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NO. 3.

The Brighter Day.
 When dreary weather, cold and wet,
 Produces "blues" and melancholy,
 Look back o'er life and don't forget,
 That most of it was bright and jolly.
There never was a day of rain.
 But sunshine followed soon thereafter,
 And gloomy mood or aching pain
 Gave way to health and merry laughter.
 The bells of Time
 Will ring their chime
 Of mingled joy and sorrow;
 Yet the refrain
 In hopeful strain,
 Speaks sweetly for tomorrow.

When clouds of darkness hang their pall
 Before the future you're exploring,
 With patience wait for them to fall,
 In faith their threatening looks ignoring;
 Their "silver lining" soon will show
 As Fortune's breezes blow them over,
 And just beyond the row glow
 Will light your pathway through the clover.
 The ringing bells
 Have tolled their knells,
 And now proclaim with pleasure
 A sunny day
 That's come to stay,
 Filled high with precious treasure.
 —[George E. Bowen.

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.

Hypolite, the Insurgent General of Hayti, was making brave headway against Legitime, the oppressor. The patriot forces, or rebels as they were then termed, had gradually hemmed the national army within the precincts of Port-au-Prince, the capital, but the navy was yet free to cruise along the coast and harass the towns and villages of the enemy. Seven well-armed vessels comprised the fleet. This squadron, however, failed to have everything its own way on the high seas, being held greatly in check by Hypolite's two men-of-war, the Mercedes and Jacque-Mal, under command of a brave American who had volunteered his services to assist an outraged people. The mode of fighting adopted by the admiral of the Patriot General was exceedingly annoying, not to say destructive, to Legitime's fleet. He could not meet force with force, and therefore was obliged to resort to strategy and artifice to accomplish his purpose. In the quiet hours of night while the Nationalist vessels were lying in port with the greater part of their seamen sleeping in their hammocks, the dauntless American on board the Mercedes would dash in among the fleet, deliver a rapid fire from the only two guns which he had, and be away again before the eyes of the drowsy Haytians were thoroughly opened, and long ere the steam in the boilers was powerful enough to move their engines, the patriots would be leagues distant, seeking a safe retreat in some of the numerous bays along the coast. Time and again Legitime's admiral essayed to crush the alien commander, but the latter always received timely warning from the people whom he was befriending at such risk to himself, and invariably succeeded in making good his escape. One night, with his two small vessels, the American was at anchor in the harbor of Aux-Cayes. His fires were brightly burning in the furnaces, and with "springs" on the cables, he was ready to slip and run at the first indication of danger. Throughout the day the wind had been blowing a gale, one of those fierce "Northers" so common in the West Indies, but as evening approached the tempest lulled, and when the bright light on the outer reef streamed forth over the waters, a warning to approaching mariners, the weather had begun to resume its wonted tranquillity. Pierre Chapelle, the keeper, was away from his post of duty. Some said he was supporting Legitime, but those who knew the man best were aware that he was filling the position of petty officer on board the Mercedes. Yet the lantern within the old tower upon the shore was never neglected, for the delicate hands of his beautiful daughter Estelle trimmed the wicks. Several hours had elapsed since the sun went down, but the lovely Creole still remained in the turret, gazing out through the window at the surf which was still beating heavily upon the coral boulders. Suddenly she was

started by some object striking against the pane with such force as to shiver the glass. An instant only the young girl felt alarmed, then she smiled, for she knew what had caused her momentary fright. Some bird, in its nocturnal wanderings, attracted by the glare of the beacon, had flown headlong to its death. "Poor thing!" murmured Estelle compassionately, "perhaps it is only stunned. I will descend and see." Hurrying down the short flight of stone steps the maiden issued forth into the night and went in search of the wounded bird. She found it where it had fallen; and, picking it up carefully, returned to the lantern-room. A glance convinced Estelle that the victim of its own rashness was of no ordinary species. She examined its plumage more closely, and was astonished to find a piece of thin paper firmly secured to one of the tail feathers by a fine, hair-like wire. Relieving the feathered messenger of its burden, Estelle opened the missive and read,— "Legitime has learned that you are in or near Aux-Cayes, and has sent the Men-of-War, Belize and Tausant, to attempt your capture. They sailed this morning from Port-au-Prince, July 10th. A few moments, Estelle contemplated the important despatch, while the unfortunate bearer lay dead in her hand. Then it dawned upon her that the warning must reach its destination and she must speed it on, for was not her own father on board the Mercedes? And another, a young sailor, and the girl's heart gave a quick bound as she thought of the brave mariner who had asked her to be his wife when the cruel war should draw to a close. Quickly thrusting the paper into the bosom of her dress, and drawing the light lace mantle, which was suspended to her shoulders, over her dark, luxuriant hair, Estelle again descended the stairs and hastened to a sheltered cove, where a small skiff lay moored to the drooping branch of a mango tree. She loosened the painter, grasped the oars, and pushed out into the bay. As the courageous girl rounded the low point of land the outlines of the patriots' vessels, the Mercedes and Jacque-Mal, became visible. Estelle pulled straight towards the former, but when within a few feet of the craft which she sought, her way was checked by the challenge— "Qui va la?" But only for an instant did our heroine hesitate, then she recognized the voice of her betrothed. "Francois Maniquat! It is I, Estelle!" she exclaimed joyfully. "Where is your American commander? I have a message for him. He is in danger." "Danger, mademoiselle?" was asked, in a voice that to Estelle bore a strong foreign accent. "What new danger threatens us?" Ere the girl could answer, her boat touched the side-steps, and assisted by Francois Maniquat she climbed to the deck, where she was confronted by a tall, fine-looking man, wearing a long, broad-bladed sword, and with two glittering revolvers thrust into his belt, while his attire was a combination of naval and civic costume. "This, monsieur," returned the maiden, placing the paper in the American's hand, "was brought to the lighthouse tower to-night by a poor pigeon which beat out its frail life against the glass of the lantern. You will know whether it is of importance or not." The commander took the message and hurried with it to his cabin, where he remained but a moment, then reappeared and issued several orders to his men in quick succession. Turning to Estelle he grasped her hand and said with much earnestness: "Mademoiselle, you have this night performed a deed of heroism for which every patriot of Hayti should feel grateful to you. The warning sent by a friend has come to our hand just in time. Now let the Tausant and Belize of the whole of Legitime's fleet appear, we shall be ready to receive them. But you, my dear young lady, must hasten again on shore, for perchance ere long this deck will present a scene unfit for your eyes to witness.

Francois, you will see that Mademoiselle is safely escorted to her home." "Pardon, Monsieur Commandant, can you at this time afford to spare any of your force?" asked the young seaman. "Monsieur," interposed Estelle, "Francois Maniquat's duty is here with you. I came alone, and fear not so to return. An revoir!" and without further parley the daughter of the lighthouse keeper descended to her boat and pulled away in the darkness, thankful that she had not been too late to accomplish her mission. Ere Estelle reached the cove a rocket ascended from the deck of the Mercedes. It was the signal for her consort to get under weigh and put to sea, where there would be plenty of room to manoeuvre. When the girl reached her station in the lantern-tower she saw the two vessels of the patriots move slowly out of the harbor. An hour later the boom of a gun reached her ears, followed by another, and she knew that the battle had begun. Oh, how she prayed for the success of her friends. All through the night the brave girl remained at her post of observation. Occasionally she caught sight of the steaming trail of fire from a rocket as one vessel signalled to another, while the boom of a cannon was almost incessant. As morning approached, everything became quiet, and she knew that the struggle had been decided. But who are the victors? When the sun arose, Estelle descried the smoke of two steamers close down upon the horizon. Slowly the vessels drew in towards the land, and ere long the Mercedes and Jacque-Mal, battered and torn from their recent fierce encounter, rounded the outer reef. As they passed the lighthouse tower each discharged a gun and dipped their colors in respectful salute to the heroine who had brought them the timely warning. It had come none too soon, for scarcely was the American clear of the harbor ere he saw the Belize and Tausant coming down upon him under a heavy press of steam. The fight had been a dodging one, but the superior seamanship of the Insurgent Admiral asserted itself, and although he did not effect the capture of either of the enemy, he succeeded in sending them back to Port-au-Prince in a very dilapidated condition. Two months later victory rested on the banners of Hypolite, and after the vessels of the vanquished had been turned over to their American ally, the lighthouse keeper, Pierre Chapelle, and his young shipmate, Francois Maniquat, asked leave to return to Aux-Cayes, where a happy and joyful wedding took place, joining the sailor who had taken part in the memorable strife and the brave girl who had carried the warning in time to save the infant fleet of the patriots.—[Yankee Blade. **How a Newsboy Collected a Bill.** There is a South Side boy who is bound to be a Napoleon in finance if he lives. His age is 14, and a little while ago he ran a newspaper route. A certain South side doctor was his customer, and when the physician's bill reached \$1 the boy presented it. It was hard to collect. The boy called several times, but the doctor never had the dollar. The physician moved away and the lad lost sight of him for a time, but finally located him on the West Side and renewed his attacks. At last one day he told his mother he would make one more effort, and then if that were not successful he would give it up. Accordingly he went to the doctor's office and found the doctor out. But inside the door hung the customary slate. On it the boy wrote, "Call at — street, William Smith." The doctor called and the boy saw him coming up the street. He told his mother what he had done, and said: "Now, I will go and hide and you can show him the bill." "I will do nothing of the kind, Willie Smith," said the lady, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself." A young lady visitor in the family thought more of the scheme and, confronting the doctor at the door, presented the bill. The professional man said that the joke was on him, paid the dollar, and went away laughing.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

THE SALESWOMAN SCORED ONE.
 A young saleswoman in a dry goods store who had just sold a quantity of goods to a lady asked: "Will you have the goods sent or take them with you?" "Do you expect that I am going to carry a bundle like that?" asked the shopper indignantly. "Oh, no, madam," answered the saleswoman, mistress of herself, "I supposed your carriage was at the door and that you might prefer to take your purchase with you." And she scored one on the victorious side.—[Chicago Mail.

A GORGEOUS SQUAW.
 According to the Amadee (Nev.) Geysers, the best dressed woman in that town on the 4th of July was a Piate squaw from the Pyramid lake reservation. She wore a handsome dress of scarlet plush trimmed with lavender ribbon. Her raven-black hair was held in place at the neck by a gold brooch richly set with stones, and the locks were then allowed to fall at will down her back. On her head was a rich white and black chenille shawl fringed on the edge with quarters at a distance of about two inches apart.

A BEAUTIFUL "COMING-OUT GOWN."
 The "coming-out gown" of Princess Marie of Edinburgh was made of white satin with a brocade of rose leaves and eglantine, the sleeves being of white velvet. The bodice had a corselet coming to the top of it in a point, made of pearls and silver paillettes and the top of the bodice was of white mousseline de sole, crossed with gauze, and with silver ribbons caught with a bow on one side. Her jewels were pearls and diamonds. There is some style about that. The sweet girl who is coming out at sunset to see a young man and swing on the gate, does not get herself up so elaborately.—[New Orleans Picayune.

THE BEN NEVIS CAPE.
 The Ben Nevis Cape is one of the most delightful and comfortable wraps that has been introduced for a long while. For mountain or seaside driving it has no equal, being so soft and warm, and altogether comfortable. Unluckily, however, very few persons can become the possessors of this capital little wrap, for it is imported only from Scotland. It is made of one of those pretty two-sided woollen cloths that the Scotch excel in manufacturing, with the natural brown wool of the sheep on the one side and a light check or plaid on the other. It has thickness, softness and lightness all combined.—[New York Tribune.

ODD WAISTS AND PRETTY SKIRTS.
 You surely do not care to wear a tight fitting waist on a hot day. Why, therefore, should you have made a bodice with every skirt which is neatly packed away in your trunks as you start on your outing tour? Have just as many pretty skirts as you desire—cornet, bell, or any other style which may please you as well as the two mentioned. Provide yourself with a goodly stock of fancy silk and sateen waists, blouses, of course, or they will not be considered the "latest," and then you may feel perfectly well stocked with gowns for wear on all occasions. In wash material, the blouses in black, with flowers on the surface, navy blue, bird's eyed in white, and those in all white will of course present a better appearance upon their return from the laundry than those in other colors. In silk blouses there is such an endless variety in plain and figured materials that the wearer's taste is the only thing to be consulted. She is sure to find that which will please her.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

CHAPERONING AS A BUSINESS.
 The very latest development in woman's work is the chaperoning of young girls on summer tours, either of travel or stationary residence at large hotels or boarding places, says the Boston Globe. The quick wit of some American woman saw what could be done in so wide a field and started in to reap the reward, with, of course, many imitators, when her success was found to be a solid fact.

A mother cannot always leave her family to escort one member of it to Lake George, Bar Harbor or Newport. Relatives may have other plans, friends are perhaps not exactly such guardians she would be willing to trust her child with, and she longs for a reliable, trustworthy party to undertake the charge. Just here the paid chaperon steps in and is welcomed gladly. She is usually a lady in reduced circumstances, conversant with the ways of society and the intricacies of travel, and provided with indisputable references as to character, capability, etc. A party of young Philadelphia girls sailed for Europe recently in charge of one of these paid duennas and couriers rolled into one. She was a bright, pleasing woman of 35, shrewd and businesslike, yet not offensively watchful. Her expenses are paid and \$500 beside for the season.

THE ATHLETIC GIRL.
 The languid airs and graces of a few years ago are no longer popular. The dainty bit of femininity that was afraid of a cow and looked to you with appealing eyes if a spider crossed her path has vanished, and in her place stands a sturdy, magnificently developed woman, who has perfected her muscles by a course of training as rigorous as that of her college-bred brother, and who rows, swims, plays pool and tennis, bowls and walks as well as a man.

Her shoulders are broad, her cheeks sunburned and her grasp strong and firm. She doesn't care for anything, defies dampness and laughs at ailments that she cannot realize, as her great strong frame has never known an ache or pain. Her walk is a stride, and altogether she hinges a little bit on the masculine style, but is nevertheless just the sort of a girl that a man would call "jolly." Sentiment seems to form no part of her composition. Yet she is fond of admiration, proving that she is, after all, only a woman, despite all the training. Her gowns are never flimsy or clinging, but have a little set air that is at once stylish and becoming. She does not indulge in more than just the thinnest suspicion of a bang, and no little straying tendrils curl around the dainty ears. Altogether she is a new type of womanhood, which makes us wonder what sort of wife and mother she will make if by any chance she assumes such responsibilities.—[St. Louis Republic.

FASHION NOTES.
 Carriage bonnets made entirely of bows and loops of ribbon are new. Large fans, of the edge or top of which are tawny tulips, are "latest from Paris." Among the popular trimming materials are double-faced satin ribbons with colored edges. The pocketless skirt is rapidly coming into favor with women who dislike to have their pockets picked. New gray toilets are trimmed with black lace, jetted gimps and vests of honeysuckle yellow or pale pink chiffon.

The styles in chemises are unusually pretty, offering so wide a choice and so much daintiness in design and color as to tempt any lady. Pailted lisse edged with inch bits of ostrich tips, also lisse that is edged with a single tiny flower, is in much request for millinery. Artificial flowers are so true to nature this season, and so perfect one cannot help being disappointed to find the fragrance wanting. In gloves, shades of fawn and beaver are much worn. Short gloves are still in favor for tailor-made gowns, while long ones are relegated to evening wear.

A pretty fancy is for a lace hat and a parcel of the same material. Valenciennes with a broad brim and three large Prince of Wales feathers erect on the crown is a becoming style. Did you know that a brown veil was one of the best beautifiers in the market? If you have the least bit of color it will be sure to bring it out. You must, however, be careful and select the right tint. This is a tone in which there is not a vestige of yellow. Snuff-tinted veils are bound to give a sallow tinge to the complexion.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

ILLINOIS will have an exhibit in the State World's Fair building of the State of the indigenous wood of the Illinois State. The almost tree in full bearing will be transplanted in the Exposition grounds at Chicago from San Joaquin County, California. Over Michigan's building at the World's Fair will float a large American flag, made of Belling silk by the women of Ingham County, that State. The Miners' Association of Nevada County, California, is arranging to have a small stamp mill in full operation at the World's Fair as a part of its mineral display. A domestic kitchen, with native crocks and walters, and dishes prepared in the most artistic way, will be striking adjunct to the exhibit which Louisiana will make at the World's Fair. In the Missouri Building at the World's Fair will be displayed a huge map of the State 54 feet wide and 23 feet long, showing the counties, and marked as to the amount and value of the product of each for 1891. The women of Texas are raising money with which to place statues of Houston and Austin, and busts of Bove, Crockett, Travis and Fannin—all celebrated Texas historical characters—in the State Building at the World's Fair. At the Theatrical and Musical Exhibition in Vienna great applause and popularity were won by the "Schrammels" quartette of singers and whistlers in a presentation entitled "The Old Vienna." It is announced that the quartette has been engaged to repeat its attraction at the World's Fair at Chicago. Bids for the souvenir coins are being received by the Treasurer of the World's Columbian Exposition, the lowest bid being at the rate of one dollar for sets of fifty cents. Several offers for the entire issue of five million coins are recorded. For the first coin turned out from the mint the bidding has reached into the hundreds of dollars. An effort is being made to secure for exhibition in the Horticultural Department of the World's Fair a specimen of giant cactus from the desert region of westland California. The cactus grows at times to the height of seventy feet. A specimen when cut ready for transport will weigh eight tons, and it will require an expenditure of something like \$2500 to deliver it in good condition in Chicago. A model of ocean currents is to be exhibited at the World's Fair which will possess great practical value. This model, which is a large scientific work, is made by spreading the surface of the earth spread out on an area of about thirty feet square, the ocean and seas being shown by actual water. Small streams of water are spouted through pipes under the model so that the direction of water currents exactly as the ocean currents move. The direction of the currents is shown distinctly by a white powder on the surface of the water.

A. FERNANDY, a Hungarian, will send for exhibition at the World's Fair, a collection of excellently novel paintings, which will, doubtless, attract much attention. There are twenty-five of the pictures, and all are miniature sized to the microscopic degree. One of the subjects is a woman in the dress of Columbus, with a seven-headed dragon figure in it, and about the size of the nail of the little finger. Another is a portrait of Emperor Francis Joseph, and is of the size of the head of a needle. The work on these pictures is said to be exquisite.

The Council of the Sunday-school Union, of England, acting in conjunction with the American Sunday-school Union, is organizing a World's Sunday-school Convention, to be held at St. Louis, in September, 1893, and with a view to facilitating the attendance of English visitors is arranging for excursion parties of Sunday-school workers and their friends, to leave England about the 15th of August, to come by steam from Liverpool, by way of New York and Niagara to Chicago, where ample time will be afforded for visiting the World's Fair, and thence to St. Louis, returning by way of Pittsburgh, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York to Liverpool.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.
 GLADSTONE'S first book was published fifty-four years ago. LOUIS KOSUTH, the Hungarian patriot, is just eighty-six years old. PRESIDENT HARRISON and David Swing, the great Chicago preacher, were classmates at Miami University. It is said that the Sultan, of Johore, who is to visit this country, observes the tenets of Mohammedanism strictly, that his only beverage is pineapple juice. MR. CLEVELAND writes all his letters between 10 o'clock at night and 2 o'clock in the morning. This habit he contracted on account of the White House. GENERAL LEW WALLACE is said to have been the first man to conduct a whip by telegraph. This was in 1858, and the message was to his future wife. The Queen of Greece is President of a sisterhood devoted to the reformation of criminals, and visits personally the condemned prisoners in Athenian prisons. MISS ELIZABETH M. KNOWLER, whom the People's Party of Missouri has nominated for Attorney-General of the State, is a successful practicing lawyer in Illinois. MRS. GUILD, an American sculptress, has recently completed a bust of Mr. Gladstone, which is very highly commended by the critics as a portrait of a work of art.

JOHN O. WHITTIER writes in a bold, dashing, but irregular and nervous, style, as different as you can imagine from the plain, precise, unassuming Quaker that he is. In Europe the two most conspicuous public personages to-day are Gladstone and Bismarck, both of whom have passed far beyond the meridian of their strength. WILLIAM H. ROCKWELL from Massachusetts to Texas in 1858. He has given the city of Houston \$200,000 in cash, \$40,000 in securities, and 9000 acres of good Texas farm land to found a college. SQUARE MARCH BRASLEY, of Aberdeen, Ohio, has made that "erra" famous as the American Gretchen Green. For many years he has been marrying all comers until now his record is between 5000 and 6000 couples. THE adjournment of Congress completed a thirty years' service in the House for Mr. O'Neil, of Pennsylvania; Mr. Ridman, of Indiana, whose term in length of representation, as he has been for twenty-eight years a Congressman. THE Czar and the Shames King are among the monarchs who are alleged to ride bicycles. The Empress of Austria has a ladies' safety which she rides with almost as much skill as she does a horse, and the Princess of Wales moves about on a bicycle. THE aged King and Queen of Denmark, following the wish of their subjects, recently placed on exhibition the magnificent gifts which they received at the celebration of their golden wedding. About one hundred thousand people took advantage of the opportunity.