

RACE WAGERS IN INDIA.

Native's Method of Choosing a Winner and Making Bets.

The native of India wagers his money according to the colors worn by the jockeys and takes no heed of the merits of the horses, or he will back a horse ridden by his favorite jockey, no matter whether the animal is a rank outsider or not.

His ideas of gambling, in fact, are distinctly novel. Some of the more wealthy Indians form rings and back every horse in the race, thus gaining the satisfaction of getting a winner every time. It is really only of late years that the native of India has become a habitual gambler on the turf, and nowadays the bulk of the betting of the various racing centers in India is done by natives. Indeed, the authorities are somewhat concerned about the growth of the betting which takes place among Indian natives, it being asserted that as many as thirty lacs of rupees (about \$300,000) is lost and won in the course of a season.

The ignorant masses have not a great deal of actual money to wager, but so badly bitten are many of them with the craze for betting at race meetings that they frequently wager what little property they possess on a horse, and if they lose they simply replace their loss by stealing a neighbor's goods. The consequence is that when the racing season comes around the police are kept very busy dealing with cases of petty larceny and other crimes involving loss of property.—London Tit-Bits.

NOT ANNOYED.

The Directors Were Rather Pleased at the Barrister's Refusal.

Mr. Reader Harris, K. C., was once offered a brief marked 50 guineas on behalf of a railway company that wished to obtain a refreshment license for a particular railway station. He returned the brief on conscientious grounds, but later on it was sent back to him with a fee of 100 guineas marked on it. This time he returned it with a note in which he explained that his refusal was due to a matter of principle. Subsequently he met one of the directors of the company and expressed a hope that he and his colleagues were not annoyed at his conduct.

"Not at all," said the director. "I'll tell you all about it. So-and-so, the big brewer, was sitting on the board for the first time at the meeting at which the solicitor reported that your brief marked 50 guineas had been returned. 'Who's this psalm singing humbug?' he asked. 'Mark the brief 100 guineas and I'll bet you anything you like he'll take it.' 'Oh, you will, will you?' asked the chairman. You see, we all knew you, Harris. We took the brewer on at 5 to 1 in five pound notes. He booked the bets with every one of us, and he has paid up."—London Scraps.

A Curious Receipt.

Hanover's registrar discovered a very curious document some time ago as he was looking through a bundle of papers that date back to the eighteenth century. The document is a receipt—probably the only one of its kind in existence—which was given to a Hanoverian captain by a canon of Duisburg during the Seven Years' war.

"I, the undersigned," it reads, "hereby acknowledge that I have received fifty blows of a stick, which were inflicted upon me by a lieutenant of Captain B's regiment as a punishment for the stupid and frivolous calumnies which I have uttered in regard to the regiment of chasseurs. For my impudent words I now admit that I am profoundly sorry. I received my punishment lying on a heap of straw and held by two men, and I bear testimony to the fact that the officer struck me as vigorously as he could with a stick that was as thick as my finger.

"In proper form and with due gratitude I sign this receipt and avow that all therein is true."

Hard to Kill.

A crocodile's tenacity of life is most remarkable. "I remember one time," says a traveler in India, "I was with a shooting party on the Ganges when the natives brought in a six foot crocodile. They hoped some one would want to buy it, but no one did, so it was determined to kill the creature. It was hauled out of the tank and tied to a tree. Bullets from a small rifle or an ordinary gun seemed only to irritate the saurian, nor did he seem to care very much when a native thrust a spear down his throat. Finally they were obliged to dispatch him with axes. Even then the tail thrashed about for no little time after."

Not That Kind.

"Once in a Bible lesson," said a Sunday school teacher, "I repeated the text, 'Arise and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt.' And then I showed the children a large picture that illustrated the text in bright colors.

"The children studied this picture eagerly. Then they all frowned; all looked rather disappointed." Finally a little girl said:

"Teacher, where is the flea?"

See W. S. Gooch at Stem before buying Bues.

THE HORSE.

He Is So Stupid That He Can Be Taught Any Habit.

There have been on exhibition at various times horses that are apparently prodigies of mathematical insight—that can do anything with numbers that the trainer can do. Yet we absolutely know that no animal can do so much as count at all. Furthermore, it is always the horse that performs these marvels, though the horse is the most utterly stupid of all the dumb creatures that man has made his friends.

That is precisely why the horse is always taken to be made into an arithmetician. He is so stupid that he can be taught anything—any habit, that is—and, having no mind to be taken up with his own affairs, can be relied on to do exactly as he is told.

All these arithmetical fakes, whatever their details, are worked in essentially the same way. The horse is taught, by endless repetitions, some mechanical habit. A given signal, and he begins to paw the floor. Another signal, and he stops. Press the proper button, and he takes a sponge and rubs it over a certain spot on a blackboard or picks up a card lying in a certain position. That is all he does. The meaning of the act exists for the spectator only. The pawings count the answer to a problem in addition, the card bears the reply to a question, but the horse does not know it. He merely follows a blind habit, just as he will stop when you say "Whoa!" though you interpolate the word into your recitation of the Declaration of Independence.—McClure's Magazine.

IT CAME TRUE.

The Large Party and the Calamity That Followed.

"You can't make me believe," Uncle Abner Jarvis was saying, "that there isn't something in fortune telling."

His auditors were grouped round the stove in the corner grocery store. "Ever have any experience with it?" asked one of them.

"That's what I was going to tell you," resumed Uncle Abner. "Once when I was at the county fair I saw a little tent with a sign on the outside of it that said 'Mme. Somebody-or-other would tell your fortune for 25 cents. I stepped inside just for fun.

"A woman with a thick veil over her face was sitting in a chair on a raised platform. I gave her a quarter, and she looked at my hand. One of the things she told me was that I was going to have a large party at my house in less than a month and that it would be followed by a calamity.

"I laughed at that. Thinks I to myself, 'We hadn't had any parties of any kind to our house for two years, and I don't reckon we'll have one quite as soon as that.'

"But it did come true. In about two weeks my wife's Aunt Jane came to visit us, and if you think she ain't a large party you ought to see her. She weighs 287 pounds."

"But how about the calamity?" inquired the man who was sitting on the nail keg after a long pause.

"Well," said Uncle Abner slowly, "she broke down our spare bed the first night she slept in it."—Youth's Companion.

Had Forty Homes.

Vollon, the painter, was a unique personage even among the odd characters of Paris. While he was essentially a bohemian, there were times when even his patience was taxed to the utmost, and to obviate the necessity of meeting unwelcome people he conceived the idea of multiplying his lodging places. At the time of his death he owned no less than forty homes, all in apartment houses, situated in all the out of the way corners of Paris, plainly furnished and with just enough accommodation for himself. He changed from one to the other all the time in order to escape importunate acquaintances and to take refuge from his friends. It was in order to throw them all off the scent that he engaged rooms all over the city. He finally died in the Rue de Dunkerque, where he had as many as three different apartments, all within a stone's throw of one another.

The Stone Houses of Easter Island.

The remarkable stone houses of Easter Island are built against a terrace of earth or rock, which in some cases forms the back wall of the dwelling. They are built of small slabs of stratified basaltic rock piled together without cement. No regularity of plan is shown in the construction of a majority of them. The average measurement is as follows: Height from floor to ceiling, 4 feet 6 inches; thickness of walls, 4 feet to 10 inches; width of rooms, 4 feet 6 inches; length of rooms, 12 feet 9 inches; average size of doorways—height, 20 inches; width, 19 inches.

Mebane, N. C. Feb. 24th, 1909.

Dear Dr. Rosenstein:

My glasses are doing O. K. They give me perfect vision which was a stranger to me for many years. I attribute my relief and comfort to your skill and the superiority of your glasses.

Yours sincerely,
PROF. O. W. BOLAND.

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY!

Much as we regret to say, it will yet be necessary to get out two more newsless issues of the Ledger after this. We are rushing things all we can, the building is going up fast, and our new linotype is being built rapidly.

One of the editors is in New York where he is hurrying up matters. Just as soon as our landlord gives a roof over our head and when the new machinery and equipment comes, we will begin to give the best, newsiest, and neatest-looking Ledger that has ever been gotten out; it will be in the very front rank among weeklies.

On account of the torn-up condition and the lack of room and force reduced through sickness, we are not attempting to give any news at all for this and the next two issues. Were it not for the legal notices we would have stopped publication for four weeks; to keep these advertisements legally sound, we must run the four pages.

All advertisements, except the legals, are charged for at but half rates.

Our friends shall have but two, certainly not more than that, poor issues; and when we do get straight, we will more than make up for the lost time.

Just as soon as we can get our rooms and get our equipment, both old and new, together we will begin a new era. We propose to have as good a weekly as there is to be found anywhere, in this or any other state.

Remember, please, Mr. Subscriber, that we are cramped up in a small space, with scant protection from the weather; part of our old machinery even, cannot be set up for this reason; none of our new equipment has come in yet; we are short in help; we are changing from gasoline power to electricity; much stuff is piled up too closely together to admit of its use; and until recently, the quarters now being used are so open that for days at a time it was almost impossible to work in the dust and confusion. We are now, so to speak, housecleaning, and preparing for the future.

Be good to us just a little while longer. You will not regret it. THE EDITORS.

Warning Not to Hire

This is to notify all persons under the penalty of the law not to hire or harbor one Maud Brack who has left my employment without cause.

C. W. BRYAN.
This Aug. 11th, 1909.

Dr. N. Rosenstein Eye Specialist

will be Oxford Tuesday, August 24th, at the Exchange Hotel. He offers you both his scientific knowledge and best quality goods and his charges are moderate. Remember the place, days and also that consultation is free.

Burlington, N. C., April 3rd, 1909.

Dr. N. Rosenstein, Durham, N. C.

Dear Dr. My glasses are all right I do not have the headache now as much as I did before I began to use the glasses.

Respect yours,
MISS IDA SIMPSON.
Burlington, N. C.

Seared With a Hot Iron.

or scalded by overturned kettle—cut with a knife—bruised by slammed door—injured by gun or in any other way—the thing needed at once is Bucklen's Arnica Salve to subdue the inflammation and kill the pain. It's earth's supreme healer, infallible for Boils, Ulcers, Fever Sores, Eczema and Piles. 25c at J. G. Hall's.

Well Equipped to Your Repairing and Repainting.

I am now well equipped for repairing and repainting buggies and phaetons at short notice in the best possible manner and earnestly solicit your work.

Also prepared to do all kinds of blacksmith work by a skilled workman of seven years experience.

If you should need a new body or wheels I can supply you with them at lowest possible prices.

All work guaranteed, and will strive to please my customers.

Don't forget me when you need any work done in my line.

Several second hand buggies for sale at low prices.

HENRY H. CALLIS,
Hillsboro Street, Oxford, N. C.

Next door to King Buggy Co.

Announcement.

I take this means of announcing to the people of Oxford and vicinity that I will on Aug. 1st, 1909 begin the practice of medicine. My office will be in the White building over the post office. Office hours from 10 to 12 and 4 to 6. Phone No. 67.

JAMES EDWARD HOBGOOD, M. D.

THE CAPITOL STATUE

Heroic Figure That Surmounts the Dome in Washington.

THE MODEL WAS CHANGED.

Jefferson Davis Objected to the Original as Designed by Crawford, and It Was Altered to Symbolize "Armed Liberty," as It Now Stands.

"Armed Liberty," the splendid statue that crowns the dome of the capitol, is by far the most symbolic of all the statues in Washington. Beautiful and reposeful, yet with an air of vigilance, it is perhaps the least appreciated of the city's statues, possibly because of its being placed at such an altitude that it cannot easily be studied. The original plans of the capitol called for a statue to surmount the dome, but no title was then given it, and comparatively few people know the real name of the statue.

Seeking this information, a Post reporter interrogated a number of persons whose daily occupations keep them almost constantly beneath the shadow of the great statue. To the question "What is the name of the statue above the dome of this building?" came these widely different opinions:

"The name of that statue? Why, it's the Goddess of Freedom."

"Yes; I can tell you the name. It is the Goddess of Liberty."

Several declared it to be the statue of Independence. Others said, "It is an Indian woman."

"It is the God of Justice and Freedom," declared a portly man in a tone that defied questioning.

"It represents an American woman, but I am not sure of her name."

"Well, now, I never inquired what lady that statue commemorates," remarked a politician from a not very distant state, "but it is a fine work of art."

"It is a statue of the god of war, Mars."

"Can you tell me something about that statue above the dome?" was asked a man whose knowledge is well known.

"Why, certainly. It is a woman of colonial days. Can't you see the trimming around the mantle and the curls about the face? And the features are delicately molded. You see, I have studied the model at the museum. It surely is a woman. I think you can safely say it is an American woman."

One who always tries his best to help others said: "Now, all statues, as you know, bear the names of the people they represent, and if you will just step over to the library of congress I think you can easily find some book on statues that will tell you all you want to know. It is a woman, I am sure, so look for the female statues."

A younger member of the house replied to the question about the statue most suavely and confidently. "It is the god of progress; you know his name." Several of the colored men in the various parts of the building were nearly all quite sure it was the Goddess of Freedom. One of them knew the year, 1863, when it was placed above the dome, and he affirmed, "It is the Goddess of American Liberty Before the War."

"You want to know the name of that statue? Well, just wait a minute, and I will get it for you first hand." And a most accommodating guide passed into the senate chamber. Directly he returned.

"That is a statue of Pocahontas." Every one had a different name for the statue, not one giving the real name, "Armed Liberty."

The statue was modeled by Thomas Crawford, father of the novelist, the late E. Marlon Crawford. It was cast at a Maryland foundry. Jefferson Davis was secretary of war when the model was first presented in the war department. The statue then wore a liberty cap and carried a bundle of rods. Davis objected to the liberty cap as being emblematic of the emancipated slaves, while Americans were freeborn. He also thought the bundle of rods, suggesting the functions of the Roman licitor, had lost its symbolic character. Because of these criticisms of Secretary Davis the model was changed, and "Armed Liberty" was evolved.

The statue is nine feet six inches tall and weighs 14,985 pounds. It was put in place on Dec. 2, 1863. The head is thrown back and adorned with eagle's beak and plumes. The right hand rests on a sword, and the left holds an olive branch and a shield. The mantle is gracefully draped and is held by a brooch bearing "U. S." on its face. The helmet is encircled with stars. The supporting globe bears the legend "E Pluribus Unum."—Washington Post.

Dr. N. Rosenstein, Durham, N. C.

Dear Sir: I received the glasses all right, am very much pleased them. I have not suffered any headache since I began wearing your glasses.

Yours truly,

MISS ROSA MARTIN,
Houston, Va.

TROPICAL INSECTS.

The Tarantula Is the One Most to Be Dreaded.

Excepting only the tarantula, the crawling insects of the tropics are not really dangerous, though they are more than unpleasant, sufficiently so to make every one wary, and an instinctive watchfulness becomes after a time habitual. It is only a matter of being careful and dangerous stings can be avoided. The sting of a scorpion is sharp and painful. Rapid swelling follows till a great lump is formed at and about the wound, the glands often become swollen and painful, and the tongue swells so that speech may become difficult. The pain lasts from two to twenty-four hours, usually about a day, and it is exceptional if any serious effects follow.

The centiped attacks by burying its sharp feet in the flesh and then biting with its jaws, inflicting deep wounds. Often it goes on crawling rapidly over the flesh, puncturing it with burning, needlelike feet, biting continually, its jaws buried deep in the flesh with vigorous rapidity. This is a serious affliction. The sores, like burning blisters, are open for days, and where a centiped has walked and bitten the flesh a livid sore develops, leaving a deep scar witness to the pain inflicted. Sometimes even gangrene may set in, and then death is apt to follow in a few days. Thus a wound from a centiped unattended easily becomes serious. The centiped's back is so smooth and its muscles so supple that to check it under one's clothing requires fortitude which could press a red-hot iron against the naked flesh. Relax the hand for an instant and the centiped slips away to continue its course over the body. The result is not easily described. The screams of a person so attacked attest the pain, and we dread the centipede. I have seen them in the jungles over a foot long and about three inches broad. Usually they are less than half this size, and fortunately their attacks are rare. There are smaller centipeds, and had enough it is to be bitten by them, but it is the big fellows in the woods which we dread.

Of all the insects which crawl about in the tropics the tarantula is most to be dreaded. It sinks its fanglike jaws deep in the flesh, and a poison which oozes out around them is carried into the wound. The soft body of the spider permits it to be easily killed, and if there is a way open for escape the tarantula will take it, perhaps not biting at all. One bite it gives, seldom more, and this is sufficient. Days of suffering must be endured, and death may occur. Violent swelling follows the bite of a tarantula and afflicts all that part of the body which has been bitten. At times the flesh becomes discolored, and with the intense pain a form of paralysis develops which may result in death. If, however, the person bitten is enjoying fair health no evil effects result, but where the blood is in poor condition, the heart weak or other organic troubles are present then stings or bites from creeping insects, not only tarantulas, but all of them, are apt to be fatal.

Naturally one crawls out from under the tolda with feelings of trepidation and usually finds that some creeping thing has made the outer folds of the tolda a resting place for the night.—Forest and Stream.

NATURE'S WARNING.

Oxford People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly—mysteriously.

But nature always warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy—

If there are settings and sediment, Passages frequent, scanty, painful. It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

To ward off Bright's disease or diabetics.

Doan's have done great work in Oxford.

D. S. Fuller, Broad St., Oxford, N. C., says: "For a long time I knew that my kidneys were disordered, this fact being plainly proven by the secretions which were unnatural too frequent and deposited a heavy sediment. Dull backache also afflicted me and the sharp pains through my loins made it almost impossible for me to stoop or lift. Hearing about Doan's Kidney Pills and being impressed, I procured a box from R. L. Hamilton's drug store and through their use was cured. They not only disposed of the backache, but strengthened my kidneys and benefited me in every way. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills as the best kidney remedy I ever used."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

In the world's great workshop, knowledge is master mechanic.