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**A Hammock Song.**  
Sunshine is through the branches sifting,  
sifting,  
As I swing;  
Piny odors are round me drifting, drifting,  
As I swing  
To and fro, to and fro, beneath the rustling  
leaves;  
I'm half asleep and half awake, and in a  
restful ease,  
As I swing.  
Ah, the day-dreams I am dreaming, dream-  
ing,  
As I swing;  
With what happy thoughts my brain is  
teeming, teeming,  
As I swing.  
All this long life is a summer's day,  
And sunshine and happiness have come to  
stay,  
As I swing.  
Away from the cares of earth I'm swinging,  
swinging,  
As I swing;  
Ease and rest forgetfulness are bringing,  
bringing,  
As I swing.  
But troubled dreams were the grief I've  
known,  
That away on the morning have quickly  
flown,  
As I swing.  
My heavy eyelids would be sleeping, sleep-  
ing,  
As I swing;  
And my tired eyes forget their weeping,  
weeping,  
As I swing.  
Hope hath for me no weak or crippled wing,  
And life seems a sweeter and dearer thing,  
As I swing.  
—[Liddie Curtis, in New York Ledger.]

## AT LUELLEN.

I do not see how I could have avoided doing it, and yet it has weighed heavy on my conscience ever since.

I was making my first trip to Mexico. Cold weather was approaching, and so I had taken a rifle with me, hoping that at some point I should be able to get a shot or two at deer or turkeys. I say "a" rifle and not "my" rifle, for I knew that on the level surface and in the thick underbrush of western Texas I should have no opportunity to use my long-range, single-shot Remington that I had carried with me for years. Consequently I had obtained especially for this journey a light Winchester, with which I felt entirely unacquainted.

The country east of the Rio Grande for a long distance was then a savage wilderness. Not a village of any size, hardly a permanent dwelling of any kind, was to be found. The only representatives of the human race to be met were the employes of the single line of railway that passed through the territory, and the bands of wicked-looking Indians that roved everywhere, ready to commit any kind of a crime and then to escape by slipping over the boundary into their own country.

Soon after leaving San Antonio, I began to hear conversations in the train about some murders that had been committed during the previous week at a station of the road called Luellen. Three men who had separately, for different purposes, alighted at that point had been shot in the back and robbed of all their valuables. Indians had been seen in the vicinity, and they were beyond all doubt the assassins. Workmen employed by the railway company had reported the crimes and brought the bodies to the station for identification, but declared themselves unable to give any information that could lead to the detection of the criminals. I decided that whatever else I might do, I would not stop at Luellen.

I had already fixed upon the Naucos River as the most promising place at which to commence my hunting operations. There, I had been told, game often came out in full sight of the railway train, and but a short walk would be necessary to carry me to a number of little green openings in the brushwood where deer loved to browse, and to a line of tall trees fringing the river on which turkeys could always be found at night. I had intended before arriving there to take off my black traveling-suit and to put on the heavy shoes, coarse drilling trousers, blue woolen shirt and slouch hat that I always wore on the prairies and in the woods, but I had been so much interested in the conversation of my fellow passengers that I suddenly found myself at my destination. Not a building was in sight except a plain little shanty of rough boards that served the double purpose of station-

house and home for track repairers. A few rods away stood in lazy attitude a half dozen Mexican Indians. As I moved toward the house, carrying in one hand my valise and in the other my rifle case, and unavoidably showing a small watch-chain, they studied me with close attention. When I went through the doorway, they followed, and as I began to change my outside clothing in the one apartment that did duty as dining-room, sitting-room and sleeping-room, they watched every movement. They saw that I had property enough to make me a profitable subject for robbery, and they also had an opportunity to observe that the property consisted in part of an instrument that could throw bullets one after another with wonderful rapidity, whatever might be the accuracy of their aim.

Two railway employes were in charge of the house, and into their care I gave my luggage. I then explained to them that I wished to spend the remainder of the day in the thicket, and that as the country was flat, presenting no prominent objects by which a stranger could direct his course, I should be glad to obtain the services of one of them as guide.

They answered that their time was paid for by the company, and that, although one of them could be spared from his post without harm, neither felt at liberty to leave. I offered them five dollars, ten dollars, and hinted at a larger sum, but could not move either of them. I must then either go alone or lose the opportunity to hunt in a particularly promising locality, and pass the rest of the day and part of the night, till the arrival of the next train, in a wretched hovel, without any occupation whatever. I decided in favor of the former course; so buckling on my cartridge belt and throwing my rifle over my shoulder, I leaped the light fence in the rear of the house and the next moment was in a wilderness in which, without care, one could be hopelessly lost in a few moments. Consulting my compass often, and keeping in mind the speed with which I walked, I moved away from the station at a right angle with the railway.

The ground was nearly covered by mesquite-bushes growing in dense clumps, the spaces between being carpeted with fine, soft buffalo-grass that gave out no sound under the tread. I had travelled four or five miles, all of the time listening eagerly for game, when my attention was arrested by the breaking of a twig behind me. I dropped instantly behind a cactus-plant and lay perfectly still. So quiet was the air that the beating of my heart seemed to me to make a great noise. Looking steadily in the direction in which I had heard the cracking, I at length saw an apparent change of form going on in a small upturned stump, eighty or ninety yards away. One side of it, which presented a confused effect by reason of projecting roots, seemed to be gradually swelling out and becoming solid. Was I deceived? Surely that was a human head that was stealthily forcing itself into view. And what was that long black object, glistening just a little at the outer end, that I saw gradually working its way to a position in a straight line with me? It could be nothing else than a rifle. Then I heard a low, sharp click. The man before me was plainly one of the Mexican Indians that I had seen at the station. He had followed me to murder and rob me. He knew precisely where I lay, and waited only for me to rise a little, to send a bullet spinning through my forehead. Fortunately I was better concealed than he.

My mind worked rapidly. I thought of my pleasant home, my friends, the thousand experiences that made life sweet to me. I remembered that I had obligations to meet, work to do. Though I might have acted foolishly in entering into so wild a place alone, my purpose was honest, I intended no harm to anyone, I had a right to be there. Must I be shot down like a dog, by a miserable savage, that he might possess himself of the trinkets about my person? But could I trust my Winchester? True, the distance was short, but in such a crisis I lacked faith in a new and an almost untried weapon. My eye was on the sights, my finger on the trigger, and almost

unconsciously I pulled. A scream a dirty hand raised in the air, and then perfect stillness again. What next? Was I probably surrounded? If I should rise, should I be riddled with lead coming from all directions? I remained perfectly quiet for some time, and then crept cautiously toward my would-be murderer. He was dead, sure enough. I did not like to look at him. I started back toward the railway, intentionally describing a large circle in my course, and arrived after dusk. No Indians were in the station-house. The two white men looked surprised when they saw me. Said one of them: "Well, yer a lucky chap. Me an' Bill didn't 'xpect t' see yer no more 'round here 'live. Them air greasers hangin' 'round all th' time 'd jes like ter kill yer fer yer boots or yer hat, t' say nothin' 'bout yer pocket-book. We sh'd er told yer 'bout 'em, but didn't have no chance ter talk ter 'lone. They say yer handled a gun like 's yer were bro't up with one; p'raps they took yer fer one of them ere San Antonio blackies that shoot like ther mischief, and just d'light ter have er chance ter kill some un in a nat'ral sort er way. Why, three men've bin shot by them critters within er week in this place, and—"

"Why, I thought that happened at Luellen."

"Well, this is Luellen; folks used to call it Naucos River."

A moment more, and the west-bound express came roaring along, and soon afterward I was settled down in a comfortable berth for the night, but I could not keep out of my mind the dead man lying under the trees.—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

**Bull Whips a Lion.**

"The lion has been called the king of beasts, but I will back a bull of good fighting stock against anything that wears hair," said C. W. Court-right at the Southern.

"I was traveling in Mexico a few years ago, and at Monterey a little one-ring circus with menagerie attachment was exhibiting. In the outfit was a large and ferocious-looking lion, which was proclaimed as the terror of the animal creation.

A Mexican cattle man was an interested spectator, and while the tent was full he mounted a seat and offered to bet the proprietor of the show \$1000 that he had a bull that could whip the lion in ten minutes. The wager was accepted and the next day set for the battle in the local bull-pen. The lion was turned loose in the inclosure and a young lamb thrown to him. He killed and ate it and the taste of blood seemed to make him frantic. Then a black, wiry, Spanish bull was turned in. Without a moment's hesitation the lion sprang at him, but taurus caught him on his needle-like horns and threw him thirty feet.

The lion did not appear anxious to resume hostilities, but the bull was for a fight to a finish. He rushed at his enemy and gave him another savage toss. The lion retired to the farthest corner of the inclosure and tried to scramble out, but was clubbed back. The bull made another rush, and this time he drove a horn into his antagonist and nearly disemboweled him. Every bit of fight in the lion was gone. The bull stood in the centre of the inclosure pawing and bellowing, and the terror of the animal kingdom was dragged out and an attempt made to save his life. The bull was boss from the moment he entered the arena.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

**Medicine for the Hair.**

To brush and brush and still to brush is the best medicine for the hair, remembering always that it is the hair and not the scalp which is to receive this treatment, writes Mrs. Mallon in the Ladies' Home Journal. Upon the brush used depends a great deal. In the first place it must be immaculately clean, and one's brushes should be washed as religiously as one's face. The comb should be coarse, so that it will disentangle the hair if it is snarled, but if the hair is well brushed the comb really is of very little use. A fine comb is never advised. The brush should have long, soft bristles that go through the hair, taking with them every particle of dust and leaving behind them a glow that is beautiful.

**LADIES' DEPARTMENT.**

**WOMEN AS DOCTORS.**

Interesting data regarding the number of women in the medical profession has been collected. At the close of the year 1891 there were recorded in the medical directory 3385 physicians, 1059 regular physicians, 569 homoeopaths and 759 unclassified physicians.—[Atlanta Journal.]

**A CANOPY OF FLOWERS.**

The latest parol is a canopy of flowers arranged to cover the thin silk foundation. The most noticeable of these parols is a mass of violet and pink tinted orchids on a lining of violet silk. The hands are unique creations, which may secrete almost anything from a hair-pin to a powder puff. A pair of scissors, a fan and a small comb rolled out before the admiring eyes of a bystander recently, and the owner of the parol that held this collection was not in the least abashed.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

**A FAVORED, BUT TRYING TINT.**

Corn-flower blue is favored by fashion, but it is "trying" a tint as sea-green or silver-white. It is undeniably crude and uncomplimentary to most people, though attempts have been made to soften its admitted asperity by combining it with soft creams, fawns, gray, etc. But most milliners and modistes allow that it is useless to try to overcome the pronounced antagonism of this shade, and the women who insist on adopting this shade must content themselves with being fashionable at the expense of looks. Nearly all intense colors try the complexion, and even in extreme youth, with good health, the complexion will not always bear the test of striking color unrelieved.—[New York Post.]

**BRIDES MUST BE ORIGINAL.**

Every bride delights to give some touch of originality to her wedding fete, and florists and decorators are taxed to suggest or carry out some distinctive design. A couple recently stood under two large wedding rings of golden flowers hung over their heads by broad white ribbons. A background of another wedding was a screen of greens, on which a large true lovers' knot was designed in roses, while at still another wedding celebrated last week an arch of wedding bells made of white flowers spanned the entrance to the room where the ceremony was performed. In the heart of each floral bell was fastened a metal one, whose silver tinkle rang musically out with each air vibration.—[New York World.]

**THE WISE SHOPPER.**

A young woman who dresses beautifully on a limited allowance says that the secret of it all is in choosing the time when she makes the purchases. "If I want furs, I buy them just before the furriers pack away their goods in the spring, when they are glad to sell all kinds of trimmings at cost price to avoid the risk and expense in 'carrying them over' to another season. For my winter's hats and jackets I wait until after Christmas, when the rush for novelties is over and one can get lovely bonnets and wraps at the best places at just about half price. For summer fabrics and hats and trimmings of all kinds, ribbons, artificial flowers, gloves, stockings, everything, in fact, that goes to make up an attractive summer wardrobe, one will find the June and July reductions something quite wonderful."

**SHE RE-MADE VICTORIA'S HAT.**

A correspondent writes from London that the Princess of Wales made her own hats and bonnets before her marriage. The bonnet which the Queen wore at the jubilee services was practically made by the Princess of Wales. It was sent home looking heavy and ugly. Nobody dared return it to the milliner without the Queen's orders, and nobody liked to ask Her Majesty for such an order. So the ladies in waiting showed it to the Princess of Wales, knowing how clever she is in all such matters, and Her Royal Highness with her own

hands altered it and twisted it till it became an extremely becoming and tasteful head dress. The Princess chooses her own dresses and millinery with great care.

The tradespeople honored with her orders receive instructions to call at Marlborough House or Sandringham with patterns of material and designs drawn and colored for the dress to be made up. The little pieces of material are attached to the cardboard on which the water color drawings are executed, and these are sent in to the Princess. She very frequently takes her own brush or pencil and marks some alteration in the design, and the designer herself is usually bound to admit that the change is an improvement. The dress is then cut out and fitted on the model of the Princess's figure, which each of her dressmakers possess, and is sent home complete.—[New York Advertiser.]

**FASHION NOTES.**

Silken blouse or shirt-waists are in very general favor.

Roses are the most popular flower of the season in millinery.

Bishop sleeves are favored for gowns of thin, soft materials.

Waists with a single seam in the back are among the novelties.

Stiffly starched linen collars and widely flaring cuffs are fashionable.

Embroidered batistes and muslins in white are increasing in popularity.

Cotton gimp provides choice decorations for saphy gingham and chambrays.

Yoke-tops, shirred or flat, and often carried out to the sleeve-tops, are popular.

Chamois gloves, both in natural tint and white, will be worn this season.

Standing fans of plaited lace are favored ornaments for reasonable head-coverings.

Wash fabrics are more popular this season than at any time within the last half century.

Velvet sleeves and yokes with girldes to match are seen with dresses of very thin material.

A lately designed lounging-robe has full puff sleeves, and a notched yoke that gives it a decidedly novel appearance.

Large hats are seldom worn with driving-coats, because they are not trim enough, and are apt to prove unmanageable.

It is often the case that temptingly pretty pinks, blues and lilacs do not make the wearer look as well as some less obvious color.

Black stockings with polka dots of white or mode upon them are noticed, and so are the black stockings with long hair lines of white.

Plaid sarah and tartan moire, the latter combined with velvet plaided in tartan colors are offered for waistcoats, or for whole gowns, if anyone chooses to wear them.

Dandelion puffs of white silk or glittering jet and black or white thistle-down are mounted on long stems for trimming straw, lark or jet hats and bonnets of all kinds.

Stockings will frequently accord in hue with the dress skirt, or with the dainty silk petticoat worn beneath. Black hose are still popular, and, as a consequence, black over-gaiters also.

The latest comb is decorated with a removable enamelled bowknot that closely resembles ribbon. A set of bowknots may be provided with such a comb to admit of a daily change of the hair ornament.

From Paris the order comes that the sleeves of dresses are to extend only to the elbow, an order sensible in itself, but entailing extravagant consequences, for short sleeves call for long gloves, and those for summer wear must be light in color, fresh and dainty.

Pale green has been added to the list of colors in ultra-fashionable stationery. The lettering of the address is a darker shade of green, the sealing wax is almost in the same tint. With this paper the script must be written in with blackest ink flowing freely from a quill pen, and the result, if absolutely illegible, is certainly stylish.

**WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.**

The City of Mexico will have a special exhibit at the World's Fair.

GERMANY will be represented at the Columbian Exposition as it never has been at any previous international exposition.

The Pilot Commission of New York has decided to make an exhibit at the World's Fair in the Transportation department.

This old sailing bark "Progress" with its extensive number of masts carries and relics of whaling voyages, is now in the harbor at Chicago, and is being visited by hundreds of people.

WILLIAM L. LAPOLETTE, Superintendent of the World's Fair agricultural exhibits for the State of Wisconsin, is arranging for a complete model farm in miniature for the Washington exhibit.

It is announced that the Postmaster-General of the United States has decided to issue a new series of postage stamps, with designs appropriate to the commemoration of the discovery of America.

MR. LEUNG, the wealthiest Chinese merchant in Chicago, together with several influential Chinese of Canton, San Francisco and New York, have applied for space at the World's Fair for a big tea house.

NEW YORK will exhibit at the World's Fair sections of all the trees which are indigenous to the State. Of these there are forty-three species and eighty-five varieties, a number which is not exceeded, it is claimed, in any State in the Union.

PROFESSOR PUTNAM and his assistants, while engaged in collecting material for the ethnological exhibit at the World's Fair, have made a very important archaeological discovery near Fort Ancient, Ohio. It is that of a serpent, measured 1200 feet long and about ten feet thick.

NEW YORK will have a large exhibit of interesting historical relics at the World's Fair. Among them will be Washington relics, autographs of all the Presidents, autographs of the signers of the declaration of independence and famous men of the revolutionary war; portraits of famous citizens of New York, including those of all the Governors; model of Fulton's steamboat, and many other relics dating back to revolutionary times.

THE World's Fair buildings will be dedicated on the 22d of October instead of the 12th. Congress having passed a bill to that effect. October 21 is the exact anniversary of Columbus's landing, allowance being made for the correction in the calendar made by Pope Gregory. The change of the date of dedication was made in the interest of chronological accuracy, and also to oblige New York City, which will have a Columbian celebration on October 12.

"MARSHALL'S GOLD STOVE" will be exhibited at the World's Fair by California. It is said to be one of the most interesting of the innumerable objects which will be displayed at the great Exposition. This is the historical nugget which Marshall struck up in the American River, February 15, 1848, when selecting a site for Sutter's mill, and which constituted the first discovery of gold in California. The nugget is about the size of a lima bean, and an account of the site of the discovery, and the almost incalculable wealth and development which have resulted from its finding, is regarded as an almost priceless treasure.

**PROMINENT PEOPLE.**

FRANCE BERNACK is partly of Slav origin.

JUSTICE LAMAR'S long locks have been clipped close and are now quite gray.

It is fifty-nine years since Gladstone took his seat in the British House of Commons.

CARL SCHEER has built for himself a pretty summer cottage at Lake George, N. Y.

JULIUS MARSHALL is regarded by many people as the most popular musician in Paris.

BERNACK and Von Moltke once fought a duel over a girl when they were fellow students.

SENATORS HAWLEY, of Connecticut, and Gibson, of Louisiana, very much resemble each other.

GENERAL BIRWELL, the Prohibition candidate for President, will not do any campaign speaking.

RAMON HERRICK, the Hebrew philanthropist, is planning an extended tour through the United States and Canada.

JUSTICE BRIDGES, the new appointee to the Supreme Bench, is an cousin of James G. Blaine, his mother having been a Blaine.

RENS REYER, the famous English concert tenor, who is now an old man, has joined the teaching staff of the Guildhall school of Music, London.

WATSON H. SPERRY, of Delaware, the newly appointed Minister to Peru, is about forty-five years of age and a graduate of Yale, class of '71.

COLONEL ROBERT H. CROCKETT, Democratic candidate for Congress in the Sixth Arkansas District, is a grandson of the famous Davy Crockett.

THE Little Queen of Holland has had a uniform made for her in Europe. It is a striking reproduction of the traditional "Uncle Sam."

ROBERT H. FOLGER, of Massillon, Ohio, is claimed to be the oldest practicing attorney in the United States. He was born in Chester County, Penn., 1812, and began the practice of law thirty years thereafter.

CHARLES F. LUKENS, the young novelist and explorer, whose fame is beginning to spread beyond the pages of the magazine, is about thirty-two years old and has passed his recent years in the far Southwest.

KNUX NELSON, who is the Republican candidate for Governor of Minnesota, is familiarly called "The Little Norwegian." Mr. Nelson is short in stature, being about five feet, five inches in height, and wears a closely cropped, dark chin beard, streaked with gray. His profession is the law. In it, as in political life, he is especially popular with the Scandinavian citizens of the Northwest.

FRANK WASSERBACH, seventeen years old, was playing with some boys on the Harrison Pike, near Cincinnati, Ohio. A watermelon wagon passed along. The boys stepped up behind it and Wasserbach reached in under the curtain for a melon. He suddenly uttered a scream and drew out his arm bleeding fearfully and the head nearly hanging by the skin. He fell and fell to the ground. One of the boys stepped behind the watermelon wagon and concealed behind the curtain and with a large knife made its cutting motion, he chopped off Wasserbach's head.

NEWSPAPERLAND is rejoicing over the catching of four hundred seals by the seal fishery.