

WINDSOR LEDGER.

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THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

VOL. VIII.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1891.

NO. 24.

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LEWISTON, N. C.

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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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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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Three large Sample Rooms for the convenience of visiting salesmen.

Free Hack to meet Steamers.

Out-of-town calls attended.

Bells Ring Never Twice the Same.

Do not think that yonder bell, Hung responsive in the tower, Minds not whether funeral knell Or a happy marriage hour It shall next with peal proclaim— Bells ring never twice the same. Never twice the same bud blows, Though the plant may blossom oft; When the wind dies no one knows— If it sinks or soars aloft— Or if yet the new breeze may, Be the breath of yesterday.

Yonder grow the apple-trees, One blooms pink and one blooms white; There in May the honey-bees Hum a chorus of delight; But no bees one sees or hears On the blossoms of past years.

And when youth departs, none dream They can find it; yet they go Searching up and down the stream, By the paths they used to know, Through the meadow, up the hill— Their lost youth evades them still.

Brezes come to greet each day, Bells ring glad and mournful strains, Apple-trees bloom still in May— Only this sad fact remains; Our lost youth, its flowers, its chimes, Were the sweets of other times.

—[Mary A. Mason in Frank Leslie's.

LITTLE WHITE STONES.

It was in a lonely little fishing hamlet that poor little Ruth was born, on a night when a storm raged along the coast and made sad havoc amongst the shipping near the shore; on a night when more than one great steamer was wrecked at sea, and on the night when her father's little fishing-smack went down with all on board—all men of her kindred—father, grandfather and uncle. The old grandmother knew the worst, as she held the newborn babe upon her knee before the drift-wood fire. The mother never knew; at dawn her soul had passed away, and the old woman of seventy and the babe of seven hours were alone left of the family that had filled the little cabin the day before. A happy, healthy, loud-voiced lot they had been, and a strange silence settled down upon the place where they had been. The old woman could not even weep.

"I'm too frightened!" she said, in a trembling voice, and shaking like an aspen—she who had been firm of step and loud-spoken as the youngest, a few days back. "I suppose I must have been left to mind the child. Maybe I'll live to be terrible old—ninety or a hundred. It's awful to think of! Awful! Awful!" But she did live, and the child thrived. She had the cabin and a boat. The hire of the boat was about all she depended on. Somebody planted her little garden. Neighbors sent in little gifts of food. Some fisherman always had her dinner in his basket. And after a while, the baby, with its cunning ways, its creeping, its walking, its first little babbling words, gave her an interest in life.

The baby changed into a little girl, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed and rosy. The grandmother was still the trembling creature with terror in her pale old eyes that that awful night had left her, but she grew no older. She was never ill, and she loved little Ruthy with a love approaching idolatry.

By and by, Ruthy began to make friends of her own age. When the sloop he sailed in was in port, Jack Parker, the cabin-boy of the Dancing Jennie, was nearly always with her. Little parties of boys and girls used to play upon the sand, or sail about the shore, or catch crabs and pull the little shell-fish from the rocks.

Before they were more than children Ruth and Jack loved each other dearly, and when she was fifteen he had asked her whether she would be his wife when he had wages enough to marry on, and she had promised before he sailed next time. He had given her a little blue-bead ring, and she had cut off a lock of her flaxen hair and wrapped it in her only bit of ribbon, which he wore next his heart throughout the voyage.

Once when he came home he brought her another present.

"Nothing much," he said; "only some little white stones that I found in some oysters I was opening for the captain's mess. I said they are pretty and Ruth will like them."

Ruth thought them beautiful, and made a little blue silk bag to keep them in. She had a few pretty things.

And so the youth grew older and became a sailor, and Ruth was no

longer a little girl; and at last the Dancing Jennie went upon a longer voyage than usual, and time wore on without news of her.

Ruth's old grandmother was taken very ill and soon died, and Ruth was left alone. A few debts had been contracted, and at all events a girl could not live alone, and should be in the way of earning something, people said.

The cottage was to be sold with all in it. What with her grief for her grandmother and her anxiety about Jack, Ruth was well-nigh broken-hearted. She accepted the fiat of her neighbors, that "now she must go to service," and she asked for the vacant place at Captain Bright's and got it. After the funeral she sat in the little cottage, and watched the sale at auction of the poor old woman's pots and pans, big feather-beds and old wood-stove, of the long settle that had stood in the chimney-place since she was born, and the eight day clock that had ticked out every moment of her life. Then when the house was empty she took her little carpet-bag with her few clothes, a black paper silhouette of her mother when a girl, and the little bag of old blue silk in which she kept Jack's last gift—the pretty white stones, and went to her new master's home as sad a little maid as ever crossed a stranger's threshold.

She had no time for sighing in the captain's brand-new red brick dwelling. She washed the dishes and polished the spoons, and waited on the door and the table, and carried the big baby about, and blacked the captain's boots, and at night climbed to her garret-room and sobbed herself to sleep, thinking of young Jack lost at sea and the old grandmother lying in the little church-yard. No one cared for her tears now—no one knew of them. The boy who would have kissed them away, the old dame to whom she had ever been a darling child who must be soothed and watched over, were both gone, and so the autumn wore away. Winter came and Christmas-tide was near.

"Go to the store, Ruth, and tell them to get me ten pounds of raisins and five pounds of currants and a pound of citron," said Mrs. Bright one evening, just before dark. "Run, Ruth, or the store will be shut and old Simon away home. I must begin my pudding. It is Christmas-eve and a pudding is nothing without currants—nothing at all, and tell them I shall want a little keg of lard the first thing in the morning, for the crullers and to send it by Sam, for you will be busy enough without running errands. I like things fresh. I'll not make my crullers days before, as some do. Now, run like wild, Ruth. I don't see how I forgot I hadn't the fruit; and be back as quick as you can."

Ruth obeyed. Her light feet took her down to old Simon's store in the shortest possible space of time. She had given her order, and had the fruit in her basket, and was hurrying toward the door, when some one opened it and burst in.

"News! News!" he cried. "News! The Dolphin is just in, and brings three men picked up at sea on the wreck of the Dancing Jennie, all that were left of the crew—Captain Parker, old Sam Gill and young Jack Parker. There's very little left of them. They were starving to death, and nearly frozen. They're just skeletons. Not a man of them can stand on his feet; but they're alive, and doctor says they'll get well. Mrs. Parker is almost crazy with joy! Old Gill's daughter, too! As for little Jack Parker, he hasn't any kin, as far as we know; but the boys'll give him a welcome."

Old Simon's store was empty in a twinkling. The loungers hurried up the road toward the dock, but before them flew a little figure that seemed to have wings. It was Ruth. She had forgotten all about the basket of fruit which she had thrown from her into the road without knowing it. Raisins and currants lay scattered in the dirt, and the chickens were making short work of them. The citron was trodden under foot. Ruth's little black hood had caught to a branch and hung there, and one of her old shoes had dropped off, she never knew where; and so she came to the old house by the dock where they had brought the feeble shadows of three men; where the captain's wife kissed her husband's hand in silence, and little Annie Gill

shrieked hysterically; and passing through the crowd as one who had a right, stood looking down on Jack. Was it Jack? Could he grow so pale, so thin? Could his curly hair hang so lankly about his temples, his full throat shrink to this? Oh! yes, yes, it was Jack, for the big brown eyes turned toward her, and a little sigh of "Ruthy" faded on his pallid lips.

"Are you kin of his, lass?" asked the captain of the Dolphin, kindly. "I never knew Jack had any one."

"I'm his sweetheart, sir," said Ruthy, simply; "and he is dearer to me than any kin—I guess because we are to marry each other some time."

"You came near missing it, lass," said the old man. "If the Dolphin hadn't met that wreck when she did, those three souls would be in heaven this day, or I'm no sailor."

Then Ruthy took his hand and kissed it, and thanked him and Heaven silently.

"Where on earth have you been?" cried Mrs. Bright, standing at the door, as Ruth approached the captain's home. "Where's your hat, and the turrants; where's your hat, and, good gracious! your shoes?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Bright," answered Ruth, amidst her tears. "Jack has got home—Jack Parker."

"The cabin-boy of the Dancing Jennie?" said Mrs. Bright.

"He used to be a cabin-boy; he's a sailor now," said Ruth. "Oh, Mrs. Bright, if you could see him!"

"I see him, indeed!" cried Mrs. Bright. "And so because a cabin-boy or a common sailor before the mast has come home, you've forgotten Captain Bright's pudding. It's my belief that's mutiny!"

With which exposition of maritime law, Mrs. Captain Bright boxed her poor little maid-servant's ears, and sent her off to bed, without a candle.

It was a Christmas-day, and Ruth sat with Jack. She would lose her place for it, but she could not stay away. He could talk to her a little, and he said over and over again that if he had but the means to buy a little place that he could farm, he would leave her no more. But that could not be. They were too poor. She must go to a service place, he to sea, for no one knew how long.

It was on a bed in the infirmary of the poor-house that he lay. The other two men had gone to their homes, but he had none to go to. But it seemed to him that after all fate was kind. When he grew well he would work hard to rise. Ruth was fit to be a captain's lady.

Poor little Ruth! Her bundle was put away in a cupboard hard by. Mrs. Bright in her wrath had bade her "take it and go." But Ruth, too, had a hopeful heart, and certainly might find a kinder mistress.

"I can't even give you a Christmas present, Ruth," said Jack. "I have your hair over my heart now. It would have gone down with me."

"And I have your little ring and those pretty stones," said Ruth.

"What stones?" asked Jack.

"Those you found in the oysters," said Ruth; "a handful. Don't you remember?"

"I had forgotten," said Jack. "I comes back to me now. Ruth, do you know, I believe they are pearls. I have seen some since, and they are found in such shells."

Ruth ran to the closet and got out her bundle and the two were looking at them, when the doctor made his rounds.

The good man heard their story, and examined their treasure.

"Pearls, of course," he said; "and, Jack, there are not many men in this place able to make such a Christmas present. These pearls are worth a little fortune."

It seemed too good to be true, but true it was, nevertheless. The doctor wrote to the proper persons, and a jeweler came from New York to examine the pearls, pronounced them fine, and bought them.

There was no more sea-going for Jack, or serving for Ruth; and the dream of the little farm became a reality, and Ruth and Jack lived upon it, as happy as the king and the queen in a fairy tale, forever after.—[The Ledger.

When it comes to a question of society the best is not always the cheapest.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

GROWING HENS TO SELL ALIVE.

It undoubtedly costs more in some localities than in others to bring hens up to the proper age for egg production. It does not follow, however, that it will pay poultry fanciers to stock up exclusively with bought hens. The rule of selling the poorest and keeping the best prevails more among breeders of poultry than among any other class of farmers. What young pullets are offered in the market are usually very uncertain layers. Probably the change from a former home to another prevents them from laying as many eggs as they otherwise would. It is, therefore, economy for beginners with poultry to commence with a few settings of eggs, and grow their own hens.—[Boston Cultivator.

KEEPING HOGS THROUGH THE WINTER.

So far as actual profit is concerned by a gain in growth and weight over his cost in food, I have found little if any profit in keeping hogs through the winter—certainly none at all in keeping such as can be made merchantable for killing in this month. Of course every farmer should keep over enough breeders to furnish early pigs in the Spring, and the object should be to force their growth during the warm season and have them heavy enough and well fattened for Fall butchering. Where one has plenty of skim milk, one liter of late pigs may be kept over, but if they have to be fed on grain mostly there will be no profit in it, especially where grain can be sold at a good price. Above all, pigs should have warm and dry sleeping places, well protected from the wind, otherwise their food will mostly be expended in keeping up their animal heat through cold winters.—[New York World.

HOW TO MAKE FARM LAND PAY.

In Great Britain 151,372 farmers cultivate farms of more than five and less than twenty acres. Comparatively few of these "holdings," as the farms are called, are owned by the farmer, for in the 409,422 holdings of less than fifty acres in the whole country, only 55,740 are owned by the occupiers. When we remember that these farmers pay a rental of from twenty to thirty-five dollars per acre for this land it seems incredible that they can live and support their families.

It must be remembered, too, that much of this land has been under cultivation for over one thousand years. Much more of it was bog and waste land four hundred years ago. It is an axiom with the English that the farmer makes his soil. This is the secret of his ability to live under such circumstances. The American farmer grows poor on many acres because it might be a maxim with us that the farmer wastes his soil.—[Western Stockman and Cultivator.

FOR CARED UDDER.

Take one-half pint of aqua ammonia, one pint of soft water, one or two teaspoons of spirits of turpentine, one and one-half teaspoons of fluid extract of belladonna, one and one-half teaspoons of saturated tincture of camphor. Shake well, and apply with all the elbow grease and patience you can muster. Take about a teaspoon at a time, in the hollow of the hand, and gently, but with sufficient pressure, rub it into the skin of the udder until the latter gets dry and quite hot; support yourself by putting the other hand, with an occasional patting, across the patient's spine.

After having treated both sides, in front and rear (the latter as high up as the udder reaches), to doses of liniment, get down under your cow and gently commence kneading the bag, taking the whole and afterward part of the udder between the open hands, rolling the former till the formed lumps are crushed, and occasionally milking bag empty. Stop use of liniment as soon as coagulation disappears, but keep rubbing and milk often. By all means avoid graining; feed hay only very sparingly, give plenty of water and keep the animal from getting cold.—[Jersey Bulletin.

EFFECT OF GRAIN ON COWS AT PASTURE.

For two seasons there has been an investigation carried on at the experimental station of Cornell University, New York, to determine the question of the profitableness of a grain ration

fed to cows while on pasture. In this case it was stated that there certainly was no return in milk and butter for the extra grain fed, although it could scarcely be said that the grain was fed at a loss, for reasons that were given. Independent of the milk and butter yield. The same investigations were continued at the same station the past summer, with much the same results.

As again reported by Messrs. Roberts and Wing, they say: "In two trials in two seasons we have received no return in milk and butter from feeding a grain ration to cows on good pasture. In one trial with cows milked on fresh grass we have received an increased milk and butter production, and in saving of grass consumed barely enough to pay for the cost of the grain ration added. In neither case has any allowance been made for increased value of manure when grain is fed, which would be considerable in amount but difficult to estimate with exactness." The opinion is further expressed that several repetitions of this experiment will be needed before the matter can be considered conclusively settled.—[New York World.

COLT EDUCATION.

If a farmer does not wish to have vicious horses, all he has to do is to sell vicious mares and refuse to patronize a vicious horse, and then treat colts, bred from gentle stock, in a firm, wise, humane way. The first lesson a colt should have is that his master is so all powerful that resistance is useless. Give this lesson the first time you see a colt on his feet. Approach it gently and hold it till it ceases to struggle. It must be held, and under no circumstances allowed to get away.

That is its first impression of the awful power and the real kindness of its master. The next one comes some time after, when it is haltered and tied and is taught the strength of the halter. The restraint of the halter a few times in the first years of its life, and the impression that it receives at all times that the owner is not only omnipotent but its friend, are the main factors in the problem of colt training. A boy and colt can be made vicious in the same way; in either case the vice is mainly a reflection of the vice of those by whom it is controlled.

The "nervous" horse starts at unaccustomed noises, sees in a piece of paper or a shadow an enemy, and lacks either courage, intelligence, or both. If there is a lack of brain power the evil cannot be remedied; if lack of education, kindness and firmness and an opportunity to see that there is no real danger, will in time cure the fault. Let the horse see that the stamp or bush, or floating paper or rubbing train is not dangerous, and let him have the confidence that the driver knows all about it and will protect him, and he will get over this nervousness.

For the fault of awkwardness there is little help. Horses bred that way and educated by an awkward driver are past redeeming. Harsh treatment only makes them worse and develops silliness and in time wickedness. The only remedy is patience and kindness. Farmers can avoid much trouble by use of stress and dams sensible, smart and free from vice. Firm and kind treatment will do the rest, if begun in the very beginning of the colt's life. Most of the vices of the horse are the reflection and expression of the vices of his owner.—[Iowa Homestead.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Corncobs and good straw save hay.

Attend Farmers' Clubs and Institutes.

Increase stock feed as winter advances.

Improve the mind during winter leisure.

The Clinton grape is not worth much except for jelly.

Always breed for a size that will improve your stock.

Onions and fruits keep better in shallow bins than in heaps.

Good schools and plenty of good books for the young people pay well.

The fewer days it requires a hog to accumulate flesh to be of a marketable size the more profitable.

There is no trouble in having the sows farrow in March if care is taken to provide good shelter.