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NO. 19.

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LEWISTON, N. C.

J. G. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
Travelers accommodated at low rates. Table supplied with the best the market affords.
Conveyances furnished on application.

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Watches, Clocks & Jewelry.

Having had 19 years' experience in the business I am prepared to do all kinds of Watch and Clock Repairing at short notice. All work guaranteed 12 months. Also dealer in and repairer of

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Prices reduced on all goods for cash.
Best market prices for peanuts.
Miss days—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Meal kept at the store and given in exchange for corn.

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Attention, Farmers!
Indian Wood Wheel Factory.

I am now manufacturing Cart Wheels, Rims, 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 Condit landing on Roanoke river.

Address: F. RASCOE,
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W. H. LEIGH

Has recently had his shop fitted up in first-class style for the convenience of patrons. Shaving, hair cutting 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.

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Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries,

BOOTS, SHOES, HATS,

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TOBACCO, CIGARS AND SNUFF.

Spot Cash and Low Prices.
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Table supplied with the best the market affords. Rooms recently renovated and windows cut down to floor. Double piazzas around the hotel. Three large Sample Rooms for the convenience of traveling gentlemen. Free Hack to meet Steamers. Telegraph office attached.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.

Having just completed the largest and finest store in this part of the State, and filled it with goods at the Lowest Prices for Cash, I am prepared to sell goods at **VERY LOW PRICES.** Below I will mention a part of the immense stock which I carry.

Notions in all Varieties.

DRY GOODS,
Consisting of Cheap and Fine

Dress Goods, Calico, Cotton Cloths, Dress Plaids, Piece Goods, Curtain Goods, Etc., Etc.

BOOTS & SHOES
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Children's, Misses', Ladies' and Men's

RUBBER SHOES,
A BIG LOT OF MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING
AT COST.

Men's and Boys' Hats from 25c. to \$3.25 Each.
A BIG LOT OF

CROCKERY,
TINWARE, ETC.

HARDWARE
We can sell you almost anything you may need.

Call and See Our Stock of Single and Double Guns.

A FULL LINE OF
Bedsteads, Mattresses, Etc.

We are Headquarters for

Doors, Windows, Sash, Blinds, Lime, Etc.,

HAVING THE BIGGEST LOT EVER IN THIS COUNTRY.

We have just received a very large shipment of TRUNKS, which will be sold very low.

We can also sell you a nice

Top Buggy, Open Buggy or Road Cart.

In fact this is the place to come and get the most for your money.

Thanking the public for their very liberal patronage in the past, I can only say I will guarantee satisfaction in the future.

A. S. RASCOE,
WINDSOR, N. C.

The Narrow Way.
Tell me, ye saints
And kings of old,
Where shall we find
The land of gold?
The heavenly land,
With joys untold?

Hear what the Spirit
Hath to say:
"It lies beyond
The gates of day—
Just at the end
Of the narrow way.

"They who shall choose
To walk therein,
Must bear the cross,
And cast out sin;
And life eternal
They then shall win."

There are sharpest thorns
In this narrow way;
There are blackest clouds
To hide the day;
But hear what the Spirit
Hath to say:

"Cheer up! cheer up!
Oh, heart of gloom!
For every thorn
Shall roses bloom
In the garden of God,
Where there is room.

"A crown for him
Who day by day,
With patient feet,
That never stray,
Bearing his cross
In the narrow way."
—Mrs. M. A. Kidder in the Ledger.

THE STRANGER

It was years ago, Bessie, when I was but eighteen, and just engaged to Frank Fenton. If you want to hear about it, sit down on the stool at my feet, and prepare to be bored.

We had been sweethearts for a long time. Went to church and singing-school together; rode, walked, danced, and took long rows on the river which ran past my father's house. In fact, this had been going on for so long a time that we finally decided that we might as well be always together, and so the preliminary arrangements were begun, and our wedding-day drew near.

We lived on the banks of a river—a one of the loveliest streams in Louisiana—a quiet spot some distance from any plantation; but as soon as our marriage took place we young folks were to remove to a neighboring parish, and thither Frank went, shortly before the wedding, to prepare our new home.

He left me busy as a bee with the trousseau and arrangements for the affair, which was to be a grand one for the country, as my father was a well-to-do planter and I the only child.

He had been absent about a fortnight, and I was expecting him back daily, when one day father came, with a troubled face, into the room where I was sitting, surrounded by lace and muslin and dainty necessities of toilet, which were just as much the fashion then as they are now, Bessie, popular cant to the contrary, notwithstanding.

"Lettie," said he, hurriedly, "I've got to go over to Squire Bent's to see about some titles. I came near forgetting the appointment, and I'll have to hurry right fast to get there on time. Can you do without me?" I laughed and nodded; then suddenly an uneasy feeling took possession of me. I remembered the money—quite a large sum—with which Frank and I were to "begin the world," and which lay securely hidden away in the house, the nest egg of our future fortune.

I knew that I was destined to a lonely night of it, for father could not possibly return within twenty-four hours; the servants had all gone to a "break-down," on a neighboring plantation, except an aged crone, Aunt Dinah by name; my mother was an invalid, weak and nervous; I felt that, alone as I was, the outlook was not very enlivening. Father observed my troubled expression.

"I don't see how I can help it, daughter," he said gravely. "This is a very important matter, and admits of no delay. It is the fault of my treacherous memory; had I only remembered the engagement with the squire I would have kept some of the servants at home as protection for you."

But I was no coward, and so I kissed him and laughed away his anxiety, and saw him depart with assumed cheerfulness; but as he rode down the avenue which led to the outer gates, I saw him turn in the saddle and gaze after me anxiously once more.

I returned to my household duties and my pleasant task amid the billows of lace and muslin, and so sang and worked the long, bright day away.

It was nearly sunset.

I had persuaded mother to lie upon a couch, which I had pushed out upon the vine-covered gallery, and seating myself beside her, I began to read aloud some wild old tale of supernatural horrors, upon which I had stumbled. Before I had half finished I had worked myself into a state of nervousness, and as I noticed the paling face of my mother, I tossed the book upon the table, with a contemptuous expression, and arose to make her tea.

At that moment the gate latch clicked, and as I turned in its direction I could not repress a cry of alarm.

My eyes fell upon a strange sight. The figure of a woman—a very dwarf in size and stature—clad in a faded black dress, with a battered bonnet upon her head, and a torn shawl about her tiny, stooping shoulders.

Slowly and hesitatingly the creature moved up the walk, until she had reached the gallery.

Here she paused to gaze curiously upon us, with a pair of round, bead-like black eyes.

Then she spoke, in a voice clear and well-modulated:

"I have lost my way, ladies," she said, beseechingly, "may I crave a night's shelter?"

I glanced at my mother. She was pale and trembled violently.

I had conceived an unaccountable aversion to the small stranger; but who could have the heart to turn a woman away into the pathless forest, with night coming down, dark and threatening, for the sky was overcast, and there were signs of an approaching thunder storm, and the wind moaned drearily in the boughs of the pine trees.

So I told her that she might remain; but I resolved to know no slumber that night, but to watch the long hours through.

My mother must not be alarmed; so sending the stranger to the kitchen with Aunt Dinah to get some refreshments, I coaxed mother to take her tea, and carried her off to bed in triumph.

It was 10 o'clock before I left her sound asleep and stole off to the kitchen to take an observation. On the threshold I paused, my heart beat wildly, my brain seemed on fire; I trembled so that I could scarcely stand; I pushed the door ajar and glanced in. What a sight met my astonished eyes! The dwarf was standing erect, and young, and lithe; the woman's garments had been discarded, and I saw before me a man, small, but muscular, and with a diabolical face. He was stooping over the form of Aunt Dinah, in one hand a vial, which he held to her nostrils. I comprehended the situation at a glance. Aunt Dinah was drugged; even the frail protection of her presence was gone and the next step would be robbery, perhaps murder.

The villain replaced the vial in his pocket, with a grin on his ugly face.

"There!" he ejaculated, "that will work. With the old woman out of the way, the rest is easy. Lucky that I know where to look for the money; it's in the old woman's room; I saw the gal put it there. Let me see, right hand corner, top drawer in dressing table."

It flashed over me then, my own carelessness, when father had given the pocketbook into my keeping; the open window near us, and some gay words that I had uttered, all came back to me. I was so frightened, it seemed as if I should die. Then calmer thoughts succeeded; and I resolved to fight for that money to the death. Softly I stole away, and re-entered my mother's apartment. Taking the pocketbook from the drawer, I hid it in my bosom; and then, pausing, to assure myself that she still slept, I turned to the hall where our small provision of fire-arms were stored. Oh, heavens! They were gone! A low, horrible chuckle fell upon my ears. The robber stood at my side, a look of triumph on his hateful face.

"Well," he sneered boldly, "where is it?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"The money, of course. I've just been to the old woman's room, but I find you've been too many for me. Now, girl—" he stepped closer to me and raised one hand threateningly; his awful eyes glared into mine; his lips, as they opened, resembled those of some huge wild animal. "I know you have the money; hand it out!"

With a low cry of fear I turned and fled. Back to the large, old kitchen, my heart surging and beating madly, I flew like the wind. Old Dinah still lay upon the floor in blest unconscious-

ness. I shook her and called aloud and shrieked for help, but no other sound broke the stillness save the low, dreadful laugh of the robber, who had followed me.

"Stop that noise!" he growled. "You're wasting breath, you know. She's drugged, and won't wake till I'm safe out of this. I want that money. Give it to me and I promise to leave you in peace; refuse, and—"

I thought of Frank and our future.

"I never will!" I cried, as bravely as I could. Again, that horrible, mocking laugh. He sprang forward and seized my arm; one hand passed around my waist and held me tightly, the other prepared to close about my throat.

Just at that moment my eyes fell upon the huge brick oven; something unknown in these days, Bessie, an immense structure occupying one side of the kitchen. I noticed that the wide door had been left open, and a sudden thought—an inspiration—darted into my mind. It was worth risking at all events.

The villain's hand was pressing closer about my slender throat; I felt a dreadful, choking sensation. I was sure that I should die. Now—or never—I thrust one hand, quickly, into the bosom of my dress, and snatching the pocket-book therefrom with a quick, sudden movement, I threw it into the oven—away in—I could hear it fall upon the bottom, with a heavy thud, for most of the money was in gold.

With a horrible imprecation the wretch released his hold, and, darting forward, sprang into the oven. I darted toward the huge door. I seized it in both hands; with superhuman efforts I pushed it shut and slid the heavy bolt into its place. I was saved! Then I sank upon the floor in blissful insensibility.

I was aroused by the pressure of lips upon my own; and felt my head pillowed in somebody's arms. I opened my eyes. Frank was holding me close to his heart, his face pale and anxious. He had returned unexpectedly; and seeing a light burning in the house—an unusual occurrence at so late an hour, for it was midnight—and fearing that I was ill—he had ventured to stop. I told him the whole story; and, old as I am, I have never forgotten the look on his face as he clasped me to his heart. It did not take him long to ride to the nearest town and summon the sheriff with a posse of men. The oven was opened and the wretch within, insensible and half dead, was dragged forth and away to justice. He was proven to be an old offender, and soon received a long sentence.

I was quite the heroine of the country around, for a long time afterward; but heroics were not in my line, and I never wished for a repetition of that night's experience.

Why We are Right-Handed.

Primitive man, being by nature a fighting animal, fought for the most part at first with his canine teeth, his nails and his fists, till, in process of time, he added to those early and natural weapons the further persuasions of a club or shillalah. He also fought, as Darwin has conclusively shown, in the main for the possession of the ladies of his kind against other members of his own sex and species. And if you fight, you soon learn to protect the most exposed and vulnerable portion of your body. Or, if you don't, natural selection manages it for you by killing you off as an immediate consequence.

To the boxer, wrestler, hand-to-hand combatant, the most vulnerable portion is undoubtedly the heart. A hard blow, well delivered on the left breast, will easily kill, or at any rate stun, even a strong man. Hence from an early period men have used the right hand to fight with, and have employed the left arm chiefly to cover the heart and to parry a blow aimed at that specially vulnerable region. And when weapons of offense and defense supersede mere fists and teeth, it is the right hand that grasps the spear or sword, while the left holds over the heart, for defense, the shield or buckler.

From this simple origin, then, the whole vast difference of right and left in civilized life takes its beginning. At first, no doubt, the superiority of the right hand was only felt in the manner of fighting. But that alone gave it a distinct pull, and paved the way at last for the supremacy elsewhere.—*Journal of Health.*

A hen is conscientious. Her chief object in life is to fill the bill.

A Farm Drops into a Hole.

To see twelve or fifteen acres of dry land on a hillside high above the water level gradually sink until they go down below the surrounding territory to a depth ranging from three to sixty feet is an exceedingly remarkable thing.

This is just what may now be seen on Spring Hill, W. B. Gatlins' farm of 800 acres, which is located on the west side of the Appomattox river, about five miles below the city of Petersburg, Va.

On the sunken area were oaks 100 feet high, and numerous other trees of gigantic proportions, which have sunk as they grew, leaving only the tops of the branches peering above the walls.

The sinking of the earth carried with it about twelve or fifteen acres of land, leaving an ugly looking wall as solid as granite on either side varying from three to sixty feet, perfectly perpendicular.

The upheaval of a few weeks ago occurred at the upper end of this hillside, and following it appeared a crack or fissure in the ground which was at first small, but which widened gradually until it became three feet or more wide and apparently without bottom. One would drop rocks down in there and hear them strike the sides, but not the bottom, nor could any one see the bottom. This crevice extended some eight or nine hundred, or perhaps a thousand yards, and went beyond the farm and entered the Gilliam estate adjoining.

The sunken place must be about twelve or fifteen acres, perhaps not quite so much. At the broadest point it is about 100 yards and it was 900 yards long. The earth that has gone down is not broken up, though the sinking has been very uneven. To look down on this area it presents a very picturesque panorama. The lowered district is almost parallel with the river and is in the form of an irregular semicircle, or, more properly speaking, a bow. A most singular feature in the whole thing is that there is an upheaval in the river just in front of this basin, and it seems as though the earth had passed through an underground current to the river. This bar made its appearance suddenly during one night.

It projects a short way up, out of the water, and would doubtless grow higher but for the earth being washed off by the current.

There is a bold flow of water from one of the walls that is as clear as crystal and tastes of iron and sulphur. The water from this has covered about two acres of the basin about eight feet deep, and when the balance of the sinking land shall have gone down to the level of the lower part the whole of this territory will become a lake. The earth has not changed at all except to drop down. There have recently been landslides in the country, but they are entirely different from this.—*Richmond Dispatch.*

A Frontier Fort.

A fort on the frontier is no fort at all, simply a collection of houses and barracks thrown down on the prairie anywhere, and here soon begin to gather all the elements of humanity which sooner or later go to make up the typical Western town. A fort is usually laid out in diamond shape, with the officers' quarters occupying two sides of the angle, and the men's barracks the remaining half. The center is the parade ground, whereon are performed all military ceremonies, such as drills, parades, musters, inspections, etc. In one corner is a flag staff, and from this floats 365 days in the year, the Stars and Stripes of our country. Back of the officers' and men's quarters are the stables, warehouses, shops and stores.

The commanding officer, of course, occupies the choicest set of quarters in the garrison, and the other officers select their domiciles according to their rank. Suppose every set of quarters happens to be occupied and a new officer should come along to take station at the post. He cannot select to the prejudice of those above him, but he can step in exactly where he ranks, choose a house, and that officer must give way to him. It is not uncommon for the next one, who has "best bounced," so to speak, to take the best he is entitled to, and the result is all the junior officers go down like a row of bricks. The last in rank have to double up and share one house or set of rooms between them. In my own experience, says a correspondent, I have seen seven families move in on day and all caused by an officer coming along who had more rank than the had.