of these cages containing a number of birds. He took the cage of birds which he had purchased and carried it out under a shade tree in the open air. Putting his hand in at the door of the cage he drew out one of the birds and turned it loose. With rapture and delight he gazed upon this sweet singing bird as it flew away to its native skies. Continuing to repeat what he had done, he saw the last of his little prisoners enjoy their freedom. The man who sold the birds could not understand such conduct. He wished to know how a man with such small means could be so wasteful as to purchase a cage of birds simply to set them at liberty. "You must remember," said the man, "that for many years I was confined myself as a prisoner in an iron cage, when men broke those iron bars and set me at liberty my heart bounded with joy and delight."

"As I stood and gazed at those little birds flying away to the

skies and carrying their sweet songs to the very gates of heaven I lived over again those raptures which I felt when I saw the iron bars broken which for so many years had held me a prisoner."

A sweet and innocent girl once said to a preacher: "if you have religion why not be content to enjoy it and let us alone. We wish to dance and go to the theater and follow the fashions of the world?"

In this story we have the preacher's answer. His own heart was once bound in the chains of sin. It may be that for years he was a slave to earthly passions and appetites.

But he was now free; he enjoyed the light and liberty and promises of a holy faith.

Duty called him to the ministry and when and wherever he saw a soul bound in the fetters of sin his heart's desire was to set it free. In every captive that he saw set free from the bondage of sin he lived over again the happy hours which he enjoyed when first he knew the Lord. O! how I envy the happiness of that preacher who has many souls for his hire. He can well sing that Christian song, no mortal so happy as I. His summer lasts all the year.

And when he comes to die he can point with pleasure and delight to the trophies of his Christian warfare while on earth.

CARLTON.

Rehoboth, N. C.

W. Paul Moore, D. D. S.,
Jackson, N. C.

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

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Jackson Female School

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

Wanted!

Agents for the Harris Steam Dye Works, Raleigh, N. C. Will dye sample free of charge, and let you deliver the work before paying us. You can easily make from five to ten dollars a week without one cent of capital. Prices have been reduced one-half. Don't buy a new suit when you can have your old suit made new for about one day's wages. Address all orders to

The Harris Steam Dye Works,
6-13-3m Raleigh, N. C.

NOTICE—SUMMONS.

North Carolina, Northampton County, Superior Court. T. J. Vaughan, U. Vaughan and B. B. Winborne, Executors of Uria 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, 1896, 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. FLETCHER, C. S. C.

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 20, 1895.

T. J. STEPHENSON, EX'.

By B. S. Gay, his attorney. 6-6-95