

WINDSOR LEDGER.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

VOL. VIII.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1891.

NO. 23.

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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 a. m., and from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

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Table supplied with the best 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 salesmen.
Free Hack to meet Steamers.
Telephone office attached.

The Spider Web.

Through the long night
The builder builded and the structure grew;
With skilful art from spray to spray he drew
His slender thread, while hidden from the sight,
And on an ancient pattern builded there
His castle in the air.
And still he thought
Of the new home and what should be therein,
Of the dear friends that he would shortly win
To dwell there, and of all that should be brought
Of beauty, to make delicate and fair
His castle in the air.
When the morn rose
His work was done; woven from stem to stem,
Lighted by chandelier of pearl and gem,
And shimmering with a thousand rainbow glows;
And then he mounted by a silver stair
His castle in the air.
When a spring breeze
Passed by, and brushed him rudely to the ground,
Just as his foot had reached the topmost round,
Snatched off his web from the syringa trees,
And left the builder seeking everywhere
His castle in the air.

A BAG OF DIAMONDS.

He had screwed his courage to the sticking point. After all, what good to the old man was that bag of gems? What good except to count over, mark their twinkling facets, gloat over their value, and laugh at those who might covet them. Palsied fingers would shake as the strings of the chamois skin treasury were rapturously untied, and a moment's life and energy flash into pinched cheek and faded eye, as every evening the revelation of untold wealth woke in a withered heart its only surviving passion. But what good to the world or to the man was that brief minute of ecstasy? Was it not paid for a hundredfold by nights of fear and forebodings of robbery that made life a perpetual horror? How often had Paul heard his uncle wake from his noontide nap with a dreaming cry: "My diamonds, my diamonds, is that you Paul? I thought it was a robber."
His thoughts were to come true tonight. Paul tried to persuade himself that the treasures he had set his heart on belonged to him as much as if they had been lying in a mine, the prize of the first finder.
Then came another thought. His own poverty and his great love. His uncle's ward was as poor as himself; poor, proud and beautiful. Such flowers only grow in hard and solitary places; in the nipping air, and uncrowded even by the obtrusiveness of love. Straight, slender, full-hued as a rose, with a big soul beaming in her face and eyes, with meek, silent ways, and bearing unflinchingly the blows of an old man's brutal tongue, this girl had presented to the poet's mind the image of power, of profound passion, of untiring constancy such as had enchanted him and transformed his life.
She had been first shy to him then wistfully tender, as if she pitied him. It was in the arbor at the foot of the garden, where he was seated now, behind the hedge of clipped yew, that she had nestled close in his arms, and they had known the first moment of happiness in their deserted lives.
"We must be patient, Paul."
Patient, did she say? They had been so long enough. His plans were ripe now, and he was watching the light in his uncle's window. The old man would sleep well, he had taken care of that, to-night. If he awoke? Well, that too, was provided for. Old men are not hard to smother. The night, dark and damp, suited dark thoughts. And the sting of long oppression, the blind feeling after revenge for years of cruel slights and insults, had long engendered such thoughts. And now came a vision of an earthly heaven, the hope of a new life beyond the seas.
"Yes, I will fly with you any time you ask," the girl had said resolutely. "We shall be happy, rich or poor."
Not poor. He would provide against that.
The lights in the windows of the mansion are gone out. Even the windows on the ground floor, which open on to the piazza, are dark. That is his uncle's room. Paul rises from his seat. The dripping jasmine spray that strikes his cheek as he leaves the little summer-house makes his heart stop for a moment. He fears even the faint

crunch of his footsteps on the gravel. There is a dog baying in the distance, as if conscious that thieves are about.
He steals past the big pear tree at the corner of the piazza, and tramping in the soft mould of the flower garden, where her jonquils and tulips grow, he creeps breathlessly to the back porch. The outer door is quickly opened. He thrusts out his hand to find the knob of the house door and taking a latch-key from his vest-pocket, he opens it too. At the end of the hall is his uncle's room. The house is silent. But hark! did he hear a footfall? It must be a heavy footfall that is heard on the thick carpet and steady floor of oak. He had never before explored this old rambling dwelling in darkness. It was always to him a sad and dreary place; a place of faded hangings, old-fashioned and tasteless bric-a-brac, paintings insipid in their tarnished frames, and books that echoed the fancy and opinion of a dead generation—flavorless as yesterday's news.
He has reached his uncle's door. There he produces a dark lantern from under his cloak. Drawing up the slide for a moment he flashes the cone of light over the hall and up the staircase. It lights up for a moment oaken wainscoting, crowded hat-rack, the antlers overhead, and the statue of Cupid, pallid as a ghost, and then falls on the staircase. As it does so he snaps down the slide and all is dark again.
Yes, all is dark and quiet. There is no witness to his crime.
What would she say or think if she saw him cowering and crouching at his uncle's door? The thought of her rises like a phantom in his mind, she is all in white, yet calm, resolute and beautiful—an angel in contrast with the inferno of his own troubled thoughts, and yet it deepens his resolution. He is the martyr seeing the martyr's crown, the soldier with the reward of his valor before his eyes. In her purity, her strength, her peace, it seems to him he would find an escape even from the torture and shame of his guilty mind. He would bathe himself in her presence as in a flood of cleansing water, a second baptism. Her smile, her trustfulness, the music of her voice would be a heaven in which he might bask and rest, and forget his fraud—yes, even his blood guiltiness.
He turns the handle of the door quietly, gradually, and enters. A delicate scent as from the folds of silken garments strikes his senses. But he does not hear a single rustle from his uncle's bed. The old man sleeps indeed.
Then he draws up the slide of his lantern.
So violently with such trembling agitation does he close it again, the instant after, that the whole thing falls clattering to the ground, and Paul turns and rushes through the room.
What has he seen to overcome him so?
A woman, tall and supple as a Greek, stern-eyed as Clytemnestra and twenty times as fair, with black hair and marble arms, eyes of fringed violet—how often had he doted on them! How often had he felt his heart swell with pity, with admiration, with unspeakable love, as the soft voice tremulously remonstrated with him.
"We must be patient, Paul."
And now this saint of his life, this virgin flower of women, this one who was to be the salt and salve to his sad, wounded, outraged and rebellious heart—there she stands, her right hand under the pillow of the unconscious sleeper, her left armed to strike him down. If he awoke!
Paul passed stealthily into the garden again. He went with bounds across the parterre, fiercely trampling the flowers and borders; cursing meanwhile, in his heart, with bitter rage and execration the angel, forsooth! who was thief and murderer.
Then he laughed a wild trembling laugh such as only grief that borders on frenzy finds utterance in.
That night as he sat till dawn under the moaning poplars, and over and over again repeated to his mind the hideous incidents that he half believed to be a dream, love turned to hate, as fuel to ashes, as a flower to the blood-red poison.
"It was for love of me," he murmured "for love of me—ah! that is

the blow that cuts the deepest; for why? that love of hers is loathsome to me."
"That was forty years ago," said Miss Perry, "and it seems only yesterday."
She looked from the gay area of the Casino at Narragansett, out over the blue, dimpling sea, where a yacht was just coming to anchor.
The wrinkled old general who directed the taste of the wealthy New York spinster in the fitting of her art gallery wiped a tear from his glass eye. It was a telling gesture, though the tear was not a tear of sensibility.
"But how did you find out that it was he?" he inquired, softly.
"Hand me that fan and I will tell you. I had come down stairs, hearing a noise and thinking of burglars. I was brave in those days, and seized a heavy pair of scissors, which I carried daggerwise. I went to my uncle's room, felt under his pillow and was relieved to find the bag of diamonds safe. Then there was a momentary flash of light, a clatter of a lantern dropped in darkness, and the sound of receding footsteps. I never saw Paul again to this day. The lantern was identified as his. I felt relieved at his flight at the moment. But, General, you and I are old people, and for my part I can love only once, and you must not speak to me again as you have done today."—[The Epoch.]

Mexican Method of Threshing.

Between donkeys and men is divided also the work of bringing to market fodder from the threshing-floors. The Mexican method of threshing—save on a few great haciendas, where American machinery is used—is of the Scriptural sort; the grain in the ear is laid on the threshing-floor, and horses and cattle or goats are driven over it; after which the straw is removed and the grain is winnowed from the chaff by throwing both together by the shovelful into the air when a brisk wind is blowing. The straw thus obtained, being softened and broken into short lengths, is eaten by asses and even by horses with relish—indeed, a serious objection on the part of Mexican farmers to American threshing machines is that the threshed straw remains unbroken and hard.
In order to bring it to market the fodder is baled in a netting of cords, and as the bales are large and are packed solidly they make a load that no one but a professional burden-bearer could carry far. This whole process is very like that pursued in the south of France, where the grain is threshed on a threshing-floor by dragging it over a heavy wooden roller, and is winnowed by throwing it against the wind, and where the bruised straw is brought to the barns baled in sheets; but in France the bales are loaded on wagons, not on the backs of men.—[Harper's Weekly.]

Impressed the Governor as a Janitor.

The Rev. Myron W. Reed, the well-known clergyman of Denver, Col., tells an amusing incident of his military career. During the war his regiment got into Nashville one morning and the following morning he was told to go and relieve the guard at the Capitol. He took up his company, and was told the first business was to put the prisoners to work to clean out the place. He set them to work with mops, pails and brooms, and just as they were fairly at work a person came up to him and wanted to know what he was doing, making such a noise. "Here, I don't want anything of that," said Mr. Reed; "just get your broom and help these men."
"Do you know who I am?" "No, I don't know," and he told him again to get his broom and pail and fall in quick. Then he introduced himself—Andrew Johnson, Military Governor of Tennessee. And Mr. Reed excused him.—[New York Tribune.]

Ministers Are Like Cats.

A prominent clergyman gives this description of the life of a minister:
"My experiences with churches make me think that ministers are like cats. When you go to a new place first everybody says:
"Come pussy! come pussy! nice pussy," and you come.
Then they begin to rub your fur and say:
"Poor pussy! poor pussy!" and then they say, "Scat!"—[New York Tribune.]

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

SHYING HABIT IN HORSES.

It has been discovered that a shying habit in horses comes often from short sightedness, which may afflict horses as well as men. It has been proposed to provide near-sighted horses with spectacles, which will enable them to see distinctly and thus stop the shying. This has actually been done in some cases, it is said, with great improvement in the horse, whose defective vision was thus corrected.—[Farm, Field and Stockman.]

ANALYSIS OF COW'S MILK.

In a healthy state about four-fifths of the fresh-forming material is casein and one-fifth albumen; the former is coagulable with rennet, the latter is not. The albumen, however, coagulates when heated, if the milk or whey holding it is acid. The relative proportions of casein and albumen vary greatly with the food and health of the cow. Casein is one of the great forms of sanguineous matter found both in the animal and vegetable kingdom. In the animal kingdom it is chiefly found dissolved in milk, and is the curd or coagulable part of the milk from which cheese is made. Albumen is a thick, viscous substance which forms a constituent part of both animal fluids and solids, and which exists nearly pure as the white of an egg. Albumen, combined with fibrin, is that part of the blood which coagulates or solidifies when exposed to the air.—[American Dairyman.]

PROFITABLE CURRANT GROWING.

To diversify farm interests as much as possible must be the object of progressive, wide-awake farmers. Fruit of every kind must come in the programme of such farmers, and nothing at present is more promising than the common red currant. Owing to attacks by the currant worm the price of this fruit rules much higher than formerly. Careless cultivators are driven out of the business, and as usually happens in such cases it is all the better for those who remain in. This year fruit of most kinds has been exceptionally scarce, and currants have sold higher than usual. Extensive crops have brought seven cents per pound, and at this rate \$700 to \$800 per acre have been realized. It is evident that at much lower prices than this the crop must prove a most profitable one.
Currant bushes from cuttings will usually begin to bear a little the second season of their growth. But varieties differ in this, Fay's Prolific and the short-stemmed Red Dutch bearing early and productively. These are also about the best in quality, which is important, as it has much to do with securing permanent sale for the fruit. The large size of the cherry currant does not long make it marketable, as it is more sour, and besides does not produce so abundantly as the others. Wherever a new plantation of currants is made it is advisable to train the bushes in tree form, with a single stem branching on all sides at the top. Grown thus the bushes are easily kept clear of currant worms, while if a mass of bushes are allowed to grow from a single root some of the worms will feed low down and escape the poison dealt out for them.—[Boston Cultivator.]

GROUND BONE AS A FERTILIZER.

At the New Jersey station the fertilizer work of the present year included an analysis of thirty-one samples of ground bone, seven of dissolved bone and four of superphosphates with potash. Ground bone is both a phosphate and nitrogenous fertilizer. It is insoluble in water, but is readily decomposed by the action of the soil and furnishes amounts of nitrogen and phosphoric acid to the crop from year to year, in proportion to the fineness to which it is ground. It is less liable to adulteration than mixed fertilizers and varies in composition between reasonably narrow limits.
What is termed raw or unboiled bone is perhaps the purest, though not always the best in agricultural value, as the fat prevents the full effect of the agencies in the soil which cause the decay necessary before the nitrogen and phosphoric acid can serve as food for plants. The nitrogen in boiled or steamed bones is often very low, while the phosphoric acid is correspondingly high. This is owing to

the extraction of the nitrogen along with the fat.

To determine the value of bones, says Mr. Voorhees, the chemist, both the amount of nitrogen and phosphoric acid and the degree of fineness are taken into consideration. The finer pure bones are ground the more valuable they are, provided the whole of the bone is used to secure the fineness. A mechanical analysis of a sample of ground bone consists in dividing it by a system of sieves into four grades, each grade having a different value for the phosphoric acid and nitrogen. The average cost per pound of these elements with regard to fineness is 0.4 cents for phosphoric acid, while that of the finest is 15.4 and 8.8 cents, respectively.

POINTS ON DUCKS.

Ducks do not need as much water as many suppose, and they may be raised on farms where there is no pond or running water, says Annie C. Webster in the American Cultivator. A good substitute is to build a system of wooden troughs, which should be kept full of water at all times. Let the ducks have free access to these troughs and they will never suffer from the lack of water. Such troughs can be made deep and wide enough for the birds to swim about, and they will then answer the purpose as well as any expensively made pond or creek. If they are to be raised on a very large scale, however, it may be more profitable to have a pond dug, for nature will keep this supplied with water at all times. The best of keepers would fail to keep the troughs full if several large flocks had access to them.
A few ducks may be raised very well with the hens, and no disturbance will be made by either birds. The ducks are great home lovers, and if accustomed to go into their pen at night they will always remember the lesson. If confined the ducks will consume more food than the hens, but if allowed to forage they may be raised even cheaper. In confinement they are not so annoying as hens, for they will not scratch nor fly over fences, and they are very seldom attacked by disease. Their food must be attended to regularly, and besides animal and green food they should have worms fed to them daily. Wood charcoal must also be given to them with their food to preserve their health.

The best way is to let the ducks forage for themselves in the daytime and teach them to come to their own pen at night. Treat them kindly and they will soon do this. The ducklings need great care and attention, and as they grow faster than chickens they are ready for market in eight or ten weeks. A quiet motherly hen should be kept to watch and tend them. They should be fed often with more meat than is given to chickens, and they need to be kept warm and dry. A variety of food is relished by them, and they will devour springs of vegetable or fruit and scraps from the table with remarkable rapidity. Feathers can be plucked from them several times a year if they are needed.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Never set a lantern on the barn floor.
Read, plan and calculate for next season's work.
Don't let the snow hide rubbish about your farm.
The farmer is a bigger factor than the farm in successful farming.
Any spare time will be well invested if you subcultivate the garden.
Get out the old, dead, worm-eaten trees; they will make good wood.
Have a place for the lantern outside the barn and always light before going into the barn.
A subscriber says that a coating of thin cow manure will prevent rabbits from gnawing fruit trees.
What care vegetation how the elements of fertility originated so they are given in a soluble and available form?
The more brains put into sheep husbandry the more and better wool, and the more and better mutton will be produced.
If you have shock corn still in the field don't you think it would pay you to draw it to the sunny side of the barn and husk it out?