

WINDSOR LEDGER.

State Library

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

VOL. VII.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1890.

NO. 21.

Subscribers whose papers have an X mark with a blue pencil over this paragraph will know that their time has expired and that if not renewed within thirty days their names will be stricken from the list.

WILLIAMS HOUSE,
LEWISTON, N. C.
J. G. WILLIAMS, Proprietor.
Travelers accommodated at low rates. Tab supplied with the best market affords.
Conveyances furnished on application.

C. T. HARDEN,
DEALER IN
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
Guns and Pistols.

Photograph Gallery
Over my store, where I am prepared to fill all orders for Cards, Cabinets and other sized pictures at short notice. Give me a call.

WM. E. MOUNTAIN,
DEALER IN
GROCERIES,
Sugars, Coffees, Flour, &c.

WINES, WHISKIES, GINS,
TOBACCO, CIGARS.

JNO. W. WOOD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law.
LEWISTON, N. C.
Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

WINSTON & WILLIAMS,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law.
Practice in Bertie and adjoining counties.

D. C. WINSTON,
Attorney at Law
WINDSOR, N. C.
Practices in Bertie and adjoining counties.

R. C. BAZEMORE,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Notions, Clothing,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
Hats and Caps,
DRUGS.
Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware and Groceries.

Agent for the best Sewing Machine in the market.
Prices reduced on all goods for cash.
Highest market prices for peanuts.
Mill days—Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Meal kept at the store and given in exchange for corn.

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 Coniot landing on Roanoke river.
Address P. RASCOE, Windsor, N. C.
aug 10 12m

TONSORIAL ARTIST,
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.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
WINDSOR, N. C.
J. R. MOODY, Prop.

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

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SAVE MONEY.

Having just received my Spring stock am prepared to offer low prices in the following goods:

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

Men's and Boys' Straw Hats in Great Variety.

A BIG LOT OF

CROCKERY, TINWARE, ETC.

IN 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.

Look at my \$12.50 Road Cart.

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.

What Do You Think?
Could we straighten each loop and each tangle,
That time interweaves in Life's skein;
Could we garner each long-vanished moment,
And live our lives over again—
Would we sail in an ocean untruffed,
And never be stranded or sink,
Or lurched 'gainst the rocks in our blindness?
How would it be? What do you think?
We might pilot ourselves by the ledges
That once almost shattered our boat,
Avoiding the dangerous waters
Where once we were tempted to float
But taking another direction
And leaving each perilous brink,
Would we pass each breaker in safety?
How would it be? What do you think?

Life's ocean is strewn with the flotsam
Thrown overboard out of her ships,
And never a pilot so skilful
But sometime the figurehead dips
In the spray dashing over the breakers;
And strange if he hears not the clink
Of the prow breaking in on the ledges,
How many escape, do you think?
—[Katherine H. Terry in the Housewife.

BESIEGED BY MONKEYS.

A TALE OF INDIA.

Duty had taken me to Dharmasala, a hill station considerably west of Simla. On the return journey I turned off the main road at Kangra. The object of this excursion was to see a neighboring shrine, much venerated by the Hindoos and called Jwalamookhee. The native pilgrims, who come in thousands, lodge in the open air under the trees and cook their own food; the rich bring tents for their accommodation. But there was no place for Europeans to lodge in except the usual "district officers' bungalow." This is always a small house, with two or three rooms, built and furnished by the government, and put in charge of a man servant, who both looks after it and attends to the wants of those who occupy it. In it the officers whom duty takes to such out-of-the-European-world's places, lodge and transact business during the few days of their periodical visits. To this bungalow, therefore, we went. On telling the caretaker who we were, he opened the house; and, while I went in and indulged in a very needful and refreshing wash, he attended to my horse. These preliminaries being over, we sent him into the town, for the double purpose of procuring us some food and of inquiring from the priests at what hour we might pay the temple a visit.

The main road passes through a dense wood not 100 yards from this house, which was more than half a mile away from the nearest part of the town. From the road a narrow avenue had been cut among the trees to a small clearance around the house, otherwise it was quite buried in the wood. When the caretaker left me I found the house stuffy and damp. It had probably not been opened or aired for days. The stillness around was oppressive. Not a sound was heard except the munching of our horse in the neighboring stable or the rare cry of a bird in the trees. There was nothing in the house to read, and nothing to do. Moreover, I had had a long ride and felt rather stiff in the legs. So rising from the chair I strolled out of the house. After walking listlessly around it, and pacing the small cleared space in front, I followed the avenue to the main road, and, then returning, passed into the wood, immersed in my own thoughts. It was literally a "twilight wood;" for though it was nearly noon on a bright August day, the trees stood so close and the leaves grew so thick that scarce a patch of sunshine lighted up a few favored spots. The giant branches of the grand old trees more than touched; they interlaced and formed a leafy canopy overhead, with just here and there a rent, to admit a ray of light and to give a glimpse of the bright blue sky above.

Sauntering under these trees, I suddenly became conscious of noises in the branches above me. I looked up and about; but, though the branches stirred and the leaves moved, I could see nothing. I was not, however, long left in doubt or speculation. A monkey, a large male, dropped from a branch to the ground at a distance of about thirty feet in front of me. As he reached the ground, he squatted on his heels, resting both his hands on his knees and gazing fixedly and solemnly at me. His gravity upset mine. Then near him another monkey

dropped down; a third and a fourth followed. It began to rain monkeys. In tens, in scores, in hundreds; old, middle-aged and young; large and small; males and females—many of the latter carrying babies, some on their backs, others in their arms—kept dropping from the trees around me. I was standing under a mighty giant of the forest, and against its trunk, some five feet in diameter, I set my back, as the monkeys in their hundreds squatted down in an irregular semicircle around. They did not go behind the tree, for its trunk was much wider than my back, and they chose to sit only where they could see me. Around they left a clear space, but at the distance of about thirty feet they sat, huddled close together, in several rows, 600 and more in number.

It may be said in passing that monkeys are sacred animals in India. They are fed and protected and allowed to roam at large with impunity. Vast numbers infest Delhi, Agra, and other large towns. At Benares they are a perfect plague. In so favorable a situation as Jwalamookhee, they naturally multiply beyond reckoning, and people the woods in sufficient hordes to account for the hundreds that now surrounded me. At some distance beyond, several young monkey urchins, which preferred play to curiosity, kept suspending themselves from the branches in long living chains, holding on to each other's hands or tails, and swinging themselves pendulumwise to and fro. They were not the small puny creatures generally seen in European menageries, but the real, genuine Indian Hanooman of which race the large and strong males stand when erect, fully four feet in height. There were many such, among others of smaller size, in the crowd around me. It had not taken three minutes to form that solid semicircle of monkeys. They had come down as thick as a shower of hailstones, but so softly and gently had they descended to the grass and leaf-covered ground that scarcely any noise had been made. For a short time they sat motionless and silent, staring hard at me, and a baby monkey, having made a noise, was instantly smacked by its mother in a most human fashion. They looked at me, and then they began to chatter—first one, then a few together, then many at once, finally all in a chorus. They talked, chattered, jabbered, discussed, argued, shouted, and yelled, gesticulating meanwhile, making faces and grinning. Suddenly there was a dead silence for a short interval, during which they gravely stared at me harder than ever. Every now and again one or another or several at once would grip, snarl, and growl at me, showing their large canine teeth. Again the chattering discourses would be renewed.

The laughter with which I had greeted the first of my visitors died a very sudden death, for my curiosity to watch their behavior did not prevent my realizing the fact that I was not in a very safe position. Even one or two monkeys would be difficult enough to deal with, if they chose to attack a man, for, though small, they are extremely muscular and agile, and it would be harder to prevent them from biting and tearing than it would a mad dog. True, I knew that one or two would hardly dare to attack a man; but when hundreds crowded together around one stranger the circumstances were far from encouraging. Here I was, unarmed, nothing but a light riding whip in my hand, surrounded by hundreds of monkeys, to which my white face and European dress were evidently objects of as much aversion as curiosity. Natives they did not mind, but Europeans they seemed to regard with the hatred due to intruders.

I fully realized my danger, but continued calm and collected, and reasoned the position out with myself. The only chance of safety was to remain quietly against this friendly tree, silently observing the monkeys, careful to give no offense or provocation, watchful to give them no advantage over me till the return of the caretaker or some other chance came to my aid. Had I attempted to strike them or to frighten them, or to break through them or to flee from them, I have not the slightest doubt that I should now be writing this account. Their enormous numbers would have emboldened them to any act. I should have been quite helpless in their grasp

—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten and torn to pieces. So, making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed. In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived, and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me, two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence. They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me, too, for they frequently pointed at me with their hands, and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent, and still in the distance the monkey youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right, or the left, or the front? By jumping on me from a distance, or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the caretaker would return in time to save off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces, all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it, or resisted, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions—or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near?—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened, too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around, for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came down the main road through the wood the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more, but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse.

Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were in the twinkling of an eye lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled further into the wood. I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life.—[Chamber's Journal.

—would, indeed, have been pounced upon by scores of them, overpowered, bitten and torn to pieces. So, making a virtue of necessity, I kept up a bold front, watched, waited, and prayed.

In one of the intervals of silence, the great monkey that had first arrived, and that seemed to be one of the leaders, suddenly hopped nearer to me, two feet or so. His action was immediately imitated by all the monkeys forming the front row of the semicircle, while those behind closed up as before; and the semicircle contracted around me by two feet in the radius. More chattering and gesticulating followed, more growling and grinning, with intervals of silence.

They had a great deal to say, and they all said it, and it was all about me, too, for they frequently pointed at me with their hands, and snarled and gnashed their teeth at me. Again they contracted the semicircle as before. And so they kept gradually coming nearer and nearer, and growing more and more excited. Still I remained quiet and silent, and still in the distance the monkey youths played the mad gambols of their living pendulum, heedless of what engaged the attention of their seniors. All else was silent—no sign of man.

The semicircle had gradually contracted to within fourteen or fifteen feet of where I stood; the monkeys indeed were so near that in two or three leaps they could easily have jumped upon me. I felt decidedly uneasy; wondered how they would attack me, and when? From the right, or the left, or the front? By jumping on me from a distance, or waiting till quite near? Then I wondered whether the caretaker would return in time to save off the assault, for I was still quite close to the house. Of the dreadful results of the attack, if once made, I had not the slightest doubt. Still I remained leaning immovable against the tree, calm and cool, facing them straight, looking fully into their faces, all in turn, and showing outwardly no sign of flinching or alarm. Yet I began to think that it was now only a matter of a few more minutes. Before a quarter of an hour at the furthest they would be within touching distance of me. They would be sure to begin to handle my clothes; and whether I permitted it, or resisted, or tried to fly, I would with equal certainty be attacked and killed.

But my deliverance was at hand. In the midst of one of their most noisy discussions—or did it only seem more noisy because they were now so near?—they one and all became suddenly silent and perfectly still. They seemed to be listening attentively. I listened, too, but at first could catch no sound anywhere; the stillness of death was all around, for even the young monkeys had ceased their tricks. What could have disturbed and silenced the noisy throng? Or what did they now purpose? Next from afar off came the loud cry of a monkey—evidently the warning call of a scout on outpost duty. Then, faintly from afar, and then gradually nearer and louder, came down the main road through the wood the welcome sound of the clatter of a horse's hoofs at a swift walking pace. This it was which their quicker ears had detected long before I had heard it. They kept their ground for a few moments more, but their attention was now evidently divided between me and the approaching horse.

Again, and nearer, the scout's cry sounded through the wood. There was an immediate stampede. One and all the monkeys rushed off to the neighboring trees, and scrambling up the trunks and into the branches, they were in the twinkling of an eye lost to sight in the leafy canopy overhead. They had disappeared in their hundreds as rapidly as they had come, and almost as silently, save when the rustling among the leaves indicated their course as they passed from tree to tree and fled further into the wood. I waited still against the tree till the horse and his rider—a mounted policeman going his rounds—had come quite near. Then I made for the house and bolted myself in, thankful for the timely arrival and involuntary aid of the unconscious patrol. Unknowingly, but providentially, he had saved my life.—[Chamber's Journal.

No language can express the feelings of a deaf-mute who sleeps on a tank in a dark room.

If I Were You.
If I were you, I often say
To those who seem to need advice,
I'd always look before I leaped;
I'd always think it over twice.
And then I'd have a troubled sigh—
For, after all, I'm only I.
I'd never discuss, if I were you,
The failings of my fellow-men;
I'd think of all their virtues first,
And warn my own shortcomings then.
But though all this is good and true,
I am but I; I am not you.
If I were you and half so vain,
Amidst my folly I would pause
To see how dull and light a fool
I was myself. I don't, because—
(And here I have a pitying sigh)
I am not you; I'm only I.

HUMOROUS.
There is a striking resemblance between some clocks.
Never do things by halves or they will never be wholly done.
Wheels are complaining a great deal now of "that tired feeling."
The nation which produces most marriages must be fasci-nation.
Anomalous as it may seem, a bad boy always deserves a good thrashing.
Who ever heard of a milk-can being abandoned with two feet of water in its hold.
"What is there besides luck that amounts to anything in cards?" "A good deal."
It is one of the remarkable facts in riding that the carriage is always tired before the horse is.
In the river Ganges are fish that climb trees. Very properly they belong to the perch family.
Wibble—They are now making policemen's clubs out of paper. Wabble—Rapping paper, I presume?
Swigger—Gentleman's dress remains about the same this year, does n't it? Twigger—Mine does.
A dime museum advertises "a great movement on foot." This is probably when the fat woman walks around.
Smithers—Ever taste terrapin? Bronson—Yes. Smithers—What kind of a taste is it? Bronson—Expensive.
Customer—Here waiter, how dare you give me a dirty napkin? Waiter—Ah, pardon, I see it is folded wrongly.
Misses—Hannah, is the chicken dressed for dinner? Hannah—Yes, ma.
Misses—Well, then, come up and dress me.
"What I am trying to do now," said the man who had started the paper, "is to bring that thing to a successful issue."
Mrs. Fangle—They are marking feathers down now. Fangle—O, that's an old trick. Dealers often try to pass feathers off for down.
Cumbo—Did you notice McFoster's prominent cheek bones? Fangle—I didn't notice the bones particularly, but I noticed his prominent cheek.
"You never see Bangsby and his wife together." "No; but it's all right. She told folks she was going to marry him to get rid of him."
An Eight Thousand Year Clock.
A. Noll, living at Berlingen, in the Black Forest of Germany, after 800 years' patient and arduous labor, has constructed a wonderful clock, which he considers surpasses in marvellousness all clocks of ancient or modern times. This timepiece is warranted to go without stopping and without winding till midnight of the year 9999, practically an eight thousand year clock. On its dial, besides the time of day, it shows years, seasons, months, weeks, days, festivals and sun and moon changes.
It is not known what guarantee he makes given of the works sustaining the wear and tear of so long a period, but he has full faith in his product, and demands \$15,000 for it. The clock is now on exhibition at Berlingen.—New York Telegram.