THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY

VOL. XI.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1893.

NO. 19.

Ring out in joy, O shining bells, For in your melody there dwells The music glad of Christmas-tide On every hearthstone far and wide, And rosy lips with laughter sweet The happy song of life repeat-Ring out in joy!

Ring out in hope, O chiming bells, For your clear voice of patience tells To waiting hearts whose promise yields No golden fruit of harvest-fields, Whose garnered grain of toiling hand Lies heaped upon a barren land-Ring out in hope!

Ring out in grief, O chiming bells, For in your trembling echo dwells To saddened hearts a thought of old, A picture framed in memory's gold, A vanished face beneath the snow. A dream of life's sweet long ago-Ring out in grief!

Ring out in cheer, O chiming bells, For in your peals a promise dwells To listening hearts that strive to hear The future's voice of hope and cheer; For love and joy will have their birth As snowdrops spring from icy earth-Ring out in cheer!

Ring out in peace, O chiming bells, For Christmas-tide a message tells To eager souls that bravely wait, And loyal hearts too strong for fate To erash to earth; oh, listen then-'Tis "peace on earth, good will to men"-Ring out in peace! -Clara Lee Puchette.

Nora Ellis's Victory.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.



HRISTMAS came on Sunday that year. The people of Thompson's Corners had organized a Sunday-school, and all the little children

from Pretty lake to the huckleberry marshes had gathered there in a juvenile effort at worship.

Of course the prospect of a Christmas tree, with a distinct pledge that it would be loaded with presents in the evening, may have stimulated the halfgrown piety of the children, but I don't know as their elders, who are good because heaven will reward such a course, have any advantage of them.

Nora Ellis was managing the festivities. She had been busy for days and days with trips to town and journeys to the school-house. She had burdened her own plump hands, and the arms of half the pupils with packages of candles, candies, popcorn strung on thread, and festooned cranberries that should depend at last from the rising green branches of the Christmas tree. She had called commands in a strong, sweet voice to men who drove to market, and laughed her greeting to assistants while they were yet a great greeting from some of the farmer boys. | the echo of that midnight mandate: way off.

In the midst of it all Nora had thought now and then what Christmas meant, and her heart was gentle, as hearts should be, when her fancy conjured up the star in the east; when that finer ear which never bends to less than heavenly music caught the rhythm of that anthem which filled the sky one distant night in a distant land.

Yet one thorn troubled her. She tried to forget Ed Morrow and their quarrel, but the thought would come back and confront her. She remembered how happy she was in the summer time, when she walked with him along this same plain road and thrilled as a good girl will when the angel of true love troubles the waters of her waiting soul.

He had wandered away with the sun, as the summer ended, and she heard of low the clamor of their louder singing, him now and then from friends who was speaking the words, was tracing wide silk handkerchief, a box of candrove to Hendricks County. Once or the tune, but her nearer self was far dies or a toilet case? twice he had drifted up the borders of from that hill where shepherds kept her neighborhood, but she never saw him. Rumor, that agile assassin, declared he was "going with" Eliza Raines, and honest Nora could wonder, in the midst of her pain, what he the far, chill corner of the room, for ed full of most untimely sorrow. She found in the girl to admire. He would come to the Christmas tree, no doubt, that brazen creature sated her eyes with looking upon her.

Everything was as ready as it could be at schoolhouse. The day had filled the eye of Christmas lovers. Snow lay deep upon the ground, and through it the sleigh tracks had been beaten like a sort of canal between high banks

vil. Sleighbells rung a greeting to laughing parties on converging roads. And all the strong, still air was burdened with the songs of youth and maiden, rich with life and hungry for

To-night, besides the distribution of presents, there were songs in which Nora had trained the children; recitaand a jubilant chorus.

hole in the curtain, saw Ed Morrow sitting close up to the front, but far away from the women. If he came with that girl he had done the very ungraceful thing of leaving her to shift for herself in a stranger company and pushed his way to the point most near the woman whose heart had fol-

He could not see her, and she stood for a moment, until time came for the outer curtain to rise, filling her hungry eyes with the blessed picture of his trouble. But she could not rise to the stalwart frame perched up there a little level of sympathy. She had lost so higher than the rest, his handsome much to the gaudy woman, suffered so his bearded lips parting to return a beauty, that she could not quite hear

Draperies which reached from the ceiling were parted and drawn aside, revealing the Christmas tree. It was Nora's work, and she knew the whirlwind of cheering down there in the to her. It was noisy and rude; she knew that. But she knew as well that tions in which the children had mostly her labor was rewarded, for she had trained themselves; a tableau or two added an hour of enjoyment to scores of lives.

ment to herself. The presents were distributed, each pupil of the Sundayschool was well remembered, and silent charity did there, as it does in the laced and flowered churches of the city, its silent mission of blessing. Time and again, as the girl passed here and there, deftly directing her clumsy Mercurys, who carried common messages, she saw the black eyes of Eliza Raines; saw the lifted, proud face, and fancied she read some lesson of face laughing above a brilliant scarf, much at the shrine of the buxom

Then came the evening's great event. | round lines of a girl's chirography, hers in the strong, rugged sweep of a man's swift hand.

She turned with a start and a litters scream, and there was Ed Morrow. with his arms about her and his lips house held something of compliment on her brow-Ed Morrow, who said nothing, but comforted her with the slow, quiet pressure of his left hand, while he took up the tuning fork from the window sill and swung a circle clear around both names engraved on the frosty pane.

Nora had flown in an instant from the last day of the Christian year quite to its first, then back again. And on the way she gathered something of the spirit which had always armed her.

"What made you write my name above yours, Ed?" she asked, as she stood alone before him.

That was their compact, and they passed together out through thethouse, trading swift compliments with a hundred friends, till they reached the door. Then, just as they stepped from snow, a woman turned upon them, beauty but marred by its hate.

Next morning the same sun which gilded the stable 2000 years ago swung over the edge of the world and blushed like a girl at that ring and the names it embraced on the schoolhouse window. And he sent his swiftest messenger to wash it away before the early scholar, coming to see the leftover fruits of a Christmas tree, could find it and sharpen a gibe at the girl who had won-whose heart has sung these seven years:

Glory in the highest; Peace on earth, good will to men.

Tommy's Enjoyable Christmas.

Benny Bloobumper to Tommy Hojack. "So did I," replied Tommy.

turkey as I could eat," Benny went on. "Get any presents?" asked Tommy. "Yes. Papa gave me a pair of skates,

"Was that all?" asked Tommy. "Why, yes; that was about all," re-

"Then just listen to what I had. Pop gave me a safety, mom gave me a magic lantern. I had a big box of candy from Aunt Sue and a drum from Uncle John and a lot of oranges and dates, and I had turkey and cranberry sauce, no end; and I had lots and lots of plum pudding, and I had an awful stomach-ache and two doctors. I guess you can't beat that."-Harper's

Christmas Weather Proverbs.

A light Christmas, a heavy sheaf.

churchyard.

If ice will bear a man before Christ-If Christmas finds a bridge, he'll

The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day

If the sun shines through the apple But the busy moments were over at tree on Christmas day there will be an

Christmas Eve.

In the primitive Church Christmas Day was preceded by an eve of vigil, and hence our Christmas Eve of the present time, which in the associations and she must suffer in silence while frost-painted window which curtained strain of days had passed its climax, that cluster around it, in its sports and pastimes, its ancient memories, and even in its devotions, has ever night outside and the healing that been, in all ages, second only to Christmas itself.

Clearly His.

"Now, Jamie, you must not take

"They ain't Jennie's, Mams. While you was out, Santy Claus came to me and said they was for me.

the human beings and domestic ani-

The Brook.

Heigh-ho, but a child was I! There were rushes and willows in that place, And they clutched at the brook as the brook

ran by: And the brook it ran its own sweet way, As a child doth run in heedless play, And as it ran I heard it say:

"Hasten with me To the roistering sea

That is wroth with the flame of the morning sky!"

I look in the brook and see a face; Heigh-ho, but the years go by! The rushes are dead in the old-time place, And the willows I knew when a child was A And the brook it seemeth to me to say, As ever it stealeth on its way, Solemnly now, and not in play:

"Oh, come with me To the slumbrous sea That is gray with the peace of the evening

Heigh-ho, but the years go by-I would to God that a child were I ! -EUGENE FIELD, in Chicago Record.

HUMOROUS.

There are 1,000 ways of being a fool, and they are all easy to find.

We suppose the ship heaves to out of sympathy for the seasick passen-

"I can at least go down with colors flying," said the kalsominer when his foot slipped.

A poet sighs, "Where is the summer foliage?" This an easy one. It is off on leaves of absence.

A floor-washing match would not attract much attention. It would be classed as a scrub race.

"Excuse me," as he again impaled the unhappy beetle, "but you are wandering from the point."

Esther-"Did he kiss you?" Tena-"He hadn't the nerve to do that." Esther - "It would require considerable."

No matter how beautifully the armless man may write with his toes, he can scarcely be said to be handy with

"Always speak well of your neighbor." "I always do, although I can assure you she is the meanest woman in creation."

Williamson-"Yes, I have a mule for sale." Henderson - "Will be kick?" "Oh, no." "Well I don't want one that old."

Husband (listening)-"I think there is a burglar in the house."

Wife (excitedly)-"Mercy me, is my nightcap on straight?"

Be careful of your conduct, please, When you are married, dearest daughter; Love's blind in courtship, but it sees In wedlock more than it had oughter,

When a man advertises that he wants to buy a "safe" horse for his wife to drive, he means one that will not cost more than \$20.

Mrs. Figg.-"What on earth have you been fighting with Jimmy Briggs

Tommy .- " 'Cause his mother call-

ed me a perfect little gentleman." "How is it your little baby sister

goes to sleep as soon as your father takes her?" Little Four-Year-Old-"I 'spect it's 'cause she'd rather do that than stay awake and hear him

Would-be Purchaser: "How much for this picture?" Artist: "The price is \$5,000. "Why man alive! you expect to be paid for your work as of you had been dead 400 or 500

The Editor's Wife: "I'd just like to know what you wanted to buy me that measly old calico dress for?" The Editor (humbly): "Because, my dear, I-er thought you'd look well in print."

Mrs. Gushly-"Dear me, the new minister is such an interesting young man." Mrs. Winks-"What did he talk about when he called?" Mrs. Gushly-"I told him all about the baby's new tooth."

Barber (giving him a swipe down the other cheek)-"Yes, sir, I've got some influence in this ward, if I do say it myself."

Man in chair .- "You do seem to have something of a pull."

"Look out for thieves! Hands or your pocketbooks!" sung out a little man in the crowd. "That chap with the velvet vest carries his wad in his left hip pocket, Gabe," he added in an undertone a moment later, speaking to an innocent looking man standing by his nide.

TILE LABOR WORLD.

MIL MAUREE, Wis., has 856 dressmakers. NE # Your's glove district has 5000 idle. C storago is deporting its unemployed.

NEW York bookbinders run two free amforment bureaus.

JATTINE GUIANA WARRS 5000 Chinamen.

to care for the sick and unemployed. A New York house painter was fined by the

BALTIMORE, Md., will prosecute work on

furnish work. Ivalians and looms have been shipped from Italy to St. Paula, Brazil, wherea silk

and cotton factory has been establish FRATER-WORKERS stay only about four rears in the business. This is strange, see that the averages wages are \$7.50 a week. Of this the feather girls spend \$4 in board and

A DESVER (Col.) city contractor has been ordered to work his men only eight he daily in order to make room for more hands. These sewer workers have been paid from

\$1,50 to \$2,25 a day. Tuz vote of the New Haven (Conn.) Board of Education, giving the work of building the Manual Training School to union con-

It is now estimated that no less than 150, 000 artisans are walking the streets of Chicago looking for employment. That many of these will suffer for the actual mecomities

A agrour on the Homestead strike, by the Commissioners of Labor in Pennsylvania, \$1,250,000. The expense to the State for

transportation and maintaining the troops Was \$440,256,31. Joseph Bansrow, the only living printer who every worked at case with Horace Gree-

he doesn't look sixty, he talks like it, and is one of the jolliest In boot and shoe factories girls commence at fourteen and remain about seven and onehalf years at the trade. There are a vast from the beader, who gets \$5 a week, to the vamper, with \$2. Placing the average at

clothing \$1.38 a week. NEWSY GLEANINGS. Fourier demand for our hay is light.

\$6.50, the expense for living is \$3.75, and

Connection has thirty co-operative cream-

FALL RIVER, Mass., has a co-operative Tuz total mileage of railways now open to

Russia's annual conscription has added 252,292 men to the army. Sr. Louis (Mo.) grocers print a blacklist of 4000 delinquent debtors.

Parcas of rubber have been increased our ing to the trouble in Brazil

ornered by a Chicago company. Tax University of Virginia has seventeen representatives in the Fifty-second Congress. THE Cabinets of France, Italy, Spain, Por-

in Boston, Mass., of girls seventeen years

GRORGE SECRETES, colored, died from the effects of a quart of gin, swallowed on a but,

in Washington, D. C. Boxismes East, West and South has re-rived, and the prospects are considered bright all over the country.

ing at Springfield, Ill., has won a suit which entities her to land in North Carolina worth

A nocros of Allegheny, Penn., kept a pre-maturely born infant, which the mether thought dead, in an incubator four months

and surprised the mother by restoring if to Two boys of eight years fought a duel with

One of the boys was killed by a shot throug 48,763 deaths, 65,834 births, 22,507 marris

and 790 granted divorces—a greater number in each than has been the average for the last twenty years.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

IRA D. SANERY, the evangelist, is fifty-three. Bosa Bownern, the animal painter, was born at Bordeaux, France, and is now seven-

CORNELIUS VANDERBELT IS said to have given \$1,000,000 to religious work in the last

THOMAS P. HOAN, of Cincinnati, who is to go to Antwerp in May as a United Stone commissioner, began his career on a salary

Ex-Passingsy Hausinon's favorite fune is "The Soldier's March," from Gounof's "Faust," He cannot discriminate, as a rule, between funct, but in this case he recognises

The second medalist of the Royal Gap-graphical Society this year (M. Seious, the African explorer, being the first) was Wood-land Rockhill, an American diplocenties, who had made himself famous by his explora-tions in western China and north-metarn Thibet.

Days collected during the trial trip of the United States cruiser Columbia show that she is the fastest steamable in the world.

Nora, looking out through a peep

"Because it belongs there," said the young man quickly. "Let's commence to-night and never quarrel any more."

the battered threshold to the creaking flashing a face that was rich in its

"I wish you much joy," cried Eliza

Peace on earth, good will to men-

"I had a boss Christmas," said

"I had as many oranges and as much

and Uncle Henry sent me a book."

mamma gave me a pair of ear muffs,

plied Benny, with some misgivings.

Bazar.

A warm Christmas, a cold Easter. A green Christmas makes a fat

A wind on Christmas day, trees will bring much fruit.

mas it will not bear a man afterward. break it; if he finds none he'll make

than the sun.

Jennie's toys.

It would cost \$100,000,000 to feed

I looked in the brook and sawa face:

Colos Ado miners are organizing. FRAN CE reports 300 strikes this year.

THE International Machinists gained 6000

members last year.

ORARA, Neb., probiblts elevator conductors under eighteen years of age. NAMEVILLE (Tenn.) unions have a scheme

union for failing to report an accide Sr. Patt. (Minn.) engineers held an open meeting, at which a lecture on boiler cleaners was delivered.

sowers throughout the winter in order to

\$1.55 in clothing

tractors and organized workingmen exclu-sively, has been declared illegal.

life this winter seems a certainty. says that that affair cost the employes abo

ley, is eighty-five, but still picks up type at night in a Norwich (Conn.) office. Though

TEXNESSEE pig-tron is advancing in price. INFLUENZA IS raging throughout Prussle. Ar Craig, Col., placer dirt is yielding #3 a

traffic in Japan is 1717.

Tux block coal output of Indiana has been

lugal and Servia are all out of order Last year there were fifty-seven marriages

Tits eight foreign Nations best represented at the World's Fair sold \$10,000,000 worth of

MRS. MARY CROSSY, a poor seamstress, liv-

The New Hampshire World's Fair build-ing has been bought by General Charles Williams, who will present it to the city of

pistols at Ghent, Belgium, in the present

Evan in premierships the record has given way under M. Tricoupis, who has become Prime Minister of Greece for the fifth time,

Our ex-Minister to England Edward J., Phelps takes his recreation when at leisure from his exacting professional and college duties by driving a favorite span of chestral

the tune instantly

of white. The sky was as gorgeous and still as any bestowed on rich mid- ed. summer nights, and the windless air was charged to tingling with exuberant life and swift vitality. Underneath | rushed from the narrow stage to seats | Morrow" up there in the mellow soil the steel sled runners struck clear by their parents in the crowded of the Christmas frost. And here Norse music from the firm white an- house.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

enjoyment.

lowed him in all his wanderings.

From that time on she had no mo-

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SAID.



"Be joyous, little children, On this dear day of days, And scatter smiles like sunbeams Along the household ways. Oh, let no angry word be heard, No frowning brow be found;

For Ed was a favorite everywhere. Then she moved aside into what might be called the dressing-room, while the children sang:

In a manger, laid so lowly,

the season of pain.

"Glory in the highest."

"Glory in the highest-

For Christmas-time is loving-time

The whole glad earth around.

Came the Prince of Peace to earth; While a choir of angels holy · Sang to celebrate his birth. She tried to forget the man out there beyond the curtain; tried to join her heart with the swinging rhythm of the carol, tried to think of that older, better time when a still and starry night

like this brought the era of love, not

Sang the glad, angelic strain.

Peace on earth good will to men; Peace on earth, good will to men." She thought she was following the music. Surely her voice, hushed betheir flocks—was here in the troubled last, and Nora turned again from the abundant crop the following year. present, was here in Thompson's littered stage and passed into the schoolhouse and full of longing for the dressing room. There seemed no grace of summer days. She was in reason for it, but her heart was crowdthe moment alone. The whole busy did not realize that in this hour when house was behind her. Before was the her work was done, when the nervous the outer night and hid its glory from that her spirits were pressing their her brimming eyes. She was as dis- lowest ebb. She did not think of the tant from all familiar scenes as Judea's

And she wrote his name with the bar of her tuning fork on the thick, white frost of the window pane. Almost instantly the song was end-

plains were distant from this humble

celebration of their Christmas birth.

The curtain fell with the slow, disobedient movement of tyros' curtains everywhere, and the children ten her name. She had writen "Ed-

"And don't forget the needy, The children, large and small, Who, at this merry season, Will have no gifts at all. Oh, let each lonely little life With joy one day be crowned; For Christmas-time is giving-time

"Peace on earth." Fortunately, as she saw, momen after moment, with a woman's swift vision, that rising cloud of disappointment in her rival's countenance, she thought it was because no present had been bestowed. Never thinking that Eliza might be mourning a thrall's enfranchisement, Nora also came to the point where she wished some present might be found on the bending

The whole glad earth around."

branches for this woman whose Christmas was surely not a season of joy. But that brought with it the fear that such a present might mean too much. And every strange parcel handed up to the superintendent that he might read the name of the favored mortal, gave Nora the happiest pain. How easy for Ed to have humbled her and exalted Eliza, by the simple device of sending to the tree a

would come on the wings of the morning. She only came close to the cold window and tried to forget the tumult out there in the house, the exhausting heat, and the flavor not quite of the

But what was this on the window

pane? Her name? She had not writabove it was her own-his in the fair, mals of Paris for six months.