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Earth's Tribute.

First the grain, and then the blade—
The one destroyed, the other made;
Then stalk and blossom, and again
The gold of newly-minted grain.
So Life, by Death the reaper cast
To earth, again shall rise at last;
For 'tis the service of the sod
To render God the things of God.
—John B. Tabb, in Youth's Companion.

With the Prussians at Metz.

BY CHARLES A. COLLMAN.

Twenty years ago, when the Prussians, like a ring of iron, drew their invincible army slowly around the fortifications of Metz, I found myself in a little French village that had just been taken possession of by the Germans. I was correspondent for a Cincinnati paper during what the French persist in calling the Franco-Prussian, and the Germans persist in calling the Franco-German war.

A low stone coping ran along the road at the end of the village, and one sunny day I stood here leaning against the wall, beside the sentry.

For several days only some slight skirmishes had taken place between the two armies engaged at this point.

They were separated here by a diminutive valley, whose sides were covered with that most delicious fruit for which this region of the Moselle is famous—bunches of glowing autumn grapes.

These grapes, as I gazed down upon them, tempted me wonderfully. I knew the sentry beside me; he was a huge Pomeranian, who, in the capacity of his calling, had shaved me a number of times in the capital of Prussia. But as I expressed an inclination to descend the hillside and secure some of the fruit, the sentry shook his head.

Down there, said he, in the midst of that thicket of trees and vines, the place was swarming with Frenchmen only too eager to get a shot at a man.

I laughed at his words. "Why, what can you see down there, Moritz?" I said. And, in truth, as we gazed down, the scene seemed peaceful enough.

Two peasant women, in gaudy costumes, were gathering grapes in little baskets. Beyond, on the other side of the valley, ran a wall, upon which we could catch a glimpse of the red trousers of the French sentry lolling there.

After a moment's hesitation I leaped suddenly over the coping and ran lightly down the hill. Moritz cried the words of a hasty warning after me, but the sounds fell unintelligibly upon my ears. The two French peasant women dropped their baskets and ran hastily away at the sight of what they took to be the approach of one of those dreaded Prussians.

In another moment my parched gums were feasting on those famous grapes. They were delicious. I can taste them yet.

My pleasure was of short duration. From some close quarter a shot came suddenly and tore away a bunch a few inches from my outstretched hand.

I thought at first that this was a joke on the part of my friend, the sentry, and was just turning about to protest against such grim humor, when another shot came in as close proximity, but fortunately without harming me.

The bright sun dazed my faculties for an instant. What should I do? I could not ascend that steep and unprotected hill behind me and reach the stone coping alive.

I plunged into the thicket where probably the very danger was lurking; and yet it was my only refuge.

I slipped carefully through the rows of vines until I found myself in the shelter of the trees that covered the bottom of the valley. A little stream ran past here, and the wood, though small, was very dense.

What troubled me most was that the crackling twigs ceaselessly betrayed my footsteps. The whole ground was covered with dead branches. I halted and listened, after every step, for another sound or sign of the enemy.

Of a sudden a grumbling voice broke upon my ears so close so me that it was startling.

"Ou est il done?" inquired the grumbler, in a voice that was intended for his companion only, but which reached me distinctly, so near were we to each other.

The other answered, but his words escaped me. They spoke together in lowered tones as they stood there, and from what I overheard, they seemed to think that I, not being in uniform, was a spy trying to creep through the French lines.

A sudden crackling of the twigs made me retreat to the stream, and covered the sound of my progress.

"Ah," I muttered to myself, "there come the two grape-pickers." I thought that the two Frenchmen were approaching to investigate my position, but here, instead, the noise was caused by the heavy sabots of the two peasant women, who advanced, peering through the trees, as if they were also seeking the whereabouts of the fugitive Prussian.

There was something odd in their appearance, and, though I could gain but a passing glimpse of them, I made a discovery.

The two women were carrying muskets in their hands!

Those, indeed, were masculine forms and faces. And their voices! Fool that I was, not to have recognized them before.

I retreated softly and quickly, half along the sandy bed of the stream, half along the white stones that lay in the shallow water. Thus I threaded the bed of the stream until the voices of my pursuers grew fainter. I had proceeded some distance, and now, through the thinning trees, I saw that I had come within shooting distance of the red-trousered sentry lying upon the wall, sunning himself.

There were, in fact, two sentries there; one lolling upon the wall and the other leaning against it with but head and shoulders visible. I observed them very distinctly; I heard their voices now and then, and the lazy yawning of the one that lay in the sunlight.

I saw their chassepots gleaming in the sun and in such close proximity they were an ugly look.

I was safe, however, as their attention was not attracted toward me, and so I turned my thoughts to my two pursuers again. I had heard them hunting and cursing for a while far in my rear, but now all noise of them had died away.

Happening to turn my glance up to the stone coping, to which I longed to return, I saw, to my surprise, that the two grape-pickers had given up my pursuit and were engaged in their former occupation again. But now they were much nearer to the coping than they had been before, and under the cover of their pretended employment they were still slowly but surely advancing. I well perceived their object.

Here was a predicament, truly. The sentinel, not possessed of an abundance of wit, would let the two approach unchallenged, until they were near enough to turn suddenly and shoot him with their hidden weapons; and yet were I to attempt to warn him, swift and sure retribution would be upon my own head, both from before and behind me.

But this was not all. At the place where I stood in hiding the foliage that sheltered the stream grew scarce and ended. Before me was a wide plot of unprotected turf.

On the other side of this open space the thicket there began to stealthily be stirred. I saw the tops of the bushes nod. What other foe lay crouching there? Was there one who could see me and was aiming at me even now perhaps? Was the thicket full of soldiers who would rush forth when the death-shot of the sentry above should ring out?

This train of nervous fancies, however, was not interrupted. Rising carefully from the midst of the bushes I saw a well-known pointed helmet. A head rose, too, and a hand that waved a greeting.

It was Moritz, who, grown uneasy at my non-appearance, had stolen down to ferret out the cause.

Immense as was the figure of the Pomeranian, yet he concealed himself very ably. I noticed from his actions that he guarded himself only from the view of the two sentries by the wall, seeming to think that screened from them he would be safe.

As he crawled carefully out into the open, therefore, I attracted his attention to the two masculine females who had gradually stolen close to the coping.

The Pomeranian knelt in the grass and looked up. As he noted the two figures and the intentions which their movements betrayed, his face became transfixed with rage. So terrible was the wrath depicted upon it that I was glad to see it turned towards others than myself.

One of those figures up there, in his gaudy costume, had already reached the coping and with his chassepot to his shoulder ready for firing, peered stealthily over the stone wall to locate the sentry.

At this act and those costumes of duplicity, the large Pomeranian, regardless of all consequences, leaped from the earth and fairly belted with rage. It seemed to infuriate him beyond reason that those two rogues above should have thus deceived him. A sudden flash from his gun thoroughly annihilated the disguised soldier at the coping.

Swinging his gun like a club and roaring with fury, he ran up the hillside toward the other. Somehow his actions aroused me to a like fury, and we both tore madly up the hill toward the skirted soldier who, turning, seemed struck as if by a thunderbolt at our sudden approach.

The shot of Moritz had sent the echoes reverberating among the hills. The French outposts leaped up, as if electrified, from their sunny wall; innumerable others started up from the surrounding thickets. A rain of bullets fairly peppered the grassy slope. But our sudden on-rush had carried us in advance of this hail.

So quickly was the Pomeranian upon his foe, that the latter had no time to recover from his surprise, not even to raise his gun. The onslaught of the huge fellow bore the little Frenchman to the earth, and the Pomeranian picked him up, neck and crop, and dragged him over the wall.

The red-trousered grape picker was then led, jeered and booed at, through the village—a most dejected skirmisher.

The chassepots across the way yelped angrily at us throughout the rest of the day; but two days afterward, that hillside over there was swarming with Prussians, and the iron ring had closed more closely about Metz.—[Detroit Free Press.

An Epic in Embroidery.

Probably the only epic in embroidery the world contains is treasured in the Hotel de Ville of Bayaux, France. Miss Strickland says of this piece of work: "It is beyond all competition the most wonderful achievement in the gentle craft of needlework that ever was executed by fair and royal hands." It was done by Matilda of Flanders, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court. It is a coarse linen cloth, 214 feet long and twenty inches wide, on which is worked in woolen thread of various colors a representation of the invasion and conquest of England by the Normans. It contains the figures of about 625 men, 200 horses, fifty-five dogs, forty ships and boats, besides a quantity of quadrupeds, all executed in the proper colors, with names and inscriptions over them to elucidate the story. It is a valuable historic document, as it gives a correct and minute portraiture of the Norman costumes and their manners and customs.—[New York Press.

Looked Confused.

Mother (in her daughter's boudoir)—
—I like that young man exceedingly. While he was in the parlor waiting for you, I happened to go in, and surprised him reading the Bible. The silly boy looked dreadfully confused, just as if true piety were something to be ashamed of. I soon set his mind at rest on that point, and he seemed quite relieved.

The Young Man (at the club)—
That girl is 30 years old. I saw it in their family Bible.—[New York Weekly.

The Secret of the Glowworm.

In the glowworm, and in the firefly, especially in the splendid species which abound in Cuba, Professor S. P. Langley has found that light is emitted with no wasteful partnership whatever with rays of heat. How soon will genius, keen of eye, skillful of hand, read the secret of this tiny craftsman and translate it into an engine for the illumination of the world?—[Courier-Journal.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

TRAINING MILITARY NURSES.

In the school for the training of military nurses established by the Princess Hohenlohe, in Strassburg, the princess shares alike with all members of the class in everything they are called to do, from binding a broken leg to answering the test questions of the examining corps of physicians. The princess is a woman of sixty, of strong nerves and splendid health, an excellent shot, being especially fond of a boar hunt, and a fine horsewoman.—[Boston Cultivator.

A SINGER'S FACE DOCTOR.

Patti has a face doctor, a woman whose duty is to keep Patti's face smooth and free from wrinkles. The face doctor has a little curtained boudoir to which Patti repairs, and with the full glare of noonday upon her the face doctor looks for every incipient line and possible blemish. This is immediately removed by massage, steaming, or unguents as the occasion requires. This woman studies the peculiarities of Patti's skin as a physician would study his patient's constitution. For it in a mysterious laboratory at the back of her rooms she prepares lotions, powders and soaps especially for the singer's use. She has responded to summonses to Craig-y-nos, and it is said that this year Patti will take her face doctor with her to her castle in Wales.—[New York Sun.

SLOPING SHOULDERS IN STYLE.

Sloping shoulders, one of a woman's good points, have of late been but little regarded, but they are again coming to the fore, inasmuch as fashionable mantles (not paletots) are made to fall plainly on the shoulders, and entirely without any puff. The line of beauty is scarcely thus attained, as the fullness of the dress sleeve makes an impress on the mantle. The fashionable idea—broad shoulders—is attempted in every possible way, and to attain it even the slimmest of the waist is abandoned. The cape is the best help in this respect, and the name includes every variety of mantle, exclusive of the paletot. The cape proper is a round pelerine cut in one piece and reaching to the knees; the top can have several graduated collars, a short pelerine, ruchings or a hood. The more or less eccentric deviations show two, three or more rows of large collars.—[St. Louis Republic.

DRESS OF ITALIAN FISHERWOMEN.

The chief feature of the dress of the women of the Italian coast fishers is a double skirt, the lower portion of which hangs rather scantily about their feet. The upper skirt is often hooked up at the front and sides, forming a sort of bag. In this they carry seaweed, fuel, fish or shell-fish from the sands; and when not in such use it is drawn up over the shoulders and back of the head as a sort of wrap. Mothers also wrap this skirt about their babies when needing to carry them for any distance. The material is usually the coarsest white cotton; but if the women can possess any sort of holiday attire, the upper skirt may be of scarlet, yellow or green, looped most gracefully above the lower skirt and surmounted by a black cloth, or, in rare instances, a coarse velvet bodice. They rarely wear any foot covering, and only such head covering as is supplied by the folds of the upper skirt.—[New Orleans Picayune.

YOU MUST BE SMARTLY SHOD.

To be smartly gowned avails us nothing, if at the same time we are not smartly shod; and as shoes vary so little in their style, almost everything depends upon their shape. Of two sorts to be especially recommended, one is black cloth with finest French kid foxings, and the other is the Louis XVI. shoe. These last are made in undressed or glaze kid, and have small buckles in jet or cut steel. George III. stock buckles in fine marquisettes are worn on slippers and low shoes to be worn with handsome tea-gowns or at garden parties, when people are expected to be elaborately attired. A carriage boot of finest kid with patent-leather foxings is smartly brogued,

and on the high heels so ubiquitous in a walking-boot. Bronze shoes have their places, which is, however, a limited one. It is affirmed that the gray and pale-fawn undressed kid shoes will be worn again this summer with drossy promenade costumes, the gloves matching these shoes in kind and color. Five o'clock tea-shoes are made to order, to match the tea-frock, which differs from the princess tea-gown in being short all around (that is, it has no train), and in being quite tight fitting, and worn with an Empire waist that is made to look short-waisted to absurdity by its wide sash, whose top folds reach to the armpits.—[New York Post.

THE SPRING GIRL.

Every right-minded woman can regulate her temperature in accordance with her ideas of what the weather ought to be, and when it is time for spring things she puts them on regardless of the mercury. The spring girl is tall, superbly tall. She has to be to wear the striped skirt she affects with its lines zigzagging around her on the cross. The skirt is dark rather than light in color, to contrast happily with the palest tan, and is just long enough to make carrying it in the hand imperative, for beneath the skirt is the bright bit of color in the petticoat that completes the costume as high lights finish a picture.

The coat has rough, ragged edges, very smart mannish reverses, and two rows of white pearl buttons as big as plates. The hat is of straw in four-hand shape, with a sparkling paste buckle in front and a pert, independent sort of bow in the back. That is dark, too, for the thing the girl really wants you to notice about the dress is the smartness of the coat and the brightness of the gay ruffles beneath the edges of the train. A spring girl without a tightly rolled blue or red club-handled umbrella, a pair of Russian red gloves and a bunch of violets or one American rose on her breast, would be as much of a failure as the Star-Spangled Banner with the stars left out of the blue field.—[Detroit Free Press.

FASHION NOTES.

Capotes and toques grow smaller in size.
Cloth of gold gauze for embroidered bonnet crowns.
Flowers for the hat are arranged as aigrettes.
Point de Gene is the lace for French batistes.
Les bagnoles is the poetical name for a new crimped chiffon.
Narrow ribbons are wound around the crowns of Tyrolean hats.
The tourist's parasol unscrws, so that it can be put in the trunk.
Rosettes of narrow ribbon are placed under the low flat brims of shade hats.
Hercules braid bordered by tubular braid is suitable trimming for cloth gowns.
A Russian belt of silver with a Kremlin buckle is among the girdles of fashion.

Ecru linen batistes have returned and will be used for blouses during the summer.

Silk blouses of surah and Chinese silks are worn with wool skirts and underneath wool coats.
Jewels of color, gold embroidery, spangles and pearls, that were used last season on gowns and bonnets, are to be worn again this year.

Among the revivals are the old-time rings in hoop shape set with diamonds. The diamonds are placed in a row with just gold enough to form a setting.

Trout silks is the suggestive name given to the new changeable shot silks, blue with yellow, green with blue, pink with gray, blue with yellow brown.

The Watteau pleat, according to Parisian edict, must be worn only on tea gowns and evening dresses. A modification is made in favor of dust and driving cloaks of silk.

An attractive and novel design for a pin is a stiletto in Roman gold, to which is attached a sheath and chain. The dagger which forms the pin is stuck through the lace and then slipped into the sheath, the chain connecting the two. The bill, which is in the form of a cross, is set with sapphires.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

EXPORTS continue heavy.
CHOLERA is raging in India.
The wheat crop of Ohio is short.
PARIS is crowded with Americans.
YELLOW fever is abating in Brazil.
NEW YORK has 4500 school teachers.
CHICAGO landfills are raising the rents.
The colony fields of Michigan are flooded.
A shower of fish fell at Crawfordville, Ind.
AGRICULTURAL conditions continue favorable.
In 1891 mobs in the South lynched 115 persons.
THE Russian grain embargo has been raised.
MARTIAL law has been proclaimed in Brazil.
RUSSIA is massing troops on the Polish frontier.
HEREAFTER the Welland Canal will be closed (continues).
THE young King of Spain is said to be developing a tendency to stop teaching bills are providing for a fair crop.
In spite of the low prices for iron nearly every Southern furnace is in blast.
GEORGIA expects to ship at least 8000 carloads of watermelons North this season.
CATTLEMEN held a convention in Philadelphia and protested against the exclusion bill.
SCURVY, typhus and smallpox have broken out in Russia in the train of the famine.
AN English syndicate has bought the Keeley gold cure rights for England and France.
THE appropriations of this session of the Fifty-second Congress will aggregate \$481,000,000.
NINE MILLION pounds of cabbage have been shipped from one county in Virginia last fall.
NEW ENGLAND lumbermen are unable to handle their cut on account of low water in the rivers.
TANNERS from the South and West, in session in New York, decided to stop tanning hides for sixty days.
THE colored colonists in the Black Jack country, around Kingfisher, Oklahoma, are suffering from starvation.
THE total quantity of wheat available in the United States, both coast, as well as in Canada, April 29 amounted to 11,575,528 bushels.
THERE is drought in Durango, Mexico, and a Kansas rain-making company is under contract to produce two inches in San Pedro for \$30,000.
THE largest horse in the world, standing twenty-two hands high and weighing 1200 pounds, owned by T. E. Ridgway of Fort Worth, Texas, died a few days ago.
LORD HALLSBURY has advised the British government in China to avoid anything which might give rise to suspicion or distrust among the people or tending to shock the National prejudices.

THE LABOR WORLD.

THERE are 45,000 laborers in Detroit, Mich.
THERE are nearly 3000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn boots.
In Ohio laws have been enacted prohibiting shaving on Sunday.
FARM laborers in Italy get but twenty cents a day on an average.
THE Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen has a membership of about 25,000.
THE convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers met this year in Atlanta, Ga.
In Philadelphia the cabinet makers have succeeded in reducing their daily working hours to nine.
In the rice fields of northern Italy women wade to their knees twelve hours at a stretch for ten cents.
OVER one million children are at present employed in the mills and factories of the United States.
AN influx of English potters is looked for in Trenton (N. J.) this summer on account of the Staffordshire strike in England, where 25,000 men are out.
OVER 3000 granite cutters working a number of New England quarries were locked out for demanding that their yearly agreement should be signed by their bosses at the regular time.
At the dictation of the men put in power by the Ugluists in Australia all immigration into the colony is prohibited, so that the thousands of people now unemployed there may have an opportunity to find work.
In the telegraph service of the United States, it is estimated that 45,000 men and women are at present employed. The length of wire in use is over 900,000 miles, and the capital invested is stated to be at least \$100,000,000.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

THE Pope has the largest private fortune of any man in Rome.
REIN FACIA, the African explorer, has become blind, it is stated.
MOODY AND BARKER have been urgently requested to visit Australia.
M. RENNEMAN, the newly appointed Italian Minister to Paris, is a German by birth.
THE writings of Gladstone fill twenty-two pages of the printed catalogue of the British Museum.
JUSTICE LAMAR, of the United States Supreme Court, is well enough once more to go out driving.
GENERAL LONGSTREET has become quite infirm with years, and is now very deaf, so that conversation with him has to be through an ear trumpet.
THE colored ex-Senator, Blanche K. Bruce, received the name "Blanche" after Miss Blanche Mackrae, of Virginia, who was his mother's mistress.
MRS. JEWELL and Mrs. Coulson, the two women alternates in the Mississippi Convention from Wyoming, are said to be forcible speakers and energetic workers at the polls.
A. C. GUSTER, the novelist and playwright, is said to have received \$60,000 in royalties from the dramatic versions of "Mr. Barnes of New York," and "Mr. Foster of Texas."
SEBASTIAN ROMERO, the Mexican Minister, has acquired the reputation of being the most astute of the diplomatists in Washington. He has been known to pass sixteen hours at his desk.
ROSE WINNER, the American millionaire sportswoman, is being sued by the Trustees of Sir James Mackenzie, from whom she rents an immense deer forest in Inverness, Scotland, for allowing his keepers to drive 500 red deer off the grounds in an unimportant fashion. Winner contends he did it because his estate is overstocked with deer.