

WINDSOR PUBLIC LEDGER.

DR. E. W. PUGH, POLITICAL AND LITERARY EDITOR.

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

VOL. II.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 9 1887.

NO. 12.

LARGE STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER DRESS GOODS

FLANNELS,
WORSTEDS,
CASHMERE,
TRICOTS,
ETC.

Fine assortment Opera and Basket Flannels all Shades.

HEAVY WOOL BLANKETS.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS, AND CAPS.

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LADIES' JERSEYS AND JERSEY JACKETS.

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Excellent line LISLE THREAD HOSE.

CHILDRENS, MISSES AND LADIES HOSE. GENTLEMENS HALF HOSE.

Cigars and Tobacco

at lowest cash prices.

HEAVY WINTER BOOTS FOR MEN AND BOYS.

LARGE STOCK OF MEATS, COFFEES, TEAS, SUGARS, ETC., ETC.

Corn and Hay always on hand.

Bagging and Ties.

Big lot Eastern Herring.

Flour a specialty.

CLOTHING.

New lot of Clothing, Overcoats, Piece Goods, etc.

Dress Trimmings, Linings, Thread Silk Skirt Braid, etc.

Full line of Clark's O. N. T. spool Cotton, which must be sold.

Bring your Produce, Cotton, Peas and Potatoes. Goods in return at Lowest Cash Prices.

Nowitzky's Indian Tea and Victorine.

Before purchasing elsewhere call and see me.

J. B. NICHOLLS,
WINDSOR, N. C.

TO-MORROW.

BY ROBIN.

"We will gather flowers to-morrow,
When the mist of rain is o'er,
When the air is warm and sunny,
And the tempest howls no more."
But the flowers are parched and faded,
For the clouds have passed away,
And we leave them still ungathered,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will climb the hills to-morrow,
In the morning cool and bright;
Who could scale these rugged mountains
In the noontide's scorching light?
But the snow-wreaths clothe the summits
And the mists hang chill and gray,
And we leave the slopes untrodden,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will lend an ear to-morrow
To our fallen sisters' woes;
We can scarcely hear their voices
While the music comes and goes."
But along the thorny highway
Still with weary feet they stray,
And we pass them by, unheeding,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will leave our work to-morrow,
And with eager hands and strong
We will lead the little children
Far away from paths of wrong."
But our hands grow old and feeble,
And the work goes on for aye,
And the little children—perish,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

"We will raise our eyes to-morrow
To the cross on Calvary's brow;
At our feet the gold is sparkling,
So we cannot heed it now."
But we clutch the glittering fragments,
Mid the dust and mire and clay,
And we cannot raise our eyelids,
Though to-morrow is to-day.

A LAMB AT SCHOOL.

Most of our young readers will be surprised to hear that the well known nursery song of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" is a true story, and that "Mary" is still living, says an exchange. About seventy years ago she was a little girl, the daughter of a farmer in Worcester county, Mass. She was very fond of going with her father to the fields to see the sheep, and one day they found a baby lamb which was thought to be dead. Kind hearted little Mary, however, lifted it up in her arms, and as it seemed to breathe she carried it home, made it a warm bed near the stove and nursed it tenderly. Great was her delight when, after weeks of careful nursing and watching, her little patient began to grow well and strong, and soon after was able to run about.

It knew its young mistress perfectly, always came at her call, and was happy only when at her side. One day it followed her to the village school, and not knowing what else to do with it, she put it under her desk, and covered it with her shawl. There it stayed until Mary was called up to the teacher's desk to say her lesson and then the lamb walked quietly after her and the other children burst out laughing. So the teacher had to shut the little girl's pet in the woodshed until school was out. Soon after this a young student named John Rollstone wrote a little poem about Mary and her lamb and presented it to her. The lamb grew to be a sheep and lived for many years, and when at last it died Mary grieved so much for it that her mother took some of its wool, which was "as white as snow," and knitted a pair of stockings for her to wear in remembrance of her darling.

Some years after the lamb's death, Mrs. Sarah Hall, a celebrated woman who wrote books, composed some verses about Mary's lamb and added them to those written by John Rollstone, making the complete poem as we know it. Mary took such good care of the stockings made of her lamb's fleece, that when she was a grown up woman she gave one of them to a church fair in Boston. As soon as it became known that the stocking was made from the fleece of Mary's little lamb,

every one wanted a piece of it; so the stocking was raveled out and the yarn cut into small pieces. Each piece was tied to a card on which "Mary" wrote her full name, and these cards sold so well that they brought the large sum of \$140 in the Old South Church.

A beautiful woman must be healthy, and to remain healthy and beautiful she should take Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It imparts tone and flush to the skin, strength, vigor and pure blood; is equally adapted for all ages, from the babe to the aged, of either sex.

AN OLD INDIAN FIGHTER.

I suppose a soldier in battle but rarely knows that he has actually shot a man, but one of these old Indian fighters sits down after dinner, over a pipe, and relates to you with quite horrifying coolness every detail of the death which his rifle and his sure eyes dealt to an Indian; and when this one, stroking meanwhile the head of a little boy, who was standing at his knees, described to me how he lay on the grass and took aim at a tall chief who was in the moonlight trying to steal a boat from a party of gold seekers, and how, at the crack of his rifle the Indian fell his whole length in the boat and never stirred again, I confess I was dumb with amazement. The tragedy had not even the dignity of an event in a man's life. He shot Indians as he ate his dinner, plainly as a mere matter of course; nor was he a brute, but a kindly, honest, good fellow, not in the least bloodthirsty.

One of these very Indian fighters is now sitting before me. I have been acquainted with him for years and I know him to be a good, kind hearted man, and the idol of the little curly heads who cluster at his knees. He does not look at all as I imagined a murderer would look; he is dignified as well as good hearted—in fact, there is nothing different in his appearance and manner from those of every other well meaning citizen. And yet he has just been telling me, with a slight, satisfied smile playing over his lips as he spoke, how he once hanged an Indian and again how he cut the throat of another.

I am not at all afraid of him, though I must acknowledge he makes me shudder; but as we think over the matter I wonder all the same—and yet in the South, and all over 'he sea, I have looked upon some strange, sad scenes, in which blood was not wanting. Am I disgusted when he tells me how he once cut a steak with his bowie knife out of an old Indian? Yes—but there he stands before me, and I must say that he does not at all look like a butcher.—A. G. Tassin in Overland Monthly.

A disordered condition of the stomach, or malaria in the system will produce sick headache, you can remove this trouble by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Little Liver and Kidney Pills. 25 cents per vial.

A PARISIAN CLOCKMAKER'S EXPEDIENT.

A Parisian clockmaker, evidently an admirer of Gen. Bonaparte, his hit upon a happy expedient for increasing his portion of wealth and fame. Having noticed that only the jing men are popular in this fickle day, he posted a notice that many of the clocks that were being sold as American product were really German make, and announced that he would handle no more of them. To prove his sincerity, he went to the trouble of smashing two or three "suspected" timepieces in the presence of a goodly crowd of admirers, who cheered him in his patriotic work. Since then, work, which he often lacked before, has begun to flow in plenty

to his door, and he is coining money at a lively rate. In a city like Paris this was easily done, for in spite of its surroundings, the Parisian rabble is easily gulled. But it is dangerous work, nevertheless; for if the same people who are now cheering this hero were to learn that his action was only an advertising ruse, they would soon make it warmer for him and his shop than he probably desires it to become.—Philadelphia Times

Unsuspected disorders of the kidneys are responsible for many of the ordinary ailments of humanity which neglected, develop into a serious and perhaps fatal malady. Experience would suggest the use of Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm.

THE NEGRO AS A LABORER.

The negro never strikes. He just quits when he gets ready. If he hires to you for a year or a month he quits when he feels like it, and the only way to keep him is to keep back part of his pay. The negro has a mental reservation in all his contracts, but still nobody is taken by surprise, for we know of the reservation. Mr. Samuel Noble, of Anniston, says he has tried all kinds of labor and prefers the negro; that it is the most reliable and the easiest to manage. That is peculiarly so with Mr. Noble, for he is the best manager of the negro I ever saw. He makes them respect and fear him. They love the dominion of such a man.

Then again he has them in crowds where they can work together and talk. They like that. The negroes around me will resort to any shift rather than work alone. They get together from different farms and pull each other's fodder and pick each other's cotton. They like a town where there is a church and a preacher, and lots of company. It is difficult to keep a cook or a hired man in the country.—Bill Arp's Letter.

Undue exposure to cold winds, rain, bright light or malaria, may bring on inflammation and soreness of the eyes. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve will subdue the inflammation, cool and soothe the nerves, and strengthen weak and failing Eye Sight. 25 cents a box.

COALING IN NAGASAKI HARBOR

An English officer, who watched the coaling of a steamer in Nagasaki harbor, says that the coal junks are cleaner than English yachts, and that the prosaic operation was made poetical by the style in which the Japanese performed it.

"Queer, undersized mannikins briskly fill rows of baskets, each about as big as a small flower basket, and holding a small shovelful. These are snatched up by old hags, and passed along a double row of bright young girls, who hand them rapidly up the gangway ladder, and empty their tiny contents into the ship's bunkers.

"Liliputians urchins collect the empty baskets; and redistribute them throughout the junks.

"A more lively scene, coupled with energetic work, it would be difficult to imagine. The entire operation is accompanied with never ceasing merriment and cracking of childish jokes.

"A piece of coal is too big for the baskets—it is tossed up bodily amid screams of laughter. A girl topples over into the sea. She swims like a cork on the surface of the warm, clear, blue water, and is dragged out, a dripping little Venus."—Youth's Companion.

If the stomach performs its functions actively and regularly the food of which it is the recipient, is transformed into blood of a nourishing quality, which furnishes vigor and warmth to the whole body, the remedy to give tone to the stomach is Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier.

HORRID.

Many persons who affect horror at seeing their names in print are really delighted at every such bit of notoriety. In fact, they resort to all sorts of devices to secure it.

A reporter was standing behind a pyramid of plants, at a fashionable party, writing a line in his notebook, when, to his surprise, he was approached by an elegantly dressed lady.

"Ah," she said, gaily, "I have caught you at last."

"I beg your pardon," replied the embarrassed journalist, "I was simply making a note of something."

"Oh, I knew it," said the lady, with increased liveliness of manner, "you a reporter, aren't you?"

"I am."

"Well, now, do you know, I think you reporters are too bad for anything."

"Indeed! Thank you for your frankness."

"Yes, you are. You go and put our names in your horrid papers, every time we go anywhere. You were setting down a lot of them a moment ago, I am sure of it."

"Oh, no; I assure you I was not."

"Well, but I know you will do it. It's just like you. And it's awfully provoking, especially when one's name isn't spelled right, as mine hardly ever is. Here is my card."

"I do not think I shall give a full list of names and costumes," said the reporter.

"This was too much for the anxious belle. 'Well,' she said, hastily, 'here is a description of my dress, already written out.' Then she added, playfully; 'but you are just horrid, all the same.' Isn't singular such women do not see that even a reporter must be disgusted with their boldness and their vanity?—Youth's Companion.

FOULNESS WON.

The following pretty incident is related in the Irish Times about a monkey and a dog, again the advantages of politeness, even among animals, is shown.

A brave, active, intelligent terrier belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey, belonging to an itinerant organ grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onslaught in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder.

At this critical juncture, the monkey, who remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.

HAD HIM THERE.

A lawyer, by his skillful pleading, secured the acquittal of a swindler of the first water, but he didn't secure his fee, as the culprit was without funds. He promised to pay soon, however. When the lawyer chanced to encounter his client some time after he asked: "When do you intend to pay me?"

"Never in my life."

"Then I shall have you arraigned before the court."

"Do it, if you want to, but after all the good things you have said about me it will be hard for you to make the court believe that I am dishonest."

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ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT
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Practice in Bertie and adjoining counties. fe18 1th

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WINDSOR, N. C.

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PUGH'S DRUG EMPORIUM,
WINDSOR, N. C.

Where you can find choice Paints, Drugs and Oils, Druggists' Sundries, Flavoring Extracts, Soaps, Perfumery, & Fishing Tackle. John F. Stratton's Musical Instruments and Strings. Robert Bulst's Field and Garden Seed. Full line of Fine Stationery always on hand. fe18 1th

G. W. SIMPSON. W. F. PARKER.
SIMPSON & PARKER,
—DEALERS IN—

Groceries very low for cash. Meats, Vegetables and Provision, General Market Store. fe18 1th

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R. C. BAZEMORE,
—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods, Groceries, Tobacco, Cigars, Stuffs, Hardware, Cutlery, Drugs, Queensware, Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps. Highest price paid for produce. WINDSOR, N. C. fe18 1th

J. J. JACOBS,
—DEALER IN—

Hardware, Cutlery, Guns, Stoves, Cloware, Edged Tools, Harness, Agricultural Implements and Lumbermen's outfits. Paints and Paint Oils. A full line of Machinery Oils. fe23 1th

WINDSOR, N. C.

MILLINERY GOODS
A specialty at the old stand,
BALTIMORE MILLINERY.

Miss Lizzie Bridge has returned to Windsor with a full and choice stock of Goods. Millinery, Notions and Dress Goods. A fresh lot of those R. B. Sallor Hats, also all the novelties in shapes and colors in ladies' and children's Straw and Felt Hats. Velvet Hats and Bonnets made to order, city work and style at low prices. Bustles, Handbags, Hosiery, Gloves, Ladies' Merino Vests, Corsets, Jerseys, Washings, Collars and Cuffs, Ribbons, Velvets, Plushes, Feathers, etc., etc. Ladies from a distance visiting Windsor will find it their interest to call. Polite attention and convenience for ladies. Terms cash. Quick sales and small profits.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
WINDSOR, N. C.

Table supplied with the best the market affords. Bar supplied with choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco. The only first-class, home-like, free and comfortable hotel in the city. Don't forget the "Cat Killer." Rooms recently renovated and windows cul down to floor. Double piazza around the hotel. Private sitting room for ladies upstairs. Free Hack to meet Steamers. Telegraph office attached. J. R. MOODY, Prop. fe18 1th

GRAND EMPORIUM OF FASHION.

Mrs. S. C. Barret has just returned from New York with an elegant line of Spring goods. Consisting of millinery of all kinds. The latest novelties of the season in Hats and Bonnets. FANCY GOODS—Her Notions are unsurpassed. DRESS GOODS—The latest novelties in styles and shades. Trimmings to correspond. Elegant line of Beaded Trimmings and Panels for Silks. Fine line of Silks in patterns, handsome Velvets. Everything that pertains to beauty the ladies. Give me a call, will guarantee prices and styles shall suit the most fastidious. I thank my friends for past patronage and hope to see my old customers and a number of new. Come, come all, and see the handsomest line of good in Windsor.

B. M. BATCHELOR.