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THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY

VOL. IV.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.

NO. 26.

JNO. W. WOOD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
LEWISTON, N. C.

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I am now manufacturing Cart Wheels, Hubs, Hubs 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.

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It is without question the LEADING PAINT on the market, and the most economical.

CORNER WATER STREET
AND ROANOKE SQUARE,

NORFOLK, VA.

THE DEAR LITTLE WIFE AT HOME.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The dear little wife at home, John,
With ever so much to do,
Stitches to set, and babies to pet,
And so many thoughts of you—
The beautiful household fairy,
Filling your heart with light;
Whatever you meet today John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

For though you are worn and weary,
You needn't be cross and curt;
There are words like darts to gentle hearts,
There are looks that wound and hurt,
With the key in the latch at home, John,
Drop troubles out of sight;
To the dear little wife who is waiting,
Go cheerily home to-night.

You know she will come to meet you,
A smile on her sunny face,
And your wee little girl, as pure as a pearl,
Will be there in her childish grace,
And the boy, his father's pride, John,
With eyes so brave and bright,
From the strife and din to the peace,
John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

What though the tempter try you,
Though the shafts of adverse fate
May bustle near and the sky be drear,
And the laggard fortune wait.

You are passing rich already,
Let the haunting fear take flight,
With the faith that wins success, John,
Go cheerily home to-night.

A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

[From our special Correspondent]

February 18, 1889.
General Butler has purchased another house in East Washington which he is remodeling at a cost of about \$10,000. His niece will probably occupy it, the General having offices therein.

The bill for the relief of Engineer Melville, of arctic fame, has but recently been brought before the Congressional Committee for report. Had the engineer not been able to keep at work it would have gone hard with him. Congress being slow to pension those really in need of assistance.

The Democrats will hold a caucus tonight on the tariff matter and it is expected that it will be proposed to introduce a Mills transcript supplement, or substitute, for the Senate bill. Mr. Randall and Mr. Cowles will both oppose such proceedings, however, because they think that such a bill was a waste of time, and are anxious to adjust the revenue question. The former gentleman is certain that his bill for the repeal of the internal revenue on tobacco, etc., would pass both houses, and is anxious to have it reported back for action. On the whole if the efforts of the two gentlemen are neglected it looks like the people will have to wait for an extra session or a new Congress to accomplish any beneficial legislation, as politics come between the public and the Congressman every time at present, and the political effect of a measure receives more consideration than its beneficial or moral properties.

Mrs. Cleveland held her final reception Saturday, and in spite of a pouring rain a large number were in attendance including many school children. By the President's order the callers were admitted at once into the East room to await an unlooked for piece of thoughtfulness. The ladies of the Cabinet were present including Mrs. Colman, wife of the Secretary of Agriculture.

The attendants at the insane asylum have petitioned Congress for an increase of pay. At present they receive from \$16 to \$25 a month with board, not for their families, however, and they ask an increase to keep their families from starving. The attendants are frequently annoyed by outside parties, who in hope of earning a standard reward of \$5 for the return of any escaped inmate sometimes catch an attendant and carry him back for identification if he has not taken the precaution to carry a card of identity with him.

Over 30,000 men are expected in the Inaugural parade, about 80 military companies have been as-

signed places in the line. Gov. Foraker of Ohio is one of the marshalls and will doubtless attract considerable attention here from the fire-eating reports circulated regarding him. The programs, tickets and souvenirs for the ball have been received and if the weather is propitious a great time may be looked for.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

We take the following from the last issue of the Kicker:

WHAT IT MEANS.

This half sheet is no accident. We issue it to save our legal notices. Had we no legal ads we should have skipped publication entirely. When it is cold enough in this town to freeze whiskey within ten feet of a red hot stove there is no call for an editor to get up and hump himself. Our esteemed contemporary down the street calculates to skip two weeks and get drunk at least four times, and we shall be with him in spirit. While we aim to publish the greatest paper in the West we can't fight 27 degrees below zero worth shucks. *Cum dig solis*, which means that as soon as the blizzard lets up we will try to do better.

THE SAMOA AFFAIR.

In case of a war count us in! We have already arranged, in case war breaks out, to leave the Kicker in good hands, or suspend publication altogether, and go to the front. We shall be prepared to part with a liberal quantity of our blood, devour our share of hard tack, and return to receive the plaudits of the multitude. Let 'er go, Gallagher!

GONE TO THE H. H. G.

An Indian named "He that thinks a great deal" drank a pint of Bronson's budge the other evening and started for his abode across the creek. Yesterday his dead body was found on the highway near the bridge, frozen so stiff that it broke in two as the boys loaded it up. The spirit had gone to the happy hunting grounds, there to know sorrow never again. "He that thinks a great deal" will think no more. Had he thought a great deal more about water and a great deal less about whiskey he might have pulled through until spring, and had another chance to run off a horse, but he had become discouraged and wanted to go. He is gone. We traded him a year's subscription to the Kicker for four big jack rabbits, and we ate six months ahead of him.

MOLEHILL VS. MOUNTAIN.

There is a disposition on the part of a few mudsills to magnify the little incident which occurred at the postoffice last Tuesday evening. Last week we referred to Colonel Crocker as a thief. We were wrong. He was arrested in Illinois for arson and jumped his bail. He met us in the postoffice and knocked us down. While down, we explained that we were in error, and he apologized and helped brush the dirt off our clothes. That's all there was to it—one of the trifling incidents of every day life—and that class who are seeking to exaggerate the facts will make nothing by it. When we call an incendiary a thief, a robber an absconder, a bigamist an embezzler, we shall apologize every time. There is no reason why an editor shouldn't always be a gentleman.

WELL SUPPLIED.

J. M. Tomkins, our leading and popular druggist, has received from the East a fresh supply of arsenic, strychnine and rough on rats, and any one requiring anything in that line will find his goods fresh and his prices exceedingly moderate. Mr. Tomkins uses the poor just as well as the rich, and all who come are made welcome.

IN GOOD TIME.

The "Howling Hyena," which boasts of a weekly circulation of 125 copies, and whose jealousy of

the Kicker's success is a matter of public comment, sneeringly observed last week that we had not yet secured the right to put "postmaster" after our name.

Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen. We began on the ground floor, and we can't grow nine stories all at once. We don't want to be postmaster just at present, being engaged in conducting a great weekly newspaper, a grocery, butcher shop and hardware store combined, but when we get more time we may have something to say about even the governorship. The only pang of sorrow we feel is for the editor of the Howling Hyena, who will have filled a drunkard's grave before our plans are perfected.

A CORRECT VERSION.

There are several versions—flying around in regard to the unfortunate affair in the Red Front saloon last Friday night. As we were present and a witness we will state that when Major Shamocken came in he was inebriated. Some one laughingly asked him how he escaped from Joliet, and the Major foolishly insisted that his character had been impugned. As we owed him \$15 he did not want to harm us, but passed on to Judge Shooks. The Judge was also far gone with drink and in bad temper, and the two clenched and rolled on the floor. The stove was upset, and in its fall the Major was mortally injured.

This is a plain statement of the case. We all know that the Major was a horse thief, and he shouldn't have been so thin skinned. We all know the Judge as an old bum and corrupt official, and he shouldn't have been so ready to fight. Both were to blame, and yet neither could be held culpable.—Detroit Free Press

PREPARE THE INFORMATION.

Mr. C. B. Lewis, the "M Quad" of the Detroit Free Press, will be in the city of New Bern early in March. We have been in correspondence with him for the purpose of getting him to be here at the Fair on the 19th inst., but writes that he cannot get here that early but will be along early in March.

Many of our readers will remember the war sketches written by "M Quad" for the Free Press some six or seven years ago and reproduced in the columns of the Journal. He is coming to North Carolina for information that will enable him, in his own attractive style, to present through the columns of the Free Press an answer to the many inquiries that are sent to that live and progressive paper, about North Carolina. He will want to meet all of our leading business men and will want figures on all our industries, and will want to interview our truck farmers, mill men, oystermen, fishermen, et al.

Let us be prepared to give him all the information possible on these points. His paper has an English edition of eighty-seven thousand. It is not often we meet such an opportunity to extensively advertise this section. The indications are that the tide of immigration is turning Southward and those communities that are wide awake will be the first to fill up with the thrifty, enterprising classes who have means.

We extend Bro. "M Quad" a hearty welcome and bespeak for him a pleasant stay in our midst.—New Bern Journal.

INDIAN HORSEMANSHIP.

Given a horse, a man animated by the reckless daring likely to come of a wild, free life, and the Centaur of ancient fable may be fairly realized. A correspondent of the Omaha Herald, having visited an Arapahoe camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement:

Fifty fine looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief they began their

evolutions, with a loud yell.

In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty trampling of horses' feet, and they swept past again, so compact that I only saw a ball made of horses and men.

Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed through the intervals without touching.

Now came the moment for displaying individual horsemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to his pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon their animal's backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

The young warriors also threw objects upon the ground, and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and shot arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others, riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and leg, swing him between their horses, and carry him off.

This exhibition lasted nearly two hours, and, at its close, men and horses were completely exhausted. All that evening the human performers lay in their lodges, while the Indian women brought them food, bathed their limbs and combed their hair.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Mrs. E. D. Strandford, of Louisville, with \$3,000,000, is reported the richest woman in Kentucky. She is a widow, and only twenty-three.

In memory of her soldiers who fell in the Gettysburg fight New York State is to build a \$100,000 chapel on Cemetery Hill. The site was selected by Col. H. W. Owen, U. S. A. recently.

The first male Chinese baby born in Boston saw the light in December, and its father, after naming it Amis Hart Kee, after the governor and mayor-elect, gave a \$200 banquet to 70 of his friends.

The ice harvest is now in full blast on the Hudson at all points North of Barytown, and there is scarcely a doubt that nearly three million tons will be housed, which is nearly up to the usual yield.

El Paso, Mexico, must have some very public spirited ladies. An item which appeared in a recent number of one of the papers there reads: The fashionable ladies who engineered the last bull fight netted \$281.53, which they will devote to the town clock fund.

A number of ladies in New Brunswick, N. J., have ordered a wax bouquet, which they propose to present to Mrs. Harrison on inauguration day. As it will measure forty-two inches in height and weigh twenty pounds, Mrs. Harrison, if she carries it, will get an idea of the burdens of office.

ONE SERMON A WEEK A HARD TASK.

The English Bishop of Ely has forbidden the deacons in his diocese preaching more than one sermon of "their own composition" each Sunday. If they require to preach twice they are directed to "write out some sermon by a standard divine" and read it to the people. One good sermon a week is as much as many a veteran in the pulpit can well supply, and the young ministerial recruits may well be permitted to concentrate all the opportunities for study a week will give them on one discourse.

STILL A WIDOW.

Two ladies from the West happened to scrape an acquaintance while waiting for connecting trains at the Broad Street Station yesterday. "How long has your husband been dead?" asked one. "About a year," was the reply. "And you are still a widow?" "Yes. His estate ain't settled yet."

TOO YAWPISH FOR THE CIVILIZEE.

One of our exchanges makes a plea for native literature. The trouble about our native literature is that it has a mind of its own. It drinks, chews tobacco, and runs riot generally, not only in the valley but up and down the mountain side.—Atlanta Constitution.

A NEW DANGER.

New Friend—"Ah, my dear, I'm afraid it's the same old story. You married in haste to repent at leisure."

Unhappy Bride—"No, it was just the other way. Our engagement was so prolonged that we grew tired of each other before we got married."

F. D. WINSTON. W. L. WILLIAMS.

WINSTON & WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

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TEAS,
SUGARS,
LARD,
BACON,
CANDIES,
CAKES, ETC.

WINDSOR, N. C. mh28 v

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Free Hack to meet Steamers.

Telegraph office attached.

J. R. MOODY, Prop. fe18 1m

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INO L. ROGERSON, PROP.

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TERMS REASONABLE.

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HACK AT ALL TRAINS AND STEAMERS.

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