

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

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RICH SQUARE, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.

NUMBER 31.

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"MAJOR BILLIE."
A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY OF A VERY REMARKABLE GOAT—"IN THE SERVICE" FOR 11 YEARS.
[For the Patron and Gleaner.]

The following is written by the help of shipmates, while in the naval service, as well as from my personal knowledge.

During the spring of 1885 while the U. S. Ship "Galena" was cruising on the Central American coast, she was suddenly ordered to make all haste to Aspinwall which place was then at the mercy of a rebellious and riotous mob for which these parts are justly famed.

Upon the Galena arriving at her destination troops were landed, who lost no time in restoring peace, but many of the men were taken very sick, so it was decided to proceed to Savanillo, U. S. of Columbia, for the benefit of the sick men. During their sojourn there, owing to the general results that fall to the lot of a fever stricken ship, it was the crew's sad misfortune to part with one of their number, who shipped for the "long cruise." They beached their old shipmate there in the neighborhood of the light-house. While upon this and other necessary intercourse with the shore the men, from time to time, came upon a fine herd of grass nibblers, at whom they would oft cast a wishful eye. The old yarn of there being as good fish in the sea as was ever taken therefrom was verified one day as a squad of kid-nappers from the Galena were promenading the strand, prominent among whom were two seafarers of great promise—Lanning and Whippley.

During their ramble, whether by chance or design, we know not—history keeping us in the dark relative to it,—these "Neptunian sharks" wandered into the territorial rights of some herd-keepers. Here, there and everywhere, along the water-front and among the shrubbery were to be seen the tenants of goatville gnawing at twigs and nibbling hay in its crude state in blissful ignorance of the contemplative gaze bestowed on them by the invaders, who, the meanwhile, communed with each other in earnest tones.

Now it came to pass that, whilst those on mischief bent compared notes, numerous baby-goats, tom-boy like, foolishly scampered past and froliced near the evil-minded though faithful couriers from the far North.

"Many will come but few will be chosen" was beautifully portrayed by the entire brigade echoing Whippley's choice, that of a frisky little black and white fellow. As twilight drew near scouts were scattered about to reconnoitre the surroundings and report thereon.

The spies quickly returned reporting "not a sail in sight." The hour had come and the command to engage the enemy was immediately issued. Lanning got under way amid the many grins of the rigging-climbers, and bore down on the chosen one, who, wishing to avoid collision, sprang to one side, thereby causing his opponent to put about. Fleet manoeuvres and forced draught, however, proved too much for the tiny landlubber, for Lanning quickly yapped the kid in a rough though paternal way.

Grasping the prize firmly in one hand, the other meanwhile employed in pulling back the shirt opening, the baby-goat was soon lost to sight beneath the Jacket blue.

A forced march was made to the boat-landing—where the abductors embarked and pulled off to the ship. But alas, here another barrier presented itself, that of the Deck Officer; but, thanks to those who persevere, several of the band mounted the gangway with Lanning and his charge sandwiched between them and the rear guard, and, as gossipers relate, succeeded remarkably well in missing muster.

—Now that the battle was over and the victory bravely won they went forward and presented the captive to the tars "neath the fore-castle, all hands went to work to prepare an extra billet for the

stranded shipmate. In due time "spread mess gear" was piped and all hands set to work foraging about the mess lockers in order to dine their guest on the best in the ship and have him feel at home. Among the many good things that graced the festive board were to be found such tempting dishes as salt-horse, hard tack, diluted condensed milk, flap-jacks, spud hash, carrots, tailor's wax, tea leaves, love letters from the girls that were left behind, a lot of labels from lager beer bottles and other things.

Having successfully passed the usual medical examination he was logged as "Mascot" with duties pertaining to that of a general scavenger and assigned to the "Idlers division."

In the Spring of '87 while the ship was at Montreal, Canada, the citizens presented a bear to the ship's company.

Bruin was a useful piece of furniture, being a good substitute for a couch, pillow, punching-bag, pen-wiper, etc., but a general nuisance to the nimble light yardsmen, by scrambling up the rigging and interfering with their duties. Many a punch, many a kick, many a questionable blessing was bestowed upon him when aloft; but it mattered not to him, for he took it all good naturedly. It is said that he was forever brewing trouble yet quite willing to bear the consequences when detected.

Bruin, in order to let Billie know how much he thought of him, now that he was a citizen, pressed the Kid to his breast and began to hug him. The poor goat, unable to stand the strain and finding it impossible to free himself from the embrace of his over-bearing friend, he a'ed long and loud and kicked with might and main; while Bruin, bear-like, mistaking the little one's uproar as manifestations of joy hugged all the more; and 'twas only when he was well prodded with a bayonet that he consented to release the Kid.

"Major Billie" has been in the Naval service 11 years; he is 3 feet, 4 inches high and weighs 120 pounds, and as might be expected, traveled extensively, having but recently returned from an extended tour of China, Japan, Corea and other countries in the far East. He had the honor of escorting the remains of John Ericsson to Sweden, and later on visited the principal countries of Europe.

When the cruiser "Baltimore" reported at San Francisco from the East, the "Major," in company with those whose term of enlistment had expired and whose homes were on the Atlantic coast was transferred over land to the Receiving ship Franklin, stationed at Norfolk, Va., passing Kelford, N. C., on the N. & C. R. R. on the 18th of Feb. last.

From the Franklin he was transferred to the armored cruiser "New York," where he now holds forth in all his glory.

When the Battalion is ordered to equip themselves in heavy marching order the Major's accoutrements—are brought out and strapped upon him. His Jacket is bedecked with appropriate symbols relative to rank with the words "Major Billie" on one side and "U. S. S. New York" on the other in white letters upon a blue back-ground.

Upon "hitting" the beach he adopts the tactics of a good soldier in never looking behind until he has placed himself at the head of the brigade.

Roxobel, N. C.

Mint Marks on Our Coins.
If you are but slightly acquainted with the science of numismatics, you can easily tell where the United States coins were made by the "mint marks," which they bear. Coins minted at Charlotte, N. C., bear the letter C, those made at Dahlongga, Ga., the letter D, those at New Orleans, the letter O, those at Carson City, C, and those at San Francisco the letter S.

Women who are weak and nervous who have no appetite and cannot sleep, find strength and vigor in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HOME CONVERSATION.
IT IS AS CONTEMPTIBLE TO GOS-SIP ABOUT HOME AFFAIRS AS IT WOULD BE TO STEAL.

The temptations to talk of persons rather than things lies very often in our way. The petty details of your life, breakfast, dinner and tea, poultry of to-day, roast beef to-morrow, Jennie's whooping cough, and Fred's measles, Bridget's incompetence, or Mary's carelessness, and the never ending demands of fashion, have, almost before you know it, a narrowing effect upon your mind.

Theoretically, you despise gossips—practically, you add your mite very often to the common fund. You are not ill-natured; the sweet charity that "thinketh no evil" has its home in your heart's core. Yet sometimes, alas! it falls asleep, and anger, wrath and bitterness come stealthily creeping to the outposts.

There are many great things which we cannot do, however earnestly we may try. There are some little things which, with sincere resolutions, we can accomplish, and one of these is to reform our conversation. Every woman should cultivate a nice sense of honor. In a hundred different ways this most fitting adjunct of a true lady is tried; for instance, one is a guest in a family where, perhaps, the domestic machinery does not run smoothly. There is a sorrow in the house unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes it is a dissipated son, whose conduct is a shame and a grief to his parents. Sometimes it is a discontented and petulant daughter; sometimes a relative, whose peculiarities are a cloud on the home; or, worst of all, husband and wife may not be in accord, and then there may be often bitter words spoken, and harsh recriminations. In any case, the guest is in honor bound to be blind, and deaf, so far as people without are concerned. If a gentle word within can do good, it may well be spoken, but to go forth and reveal the shadow of an unhappy secret to any one, even your nearest friend, is an act of indecency and meanness almost unparalleled. Once in the sacred precincts of any home, admitted to its privacy, sharing its life, all that you can see or hear should become a sacred trust. It is as really contemptible to gossip of such things as it would be to steal the silver or borrow the books, and forget to return them.

The foundation for this thoughtless sin is often laid in early life. Children coming home from a visit, are interrogated by mother or sister, concerning every little in and out of Mrs. Jones' or Mrs. Brown's house. Don't do it again, dear friend; just say to the darling child, as he or she skips in, happy and flushed: "Well, have you had a pleasant visit? I'm glad to hear it." Never mind whether they had gingerbread or pound cake, or what dress little Susie Jones wore. If you find a piquant bit of slander floating about in society, do not repeat it to your next neighbor with an air of mystery about your countenance. It is the worst possible way to injure any one. If it is in your power to stop it do so, for often we find drifting on the tide of social talk, stray scraps of envy or malice. If they come to you, keep them. Let no unkind report be allowed to grow by whisper or word of yours. How lovely is the very presence of a pure, truthful woman, before whom evil tongues are silenced. Talk as little as possible about dress; make yourself and your children as beautiful as possible, and let becoming and tasteful dress help you to do it; but when once your "things" are on, think no more about them. Prophets and apostles were moved to reproach our sex for our devotion to tinkling ornaments and braided hairs in olden days. And if they were here now I think they would lift their voices again. Nothing more effectually dwarfs the mind than the constant thought and conversation about frills, feathers, laces, trimmings and jewels. Let us, dear reader, get out of this and find how much better walking is on the soft way-

side above it. The world is full of strife, struggle and sin. Shall we add "fuel to fire?" I say no! Let us look for the bright side, and we may be sure we will find it.

Let me labor while I live,
Light to darkened minds to give;
And when my earthly race is run,
Heavenly Father, take me home,
A jewel in Thy crown to be,
A gem through all eternity.
—"L." in Foreman's Advance Advocate.

A Misfit.

The gold standard newspapers are very clamorously laying down the following contradictory statement: First, that if free coinage is established the owners of silver mines can take fifty-four cents worth of silver bullion to the mints and get a dollar for it; and that the profit thus made will amount to one hundred and forty nine millions of dollars. Second, that if free coinage is established fifty-four cents worth of bullion can be taken to the mints and exchanged for a dollar, but that the dollar will only be worth fifty cents.

These two propositions taken together constitute as rational an argument as any gold bug editor has thus far been able to present. If free coinage will only produce a fifty-cent dollar in exchange for fifty-four cents worth of bullion, where is the mine owners profit?

The fact is that the rise and fall in price of all commodities have always steadily followed the rise and fall in the price of silver bullion.

Free silver coinage would therefore increase the price of all other property, except gold, proportionately with the increase in the price of silver bullion. This was illustrated in 1878 and 1890. The silver legislation in those years sent wheat up as high as it did silver bullion. But free coinage would bring down the fictitious value of gold, and make it worth only one hundred cents on the dollar. The work of the two metals would not longer be performed by one.

The present condition may be illustrated thus: A teamster hauls his load up the hill easily with two horses, but if he takes one horse out of the traces and puts him in the wagon the other horse would have a hard time drawing the wagon, the load and the horse up the hill. If Mr. Bryan is elected, a free silver coinage Congress will also be elected and will again hitch up the silver horse with the gold horse, and then the load will be easily moved.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Little Deeds.

Two men were walking along the road-side. They saw a man on a high load drive up to a gate. The young man ran across to the gate and opened it. As the man on the load drove through the gate with a hearty "Thank you" and a smile on his face, the old man stood and looked on. After the gate was closed and they had resumed their journey, the old man said: "That man though a stranger, thinks vastly more of you than if you had passed by without that little act of kindness; and, more than that, you have given him new and cheerful thoughts to accompany him on his way. It cost you a very little effort and was a great convenience to him. If you will always practice such little deeds of kindness, you will always have friends; besides, you will do a great deal of good for your Lord and Master."—Young People's Leader.

Trees and Lightning.

Cedar and fig trees are rarely struck by lightning. The beech, the larch, the fir, and the chestnut, also seem to be peculiarly noxious to the "bolts of Jove." There are trees, however, which appear to attract rather than to repel the lightning flash. The trees generally enumerated in the category of those which the lightning is most apt to strike are the oak, the yew, the elm and the Lombardy poplar.

If you want photographs or enlargements of any kind go to Taylor's Gallery, Weldon, N. C.

AT BRYAN'S HOME
WHAT HIS NEIGHBORS THINK OF HIM—WILL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT.
LINCOLN, NEB.,
July 20, 1896.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a reader of the PATRON AND GLEANER for some time, and have often thought I would let you hear from me and now that the eyes of the world are turned to Lincoln, Nebraska, the home of our next President, I will attempt to write.

Lincoln is geographically situated in the centre of the United States, and contains about sixty thousand souls, and is a very beautiful city, noted for its fine colleges and churches; a city that we are all proud of, especially at this time as we never were before. Why? because we are satisfied that the next President will be chosen from here.

I am personally acquainted with the Hon. W. J. Bryan, and those of us who know him best love him most, and I am sure that all who come in contact with him will say the same of him. He is a man without a spot or stain and as true as steel to the laboring class, and can not be bought as he has no price.

He was elected to Congress from this district as a Democrat and the district was Republican by 7,000 majority, and when his first term was out he was again nominated and elected, defeating the Hon. Allen W. Fields who was said to be the strongest Republican in the district, a man of honor and had never been defeated for office before. Although this is a Republican state I feel sure that Bryan will carry it by at least 20,000 majority.

He has just returned home from Chicago and all turned out to do him honor and at least thirty thousand turned out in the rain to welcome him home.

As old North Carolina is the state where I first saw the light, and as she cast her vote at Chicago, so may she cast it this fall.

I have talked with many Republicans and I am sure that Mr. Bryan will carry every state west of the Mississippi River, and if the South will do her duty this fall as she always has in the past I am sure that after the 4th of next March that the Hon. W. J. Bryan will be our President.

J. H. CLARK

Find Your Place.

Every human being, however small and insignificant, has a place to fill and a great work to do that no one else can do for him. There is always some aching brow that we can soothe; some rugged pathway to be made more easy to travel; some heavy burden that we can assist our fellow traveler in carrying up the hill of life, and some dark life, that is bowed down in grief and despair, that we can brighten.

Every one has his place and vocation and it rests with himself to find them.

Be new, in every sense of the word; find your places and go to work, for life at best is short, and what we do must be done now, for to-morrow may be too late. Honest, true men, are what the world wants to-day and "pretension is always despicable," it matters not from whom it comes.—Exchange.

The First Armored Ship.

According to the best authorities on curiosities of the navy and warfare in general, the first armored vessel was launched in the year 1530. It was one of the fleet manned by the Knights of St. John and was entirely covered with sheets of lead. The account of the time leaves us in darkness as to the thickness of this lead armor, but they are very positive in the statement that they were of sufficient strength to "successfully resist all the shots of that day." At the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782, the French and Spaniards used war vessels which were armored with "light iron boom-proofing over their decks and to the water's edge." The very first practical use of wrought-iron plates as a defense for the sides of vessels was by the French in the Crimean War, in 1853—St. Louis Republic.

Chowan Baptist Female Institute.
The next session begins Wednesday, September 2nd.

Besides the usual branches taught in the preparatory and collegiate department, vocal and instrumental music and art, a normal department has been added for the special training of those who have teaching in view. Stenography, type-writing and book-keeping have also been added.

An experienced and excellent faculty have been secured and no laborer expense will be spared to make this school equal to any in the land. The buildings have been thoroughly renovated, the grounds are large and beautiful, and the healthfulness of the place is unsurpassed.

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36 " Satines,	8c.
36 " Henriettas,	12 1/2c.

TO GENTLEMEN

who are in need of a Straw Hat, or Low-quartered Shoes I would say here is the place to get a big bargain in them. They are going at and below cost.

Come before it is too late.
JOHN BAUGHAM,
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P. S.—A few more pairs of Ladies' Slippers at cost.

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I also keep in stock road carts and family carriages. Shall be pleased to get orders for one or two-horse farm wagons. Please bear in mind that I make good

Hand-made Harness
at about what you pay for machine made.
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