

WINDSOR LEDGER.

State Library

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT

THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY

VOL. X.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 12, 1893.

NO. 46.

The Old Friends.
The old friends, the old friends,
We loved when we were young,
With sunbeams on their faces,
And music on their tongue!
The bees are in the almond flower,
The birds renew their strain;
But the old friends once lost to us,
Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends!
Their brow is lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek,
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are old friends still
In youth and bloom the same,
As when we drove the flying ball,
Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men,
How slow they creep along!
How naughtily we scoffed at them
In days when we were young!
Their prying and their dozing,
Their prate of times gone by,
Their silver like an aspen leaf
If but a breath went by.

But we, we are the old men now,
Our blood is faint and chill;
We cannot leap the mighty brook,
Or climb the breakneck hill,
We mander down the shortest cuts,
We rest on stick or stile,
And the young men half ashamed to laugh
Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young men,
Their strength is fair to see;
The straight back and the springy stride,
The eye as falcon free,
The shout above the frolic wind,
As up the hill they go;
But, though so high above us now,
They soon shall be as low.

O weary, weary drag the years
As life draws near the end,
And sadly, sadly fall the tears
For loss of love and friend.
But we'll not doubt there's good about
In all of humankind;
So here's a health before we go,
To those we leave behind!

—[London Spectator.]

"MY ANSWER, PLEASE."

She was a bright little woman, with hazel eyes, perfect teeth, wavy hair and, when she wasn't "worked to death," a delicate, rosy complexion.

She had married very young—her ideal—and when after a few years later she could no longer hide from herself what a poor, weak bit of clay he really was, she made no moan, but set about the hard task of fitting the places of both father and mother to the three bright little children that came to them.

So well did she succeed that the little ones thought papa was the best and noblest man living. Fortunately, he departed this life before they discovered his frailties, leaving his wife a multitude of debts and only his life insurance to pay them with.

She was quite aware that creditors could not touch the money, but being honest she paid every bill, and then deposited the balance in the savings bank. It was such a small sum that, even with the most rigorous economy it would scarcely give them daily bread, let alone butter and meat occasionally, fuel, clothes, schoolbooks and the thousand necessary things which decency requires.

She made dainty trifles for parlors and boudoirs, which brought her a pretty penny, and this she augmented by making drawings of the said trifles and then writing the descriptions, which she sold to a ladies' periodical, so that altogether her children had a comfortable and even a charming home.

But it was hard work. She had no rest, no recreation whatever, and every day there was more need of money, and she seemed more tired when her old school friend, Mary Palmer, bought the corner house.

All the good things of life seemed to come to Mary Palmer—her marriage had been a brilliant one. Judge Palmer was one of earth's best, the possessor of great wealth, devoted to his family and honored by all who knew him.

Like a good husband he was interested in all his wife's friends, and though he would have scorned the idea of being a matchmaker he certainly did bring his old comrade, Captain Baker, to make a fourth in a game of euchre which his wife insisted on twice a week.

Captain Baker was a large, solid looking man. He was bald and a little gray, a man who paid little attention to women, for in war times he had been cruelly jilted by a gay coquette.

The old man she married was dead, and his widow made a practice of calling at the bank almost every day, for the captain of long ago was a bank

president now. Though she asked advice frequently about the disposal of her property, and smiled her sweetest on her old lover, it only disgusted him the more.

He had been on speaking terms with Mrs. Joyce ever since her marriage, for he and the departed Joyce were members of the same secret organization.

But he almost forgot her existence till he met her at the Palmers, and was charmed with her good sense, originality and absence of coquetry.

One evening Mrs. Joyce was quite surprised to have him ushered into her little sitting room. She was not making pretty things that night, however. The weekly wash had just come home and she was darning and patching.

She was a little embarrassed, it is true, but after shaking hands with him, she resumed her thimble, holding it a moment to the light so her needle would not slip through the holes, and while she chatted pleasantly her fingers flew, for time was money to her. Presently she said:

"I have a bit of news for you, Mrs. Joyce. I am thinking of getting married."

"Oh," she said: "am I to congratulate you?"

"Not yet; I haven't asked the momentous question."

"May I talk to you about marriage, Mr. Baker?"

"I shall be delighted to hear your views."

"I suppose you know that the majority of marriages are not happy ones, and that depravity is not the cause, since unhappiness enters all classes of society. In entering a partnership men have an agreement, and if either violates it the law is invoked, but in life partnership everything is taken for granted. Often the young woman who has been wooed assiduously scarcely receives any attention after marriage, and as the poet wrote of love, 'This woman's sole existence, and to deprive her of it is cruelty more than death. At the altar the man endows his wife with all his wealth, and too often she has to beg for every dollar and give an account of what she spends it for, while the husband's cigars and clubs cost more than the entire family expenses. Now, if you are one of those selfish men I can't wish you success in breaking a woman's heart. But if you make your wife happy you have my best wishes for success in wooing the woman of your choice."

She resumed her thimble and the needle flew swiftly to make up for lost time.

"I think your views are sensible ones, Mrs. Joyce; that is the way my mother used to talk to us. I shall endeavor to make my wife a happy woman, Mrs. Joyce; will you marry me?"

She looked up, her cheeks covered with blushes. "Oh, Mr. Baker, can you excuse me? I never supposed you thought of me."

He gently drew the work aside and holding both her hands, he said:

"My answer please?"

"Yes."—[Womankind.]

Some Hints About Driving.

Whether you drive a single horse or a team the principles are the same; but in driving a pair see to it that each horse does his share of the work, and no more. A pair of horses, moreover, unless well driven, are sure to get in the habit of wandering over the road.

To drive well you must keep your eye and your mind on your horse. Watch his ears. They will be pricked forward when he is about to shy, droop when he is tired, fly back just before he "breaks" (into a gallop), and before he kicks. Before kicking, too, a horse usually tucks in his tail, and hunches his back a little. When you observe any of these indications, speak to him sharply, and pull up his head.

You must watch the road also. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mud holes, and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time, do it where the ground slightly descends.

It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily

on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas, when the road now rises, and now falls, the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. As between a level road in a valley and an up-and-down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to travel. When you come to a long level stretch let your horse walk a bit in the middle of it.

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles, after coming out of the stable, a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed. On a journey it is of the utmost importance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable; give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unlikely to kick.—[Harper's Young People.]

Curiosities About Oranges.

The name "orange" is from the Latin *aurum*, meaning gold or of golden color. The fruit was originally a small bitter berry about the size of a common early Richmond cherry, and very seedy. It has been cultivated in Hindostan from a very remote period and was taken from that country to Arabia and Persia in the Eighth or Ninth centuries. It is said to have received little or no attention from cultivators of fruits in either of the countries last mentioned above, prior to the beginning of the Tenth Century, there being a tradition that it was a "cursed" fruit sent by Mohammed to destroy the unfaithful.

This reminds me that our common tomato was formerly supposed to be poisonous, it now being less than fifty years since it was only grown as a garden curiosity. But to the orange: In the Tenth and Eleventh centuries the horticulturists of Oman and Syria began the cultivation of the tree in earnest, the fruit going under the name of "bigarade." By the end of the Twelfth Century it had become quite abundant in all the countries of the Levant, the returning Soldiers of the Cross (Crusaders) bringing it with them upon their return from Jerusalem.

It was well known, but not extensively cultivated in either Italy, Spain or France before the middle of the Sixteenth Century, four hundred years after its introduction into the first named country, the hindrance being a survival and an addition to the old anti-Mohammedan tradition, viz: That the use of the fruit would cause the partaker to enroll himself with the legion of Islam whether he desired to or no.

The Spaniards finally attempted and succeeded in cultivating it in their West Indian colonies, and from there it found its way into Florida, Central America, Mexico and California, always improving in size and flavor until it became what it is to-day, one of the most perfect of fruits.

A Hint for Vegetarians.

Next month the vegetarians of the world are coming here to demonstrate that it is wholly unnecessary to maintain stock yards! The congress they will hold will be under the direction of the Bread and Food League of London. If prices of beef and mutton go up a little higher, and bacon is made unobtainable as a luxury, as now seems likely, this congress will be uncommonly welcomed during the World's Fair if it be as convincing about vegetables as butchers' bills have already become about meats.

"Corn Bread" Murphy ought to be on hand to give the vegetarians the most delicious article within their own menu they have ever eaten. The ordinary vegetarian knows nothing about the excellent properties of American maize.—[Chicago Herald.]

For the sake of Argument.

"Now, supposing I borrowed five dollars from you; that would represent capital, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"But, supposing, after a while, you wanted to get it back—"

"That would represent labor."

—[Life.]

France and Austria are away behind in the number of letters written

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HOW TO WEAR YOUR VEIL.

The small lace mask veils have quite gone out of fashion. A veil now must cover the chin, and is worn much more loosely than has been the custom for the past few years. Instead of fitting smoothly over the face it is gathered up in folds at the side and fastened at the back of the head.—[Boston Budget.]

CHAMBRAY PATTERNS.

Chambray dresses in robe patterns have this summer the most exquisite borders. They show insertions of lace bordered with bands of ribbon and are sometimes finished with a ruffle of the chambray elaborately embroidered in wash silk. Such patterns sell for \$14 to \$25, and are shown in a variety of designs and colors.—[New York World.]

THE ENGAGED GIRL.

A "seasoned bridesmaid" makes bitter complaint in woman of the behavior of engaged girls. It is an old grievance of the unengaged, but has rarely been set forth in such minute detail. The engaged ring finger plays a considerable part in this remonstrance. It is always being flaunted in the face of the engaged. If you tell the engaged person that she has a hairpin sticking out, up goes that finger to push it in. Every office that can possibly be done with one digit is sure to be done with the obtrusive engaged finger. Sometimes the engaged girl will drop in for a chat, but it is generally when her friend is tired and sleepy, and the chat is always about "him" and how he proposed, and how delightful it is to think that he has never cared for any other girl before, and how charming and sweet "his people" are. This remonstrator, who has been bridesmaid more than the fatal number of times, is beginning to sigh for a place where they will be "no marriages or giving in marriage."—[London News.]

STYLE IN TRAVELLING DRESSES.

All travelling dresses are made quite plain in what dressmakers call "demi-tailor" style. It is fitted smoothly and closely around the hips and flares slightly at the foot. In the case of a fine goods like cheviot, the skirt is usually suspended over a slip skirt of taffeta silk, which may take the place of the petticoat of taffeta silk. Hop-sackings, however, are open in weave and require a lining of thin taffeta silk, the object being to keep the gown as light as possible and not add the burden of a heavy skirt to the weariness of travel.

For the same reason, ladies often have two travelling suits—one of wool for ordinary weather and one of India silk for oppressive summer days. The majority of wool travelling dresses are simply trimmed with several rows of stitching above the hem, or at most with rows of braid or bands of bengaline silk. The braid and band trimmings are put on with a considerable space between them or in groups at the knee and at the foot. Dark blue hop-sackings which are in special favor are very often trimmed with black braid of the serpentine weave, which lies in distinct curves around the skirt.—[New York Tribune.]

HINDU BEAUTIES.

Many of the women of India, and especially those of Kashmir, are very beautiful. The worst of it is, that not only are the most beautiful ones seldom seen, but even their portraits are difficult to obtain. Either they or their husbands appear to look with rooted distrust on the photographer, and even when their photographs are taken they rarely give permission for copies to be sold. In typical Hindu beauty the skin is just dark enough to give a rich, soft appearance to the complexion, the features are regular, the eyes mild and black, and shaded by long silken lashes; the hands and feet are small and elegant; formed, the demeanor is modest, the manners gentle, the voice low and sweet. Such a combination of good points may not often be met with, but when it is, who shall say what havoc is wrought among the hearts of the male beholders? There are good-looking women occasionally among the middle class Hindus, as well as

among the upper ten; and even among the low castes the faces are sometimes very pleasing.

Many a Hindu woman, who has perhaps little pretension to beauty of face, has nevertheless the step and carriage of a princess; and if one is not too fastidious about perfection of eyes and mouths and noses, her figure, as she walks down the street with her load on her head, is truly a beautiful object. Jewelry is often worn to excess in India, as among other Orientals, and the horrid nose ring is sometimes so large that it has to be fastened back to the ear by a delicate chain to keep it from interfering with the mouth.—[New York Commercial Advertiser.]

HOW PHILADELPHIA WOMEN DRESS.

Nowhere do women dress more conservatively on the street than in Philadelphia, says the Times, of that city. New Yorkers may be prepossessing and have a more dashing air, but they are not one whit superior to that of the bright eyed stylish girls who are daily seen on Chestnut street. Silk gowns, gaudy passementerie and jewelry are all out of place for wear on the street. The tailor-made costume in its simplicity and perfection of fit, together with a close little hat, the hair smooth, the boots neatly buttoned and the gloves well fitting, form an ideal costume that is suitable at all times and places.

For a time the wearing of jewelry on the street or at other times when it was decidedly unsuitable was abandoned, but it is to be regretted that there are now numerous evidences of shoddyism in the wearing of diamonds at the breakfast table and on other occasions that do not call for ornamentation of any kind. This is merely a hint dropped to those who perhaps err from ignorance, and it is to be hoped that the seed will fall upon good ground and bring forth fruit in the form of more appropriate dressing among a certain few whose aim it appears to be to make themselves conspicuous.

FASHION NOTES.

Just one more summer is pleaded for the somewhat tiresome sailor hat. All shades of tan, brown, green, mouse-color, and blue are very popular.

Signs of the roofing of the sails of the puffed sleeves, so to speak, are noted.

A new pale tint of soft grayish green has appeared. It is suggestive of a Corot landscape.

The close cottage bonnet is prominent in the millinery exhibits of the coming season. It is universally becoming, easily managed and liked by everybody.

Some of the new French toilettes show a lace net or other diaphanous textile falling as a full straight Empire drapery over a close-fitting princess dress of silk, satin, or brocade.

An extremely dainty Chantilly lace, called the Columbus, has as a design the Santa Maria, the historic caravel which will be forever associated with the discoverer of America.

Cheviot goods are trimmed a good deal with velveteen, and have for the foot trimming a plain band of it, or sometimes a trimming of alternate bows of material and velveteen is used.

White canvas footwear will be in vogue this season, but will not be conspicuously popular. The red shoes with red stockings will retain favor for summer piazza wear and for negligence use.

Gulpure and all the beautiful laces still go on their way rejoicing in fashion's smiles, while ribbons in all the old patterns and colors suggest countless varieties of design for the new weavings.

Doors have become of late very decorative. Probably one of the finest on Fifth avenue, New York city—aside from the Vanderbilts—is that of Miss Helen Gould's house, with its quartered oak, wrought iron work, plate glass and lace curtains within.

One of the very popular skirts for stout women is the nine-gored model. It fits closely at the top, and presents the approved distended effect at the bottom. It has a front of gore, three gores at each side, and two gores at the back. Slender people prefer the five-gored Empire skirt, which leaves somewhat more fulness at the top.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The oldest living American poet is Isaac Williams, aged eighty-eight.

Baltimore has started a fund for a statue of her son, Booth, the tragedian.

Governor McKim, of Ohio, was made a Knight of Pythias at Columbus recently.

Among the official family of the new Governor at Washington are Messrs. William, Chow Chick and Chang Hong Wang.

Congressman O'Neill, of Philadelphia, the "father of the House," has served continuously in Congress over thirty years.

John Weyner, of Haddon, the newly elected Grand Master of the Odd Fellows of Pennsylvania, has a record, was a naval aviator in his younger days.

David Starr Jordan has resigned the Presidency of the Leland Stanford University because Senator Stanford did not approve of his methods of managing it.

Miss Vytlan Sargrove, the daughter of John Sargrove, is sixteen years old. She is studying for the stage at Buffalo, N. Y., and will make her debut next fall.

Professor John H. Ferry has been inaugurated as President of Knox College at Galesburg, Ill. He is said to be the youngest college President in the United States.

Captain A. G. Thompson, of the Thibaults line, has been knighted by the King of Denmark on account of the captain's long service, he having made 125 voyages across the Atlantic.

Warren Leland, last survivor of two brothers who made the name of Leland famous in the hotel business from the Atlantic to the Pacific, died at Port Chester, N. J., a few days ago.

The oldest living graduate of West Point is General George A. Green, of New York City, who graduated in 1821, and served with distinction in the War. He is now in his sixty-second year, and is living with a son.

Charles Butler, of New York City, now in his ninety-third year, shook hands with Lafayette when that great Frenchman paid his last visit to this country. Mr. Butler is still active and has lively recollections of the Marquis.

Francis Bellizzi is said to have ordered three sets of newspaper clippings concerning her visit to the United States. The Infanta may be aristocratic, but she loves to read what is written about her, just as ordinary people do.

"Nay" M. Brennan, recently appointed United States Marshal of Utah, will be remembered by Harvard men of about fifteen years back as one of the most noted tenors who ever sang in the Glee Club. He is a classmate of Theodore Roosevelt and Josiah Quincy.

It is reported that in spite of his lavish expenditure of money William Waldorf Astor is not getting all the recognition he would like in England. Mr. Astor's literary tastes have nothing to do with his social position, and as there are hundreds of Englishmen who write better than he does he has not yet got the Thames on fire.

Governor Flower, of New York, is a source of the keenest anguish to the members of the Four Hundred when he appears to take part in a social function at the metropolis. He refuses to have his trousers crossed, wears an ill-fitting and rather rusty coat and a silk hat that has not been brushed, apparently, since it was bought.

Ex-President Harrison leads a very quiet life in Indianapolis. He is seldom seen of the streets, and never goes into society. He has not returned to his former life with the 44 veterans, Messrs. Miller and Blair, but a desk in the office of Howard Cole, where he transacts his private business and works up the lectures which he will deliver at Stanford University this fall.

THE LABOR WORLD.

Iowa now has a State Federation of Labor Unions, France is a co-operative village, Holland bakers get from \$2 to \$7 a week, Great Britain reports 1,000,000 unemployed, Over 500 unemployed theatrical people are said to be in Chicago at present, For Government railroad employes 20,000 dwellings have been erected in Russia, A Massachusetts law prohibits the employment of children under sixteen years of age, The first violators of a first-class sympathy orchestra earn from \$3500 to \$4000 a year, In Europe they demand compulsory trade unions to be managed by the Government, In the United Kingdom there are 994 co-operative societies, with 221,000 members, New York has a population of working-women reaching its round figure to about 300,000, Over 25,000 women in this country are engaged in the decoration of different kinds of china and pottery, In France the railways employ 24,000 women. Most of them, however, merely receive a small sum for opening and closing gates, In Indiana children under fourteen must not be employed in factories, and those of that age must not be worked over eight hours, A new Pennsylvania law fixes the maximum week's work of miners at sixty hours. Children under thirteen must not be employed, Lead pencil makers get \$7 weekly, but the work appears to be unwholesome. The hours are shorter than in some other lines, and the work is lighter. The operators commence at about twenty years, The great difficulty in coffee-growing in Costa Rica is to secure good labor. South Sea Islanders, like Chinese, refuse to work for the small wages and the native Indians run away as soon as they get a chance to go, In South Africa the Kaffir women have formed a union to which the members have to give a "character" for their mistress. No member is allowed to enter upon a situation unless the registered character of the mistress of the house is satisfactory, Accidents to official reports, the total number of persons employed in and about the mines of Great Britain and Ireland is 721,028. Of this total, 571,840 were men working underground, 143,889 were men working above ground, and the remaining 106,299 were women working above ground. The total number of fatal accidents during the past year was 962, and the number of deaths resulting therefrom was 1054. This is at the rate of one death by accident to every 679 persons employed, Auditor Ackerman made a statement to members of the World's Fair that almost took their breath away. He said that the salary list for May reached the total of \$850,000, and that more than 6000 employees were on the pay roll during that period. There was a general examination that the running expenses were at least \$400,000 a month too high, and the announcement was made that Director of Works Durban had decided to drop 3000 men from the roll, Governor Pennington, of Arkansas, has written a letter to President Cleveland protesting against the Government's neglect of the lower river, thinking it nearly empty.