

THE WINDSOR LEDGER.

Published every Wednesday at
WINDSOR, N. C.
By BENJ. H. SWAIN.
W. R. JOHNSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1891.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

The Norfolk Ledger says: The Raleigh State Chronicle of the 23d had the following inquiring letter, written by Mr. John Runk, of this city, to State Librarian J. C. Birdsong, of Raleigh. It is self explanatory: "I am in pursuit of all the information that I can obtain in regard to the agricultural and manufactured products of North Carolina, but more especially the eastern counties of the State. I am an employe of the Norfolk, Wilmington and Charleston Railroad Company, and am engaged now in examining the country between Norfolk and Charleston, gathering statistics to show the probable traffic the railroad would command if built. The line being examined is on the shortest practicable route that can be found between Norfolk and Charleston, with an eye single to business. Any information that you can give me or put me in the way of getting will be thankfully received."

This line as already projected and surveyed will run through Windsor. If this is run through this section it will be the means of causing our farmers to go more extensively into the trucking industry than now and will give an impetus to the manufacturing of cotton and other products.

What Windsor needs is a railroad to carry to its destination quickly such perishable products as truck. The farms of Bertie are especially adapted to the successful growing of early market products and but for the fact that in this immediate section the only means of transportation is by steamer, much early vegetable and truck would be raised for the Northern markets. If the authorities of the Norfolk, Wilmington and Charleston Railroad Co. wish to make a paying investment they should come through this part of Bertie county.

In addition to the trucking interest, which would receive an impetus, the manufacturing of cotton would again be resumed. There is at present a large three-story cotton factory lying idle in this town and with railroad communication the busy hum of the spindles and looms would again be heard. Not only this, but other manufacturing industries would spring up. Then too, the timber industry is assuming vast proportions, all of which would seek an outlet by rail. Again, the woods abound in various kinds of timber which would cause manufacturing of pails, tubs, etc., to be entered upon. In a word, the advent of this line of railroad to Windsor would benefit the town and the railroad in a number of ways.

Let us be up and doing and strive with all our might to induce the railroad to come to Windsor. With an united effort on the part of our people this can be done. Don't let this opportunity pass by and then in after years complain of your folly and stupidity in not grasping the golden opportunity when it was presented. Remember "there is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood lead on to fortune."

AGAIN the country feels temporarily at ease concerning the Force bill. It has been laid aside to take up the apportionment bill. The Force bill is the greatest nuisance the country has had to contend with since the organization of our government. One thing that has assumed a mountain's height for the Republic is that sever-

al State Legislatures have passed resolutions not to appropriate any thing for the World's Fair if the Force bill passes. It is plain enough to see that the Republicans are in a dilemma, they are afraid to pass the bill and afraid not to do so. There is a slight division among the Republican members. Mr. Stewart recently gave Hoar a raking over for his persistence in the passage of the bill. It is hard to tell whether the bill will be taken up again or not, but we believe it will now lie still.

The whole country has recently been shocked by the sudden death of William Windom, Secretary of the United States Treasury, who came to his death on last Thursday, in New York, of valvular disease of the heart. Mr. Windom was twice at the head of the finances of the country. He was Secretary of the Treasury under Garfield. Dying at the age of 60 years he leaves a good record behind him. When a good man dies the whole country should mourn his loss, it matters not to which political party he may be affiliated.

The Farmers Alliance and the Democrats have elected William A. Peffer to succeed John J. Ingalls to the United State Senate. This is a brilliant victory for the Alliance of Kansas against the blatant demagogue Ingalls and the Republican party.

Mr. C. C. DANIELS, of the Wilson Advocate has severed his connection as editor of that paper and removed to Ashville. The advance will be conducted by Mr. Claude F. Wilson the former business manager of that paper.

Now that Hill has been elected to the Senate, it is practically his side in the Presidential contest. Mr. Cleveland now feels that the country looks to him to bear the Democratic banner through the conflict of 1892.

We desire to return our thanks to Senator Vorhees, for a bundle of his speeches against the Force bill. He is one of our strongest men and for years has been known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash."

The North Carolina Teacher for January is upon our table. As usual it is full of articles pertaining to the teacher and the school. Every teacher should have it.

ALLIANCE EXCHANGE.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 20, 1891.
Pursuant to appointment a committee, composed of Representatives from several counties adjacent to Norfolk, met to day in the office of the Norfolk Alliance Exchange to take steps towards organizing a Co-operative Alliance Exchange for the benefit of the members, a large part of whose business is and must be conducted at Norfolk. Bro. J. S. Jackson, Business Agent of Norfolk county, was made Chairman, and Bro. J. S. Dozier, Secretary. It was discussed and all agreed that this would not injure the State agency in either Virginia or North Carolina, but rather aid them greatly in this part of the State. A plan was adopted and brothers J. S. Dozier, J. L. Babcock and W. T. West were appointed to have a sufficient number of circular letters printed and submitted to the members of the Sub-Alliance in all counties in Virginia and North Carolina to whose interest it is to have their business done in Norfolk. The plan is plain and will no doubt commend itself favorably. It will be distributed, but should any Secretary of any Sub-Alliance in these counties fail to get one, write to J. J. Rogers, box 212, Norfolk, Va., and one will be sent. J. J. Rogers, in Progressive Farmer.

"OLD FARMER'S" LETTER.

MISTER EDITORS:—I intended to write you a letter before now but I have been so busy that I didn't have the time to spare. But let me tell you, you missed one of the greatest times of your lives when you failed to be present at our sugar stew. The gals from all over the neighborhood came. The old woman told 'em that you editors was coming and they discussed among themselves as to which would be successful in catching a beau. But don't think they used any powder and paint to make their faces any prettier, for the gals out here in the country don't use that stuff, for their faces is always red and rosy. They rises early in the morning and enjoys the fresh morning air. In fact, I don't reckon the merchants round Windsor has any paint and powder to spare, for them Windsor gals that don't get up till the sun is in the tree tops buys it all to put some color in their faces. But our gals out here always wears a healthful tinge of beauty in their cheeks. That's one reason Jim says he don't want any town gal for his wife, because he don't want to be marrying swan's down and paint and then after he has done and married her the first time she washes her face she washes all the beauty off.

Well, we had a big time. Every time the dog would bark the gals would say they bet that it was you editors coming from Windsor. I tell you the gals was a mighty disappointed set when they found out that nary one of you was a coming.

Christmas was a gay time at our house. The children wanted to know if Santa Claus would forget them. I told them no, not if they were good children, and I had no need to tell 'em that for the old woman says that she will stake her children against any in the county for kindness of heart and good manners, and I will too. Santa Claus did come and before day Grover woke up and was out of bed feeling round in the dark for his stockings and about that time all of 'em was up. Me and the old woman pretended like we was asleep and lay in bed listening to their harmless exclamations of joy. It was not long before they had the chunks of fire pulled out of the ashes and had the kindling lightwood blowing up the fire so as to make a light. (The old woman carefully wraps up a chunk of fire every night and Jim whittles and dries some fat pieces of lightwood to kindle next morning. Them town folks uses matches). Well, it was amusing to hear each one as they would find their stockings in the dark, and after feeling of it commence guessing what Santa Claus had brought them as they would examine the different bundles with their tiny hands in the dark before a light was made. Of course some of them had a pillow case hung up. Presently a good light was made and it was a joy to me and the old woman to see the little ones as they would laugh and clap their little hands as they would roll their toy wagons and horses over the floor. And then to see them comparing their presents with each other's. How happy they were. We could no longer pretend to be asleep for they had brought their gifts and piled them up on our bed to show them to us. Truly joy reigned supreme in our household.

The old woman placed her arms lovingly round my neck but said nothing. I waited for her to say something, but still she was silent. I then soothingly returned the kind embrace and asked her if she was unwell. She said no, but she was thinking about how happy the children were, and then the thought occurred to her that soon they would be grown and have to enter actively in the battles of life and then their childish joys would be at an end, and she could but feel sad, and how true it is. Would that I could live my boyhood days over again.

About that time I heard Saxon shooting powder guns. I jumped out of bed and gathered my old musket and woke up the neighborhood, and then Saxon would shoot again and I would answer, and the children got out and began shooting their pop crackers and from that Saxon's boys began shooting their pop crackers, and I tell you it reminded me of our old war skirmishes. The old woman came to the door and said to me: "You and Mr. Saxon had as well get together for you can't keep away from each other." And about that time I heard Saxon say: "Don't let your dog bite," and over the fence he jumped. The first word I uttered was: "Christmas gift." To which he replied, "Well, come and go over home with me, we are having a bowl of egg nogg made." Off we went and we drank toasts to each other. One of our toasts was: "Success to the Windsor Ledger and its editors and may it in the future as in the past continue to battle for the Democratic party and for the cause of the Alliance." To which we drank in silence. I bade Saxon good bye and was soon at home with the baby boy on my knee. I would tell you about Saxon and myself shooting the mark after breakfast on Christmas, but I beat him so bad I won't say any more 'bout it.

Mr. Editors, what has become of Paulus, has he wrote out? Please inform him that I am well and hearty and nearly as fat as Capt. Askew, who lives in Windsor.

Enclosed you will find a dollar for the LEDGER another year.
OLD FARMER.

PENCIL NOTES NO. 5.

This is Tuesday mornning Jan. 23d. All last night the wind blew very hard from the Southwest. This morning it is still howling and the rain is beating against my window panes. I look out for the sun, but in vain, he is obscured by the angry and black looking clouds. From the far West is heard sounds of distant thunder. The busy lambs have stopped their skipping in the clover field. All is seemingly silent save the shrill whistle of the wind and old ocean roar, (I am within ten miles of it). All humanity seems to be silently resting in nature's calm repose. This is literally a dark day, and is it not true, that we have dark days sometimes when the sun is shining bright in the heavens? When our pathway through life seems to be obstructed by every obstruction imaginable it is indeed a dark day to us. When we have failed to succeed in our business it is indeed a dark day. When the death Angel comes and takes from the household the very darling of that home, surely it is a dark day in that household. Then on the other hand when sometimes the sky overhead is dark and cloudy, our day is bright. When no obstruction is in our path, when no death toll is heard from the church bell, high up in the steeple, when every thing seems to meet us with joy and success then it is a bright day to us. Such on both sides is life, and such will be the case as long as life endures. But sometimes when our days are dark it is not our own fault to a great degree, why they are, seemingly, so dark? It is not because we allow ourselves to drift too far down the stream of melancholly? Do we not look upon the dark side, and utterly disregard the bright side? There is a dark side and a bright side to almost every thing in this life. When the day is gloomy about us if we would remember that beyond and through the gloom is brightness, how much better it would be for us. If you and I could rise above the dewy tree tops and force our way through the gloomy clouds we would there behold the rays of the resplendent sun. But while we cannot do this, we can, by firm and unshakable confidence in Him who doeth all things well, burst through the gloom and sad disappointments of this life, beyond which is the sun of gladness and contentment. If those who have lost a friend would rise above their sorrows and by an eye of faith bless Him who is the commander of death the clouds of bereavement would vanish away and the ray of sweet resignation would drive every pain from the aching heart. Again it is in us to make our days bright or dark. And outside of a few things we are responsible for all our dark days. When death comes and brings darkness in our homes, it's for our good, perhaps, we cannot help it. But when we bring disaster upon ourselves we are re-

sponsible for the darkness of that disaster. If a young man falls in the gutter of degradation by the excessive use of alcoholic drinks, he and he alone is responsible for the fall and drunkenness it brings with it, if no body cares anything for him it is his own fault, if he, while under the influence of strong drink, takes the life of his fellow man, and is one day seen under the gallows with the hangman's rope about his neck ready to die a murderer's death, and if after all this his soul is lost in hell, he alone is responsible for it all; for the darkness it brings his friends, for the black sunset it brings to his own young life, and above all, for the eternal destruction of his own valuable soul, when it could have been otherwise. But it is true that

The saddest word of tongue or pen, Are these, "It might have been."

Yes and indeed, it "might have been" that this same young man could have been a joy to his community, and caused many a bright day to have overshadowed his beloved parents. Again if one neglects his mental training in youth and lives in idleness, when there is scattered here and there books of every description, and having free access to them, he then fails to brighten his intellect, he alone is responsible for the dark days of ignorance which he himself is compelled to pass through. Such an one will have cloudy days throughout life. So it is with a hundred other things which we might mention. We have the power and means at hand to make our lives brilliant, noble and useful or by neglecting our own interest and yielding to the enticing influence of degrading things we can be of no account to ourselves, to our fellowman or to the great Maker of us all.

It is said "The chief end of man is to serve God and enjoy Him forever." This being true we conclude by saying, God is perfect brightness, and the Devil is perfect darkness. If our lives characterize brightness through life they will be bright and happy in eternity, if on the other hand we serve darkness, (I use darkness in a typical sense) we may expect to have gross dark-

ness as our abode throughout eternity. C. W. MATTHEWS, Land of Promise, Va.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS BY THE NATIONAL BODY.

A dispatch from Omaha, Neb., dated January 29th, says: The election of officers of the National Farmers' Alliance to-day resulted as follows: President, John H. Powers, of Nebraska; Vice-Presidents, John Spex, of New York; Charles Morgan, of Pennsylvania; H. Tickens, of Ohio; William Kinert, of Indiana; C. M. Butt, of Wisconsin; D. B. Cown, of Missouri; J. H. Furlong, of Minnesota; D. L. Ravens, of Washington; Milton George, of Illinois; A. J. Westfall, of Iowa; and W. F. Jones, of Nebraska; Secretary and Treasurer, August Post, Iowa; National Lecturer, G. E. Lawrence, of Ohio; First Assistant, Miss Eva McDonald, of Minnesota; Second Assistant, D. R. Pavens, of Washington. Next year's meeting will be held in Chicago.

TRUE LOVE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

Thou art not near me, but I see thine eyes
Shine through the gloom like stars in winter skies;
Pointing the way my longing steps would go,
To come to thee because I love thee so.
Thou art not near me, but I feel thine arm
Soft folded round me, shielding me from harm,
Guiding me on, as in days of old,
When life was dark and all the ways were cold.
Thou art not near me, but I hear thine speak,
Sweet as the breath of June upon my cheek,
And as thou speakst, I forget my fears
And all the darkness of past years.
O love, my love, whatever my fate may be,
Close by thy side, or afar more wide,
Absent or present, near or far apart,
Thou hast my love and I'll bless all my heart.

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