

THE EASTERN REFLECTOR.

SUPPLEMENT.

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A QUESTION FOR SCIENTISTS.

Is Mrs. McAndrews Right in Blaming Herself for Her Son's Guilt?

Chief of Detectives Desmond yesterday had a novel experience in the way of finding a new cause for crime. The experience resulted from the visit of a motherly and much distressed old woman to the Four Courts. On the previous day a youth named Patrick McAndrews had been arrested in North St. Louis, charged with having burglarized a house. The police knew the lad and claim that he is a hard case. It so chances also that Desmond knows the boy's parents as honest, hardworking people. Yesterday Mrs. McAndrews called at the Four Courts and requested permission of Chief Desmond to talk with her son in the holdover. The request was granted, and the mother, who appeared almost heartbroken, went down stairs and for half an hour was engaged in a tearful conversation with the boy. When at last she withdrew the old woman went to Chief Desmond's office in great distress. There she fell to discussing her son's wayward course.

"It breaks my heart," she said feelingly to Desmond, "to see the boy grow up to be a thief and a criminal. I can't see how he turns out so. His father is an honest and self-respecting man, and I have never heard of any bad character either among my husband's people or my own. We have been very careful in raising Patrick to be an honest boy, and now that he should be locked up for burglary is a great blow to both of us."

Chief Desmond knew the old woman was telling the truth, and was himself interested in the problem of why the son of honest parents should develop into a criminal.

"It's bad company, I guess, Mrs. McAndrews," he said. "I suppose your son got to running with a tough crowd and they led him into evil ways that brought him in conflict with the law."

The old mother looked earnestly at Desmond for a moment. Then suddenly she said:

"No, Mr. Desmond, it isn't that. I have known ever since Pat was a little boy that he had an instinct to steal. It has given me great uneasiness before now, and it was one of the reasons why I watched over the boy more carefully than I did with any other of my children. And to save my life I can give but one reason for it. It is this:

"Just before Pat was born his father was drinking more than was good for him, and would spend all his wages in drink if he had sufficient opportunity. I found it very hard to get any money from him to pay for our bread and meat. At last it got so that the only way I could get his money was by waiting until he was asleep at night and then picking his pockets. Many and many a night I have got up when my husband was asleep in the bed by my side, tiptoed over to where his clothes lay, gone through his pockets and took what money I found there. He was at that time drinking so hard that every night almost he would go to bed drunk, and the next morning he could not remember whether or not he had had any money when he came home. But he had a hot temper and I was always afraid when I

would be picking his pockets and he might wake and find me doing it. Pat was born shortly after that, and I believe he was a born thief, just owing to that practice of mine."

Chief Desmond made no reply to the old woman's story. It was a new lesson for him in the cause of crime. He could neither confirm nor contradict such a theory.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE FIGHTING PREACHER.

An Account of a Surprising Mistake Which Some of the Boys Made.

About the most deceiving and surprising man that ever had his turn with the boys at the Cross Roads was the Reverent Jonathan Pepperman. He was a Methodist preacher and rode what they called the Backwoods Circuit three years hand running. He was a little, quick motioned, hump shouldered, wily looking man, with hair and whiskers as red as a fox's tail.

If I do say it myself, Jonathan Pepperman was a good man, and there wasn't anything particular slouchy about him as a preacher. He didn't have much to say outside of the church meetin's, but he had his heart wrapped up in the good work, and you could look into his clear, steady gray eyes and tell that he was game to the bone.

The preacher started off one Saturday evening to fill his appointments for Sunday down at old Yellow Shank church, and his route took him around by the Cross Roads. The boys was havin' powerful lively times that evening. Liquor had been flowin' right free, and there was a horse race and two or three fights goin' on at the same time. It was more than the preacher could stand still and put up with. He hitched the horse and mounted a big dry goods box and lit into the crowd without any gloves on.

He told the boys in his own plain, blunt way that they was headin' straight for that country where they could not get any water and didn't need any whisky to keep them warm. Some of them, he said, wasn't worth the Gospel salt that it would take to save them, and some was so stinkin' mean that the devil would throw up his job if he could keep from bein' caught in their company.

The boys stood off and took the medicine like he fixed it up for them till he got through and quit. Then they closed in on him and told him not to hurry off in the heat of the day. They didn't like to be rough and ungentle with a preacher, they said, but at the same time a preacher ought to keep himself in a preacher's place. It didn't look to them like he was in any big hurry about reachin' his appointment, and bein' as he had plenty of time to spare they would have to ask him to tarry till they could unbutton his galluses and give him a good sound spankin. They didn't like to do it, but it simply had to be did. The preacher put in some serious objections and tried his level best to talk the boys out of their fool notion, but they stuck to it that the job had to be 'tended' to right then and there.

So they pitched in without knowin' what a big slice of blue blazes they were bitin' off. They soon found the job growin' devilish unpleasant for the crowd. The little preacher could kick like a young steer and hit like a clap of

thunder at the same time, and in two or three of the boys done up and laid out before you could turn a round. Then the main crowd took up for the preacher and put a stop to the performance. They decided it might be better maybe to let him keep his galluses on and put off the spankin till some more convenient time.

There was meetin' at old Yellow Shank church the next day as usual, and after that the little Methodist circuit rider didn't have no better friends than the boys he met over at the Cross Roads that Saturday evenin.—Rufus Sanders in Columbus (Ga.) Inquirer-Sun.

Education and Ethics.

From the side of religion many protests have been made against the present system of popular education. The clergy of the different churches cannot help thinking that at least the more important doctrines of the Christian faith should be officially taught; and they draw most discouraging pictures of what the moral future of the youth of this country will be if their counsels are not heeded. All sound and successful moral teaching, they contend, must repose upon a basis of theology, and to confine ethical teaching to the region of the natural is to deprive it of all warrant, of all authority, of all coercive power.

If these views were correct, it would be difficult to see how the weakness of our schools on the moral side could ever be remedied, for nothing is more certain than that any attempt to teach theology in them would be predestined failure. The people (or some people) will pay for theology in the pulpit, but they are not willing to pay for it in the schools, and have shown in most unmistakable ways that they do not want it there. The question, then, is: Shall all attempts at moral teaching in the public school be abandoned, seeing that it cannot be administered as an adjunct of theology, or shall a brave effort be made to give it an independent status of its own and a fair chance to show what it can accomplish when conducted on purely natural lines?—Popular Science Monthly.

Pity the Morphine Victims.

The victims of the liquor habit, or disease, are royal compared with the sufferers from morphine. They look down from an admitted height on the slave of drugs. They do not want to be classed with them. They are above them. The morphine victims, by the way, are the greatest sufferers. There is not a chamber of horrors in all the world so terrible as that dim hall at Dwight when the morphine patients are waiting for their injection. Splendid men, strong physiques, fair faces, but such hollow, hungry eyes; such roving, restless eyes; such fearful, mindless eyes. The face is wan and pinched, the fingers are twitching, the feet are constantly moving, the thought is distracted. You cannot talk with them. They will not follow you two minutes. They will move away and walk with frightened haste up and down the hall. They will hurry and prepare for the injection. They will crowd and quarrel for first place in the line. They are unstrung and shattered.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

A Metropolitan Episode.

"Fourteen rows of pins—two o' ce-n-tal! Fourteen rows of pins—two o' ce-n-tal!" It was a shambling old man and a shambling old voice on Thirty-third street. He had a very peculiar gait on him—like a horse with the stringhalt—owing to the sole of his right shoe being loose and the necessity for flapping the piece well up and forward with every step in order to bring it down in the right place. He had a small and well worn satchel, carried a paper of pins and kept his eyes strained on the upper windows for customers.

"Fourteen rows of pins, two o' ce-n-tal!" he cried somewhat mournfully.

A window went up with a bang that made his heart jump. A redheaded woman with a flushed face stuck her head out. "Gimme one row," she shouted.

"Wha—whast?"

"Gimme one row, you old fool!" she screamed. "Bring it up!" She made a gesture as if she would scoop him up with her bony fingers.

"Fourteen rows, ma'am, only two cents," he said apologetically.

"Gimme one row, I tell you! I want to let that good for nothing husband of mine see whether I'm worth a row of pins or not. I'll fix him!" In popped the red head and bang went the window down again.

"Come up with a row of pins, will it?" soliloquized the old man, shaking his head. "Not much. She don't want any pins. She wants the neighbors to know what her husband says about her—that's what she wants. I'll bet he's up there now layin' for me with a club. Row of pins! I wouldn't go up there if she'd offer to buy my stock!"

Thus does age and adversity bring wisdom.—New York Herald.

Indian Tradition of the Flood.

There was not, if early historians, missionaries and theologians are to be believed, a single tribe of American Indians who had at the time of the white man's advent in the western hemisphere the least smattering of tradition concerning the life, ministry and sufferings of Jesus. But this does not hold good in regard to the story of creation, the Tower of Babel and the flood, many of them having traditionary history which almost exactly corresponds with the stories of these great events as related in the Bible.

One day Major Davenport, the government agent for the Musquakie, was telling some chiefs about Noah, the flood and the ark, when one of them interrupted him with "Hump! We know that long time. We was in canoes all tied together. We float on heap water. We send muskrat down one, two—many times. He dive, come up. Last he go down and come up with mud in his claw. We know water going down." This was all the information Mr. Davenport could elicit from the dusky seer.—St. Louis Republic.

College President—All the boys have attended prayers regularly this week.

Professor Not one has missed for two weeks.

President—Humph! Some infernal mischief is brewing.—Good News.

A Tremendous Crash!

THE GREAT COST SALE STILL IN FULL BLAST AT
- M. R. LANG'S -

Notwithstanding the immense crowds and the big rush of the past two
—weeks we are still running the—

Immense Clearing Sale!

Positively - all - Goods - at - Cost - For - Cash.

Don't let the crowd keep you away but call at once and secure some of
the many bargains we have.

Call Early and Avoid the Rush.

Our immense stock consists of the many new and stylish goods in
every department.

Dry Goods,	Notions,	
Dress Goods,	Hosiery,	
	Clothing,	Everything.
	Shoes	Everything.

Absolutely at Cost for the Cash Only!

