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THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

VOL. IV.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

NO. 14.

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BY MRS. ANNA N. IRWIN.

(Written for the Ledger.)
Forget not one who loved with thee,
To spend her hours in social glee,
Who oft when days dull care was done,
Sought solace from thy smiles fond one.

There's a feeling here that's not of earth,
A bond which no time can sever,
A sense of thy high and holy worth,
And a prayer for thy peace forever.

I would that heaven in mercy sweet,
With kindest gifts would visit thee,
That thou should'st ever meet,
And only know prosperity.

I'll think of thee at evening hour,
And when the morning visions flee;
For oh, believe thou hast the power,
To make my heart remember thee.
Plymouth, N. C.

SQUELCHED.

"I know," the Northern member would occasionally say, "that people would be slow to believe some of the things I have been telling about my experiences in the war, but they are all true to the letter."

"I don't doubt for a moment," said the Western man, who wasn't in the war. "And now just let me tell you a little maritime story—true beyond a doubt and not in the least fishy, though I will confess it is so old that it has burrs on it. A crowd of men were sitting in a saloon one night and a man got up and commenced to relate an experience of his own. It ran like this: 'I was on a ship ten years ago which was wrecked in mid ocean. Many of the passengers did not succeed in getting into the life boats and some of us had to jump into the water. I sank twice and then managed to catch hold of a piece of timber just big enough to support me. Recovering my breath I congratulated myself on having support enough to possibly keep me afloat until I could be picked up by some passing vessel. Suddenly I felt one end of my timber go down, and turning my head, discovered that another man had grabbed hold of my lumber. In a moment or two we were about to sink. I urged him to be careful, but he would not heed me. We drifted along for some minutes, when I made up my mind that or the other of us would have to go down, for with such pressure it was only a matter of time when we would both lose our pieces of timber. I finally edged my way up to the man and choking him, made him release his grip. He fell off, and I suppose drowned, for I paddled away and saw him no more. It was a cruel thing to do, but self preservation being the first law of nature, I looked out for No. 1. You may not believe this, but gentlemen, it is the truth.'"

"Then," the Western Congressman went on to relate, "a big man, with bushy beard and fierce looking eyebrows, arose from a corner and said: 'Alas, for you, it was true. I was the man you pushed that saw us down from the piece of timber. Hal, hal! you thought you had drowned me; but I live to face the man who treated me so. Kind fortune, when I arose from beneath the angry waves, sent along another piece of timber, and though bruised by you, I had strength enough left to cling like an oyster to my timber, and in a few hours I was rescued by a passing ship. For nearly ten long years I have been hunting you, sir, and you shall die. I will give you five minutes to prepare for death—more than you would give me in mid ocean.'—Ex.

BEN BUTLER'S CHEWING GUM.

A Chicago lady who recently went East with a little niece whom she was taking to school, met with a most amusing experience on the train enroute. Somewhere down in New York State a short, fat man, with a peculiar looking eye, entered the car and took a seat directly opposite the lady and her little charge. The little

one surveyed him closely for a few moments, and then, turning to her aunt, she whispered: "Auntie, that's Ben Butler." The lady had not taken any particular notice of the new passenger, but at this she looked over at him, and in an instant recognized him, as the little girl had, from the familiar caricatures of the illustrated papers. In a few moments he drew forth a crumpled bit of paper, and then began a search through all of his pockets for a pencil with which to jot down something that had just occurred to him. Seeing that his search was fruitless, the lady leaned over and offered him her pencil. He took it with a polite acknowledgement, and made his little memoranda, after which he returned the pencil with a polite bow and a smile. For a few moments his mind appeared to be occupied with something, and then he seemed to recover himself again. Fumbling in the pocket of his overcoat, he drew forth a small package and passed it over to the lady with a pleasant nod. She hesitated a moment, then accepted the offering, and found, to her amused surprise, that it was a fresh package of Yucatan chewing gum. That Mr. Butler had a good supply of the article was evident to her from the vigorous working of his jaws, and she appreciates his effort to recognize her kindness in loaning him her pencil.—Chicago Herald.

ALF GOES TO CONGRESS.

A notable new feature in the delegation from Tennessee to the next Congress will be Alfred A. Taylor, the Republican elected in the First District, but who had previously won fame by his gubernatorial campaign against his brother Bob as his Democratic opponent. If anything, Alf is the brightest of old man Taylor's boys, although Bob remarked during the canvass:

The world goes round and round;
Bob goes up and Alf goes down.

At the last Democratic State Convention it was a week before a candidate was nominated for Governor. One day during the convention it was reported all over the State that Bob had given up hopes of being renominated. It looked that way, too. On the self-same day Alf was nominated to Congress in the First District, and wrongly anticipating Bob's defeat (for the latter finally got there), Alf, in his speech of acceptance, said quoting Bob:

The world goes round and round;
But Alf goes up and Bob goes down.

Alf is a low, fat, round, dumpy man. His eyes are brown and the baldness of his head would please a lazy barber. He is too fat to cross his legs. There is a nasal twang in his conversation—a family characteristic—but which is lost in a resonating voice when he is upon the stump. His dress is simple and he wears a black slouch hat.—Norfolk Ledger.

RANKIN-RICHARDS INSTITUTE.

IN AID OF THE RANKIN-RICHARDS INSTITUTE. GRAND THANKSGIVING DINNER AND SUPPER.

The Grand Thanksgiving dinner and supper to be given by the Ladies Co-operative Aid Society of Windsor in the interests of the Rankin-Richards Institute, Nov. 29th inst., will undoubtedly be a grand affair. These ladies compose some of the most skillful and will cater to the desires and appreciation of the most fastidious. Being perfect adepts in the culinary department; and queens of politeness, and rapidity of duty. Let every gallant bring his lassie, and middle aged and aged gentlemen embraced by their "better halves," make their appearance at this grand social board, and partake of the dainties of the season to the full extent of the hearts delight, and then let there be an additional prayer and praise to Him who maketh all things well, and has permitted that all come together once in the year, in general thanksgiving to the Father, to whom belongeth eternal worship and adoration.

The organization of the Ladies Co-operative Aid Society of Windsor. The object of this Society is to aid the work of the Rankin-Richards Institute.

The regular meetings and entertainments to be monthly. Five ladies shall constitute a quorum. The officers of the Society: President, Mrs. Winnie Winston; Vice President, Mrs. Katie Sanderlin; Secretary, Miss Emma E. Ward, Asst. Sec., Mrs. Pleasant Taylor, Treasurer, Mrs. Susan Watford. The members of the Society: Mrs. Mary Pugh, Mrs. Virginia Ward, Mrs. Margaret Sanderlin, Mrs. Millie Webb, Mrs. Edith Watson, Mrs. Emily Winston, Mrs. Della Leigh, Mrs. Josephine Mountain, Miss Mary Jane Mountain, Mrs. Anna Greene, Mrs. Winnie Lee, Mrs. Laura Sutton, Mrs. Lydia Singleton, Mrs. Hattie Cooper, Mrs. Bell Pugh, Mrs. Mary E. Cherry, Mrs. Polly Peebles, Mrs. Jane Sanderlin, Mrs. Curtis Taylor, Mrs. Mary Jane Jones, Mrs. Gorgia Speller, Mrs. Hester Crowell, Mrs. Lizzie Roubac, Mrs. Hannah Clark, Mrs. Hannah Mariah Cooper, Mrs. Cynthia Watson, Mrs. Lucy Watson, Mrs. Josephine Taylor, Mrs. Eliza Allen, Mrs. Ellen Winston, Mrs. Leah Robbins, Mrs. Harriet Lind say, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Jennie Mebane, Mrs. Jackson Cherry, Mrs. Winnie Eason, Mrs. Ida Frichard, Mrs. Cornelia Sutton.

COST OF LIVING ABROAD.

In England house rent, clothing, and nearly all the commodities of life are cheaper than they are in America. Hotel charges, admission to theatres and railway travelling are exceptions—unless you travel third class. There is talk of abolishing the second class and give people their choice only between second and third. As it is, many of the first class carriages run empty and only encumber the trains. For high charges in French restaurants and hotels there is good reason. New York does not appreciate the great advantages it enjoys in its abundant and cheap market supplies. In Paris three francs per pound (60 cents) is charged for the same quality of beefsteak which we buy in New York for thirty cents. Good coffee in Paris costs the same price per pound, three francs.

They grow some fruits in France and England that we don't raise in the North, but on the whole the fruits of these two countries will not compare in abundance and flavor with those produced even in our Northern States only; and as for grapes and peaches their best specimens are grown under glass, but it must be admitted that no grapes in the world equal for size and beauty the English hot house grapes. English hot house peaches are pretty to the eye, but they lack the juiciness and rich flavor of the American peach and their cost is very great. The nights in England and France are too rainy for the favorable production of fine fruits in the open air. Retail dealers over there instead of selling vegetables and fruit in our rough and tumble way, by measure, which by its very uncertainty is unsatisfactory both to seller and buyer, sell them by weight or number, potatoes and apples by the pound, peaches and large "William" pears by the dozen.—M. P. in Home Journal.

ENGLISH SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

In any large and highly organized community there must always be a considerable number of people whose duties or circumstances are such as to destroy the character of home as a suitable place for educational training. In Great Britain, for instance, military and naval officers, with Indian, diplomatic and colonial officials, cannot look forward to having their children educated under their own eyes. Men in political life, distracted by the excitement of their work, and usually migrating from country to

town with the legislative seasons, are scarcely better off. The preference of the landed proprietors of England for living on their own estates involves educational isolation, and makes it necessary that boys should be sent away for training.

Here we have already a very large body of people for whom the public school, with its provisions for home care, as well as mental training, is practically a necessity. A larger question of expediency still remains. The sons of the wealthy very seldom get a fair chance for training in their own homes. Luxury, social distractions, the excessive environment of dependents, all militate against mental industry and moral tone. It is this consideration which leads the average Englishman to send his boy away from home to the simpler life and sterner discipline of the public school.—George R. Parkin in the Century.

PECULIAR REGULATIONS.

It is rather an odd thing that if you paste a printed slip on a postal card the government will charge the receiver letter postage, while if the same matter is printed directly on the card nothing extra is demanded. The same slip which, if pasted on a postal card, would be charged extra for, may be put into an unsealed envelope, and it will then go at printed matter rates, or the whole paper from which the clipping is taken may be sent containing the article marked at a much less rate than the government would charge for the same article attached to the card. That is, the government would rather carry four ounces of air than the four fifths of an ounce for the same money.—Detroit Free Press

SHE GOT ALONG.

"There, there, now," said old Mrs. High liver, "You needn't get to a mite of trouble on my account, Sister Baxter. I just run in to visit a little with you and I'll get right home again if you go to having anything extra for dinner on my account. You just try a chicken and have some of your nice sallyratus biscuits, and some mashed taters, and a few baked sweet taters, and one of your splendid lemon pies, and some kind of nice pudding, with a glass of some kind of jelly, and some of your quince preserves, and a dish of your splendid sliced pears, and a little honey or something like that, and I'll get along first rate without your going to any trouble on my account. I didn't come to eat, nowhow, and I'll be dreadful sorry if you put your self out a mite."—Drake's Magazine.

TIMELY CAUTION.

Jeweler—"Yes, sir, I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge."
Young Man—"Well, inscribe on it 'From George to Alice.'"
Jeweler—"Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe?"
—Young Man—"The fact is, this is an engagement ring."
Jeweler—"Ah! My young friend I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."—Time.

DISHONORING HIM.

Old Mr. Bently—"Since old man Brown's death I hear that the son has got so bad that a stigma is attached to the name."
Old Mrs. Bently—"Yes, I understand that he has clapped a nail 'o' into it."—Life

A GOOD BREED.

Major McTavish—"Mr. Fitch, I want you to know the Rajah of Cawnpoor, one of the most eminent disciples of Brahma."
Mr. Fitch, of Illinois—"Proud to meet you, sir! It's the best breed that ever had an egg."—Pack.

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