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The Word He Didn't Say.

When we went to campmeetin' I had a word to say—
But I kept a-pullin' roses—likethey all was in the way!
An' I did say: "Here's a red 'un! an' this violet—ain't it blue?"
But what I wanted most to say was—"ain't as sweet as you!"
I recollect, 'twas ramin': no, 'pears like the sun was out,
Fer I seen your curls a-shinin' on your neck an' roundabout;
An' the moon was—no, she wasn't!—don't think the moon had riz!
(When a feller's got a sweetheart don't she turn that head o' his!)

When we went to campmeetin'—here goes! I had a word
To say to you, and that was jes the one that wasn't heard!
But, since you ain't here listenin', with them bright curls round your brow,
I'll say, I love you! an'—an'—an' I'm lovin' of you now!

—FRANK L. STANTON in Atlanta Constitution.

A TIGER'S PLAYTHING.

BY CHARLES D. ROBERTS.

In India once I went out on a hot, dusty plain near the Ganges, with my rifle and one native servant, to see what I could shoot. It was a dismal place. Here and there were clumps of tall grass and bamboos, with now and then a tamarisk-tree. Parrots screamed in the trees, and the startled caw of some Indian crows made me pause and look around to see what had disturbed them.

The crows almost, at once settled down again into silence, and as I saw no sign of danger, I went on carelessly. I was alone, for I had sent back my servant to find my match-box, which I had left at the place of my last halt; but I had no apprehensions, for I was near the post, and the district was one from which, as was supposed, the tigers had been cleared out some years before.

Just as I was musing upon this fact, with a tinge of regret because I had come too late to have a hand in the clearance, I was crushed to the ground by a huge mass which seemed to have been hurled upon me from behind. My head felt as though it had been dashed with icy or scalding water, and then everything turned black.

If I was stunned by the shock, it was only for an instant. When I opened my eyes, I was lying with my face in the sand. Not knowing where I was or what had happened, I started to rise, when instantly a huge paw turned me over on my back, and I saw the great yellow-green eyes of a tiger looking down upon me through their narrow black slits.

I did not feel horror-stricken; in fact, so far as I can remember, I felt only a dim sense of resignation to the inevitable. I also remember that I noticed with curious interest that the animal looked rather gratified than ferocious.

I don't know how long I lay there, stupidly gazing up into the brown eyes but presently I made a movement to sit up, and then I saw that I still held my rifle in my hand. While I was looking at the weapon, with a vague harassing sense that there was something I ought to do with it, the tiger picked me up by the left shoulder and made off with me into the jungle; and still I clung to the rifle, though I had forgotten what use I should put it to.

The grip of the tiger's teeth upon my shoulder I felt but numbly, and yet, as I found afterward, it was so far from gentle as to have shattered the bone.

Having carried me perhaps half a mile, the brute dropped me and raising her head uttered a peculiar, soft cry. Two cubs appeared at once in answer to the summons, and bounded up to meet her. At the first glimpse of me, however, they sheered off in alarm, and their dam had to coax them for some minutes, rolling me over softly with her paw, or picking me up and laying me down in front of them, before she could convince them that I was harmless.

At last the youngsters suffered themselves to be persuaded. They threw themselves upon me with eager though not very dangerous ferocity and began to maul and worry me. Their claws and teeth seemed to awaken me for the first time to a sense of pain. I threw off the snarling little animals roughly and started to crawl away. In vain the cubs tried to hold me. The

mother lay watching the game with satisfaction.

Instinctively I crept toward a tree, and little by little the desire for escape began to stir in my dazed brain. When I was within a foot or two of the tree the tiger made a great bound, seized me in her jaws, and carried me back to the spot whence I had started.

"Why," thought I to myself, "this is just exactly the way a cat plays with a mouse!"

At the same moment a cloud seemed to roll off my brain. No words of mine can describe the measureless and sickening horror of that moment when realization was thus suddenly flashed upon me.

At the shock my rifle slipped from my relaxing fingers; but I recovered it desperately, with a sensation as if I had been falling over a precipice.

I knew now what I wanted to do with it. The suddenness of my gesture, however, appeared to warn the tiger that I had yet a little too much life in me. She growled and shook me roughly. I took the hint, you may be sure, and resumed my former attitude of stupidity; but my faculties were now alert enough and at the cruelest tension.

Again the cubs began mauling me. I repelled them gently, at the same time looking to my rifle. I saw that there was a cartridge ready to be projected into the chamber. I remembered that the magazine was not mere than half-empty.

I started once more to crawl away, with the cubs snarling over me and trying to hold me; and it was at this point I realized that my left shoulder was broken.

Having crawled four or five feet, I let the cubs turn me about, whereupon I crawled back toward the old tiger, who lay blinking and actually purring. It was plain that she made a good meal not long before, and was, therefore, in no hurry to dispatch me.

Within about three feet of the beast's striped forehead I stopped and fell over on my side, as if all but exhausted. My rifle-barrel rested on a little tussock. The beast moved her head to watch me, but evidently considered me past all possibility of escape, for her eyes rested as much upon her cubs as upon me.

The creatures were tearing at my legs, but in this supreme moment I never thought of them. I had now thoroughly regained my self-control.

Laboriously, very deliberately, I got my sight and covered a spot right behind the old tigress' forehead, low down. From the position I was in, I knew this would carry the bullet diagonally upward through the heart. I should have preferred to put a bullet through the brain, but in my disabled condition and awkward posture I could not safely try it.

Just as I was ready, one of the cubs got in the way and my heart sank. The old tiger gave the cub a playful cuff which sent it rolling to one side. The next instant I pulled the trigger—and my heart stood still.

My aim had not wavered a hair's breadth. The snap of the rifle was mingled with a fierce yell from the tiger, and the long-barred body straightened itself up in the air and fell over almost on top of me. The cubs sheered off in great consternation.

I sat up and drew a long breath of thankful relief. The tiger lay beside me, stone dead.

I was too weak to walk at once, so I leaned against the body of my vanquished foe and rested. My shoulder was by this time setting up an anguish that made me think little of my other injuries. Nevertheless, the scene about me took on a glow of exquisite color. So great was the reaction that the very sunlight seemed transfigured.

I know I fairly smiled as I rapped the cubs on the mouth with my rifle barrel. I felt no inclination to shoot the youngsters, but I would have no more of their-ardent attentions. The animals soon realized this and lay down in the sand beyond my reach, evidently waiting for their mother to reduce me to proper submission.

I must have lain there half an hour, and my elation was rapidly subsiding before the agony in my shoulder, when at last my man, Gunjeet, appeared, tracking the tiger's traces with stealthy caution.

He had not waited to go for help, but had followed up the beast without

delay, vowing to save me or avenge me before he slept.

The cubs, on his approach, had run off into the covert, so we set out at once for the post. When I got there I was in a raging fever, which with my wounds, kept me laid up for three months.

On my recovery, I found that Gunjeet had gone the next day and captured the two cubs, which he had sent down the river to Benares, while the skin of the old tiger was spread luxuriously on my lounge.

You will not wonder that the sight of a cat playing with a mouse has become somewhat distasteful to me since that experience. I have acquired so keen a sympathy for the mouse!—[Youth's Companion.

Concerning a Marvellous Musician.

From his earliest childhood Ole Bull was exceedingly sensitive to music. His uncle who belonged to a quartet club, used, when playing on the violoncello, to put the little fellow in the empty case, and keep him there until his nervous excitement made it impossible for him to remain. In spite of this excitement, he narrowly observed all that the players did; he knew the sounds of the notes long before he could name them; and when at the age of five his uncle made him the proud possessor of a little scrap of a violin—which he received with kisses and embraces—to every one's amazement, he played upon it at once with remarkable correctness.

His next violin was given to him, at his earnest solicitation, two or three years afterward, by his father. He could not sleep for thinking of it. When he heard his father and mother drawing the deep breath of sleep, he rose and lighted a candle, and tiptoed to the room where the dear violin lay, in order to open the case for one delighted look. "The violin was so red," said he, as Mrs. Childs reported, "and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings, just a little with my fingers. It smiled at me ever more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me that it would be pleasant to try it across the strings. So I did try it—just a very, very little. And it did sing to me so sweetly! Then I did creep farther away from the bedroom. At first I did play very soft. I make very, very little noise. But presently I did begin a capriccio which I like very much; and it did grow ever louder; and I forgot it was midnight and everybody asleep. Presently I hear something go crack! And the next minute I feel my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I weep much for it; but it is no good. They did have a doctor for it next day, but it never recovered its health."

His father had meant that he should be a clergyman, and in due time the boy was placed at the University of Gottingen. But it was quite useless—study or not, music would get the upper hand.—[From Harper's Weekly.

The Moon is Not a True Globe.

Did you ever stop to consider the fact that the inhabitants of this earth have never seen but one side of the moon, and to inquire the reason why such is the case? The explanation is this: The moon makes one revolution on her axis in the same period of time that she takes up in revolving once around the earth, thus the same geographical region of the lunar surface is always toward us. As one explanation usually calls for another, it may not be out of place to mention the fact that the reasons the two motions of the moon above referred to so nearly coincide are these: The moon is not a true globe, but is very elliptical in form. It did not, in all probabilities, originally start on its axial rotation with precisely the same velocity with which it moved around the earth, but the very best astronomers say that the two motions were not far apart in the start. Assuming that the moon was semi-liquid, or at least soft in those remote days, the earth's attraction caused the lunar surface to elongate, and, in the untold ages which followed, its axial rotation (owing to the attractive influence of both the earth and the sun) was made to correspond with its orbital movement around the earth.—[St. Louis Republic.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SALT FOR THE GARDEN.

Salt is especially useful for the garden. This is usually a plot of ground that has had an excess of stable manure for several years, and without mineral fertility to make it do all the good it should. While plants do not need the mineral the salt furnishes, it helps no less surely by making other plant food, including the mineral phosphate, available for crops. For this reason salt does best on rich land that for any reason is not producing as it should.—[Boston Cultivator.

WATERING TROUGHS IN STALLS.

An experiment has been made abroad to test the advantages of having watering troughs in the stalls, allowing the cows to drink at will.

A herd of Dutch cows was kept for a time in ordinary stalls, and water brought to them twice daily; they were then changed to stalls having troughs in each manger with constant water supply; and afterwards they were changed back again to the ordinary stalls and watered twice.

The milk yield increased on an average 0.53 liter per cow daily, and there was no decrease in fat contents. The increased yield is calculated to be about 100 liters per cow annually. The cows drank a little less when allowed to drink at will than when watered twice a day.—[New York World.

AN IMPROVED HORSE STALL.

The following is a description of an improved horse stall, the merit of which consists in its simplicity, says the Live Stock Record:

In the center of the stall—a box stall—a pit is dug 18 inches in diameter, and three feet deep. Into this is put cobblestones 3 to 5 inches in diameter, until they reach the top. Three large flat stones are placed over them, which just fill the top of the pit. A load of ground limestone is then spread around the outer edge of the stall and raked towards the centre, giving it a gentle slope in this direction. Over this is spread two inches of yellow clay which is well tamped.

The stall, when thus completed, is like an oval dish, and carries all the urine to the centre and into the pit, where it gradually soaks away. There being no opening in the bottom of the pit, no bad odor comes back into the stable, as so often is done when a drain pipe is used to carry off the urine. Another advantage of this stall is the shape, which more nearly fits the horse while lying down, and requires less straw for bedding.

COST OF COW MILKING.

Your correspondent asks what he can afford to pay for having women do the milking. We have several times had an arrangement with the wives of our tenants for milking morning and evening, and have paid ten cents for each service—that is, twenty cents per day. This is based upon an hour's service at each milking, at the rate of \$1 for a day's work. In an hour's time a good milker ought to milk ten cows.

There are several reasons why women are to be preferred for milkers when they can be had, or when a portion of the force can be women. Their natural manual dexterity is greater than that of men, and they will milk with more rapidity and with greater ease to the cows, which means that they will get more milk, and the udders of the cows will be kept in better condition. The presence of women at milking time checks rude conversation and boisterous conduct, and the quieter the stable can be kept the better, especially if you have any nervous cows. The men are not apt to neglect the thorough cleaning of the stalls or brushing of the cows in occasional absence of the proprietor if they know that women are to aid in the milking. The average man, born or long resident in the country, looks upon every woman as a lady, and entertains for her a respectful courtesy which keeps him upon his good behavior in her presence. H. will be making a good move to introduce as many women as he can among his milkers.—[Jaques, in Country Gentleman.

THE SHEEP'S FOOT.

The sheep's foot is constructed in quite a different manner from that of the horse, which is known as a solid

or single hoofed animal. The space between the claws of the double hoof of ruminants is a place of danger, and quite often the seat of disease. And this is more imminent in the sheep than in the ox. This space is protected on the inside by a thick skin, covered with hair, to relieve the friction, but is frequently ground down to the tissue underneath it, by the grit of sandy or gravelly pastures. The horn of the front part of the hoof, too, grows in such a manner as to invite disease as it extends beneath the sole, when in a soft condition produced by wet ground, and then turns under and gathers filth, which soon corrodes the softened sole, and lays bare the vascular tissue of the interior of the foot, which then becomes diseased by exposure to the ground, and by the poisonous influence of the decomposing matter of the horn. The lameness then begins, that in time increases and spreads to the inner parts of the foot, which suppurate and discharge matter, that acts as an inflammatory poison, and quickly causes gangrene of the whole foot. This then produces a poisonous virus, which affects the soil, and communicates the disease to other sheep whose feet may be in the least injured by overwearing, or softening of the horn, and are neglected by the shepherd. Thus it is imperative that the flock should not only be watched for the first appearance of disease, but examined frequently, to detect approaching danger. The common and effective remedy is to keep all excess of horn pared down, to shorten the toes when they are too long, and to apply an ointment of pure vaseline, slightly carbolated, to any raw or sore parts. The disease known as foot rot, whether simple or malignant and contagious, is easily managed at the outset by this treatment. But when the whole flock becomes diseased, through neglect, and the pastures are permanently poisoned by the virus, the case becomes serious, and thorough measures must be taken to save the flock.—[American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Prepare a new strawberry bed.

Live stock raising improves the soil.

A mule is always salable at some price.

Bad water will affect the milk the cows give.

For all kinds of live stock running water is best.

Every horse on the farm should earn its own living.

Onions should be gathered as soon as the tops die.

Dehorning should only be practised in cool weather.

Deep culture of tomatoes is far better than shallow.

Strawberries set out in the fall will bear next season.

Blackberries may be planted either in the fall or spring.

Nitrate of soda is beneficial to almost all fruits and vegetables.

A double gaited horse is generally faster as a pacer than a trotter.

Breed a good dam to a first-class sire if you wish to insure a good colt.

Cattle prefer sorghum to corn fodder on account of the sweet taste.

Those farmers who raise scrubs must be content with scrub prices.

Thinning fruit is necessary if a product of the first quality is desired.

Keep a little oats within reach of the colts. They will soon learn to eat it.

Much of the weakness and lack of vigor among chickens is due to inherited disease.

Burning all the trimmings of the grape-vines and fruit-trees will destroy many insects.

Be careful the breeding fowls are free from taint of disease. Roup is especially liable to be transmitted.

The quality of the milk depends largely upon the quality and quantity of the food given the cow four or five hours before milking.

It is a good plan to provide feed troughs for chickens. Make them so the chicks cannot get into the feed and soil it, and so they can be cleaned and washed often.

An ointment of lard, one-half part, one-fourth sulphur and one-fourth kerosene, well applied on head and under wings, will remove lice. Apply in small quantities and often.

THE LABOR WORLD.

TAILORS have 200 unions.
JAPAN mills run on Sunday.
CANADA has 6000 union men.
THREE are 311 molders' unions.
CANADIAN farmers need workers.
FALL RIVER, MASS., has 8000 weavers.
KANSAS wants a State employment bureau.
ONLY one-sixth of the K. of L. has work.
MONTANA Mill posters have formed a State union.

STRIKING miners in Belgium are returning to work.

CALIFORNIA grape pickers get \$1 a day and board.

TWELVE per cent. of the industrial classes are women.

Some Fall River (Mass.) weavers have had their wages cut twenty per cent.

A FREE labor bureau and free soup have been introduced by business men at Fresno, Cal.

THERE are eighty-five women in Great Britain engaged in the occupation of chimney sweeping.

THE German Iron and Steel Manufacturers' Union embraces 314 firms who employ 241,000 men.

COOKS of all Nations are to have a fair and best in Paris next year, with prizes for "hours of service."

THE Buffalo (N. Y.) Iron Trades' Council protested against the employment of Canadians on a local job.

In Philadelphia 23,000 hands formerly employed in the carpet, woollen and knitting mills are out of work.

THE number of men now employed at the Mare Island (Cal.) Navy Yard is 700, the largest force there in years.

SCORES of men have been sprung at Ironwood, Mich., to feed 500 Polish and Finnish laborers out of employment.

At Fresno, Cal., Chinese vineyard and orchard workers are abducted at night by the wagon load and dumped into the local Chinatown.

THE most skilled workman in New York is an operative whose business it is to make the lenses of astronomical instruments. This man has but one eye.

THE end of the long colliers' strike in England is announced. The men have accepted the intermediation of the mayors of the cities in the mining districts and will resume work at their old wages, but with a reduction of ten per cent. to take effect in December.

ABOUT ten thousand men will be needed in California's mining center, where two months' work will be available. The wage paid is seventy-five cents a day and board, or \$1.15 without board. Chinese are being dumped there by the carload, to the chagrin of thousands of white idle men in nearby cities.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

QUEEN VICTORIA is a skilful knitter, and works at it indoligably.

FORD MADDOCK BROWN, the English painter, died a few days since in London at the age of seventy-two years.

SEVEN hundred live larks constitute the queer present lately sent by the King of Italy to the German Emperor.

SENATOR WELCHOTT, of Colorado, has the reputation of being the greatest par excellence of Congress and his tips are so generous that the waiters grow rich on them.

THE late Arthur Elder Nelson is said to have made about \$12,000 a year writing dime and half-dime novels, and he didn't waste any of it on pistols and bowie knives to go hunting bears and Indians.

THE Queen of England has approved the appointment of the Earl of Eglinton as Viceroy of India. The new Viceroy is the eldest son of the eighth Earl of Eglinton, who was appointed Governor-General of India in January, 1862, and who died in office November, 1867.

THE youngest judge in this country is said to be Henry W. Scott, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Oklahoma. He is twenty-eight years old. At the age of twenty-two he was Register of the land office at Larned, Kan. He has written several legal works.

DENNIS FLETCHER, delegate in Congress from Oklahoma, has stated claims in half a dozen States, practiced law in Iowa, edited a paper in Kansas, acted as Postmaster at Guthrie and narrowly escaped getting shot several times during the whopful, early days of the Territory.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is said to be a most laborious writer.—He rewrites his manuscript to such an extent that at the end of the day scarcely one of the original sentences remains unchanged. Occasionally he spends three weeks on a single chapter and then throws it away.

THE Duke of York must be acquiring a considerable library, for it is said that he is preserving all the newspaper references touching on any part of his life. Now, of course, he has added those about his bride. The volumes are handsomely bound, and have solid gold clasps, which display the Duke's initials beautifully engraved.

SIX members of the United States Senate have passed the seventieth year of their age. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, heads the list with his eighty-three years. Next comes Mr. Palmer, of Illinois, who is seventy-six. Mr. Harris, of Tennessee, is seventy-five; Mr. Fugh, of Alabama, is seventy-three, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, and Mr. Hanton, of Virginia, are each seventy years old.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THERE are 23,000 blind people in England and Wales.

GREAT BRITAIN makes over 120,000 bicycles a year.

A WOMAN has been nominated for Curator in Leavenworth, Kan.

NEW churches built in America last year numbered nearly 10,000.

A FINE of \$100 is the penalty for sending a false fire alarm in London.

THERE is a premium offered on the Columbian postage stamps in Europe.

WASHINGTON'S hop crop this year is one of the largest and finest ever known.

BOSTON has more electric trolley cars running in its streets than any other city in the world.

THE houses of the leading millionaires of New York are mostly guarded by secret police.

BROOKLYN'S population, according to the census of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, is 1,000,000.

THE expense of carrying on the city government of New York next year will be \$26,000,000.

THE wheat yield of Kansas is 24,212,445 bushels, an increase of 3,000,000 over the best-ever estimate.

FREDERICK COLLIER, who brutally murdered his wife, was arrested while praying in a San Francisco church.

MISS OLLIE CLARK, one of the "rough riders" who got a lot in Perry, Cherokee Strip, has sold by claim for \$200.