

WINDSOR PUBLIC LEDGER.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLELY IN ADVANCE

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

BENJ. H. SWAIN, OWNER AND EDITOR.

VOL. III.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1888.

NO. 3.

JNO. W. WOOD.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LEWISTON, N. C.

Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

WILLIAMS HOUSE,
LEWISTON, N. C.,

J. G. WILLIAMS, Prop.

Travelers accommodated at low rates. Table supplied with the best market affords.

Conveniences furnished on application.

THE HANCOCK HOUSE,
LEWISTON, N. C.

Table supplied with the best market affords. Every attention paid to the comfort of the guests. Livery attached.

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 Buist's Field and Garden Seed.
Full line of Fine Stationery always on hand.

DR. F. D. STEVENS,

SURGEON DENTIST,

WINDSOR, N. C.

Teeth extracted without pain. Filling partly decayed teeth a specialty. All work warranted.

T. S. TODD. E. TODD.

T. S. TODD & BRO.,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Fine Dress Goods, Dry Goods, Notions and Fancy Articles. Groceries of every description. Boots, Shoes and other staple goods.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

INDIAN WOOD WHEEL FACTORY

I am now manufacturing Cart Wheels, Hubs, Holes and Spokes from native timbers which I will sell from \$3.50 to \$5.25 per pair of wheels. A discount will be allowed if as many as ten pairs are taken by one party. All work warranted. Special terms to Coachmakers. Shipments F. O. B., at Coniot landing on Roanoke river.

Address P. RASCOE,
Windsor, N. C.

TONSORIAL ARTIST,

W. H. LEIGH,

Has recently had his shop fitted up in first class style for the convenience of patrons. Shaving, haircutting and shampooing done in the most artistic manner. Will be at shop from 7.30 to 9 a. m., and from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

T. H. ALEXANDER,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR OF

Patents,

607 7th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
(ESTABLISHED 1857.)

Foreign patents procured, Caveats, Trade Marks and Labels registered. Expert examinations made, and opinions relating to infringements, validity and scope of patents given. Send for my circular and mention this paper.

DR. F. A. WALKER. J. N. WILLIAMS.

WALKER & WILLIAMS,

DEALERS IN

DRUGS,

PAINTS,

OILS,

& C.,

CORNER WATER STREET
AND ROANOKE SQUARE,

NORFOLK, VA.

MY MIRROR.

Between the orchard and the mill
The brooklet of its laughing tines:
Its waters there grew deep and still
About the piers, old and moss-grown
Beneath the little bridge of stone
Clasped here and there, with wildrose
briers.

I was a vain young country maid,
Each day at noon sent to the mill,
And used to loiter in the shade,
And lean above the jagged pier,
Beyond the wild rose creeping near,
And peer into the placid rill.

'Twas not the water lilies there,
Nor pale green cresses that I sought;
But back to me bright eyes and hair,
Sun-fangled, framed in shadowy
green,
Reflected, threw their glamorous
sheen
And kept me longer than they ought.

One day I lingered, looking down,
Long past the sunshine of mid-day,
When close beside me, big and brown,
Two eyes, so full of laughter met
My own within the rivulet,
My eyes drooped low and turned away.

You see, 'twas father's harvester—
"Our John," we always called the lad;
Like to his own my parents were,
And I—I cannot rightly tell
By what strange chance it ever befel
His coming made me always glad.

How shallow seemed the brooklet then
After the glance of eyes like his!
I slowly raised my own again
And found him gazing slyly down—
I never knew that eyes of brown
Were full of such sweet mysteries!

For, looking up, how could I guess
To find my imaged features there?
A mirror full of tenderness
His dark eyes made: the rivulet,
In all my loiterings, never yet
Had made me seem one-half so fair!

The wild rose blossoms all are dead;
And where the water lilies were,
The brook sleeps in its frozen bed.
Unheeded let the winters pass;
I have a truer looking-glass—
The brown eyes of my harvester!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

George Melville is known to fame principally as one of the survivors of the ill-fated Jeanette Polar expedition. His return to America from that terrible voyage was one of the inspiring causes that led the rich Washington banker, W. W. Corcoran, to have brought back to America the remains of the sweet song writer, John Howard Payne. It happened this way:

When Lieutenant Melville and his companions reached Washington after their rescue they were given a reception by the principal citizens of the Capital. An escort met them at the depot on their arrival, and headed by the famous Marine Band that furnishes the music at the White House, the procession started up Pennsylvania avenue. It was a bright, sunny day and the wide street was crowded. When the band moved along the avenue it played the heart-touching tune of "Home, Sweet Home," and it filled the air with the old-timed music that has found an echo in every heart for so many years.

In the first carriage rode Lieutenant Melville, and with him the rich banker, Mr. Corcoran had known and befriended John Howard Payne in the struggling days of the song maker, and the tune awoke old memories in the rich man's heart and suffused his eyes with tears. He thought of the man whose tender lines and sweet music had brought joy to so many breasts, and remembered that his bones lay mouldering in a foreign land, homeless even in death.

Then and there he resolved that all that was mortal of John Howard Payne should find an abiding place here at home. That night he wrote to Secretary Frelinghuysen about the matter, and the Government lent its aid through the United States Consul at Tunis, near which place the almost forgotten grave was located. The details were soon perfected,

and one bright June day in 1888, the remains of the dead poet arrived in this country and were given a resting place in the land he loved so well.

Mr. Corcoran bore all the expense attached to the transfer, and it was the old familiar tune ringing out along the avenue on that pleasant day when Melville came home that first awaked in his heart the resolve to give a lasting burial place to the poet's remains.—Ex.

Disease lies in ambush for the weak, a feeble constitution is ill adapted to encounter a malarious atmosphere or sudden changes of temperature, and the least robust are usually the easiest victims: Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier will give tone and vitality and strength to your entire body.

EFFECT OF DIME NOVELS.

For several weeks complaints have reached the police of people being garroted and robbed on Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., and an officer stationed to look out after the foot pads, saw a man coming along soon after midnight and turn off the gas in the lamp on the block where the robberies have occurred. He followed the fellow, who suspected he was being watched and took a round about course. Finally the man returned to Pine street and loitered around in the doorway. The officer stepped up and said: "Throw up your hands." In response the man drew his hand from his pocket and with it a pistol, which he fired, the bullet striking Duff in the thigh. The officer, who had his revolver drawn, fired and put a ball through the man's head, killing him instantly. The officer's wound, though painful, is not dangerous. At first the police thought the robber was an convict, but later they discovered he was Albert Peterson, a young Swede who came there about four years ago, then disappeared and came back only a few weeks ago. He roomed with a fellow Swed named Imhorst. Imhorst said Peterson had a mania for reading dime novels and stories about highwaymen. He spent his days in his room devouring this literature, and when night came he dressed in rough clothes and went out, saying he had a night job at Menlo Park.—Ex.

For physical ailments, especially those incident to declining years, there is no remedy which produces such satisfactory results as Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm, its genial and invigorating effect on Liver and Kidneys is remarkable.

A MODERN WOOLLY HORSE.

Louis J. Wyman, of Roxbury, Mass., owns a horse which is dressed in a full suit of wool instead of being clothed in a coat of hair like the ordinary every day horse. The wool is an inch long and of a reddish brown shade. The owner shows a bundle of yarn made from it and says he has enough to make a suit of clothes for the man who will exhibit the horse. Mr. Wyman bought the animal from E. B. Rhoder, a planter and stock raiser of Spartanburg, S. C. The horse was bred by thoroughbred Kentucky horses and is perfect in form, 14½ hands high and weighs from 850 to 875 pounds. It arrived on the Gate City from Savannah, Ga., recently, and has since been recuperating from the effects of his sea voyage. The covering of the animal seem to be veritable wool, and has so been pronounced by a number of wool dealers in Boston. The horse has no foretop or mane—only a somewhat thicker growth of wool where these appendages should be. His tail, as well as the rest of him, is covered with the wool, and singularly enough, hangs limply down between the legs, exactly as a sheep's tail does.

Another mark of the sheep is the horse's disposition to butt, an offensive operation which he resorts to frequently.—Hartford Times.

Ladies who experience a sense of weakness, and sometimes lameness of the back should use Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, it will supply the much needed strength and overcome all weakening irregularities.

MANNING'S MEMORY.

One thing which gave Mr. Manning an advantage over most men was his wonderful memory. One winter at Nassau a banker from Chelsea, Mass., came into the room, saying he had just found an old book containing a piece he used to recite at school. Mr. Manning asked to hear it, and then to hear it a second time. After the second recital Mr. Manning said: "You do not repeat it the same." Some little discussion ensuing, Mr. Manning continued, "I give you my word as a man I've never heard the thing before, yet if Mr. Uine will read it twice aloud, I'll wager you I can repeat it better than you can."

The piece was read, and then Mr. Manning repeated it with absolute correctness, syllable for syllable.

When the banker expressed some doubt about Manning's not having heard it before, the latter offered to repeat any piece that the banker might choose of the same length, after it had been read three times. And what is more, he accomplished the feat. This mental trait enabled Mr. Manning to recall, almost verbatim, at any time, reports, motions, resolutions and anything else he had read months before.—Ex.

To allay pains subdue inflammation, heal foul sores and ulcers, the most prompt and satisfactory results are obtained by using that old reliable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Volcanic Oil Liniment.

ONLY TWO QUESTIONS.

A Boston gentleman came home the other evening rather late for dinner. He had had a rather fatiguing day in his business and was by no means in the most serene of tempers, and his spirits were by no means raised when he discovered that a water pipe had burst and that it was necessary for him to go at once to procure a plumber. As he was putting on his overcoat in the hall he heard the voice of his six year old daughter calling to him over the railing from the hall two stories above.

"Papa," she cried, "I want to see you."

"I am going out," he called back, "and I am in a great hurry."

"But, papa," she persisted, "mayn't I ask you one question?"

"Yes, if you'll be quick."

"May I ask you two questions?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry. I'll answer them when I come back; but you must not ask more than two."

"Well, papa," continued the shrill tones from above. "I want to know how they make condensed milk, and how Christ did his miracles?"

The despairing father gave a groan and rushed out of the house to find the plumber.—The Earth.

If you are suffering with weak or inflamed eyes, or granulated eyelids, you can be quickly cured by using Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Eye Salve. 25 cents a box.

SHERMAN SAVED JOE JEFFERSON'S LIFE.

Two plainly dressed men stood at the clerk's desk in the Fifth Avenue hotel recently. Everybody recognized them, for their names and faces are familiar everywhere. The one was tall and erect, with grizzled beard, old

derby hat, and carelessly arranged necktie; the other was smooth-faced, with regular features, merry sparkling eyes, and jet black hair combed to points that projected over his ears. They were William Tecumseh Sherman and Joe Jefferson, the actor. They were chatting gaily and evidently enjoying themselves. The famous soldier and oculator was telling stories. Turning to a third party in the group he said: "One of the most valiant achievements of my life, which I look back upon with unalloyed pleasure, was the saving of Joe's life. It occurred last summer. We were both in the parlor upstairs talking to some ladies. Joe had to leave early, and excused himself. After he went out I noticed a bundle of manuscript on the floor. I thought at first it belonged to me, but finding mine safe I hurried out to the elevator after Joe. But he had gone down by way of the stairs. I halloed 'Joe, Joe,' but he did not hear me. I ran down after him two steps at a time. I finally caught up with him, and, handing him the manuscript, said: 'Here, Joe, you've forgotten something.' A serious expression spread over his face as he took it and said in a tremulously solemn and impressive voice: 'My heavens, you've saved my life!'

It was his autobiography, which he was engaged upon at the time.—New York Sun.

A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN.

There is considerable excitement in a suburb some miles out over the death of A. D. Smith. Last Monday he died, to all appearances, after calmly bidding adieu to his heart-stricken wife. He was then dressed for the grave, and on Tuesday preparations were made for his burial. In the midst of the services a thumping on the coffin was heard, the cover was burst off, and Mr. S. sat up, causing great consternation and dismay. He was at once removed to his bed at home, and in a few hours seemed none the worse for this strange experience. Mr. Smith says he went to heaven and saw many white spirits, some of them friends whom he had known on earth. They shook their heads in answer to his questions, and pointed to a big book lying open. He looked at it and saw written there the names of his wife, himself and his children, who were alive. His name, he said, seemed partially erased. He told a wondrous story of his other experiences in that strange world, and its recital drew scores of curiosity-seekers to his home. On Wednesday he suddenly called out: "I see them!" and fell back dead. His wife was completely prostrated at this terrible ending to her hopes. Medical aid was summoned and an electric battery was applied, but the doctors finally decided that the man was indeed dead this time. Last night the grief-stricken wife left her old Georgia home near Atlanta, with the body.—Augustine correspondent Enquirer.

A SMUGGLER'S DEN.

The revenue officers have discovered another ingeniously concealed smuggler's "bothy" in Strathearn, Ross-shire, Scotland. In their search the officers followed the gorge of a stream which flows in a series of cascades through a rocky chasm of great depth. Here, twenty feet from the bottom of the rocks, they found one of the most artfully constructed bothies ever seen. At first it appeared to be a cave, but on entering it was seen that it had been scooped out of the rock and roofed with strong planks, over which boulders and shingles had been thrown in a haphazard way, as if the whole were a mass of debris from the rocks overhead. The water channel to and from

the bothy was also covered with boulders—in fact, there was nothing to indicate that such a place existed except that the rocks above were blackened with smoke. In the bothy were found a mash tub of 250 gallons capacity, a receiver of twenty gallons capacity, a thermometer, several minor utensils, and most important of all, the pot-dutch (or black pot), as the natives call the still. How the smugglers managed to get their goods in or out of such a dangerous place was a puzzle to the officers until, after some risky scrambling, the gorge was further explored, resulting in the discovery of a cleft in the rock down which a rope ladder was suspended from a tree at the top. Others of the officers had in the meantime discovered another bothy, in which was concealed a mash tub of 350 gallons capacity. All these utensils were destroyed on the spot.—Ex.

F. D. WINSTON. W. L. WILLIAMS

WINSTON & WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

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

Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

HENRY P. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WINDSOR, N. C.

Practices in all the courts of Bertie county.

W. M. E. MOUNTAIN,
—DEALER IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES,
SUGARS,
COFFEES,
FLOUR, ETC.
WINES,
WHISKIES,
GINS,
TOBACCO,
CIGARS.

WINDSOR, N. C. fe23 th

R. C. BAZEMIRE,

—DEALER IN—

DRY GOODS,
GROCERIES,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
CUTLERY,
TOBACCO,
CIGARS,
SNUFF,
BOOTS,
SHOES, Etc.

Best highest price paid for produce.

WINDSOR, N. C. fe23 th

J. J. JACOBS,



—DEALER IN—

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

WINDSOR, N. C.

AMERICAN HOUSE,

WINDSOR, N. C.

Table supplied with the best market affords.

Bar supplied with choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars and Tobacco.

The only first-class, home-like, free and comfortable hotel in the city.

"American House" and "Hats Off," choice cigars, are specialties.

Rooms recently renovated and windows cut down to floor. Double piazzas around the hotel.

Private sitting room for ladies up stairs.

Free Hack to meet Steamers.

Telephone office attached.

J. R. MOODY, Prop. fe18th

STEAMER CURBITUCK.

TWO TRIPS A WEEK BETWEEN NORFOLK AND WINDSOR.

Leaving Norfolk every Monday and Thursday. Returning will leave Windsor every Tuesday and Saturday. Connections made at Anstis with C. & B. R.R. to Drew's Station, Mt. Olive, Lewiston and all points reached by this road. All freight handled with care, and rates guaranteed as low as by any other line. fe23 th J. J. JONES, Master.