

THE PATRON AND GLEANER.

RICH SQUARE, NORTHAMPTON COUNTY, N. C. THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1899.

VOLUME 8.

NUMBER 9

Stop Coughing

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Cease tearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

From the first dose the cough and rest begin; the itching in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough.

Write to the Doctor.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

The partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of W. J. Lassiter & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Any claims against said firm must be presented at once to either of us for settlement.

Job Printing.

J. H. Parker & Co., Woodland, N. C., are now prepared to do your Job Printing at low rates.

Cured Sage.

I have a lot of nicely cured sage put up in 5 and 10 cent packages, for sale. This sage was grown and put up by G. H. Barnes of Roxboro to supply the large demand for it. Let me sell you.

IF YOU WANT TO PLANT Nut, Bearing Trees and Grape Vines, write to Pinebluff Grape & Pecan Co.

Wall Paper

I have several styles of Wall Paper on hand which I will sell cheap.

For Rent.

One 7 room new dwelling, with outhouses, lot and garden, in the town of Rich Square, within 100 yards of Express office. For further information apply to

FOR BUGGIES CARRIAGES

HANDMADE HARNESS BRIDLES SADDLES &c. at reasonable prices go to W. T. PICARD'S Jackson, N. C.

The Jackson and Rich Square Telephone Co.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF NORTH CAROLINA. Splendid service. Polite agents. Has connection with Jackson, Rich Square, Bryantown, Lasker, Potocasi and Woodland. Messages sent to any point on the line for 10 cents. Connects with Western Union Telegraph Company at Rich Square.

FROM CUBA.

A Visit to the Ancient City of Havana—Sundays not Observed.

CAMP COLUMBIA, HAVANA, CUBA, Feby. 15, 1899. [For the Patron and Gleaner.]

I have been thinking for some time that I would write you some thing about Cuba and its people, but as I have had only two passes to Havana since our arrival, I haven't learned a great deal myself. However, I will tell you what I can.

The island is very pretty. Its rolling hills, green valleys and mountain streams decked with cocoanut and date palm trees, its great plantations of sugar cane and pineapple, large orchards of bananas and oranges, its ancient stone walls and spacious residences with great court yards and magnificent lawns, makes one feel as though he was in a fairyland.

The natives as a rule are not so attractive. The average Cuban is very sluggish and indolent; works as little as possible, lives principally on fruits, spends what money he has for rum and in gambling dens. They all believe in sport, the better class especially believe in making a big show, wear lots of costly jewels &c., attend theatre every night, go to bull and cock fights on Sunday.

Their religion is Catholic if they have any. I have never seen any who professed any or held the Sabbath sacred.

A comrade and I went out for a stroll Sunday before last; took the road leading through Marianas, a town about one mile south of our camp. Very soon after reaching the town we concluded that Sunday was their biggest day. Every bar, grocery store, shoe shop and every place of business was wide open and in a hustle. We had gone only a short distance when we saw a large crowd congregated at the door of a large building. After making some enquiries as to what the excitement was, were informed that there was a cock fight on the inside. The day not being field sacred we purchased tickets and went in. There was a large crowd around the pit and such betting you never saw. After witnessing several fights we left and resumed our stroll. After passing through the town, the ancient walls and buildings, picturesque landscapes etc., led us on to a little village six miles from our camp. It was then about sunset, realizing how far we were from camp, we stopped in an inn and refreshed ourselves with a cup of pure Mocco coffee, after which we retraced our footsteps. Dark soon overtook us on the highways and nothing save the occasional meeting of a Cuban pony and rider and the screams of wild parrots attracted our attention. Reaching Marianas about 7:30 o'clock we were very hungry and tired so we stopped in a "cafe" and purchased some sandwiches, pies and coffee. After fully satisfying the inner man we treated ourselves to a "clear Havana cigar" and again resumed our stroll. Instead of finding the excited crowd at the same place they had assembled at the theatre where everything was thoroughly lighted up and the play at full pitch. Finding that we were too late to get even standing room, we proceeded to camp, reached it about tap. Being very tired we soon retired to our humble cots, giving up all the events of the day to "dream about home."

Last Saturday was a big day, or at least a day long to be remembered by the natives of Havana. The remains of the late Gen. Calixto Garcia were laid to rest in the Colon cemetery. I didn't see it but some of my comrades did and said it was a very impressive spectacle. The ceremonies were carried out with due reference to the rank of the distinguished dead. Owing to the fact that the Cuban soldiers had fallen by the wayside, there was no arrangement made for firing a salute and Gen. Lullow ordered a firing squad from the Americans for that purpose. The chapel was crowded to suffocation and the American officers had to force their way through the dense throng of people as no arrangements had been made for their accommodation. I secured a pass and went to the city Sunday. The day before the whole city was draped in the habiliments of woe, and today as usual, the Prado was filled with mockers and gayly dressed people in carriages or on foot, who were petting each other, regardless of the dignity or standing of the victim. I was informed by a Cuban acquaintance that carnival would continue three days, ending Tuesday night. On Ash Wednesday Lent would begin, and the world of scarcity would take a respite of 40 days to be given over to good works and pious meditations. The weather being very threatening I didn't enjoy my trip as much as I had anticipated. However, my new acquaintance insisted that I should visit some places of interest in the city. He seemed very clever, his name is Basil Del Villar. He is a genuine Cuban, was born and raised in the province of Puerto Principe De Cuba, went to the States, took a dental course at the University of Pennsylvania, traveled in several northern states and came back to Havana to practice his profession. He took me to several handsome clubs, to the city market, the arms square, and Gov. General's Palace, the oldest cathedral in the city; the Temple where Columbus said the first mass, the Christopher Columbus Cemetery, the St. John and Jesus Christ Parks and many other places of interest.

After supper we met up with a friend of his named Gasher, relative of Gen. Gasher. He had also spent some time in the States and spoke English well. We invited him to join us which he did. We then proceeded to the Parque Teatro De Tocon and Hotel Inglaterra, where on Sunday night all the aristocrats of the city turn out and promenade through the park. I met several beautiful Senoritas, but was unable to talk with them but little, as none of them spoke English and I don't like to use an interpreter. At about 10 o'clock there came a terrific wind and rain storm, just the time for me to start to camp. As my pass wasn't good after 11. My friends insisted that I should spend the night with them and go to a masquerade ball, but I have been a soldier too long to do anything like that. So bidding them good night I started in the midst of the storm for the depot, intending to take the 10:30 train to Beana Vista, a station near our camp but unfortunately I got lost in the great city; the rain was coming down in torrents and I kept walking hoping I could recognize some street or something, but not so. I went into a saloon and tried to make a Cuban understand my situation. He finally told me one direction. I of course started that way; went about 4 squares and asked another who told me I was going exactly wrong. I started back with him; finally I saw a carriage, hailed it and told the driver where I wanted to go; he hesitated for awhile. I gave him 50 cents in American money and told him to drive, he did so. I reached the depot at midnight, left on 12:30 train, reached camp little after one, the storm still raging. After reaching my tent I soon retired but only to be awakened in 2 hours by the falling of my tent. I then got my crew up and worked until 4.

I still hadn't turned my pass in having run the lines when I came in. But I at last decided on a plan. After breakfast I took it to the Sergeant of the guard and told him it was raining so hard at 11 o'clock that I decided to wait till morning to turn it in. As sure that it had not been abused he told me he would mark it up on time. The storm lasted until yesterday morning.

We have holiday today. First anniversary of the Maine wreck. The Third Battalion of this regiment, which my company is one will leave here Saturday on a ten day march inland.

Uncharity.

There is still a great tendency in the human family to notice and remark about the frost on our neighbor's roof, utterly ignoring the soot and grime upon our own.

The weeds always seem to grow much more ranky in our neighbor's garden than in our own. Our flowers, too, look far brighter by contrast with our neighbor's patch of uncouth, old fashioned hollyhocks. How much cleaner our own step stone, and more a la mode our china, and how much more spotless our own linen? The trees never find fault with the grass because it covers hard, brown earth, nor call it insignificant because its growth is so low. Neither does the grass complain that the trees tower above it, nor call them awkward because they out rival in height.

But we, the superior, intelligent creation, go on cruelly observing the deadly nightshade of evil or wrong doing in our brother's path, never pausing long enough to remark the brambles clamoring in wild profusion along our daily road, which we believe we are making so straight. We never have time to view our own path and make sure that it is clean, our eyes being so constantly employed watching our neighbor's steps. When we see a brother stumble and fall, or some poor sister depart from the way of rectitude, how vehemently we begin to condemn the short coming, jutting ourselves into a haven of fancied security from which it were impossible that we, faultless mortals, should wander from and fall as they weakly stumble. How can we presume to know how dark was the wave of temptation that swept them loose from their moorings? How can we tell how our own frail bark might have withstood the same forceful wave? How quickly we are prone to turn our backs toward the one who has gone astray? If we were only as prompt to reach a hand out to win the erring back into the path of right as we are to condemn, sometimes we might aid more in the noble work of soul rescue.

Too often we neglect "to throw out the life line across the dark wave," even when the opportunity is given us. How shall we answer for these neglected opportunities thrown in our way? Can we say with a clear conscience that it is no affair of ours if some brother's bark goes down in a whirlpool of evil while we drift by with no effort put forth for his rescue? There is so much uncharity in the world, and it is practiced in so many ways that we hardly recognize it under its true name. There is a world of uncharity alone in the ordinary flay picking in which the best of us sometimes indulge.

Our neighbor does not talk to suit us, or he does not live as we wish him to live. In short, his character is not built according to our very exacting measuring stick. We forget the homely old time adage, "People who live in glass houses should never throw stones." The best of us may be said to have a glass front, some fault which ought to make us have more charity for the feelings of others. What smarting pain, cruel stabs, discords and ugly strifes might be spared if we were just as charitable toward others as we wish them to be toward us? No soul is so bad but we might help it to the right if we would. Let us be more earnest on finding the good in everything. Even the despised nettle is useful in its way. Let us overcome the uncharity within us by deeper, more liberal humanity.—Word and Works.

His Apology. Elder Spadkins, who keeps a store at Quohosi, was sent a temporary supply to a pulpit in the village Potunk, four miles away. He was late at the morning service, and apologized thus: "Brethren, I hope you will pardon my tardiness this morning, but the fact is I was kept up late last night opening the finest stock of dry goods ever brought to Quohosi. We will sing the one hundred and third hymn."—Harlem Life.

The value of fresh air. The admitted advantage of an outdoor life in many morbid conditions, and notably in consumption, seems to point to the conclusion that there is something definitely injurious in the indoor life which is now the common mode of existence among civilized people. It is a striking and startling thing to see the removal of a patient into the open air should lower his fever, should remove his night sweats, and take away his hectic flush, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if these symptoms are removed by the purity of the air outside, they must have been largely caused by the impurities of the air within the house. Nor have we any right to assume that it is the consumptive only who suffers. Doubtless the healthy struggle against and overcome evil influences before which those who are tuberculous succumb, but that is not to say that in the struggle we do not suffer, and, indeed, the facts recently brought forward are sufficient to show that the stuffy life or warmth and comfort which civilized man now enjoys is bad for the health even of the healthiest. We make our windows fit, we pad our doors, we shiver at a draught, we surround ourselves with woollen curtains, dusty carpets, and fluffy, luxurious upholstery; we breathe the same air over and over again, and then we wonder that we are not strong and vigorous. The fact is we are daily using up the exuberant vitality which nature has provided us in struggling against artificial conditions. How powerful for evil, how detrioting these conditions are, is shown by the fact that their mere removal gives back to the consumptive that vitality which enables him to overcome the seeds of disease within him. Fresh air is not a thing to be taken in little doses once a day, but a thing to live on.—London Hospital.

Good Roads.

Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, is recognized as the most prosperous and progressive county in North Carolina.

It has won this fair fame more by its enterprise in building and maintaining good roads. The county has adopted the plan which we pursued when we constructed the beautiful chert road from West End to College Park, namely, to build the best roads while you are building.

Reaching out from Charlotte in many directions are many firm and clean roads, good in all weathers and easily kept in repair. The business of the city has been increased immensely by these roads and the value of farm lands for many miles around has increased 30 to 100 per cent.

An election will soon be held on an issue of \$100,000 of bonds for the extension of Mecklenburg county's fine road system. The bonds will surely be voted and the good work carried on.

Mecklenburg county shows that she appreciates the value of good roads by protecting them. After she has built a road she protects it sacredly. She never permits a street car company or anybody else to cut one and thereby insure its speedy destruction.—Atlanta Semi Weekly Journal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla never disappoints. It may be taken for impure and impoverished blood with perfect confidence that it will cure.

Mattie—What has become of your anti-slang society that you took so much interest in a few months ago? Helel.—Oh, it's in the consummation. The president got nutty and imagined she was the only dent in the pan, so we gave her the willies and the dinkyding association shot the chutes.—Chicago News

There is still a great tendency in the human family to notice and remark about the frost on our neighbor's roof, utterly ignoring the soot and grime upon our own. The weeds always seem to grow much more ranky in our neighbor's garden than in our own. Our flowers, too, look far brighter by contrast with our neighbor's patch of uncouth, old fashioned hollyhocks. How much cleaner our own step stone, and more a la mode our china, and how much more spotless our own linen? The trees never find fault with the grass because it covers hard, brown earth, nor call it insignificant because its growth is so low. Neither does the grass complain that the trees tower above it, nor call them awkward because they out rival in height.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

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Quiet Activity, Obedience,

A nurse must endeavor to forestall the wishes and requirements of her patient. This necessitates sympathy, thoughtfulness and observation, traits which may be acquired, when not possessed naturally. On the other hand, care must be taken that attention does not develop into fidgetiness intensely trying to nerves already strained. There is repose in action, though the terms seem paradoxical; and it is this quiet activity that those occupied in the sick room should cultivate. There are numberless little things exasperating to the nerves of an invalid, to which those in health give hardly a thought. Squeaking shoes and creaking doors; whispering conversation in place of talking in a low undertone; an unexpected, abrupt, or noisy entrance; the continued rustling of a newspaper, etc., are all little things, but "little things have little stings," from which a thoughtful nurse will strive to save her patient.

One of the most difficult tasks for a nurse is the exercise of self control. If an unfavorable symptom sets in, or she discovers any thing to cause uneasiness or alarm, the patient should not become aware of the fact from her expression or manner, as he would be alarmed and the trouble be increased. A cool head, steady hand, and reassuring manner will many a time avert fatal results. Another important item is carrying out the doctor's orders exactly. Note them down as they are given, for it is not safe to trust to memory, especially when the mind is occupied with various things. Often a clear, distinct order is given, regarding the patient, to mother, sister, or friend, by the physician, and that is the end of it, not always through forgetfulness, but because the one in charge decides that she knows better that the doctor and acts accordingly.

"Milk, or broth, and no solid food to be given," is the order. The doctor is bowed out of the house, and half an hour later a tray laden with ordinary and extraordinary viands finds its way to the patient's room to see if he cannot be tempted "to take a little something." Could the physician sometimes see without being seer, his surprise would cease regarding the inexplicable elevation of temperature and non-effect of drugs prescribed. What is the sense of obtaining professional advice and then going exactly contrary to the advice? If the truth were known, I expect the number of deaths caused by persons wilfully ignoring medical opinion and substituting their own would be appalling.—Sel

The Two Books,

Two books have been issued by the Lord, the book of nature and the book of revelation. As we turn over the pages of the book of nature, we read chapters of geology, botany, zoology, astronomy, geography and various other subjects, teaching us lessons of God's wisdom and power in creating such a wonderful variety of good things without making anything unnecessary. In the study of this book we cannot help but exclaim that God is unsearchable and past finding out. After doing what he has done it may well be said that nothing is too hard for the Lord, that he can do whatever he will. In the book of revelation we become acquainted with God's moral character, his mercy, long-suffering and love. The bible is full of promises of good things to the obedient, and of counsel to the learner. It is a book well worthy of diligent study. The reading of it tends to sweeten life and make us better and wiser every day. These two books should be studied together, for one is a complement to the other, including the word and works of God.—James Stolbert.

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New Garden Seed.

My store is still headquarters for Field and Garden Seed. Just received a lot of New Cabbage and other Garden Seed.
MILLS H. CONNER, Rich Square, N. C.

NOTICE.

We the undersigned, have had our land posted for some time, and seeing that the violators haven't observed the notice in the past, notice is hereby given that our lands are situated on and near Alshook swamp, a part being in Rich Square township Northampton county and the larger part being in St. John's township, Hertford Co. are posted and all persons are forbidden to fish or hunt on same in any way, night or day with or without guns or dogs. All violators of the law will be prosecuted to the fullest extent.
B. F. Renfrow, D. L. Minton, C. T. Deans, T. J. White, Andrew Minton, Walter White, Arthur White, John White, Charlie White, Benjamin White, Miss L. A. Odum, J. R. Powell, Mrs. E. C. Watson, M. E. S. Odum, C. R. Odum, Matt Hill.

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All kinds of Buggy and Wagon Material,
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J. H. H. H.