

WINDSOR LADY'S

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT

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A Little Song.

A little cot in a little spot
With a little heaven has sent;
A little way from that cot each day;
A song to sing and a word to say;
A little winter, a little May,
And a heart content—content!

A little wife and a little life
In love and duty spent;
A song and sigh as the years go by;
A grave, perhaps where the violets lie;
But a heaven on earth and a heaven on high,
And a heart content—content!
—Atlantic Constitution.

MY WEDDING-RING.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Sharp and clear came the sound of the postman's whistle, cutting the frigid winter air like a knife-blade. I started up from the sofa, where I had been dreaming over the morning paper, with the cheery crackle of the anthracite fire close beside me, and the scent of my morning coffee streaming gratefully up from the chased silver equipage on the little round table.

(The bachelor's mode of life is not altogether without its disadvantages, after all.)

"Mrs. Metcalfe," I called out, putting my head over the stair-rail (which hadn't been dusted that morning; boarding-house stair-rails never do get dusted until noon, if you have ever observed it), "is there anything for me?"

An ominous silence. I knew as well as I was on the spot that the landlady's daughter was reading my postal cards, holding my letters up between her eye and the light, and indulging in other proceedings peculiar to the genus 'landlady's daughter.'

"I say," I reiterated, throwing a little spice of exasperation into my accent, "is there anything for me?"

"Coming sir! Coming!" and Miss Melinda Metcalfe shuffled upstairs with my correspondence on a jappaned tray.

"Is there any news?" said I, sarcastically, as I took my letter, my two postal cards and my newspaper.

"Sir?" said Miss Melinda.

"I didn't know but that you were opening my mail," said I, blandly.

"Oh, sir, I shouldn't think of such a thing!"

And Miss Melinda went down stairs tossing her head like an enraged Shetland pony.

One card from my tailor, to notify me of his change of business residence; one from Louis Durande, to tell me that he could not keep a certain sleighing engagement with me on the boulevard, and a letter from Percy Wynecote, who had warned his slippers at the same college fire with me, thirty years ago.

"Dear Belton," so his epistle ran, "I claim your congratulations. I am to be married next week to the sweetest girl the sun ever shone on. There's surprise number one for you. And I wish you'd go to Goldluck & Glitterman's and get the wedding ring: size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two. Seriously old fellow, it will be doing me a great favor, for business matters here are complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get down to New York a day before the event. And, of course, I know that I can trust your taste and judgment equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1894,' engraved on the inside, and please send by express without delay.

"Ever yours faithfully,
"PERCY WYNECOTE.

"P. S.—She is an angel!

"P. P. S.—She has eyes exactly like that famous print of the 'Beatrice Cenci' by Guido, that you see in all the shop windows."

"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chum's rapturous letter, "here's a pretty commission for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brookes. But every man thinks his own goose a swan. I pity the poor fellow, I'm sure; he's clearly in a state of glamour that makes him see everything colour de rose. But I'm not one to desert a friend at a pinch—I'll buy his miserable wedding-ring with all the pleasure in life."

So I locked my desk, put on my seal-trimmed overcoat and went straightway to Goldluck & Glitterman's.

Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones. I had bought a gold

bracelet of him to settle a philopena present with Pauline Brookes, six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with a stiffly-waxed mustache, a cameo scarf-pin and hair bedewed with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding-rings, if you please," said I, plunging in medias res, without loss of time. "Here's the size," producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could cheerfully have pitched him in among the plated-ware in the big glass show-case behind him.

"Helen," said I, brusquely, "1894."

"H'Emma, sir?" Jones put his hand back of his ear.

"Helen!" I bawled out, painfully conscious that the eyes of three pretty girls, who were looking at turquoise lockets at a counter beyond, were upon me.

"Very pretty name," simpered Jones, as he wrote down the order.

"Any particular style, sir?"

"Simple and solid," said I; "that's all."

"Yes, sir. It shall be attended to at once," said Jones. "Shall I send it to your residence, or—"

"I'll call for it to-morrow," said I.

"Pardon me, Mr. Belton," cried old Mr. Glitterman, who had heard a portion of our colloquy, "but if it wouldn't be taking a liberty to inquire whether you intend to keep house or board—"

"What?" ejaculated I.

"To keep house or board?" reiterated Mr. Glitterman. "Because in the former case we should esteem it a favor to supply the silver and table-ware."

I muttered some not particularly complimentary answer and went out of the store, closing the door behind me with some emphasis.

"Going to be married, eh, old chap?" said Sniffins, familiarly thrusting his elbow into my side, as I strolled into Delmonico's for my lunch that day.

"No!" said I, taking up the carte.

"Oh, come, don't deny the soft impeachment," said Sniffins with a wink.

"What has put such an idea as that into your head?" demanded I, somewhat indignantly.

"Name of Helen," said Sniffins, with an idiotic giggle. "Waiter, a pate de foie gras here! Let's drink her health, Belton, when—"

At this stage I pretended to see someone who I knew at an opposite table, and bolted across the room.

Old Mr. Jessup was trotting up Broadway as I came out, with a brown silk umbrella under his arm.

"Eh?" said Mr. Jessup, turning upon me the moony glare of two spectacles.

"What's this I hear about you, my dear young friend? Accept my congratulations! Matrimony is always a blessed estate, and—"

"Oh, yes, I don't doubt it, sir," I hurriedly interrupted, "but—there's some mistake about it—"

"Miss—What did you say," said old Mr. Jessup, beamingly. "Call around this evening and tell us all about it, there's a good fellow. I haven't time to listen just now!"

I could have torn my hair with rage. Mr. Jessup was Pauline Brookes's uncle and guardian, and I knew that my cake in that direction would be all dough, if once the fatal story of the wedding-ring got to Pauline's ears.

I hurried up Broadway mentally gnashing my teeth, and in my impetuous haste, had nearly stumbled over Pauline herself, just coming out of a florist's, with a tiny boutonniere of English violets in her hand.

"Pauline!" cried I, rapturously. But Pauline drew back, the least little distance in the world, thereby putting an invisible barrier between us, that froze me like an icicle.

"Dear me, Mr. Belton, is it you?" said Pauline. "I congratulate you, I am sure!"

"Upon what?" I demanded, growing desperate.

"Upon your approaching marriage!" said Pauline, with a smile like auroral lights hovering over a snow-bank.

"But I'm not going to be married," protested I.

"Oh, excuse me, pray! Gentlemen do not usually buy wedding rings

without a purpose," interposed Pauline. "Only I should think you might have paid such old friends as we are the compliment of some slight intimation of your impending marriage."

"Pauline," said I—"Miss Brookes—hear me? There is only one woman in the world I would care to marry, and she stands before me now!"

Pauline's lips quivered—the tears sprinkled into her eyes.

"Mr. Belton," said she, "you may regard all this as a very good joke, but surely, surely, it is not necessary to add any more insult to it—"

"Do you mean that you don't believe me?"

"How can I believe you?" retorted she.

Driven to a sort of frenzy, I dragged Wynecote's letter from my pockets.

"Pauline," said I, "read that, and you have a ready solution of the mystery of the wedding-ring."

Her face cleared up as she glanced over the contents of poor Wynecote's ecstatic missive.

"Poor fellow!" said she. "He's very much in love, isn't he?"

"Not half as much as I am," said I. And then in the smile-bordered shadow of the florist's window, I pressed my suit: "Dear Pauline, let me order another wedding-ring?"

"For whom?" demanded my lady-love.

"For you. I have loved you this long time, but I never had courage to avow my love before, dear Pauline."

"Hush!" said Pauline. "We mustn't stand talking here."

"I won't stir a step until you answer me!"

"What shall I say?" hesitated Pauline.

"Say yes!"

I ordered the duplicate wedding-ring that very night. Pauline said it was too soon, but I quoted the ancient proverb, "Delays are dangerous." And we are to be married in a month. And if it hadn't been for the providential interposition of Wynecote's wedding-ring, I might still have been shivering on the brink of an unspoken proposal. "Blessed be wedding-rings!" say I.—[New York Ledger.

As From His Cyclone Pit.

It was a tempestuous night on the Atlantic, and the great steamer with its precious freight of human lives was tossed about like a cockleshell. The tremendous waves hurled themselves against the walls of steel and dashing in impotent fury over the decks, shook the leviathan from bowsprit to rudder post. No one was visible about the ship, except such of the crew as necessity compelled to face the storm, and they were in imminent danger every moment. The passengers, in mortal terror, were huddled together in the cabin below. Just as a frightful blast had almost thrown the ship on her beam ends, the officer of the deck saw a passenger stick his frowzled head up through a hatchway.

"Get back there," yelled the officer.

"Say, Cap," came an answering yell "is the roof gone yet?"

"No; get back there."

"Have any of the walls give in yet?"

"No; get back, I tell you."

"Has the old woman or children been blown out of the second-story window yet?"

"Get back, I tell you; no."

"None of the neighbors been blown in through the shed roof yet?"

"No, no; I tell you get back down that hatchway, you blamed fool," and the officer started for the passenger.

"Tain't so bad as I thought it was," came a final yell, and the passenger dodged into the depths below and disappeared.

"Well, who in thunder was that?" asked the officer of the pursuer, who stood by.

"He's all right," howled the pursuer; "he comes from the cyclone belt in Kansas."—[Detroit Free Press.

A Bejewelled Herring.

Mrs. Harriet Condit, a colored woman of State street, bought some herrings the other day, and upon cleaning one of them she found embedded parallel with the backbone a gold bar evidently belonging to a lady's pin. It is set with a moonstone about one-half inch long in the centre and at each end a large pearl about the size around of a lead pencil. It is valued by a local jeweller at about \$40.—[Hartford Post.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

BELTS ARE OUT.

The broad and wrinkled belts and the general short-waisted look of things has gone out, and there is worn instead the dainty narrow girdle of twisted velvet or a band of ribbon; it is often fastened with a tiny jewelled buckle or a pretty knot of ribbon from which the long floating ends fall to the bottom of the skirt.—[New York Journal.

DANGERS OF AMMONIA.

Somebody is always saying to "put a few drops of ammonia in the water in which you bathe." If you want to get old and yellow and wrinkled, follow that plan. Ammonia is fine for household cleaning but never was meant to be used on the flesh. Sal soda, or washing soda, as it is sometimes called, is much nicer than ammonia, and is cheaper. Borax is better than either, but, of course, costs more. If you want to see how ammonia treats things, put a few drops on a cloth and rub a painted drop. It will take the paint off in an instant. That ought to teach sensible women that it will dry out and render the skin liable to crack.—[Washington Star.

A SEASON OF RIBBONS.

There is to be a season of ribbons when warmer weather comes, and moire ribbons will be the choice when winter furs and other heavy trappings are laid aside. Plain moire ribbons, especially black, from four to eight inches wide, are good investments at the present moment, as they are to serve not only on bonnets and hats but for neck scarfs, with the huge incroyable bow at the throat, and also as belts, sashes and collars on light cotton dresses of zeyhr or batiste in pink, mauve and green shades, and on the pretty lutestring and taffeta silks. Chine flowers of natural colors and bright dashes on white lutestring grounds are in other new ribbons for bonnets and gown trappings, and those of satin and velvet will still give character to the very light colors that promise to be popular.—[New York Advertiser.

A ROYAL DUMMY.

When the German Emperor was last in England an order was sent to a well-known firm of modelers in London for a model to be made of the Empress's figure, with movable arms complete, the upper part to be made of papier mache, the lower part below the waist like a telescope of wire framework. This unique fac simile of her Majesty is to be used as a substitute on all occasions when the Empress cannot be personally present. For instance, all dresses are to be tried on her second self. When they are sent from the dressmaker finished her Majesty will inspect and criticize them from every point of view, and pronounce on their suitability to the figure, and so on—in fact, see her dresses as others see them. This double is also to be used for decorating evening dresses with flowers, etc., and taking creases out of trunk-crushed gowns. The model is made like a telescope, one part to fold inside the other, so as to take up little more space when traveling than a bonnet box.—[St. Louis Republic.

A PRAIRIE WOMAN.

When the Duval family entered the Territory the daughter was but a year old; now she is twenty. By the good graces of the Indians her parents coming from Missouri, were allowed to settle on Sawley Creek, and have made their home in the land of the redskin since. Mr. Duval started in 1875 with twenty-five cattle. They have increased to over 500 and make a large herd to care for. Minnie is the only child, and though so young, is her father's chief assistant. She does not simply take the cattle to the range and leave them there, but remains with them all day, looking after the herd as well as could any cowboy.

Her duties frequently take her a score or more miles from home, as the cattle must be kept moving to feed well. Often some of the cattle become mired in the mud along creeks where they graze, or where they wade in to drink. Then comes the hardest part of the work. With true cowboy skill she throws the lariet over the slender

branching horns, while the other end of the long but phenomenally strong jawhide rope is fastened to the saddle. Then a steady pull on the part of her pony draws the imprisoned animal to a place of safety on dry ground. She has a large herd for one person to handle, but with the assistance of two well-trained cattle dogs she does it well.

While on the range she dresses in true cowboy fashion—wide brimmed white felt hat, long gauntlet gloves, a lariet coiled about the saddle horn and a revolver at her belt—and rides the wildest bronco with thorough ease. When off duty she is a modest, unassuming young lady, the last one that would be suspected of such masculine accomplishments.

At the annual round-up she has, during the past two seasons, taken her place with the other cowboys and made a good record. In lasso-throwing, when the wildest of steers are turned loose and goaded into fury by matado methods, she has held her own, and was given a handsome saddle last fall by her masculine competitors as a testimonial to her exceptional dexterity and skill.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FASHION NOTES.

The Charlotte Corday fichu of soft lace or chiffon is worn crossed in front and tied at the back.

A snowleaf having the snow tint true to nature in enamel is one of the favorite pins of the day.

The rage for black and white is as great as ever, and the most striking of stripes and plaids are seen on the street.

Geranium red is one of the new colors which no one but a brunette with a pale olive complexion should attempt.

Stylish bonnets have a broad, low bow in the back. Russian bonnets are in velvet, beautifully embroidered in silver and gold.

Berthas made to fasten in the back, and finished all around with crisp little frills, are quaint, and at the same youthful looking.

Corn-colored flowered moire makes up into an elegant tea gown with chiffon plaitings in old rose hues and old rose-tinted velvet.

Red serge, camel's hair or sacking dresses are combined with black watered silk and trimmed with many rows of very narrow jet gimp.

Cheviot, cloth, diagonal and camel's hair are the materials of which the spring coats are fashioned; the fronts and often the entire garment are lined with silk.

There is a great tendency to make bodices with vests of accordion-plated silk, which are wide at the neck and narrowed to a point at the waist, with wide revers turned back on each side.

Murderous looking daggers and scimitars with hilts sparkling with gems impale the lace at the throat, are stuck through hats or run through the Psyche knot at the back of the head.

Some new brooches are of single large stones, ruby, amethyst, topaz or emerald, set in gold, cut in such fine designs that it gives out almost as many flashes of light as small diamonds.

A woman whose neck is thin should never try anything but the square collar. The generally proportioned look best in the V style or the oval. Only perfectly proportioned shoulders should be bared.

Moire sashes are seen on debutantes' gowns. The liberty silk sashes are also worn, being tied in empire fashion high up under the arms and spread out in a butterfly bow at the back, the long ends falling to the hem of the gown.

The bow knot is the latest thing in hair dressing; it is set up high on top of the head and stuck through with a tortoise shell dagger; the front hair is parted in somewhat demure fashion and brought rather low down on the forehead.

Black and dark blue chaille with white or gray colored flowers make extremely serviceable dresses for mountain or seaside wear. These pretty gowns replace the India silks and are more appropriate for certain occasions, such as afternoons at home, etc.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

GREAT BRITAIN has annexed Pondoland, South Africa.

LAYS FROM 600 worth damage to fruit trees in the South.

BERNEZARK is greatly on the increase in the province of Cadix, Spain.

PERSONAL gold strikes have been made in New Mexico and Wyoming.

THE gold reserve in the United States Treasury is gradually decreasing.

A TEACHER in an Athens (Ga.) school does her dis-abled pupils with quaint water.

THE Connecticut Fish Commissioners will stock the streams of the State with 1,500,000 trout fry.

GREAT apprehensions are felt in Switzerland on account of the insufficient snowfall this winter.

THE Bell Telephone Company last year earned \$3,925,485.69 net and paid \$3,391,156 in dividends.

It is estimated that 4200 head of cattle died in Fort Bend county, Texas, during the late bad weather.

THE Harvard faculty have increased the rental of dormitory rooms from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

THE gold output of the world in 1893 aggregated \$150,000,000. These figures will likely be eclipsed in 1894.

By means of a canal connected with the Platte River, Omaha expects to secure more water power than Minnesota.

VIRGINIA is now in a position to negotiate with West Virginia for the settlement of the debt of the latter State to Virginia.

THERE is some talk in Europe of the chances of a Three-Emperor League, to include Russia, Germany and Austria.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., has just completed a sewer which carries its average fifteen miles and dumps it into the Pacific Ocean.

ENRAGED at the crying of his baby, Andre Bartell, of Barboursville, Penn., threw it into a stove, where it was fatally burned.

POSTOFFICE authorities at Toronto, Canada, have seized copies of the Congressional Record, refusing to recognize the Congress frank.

FRUIT and grain have been greatly damaged by the Polar wave, which extended all over the country east of the Rocky Mountains.

EMPEROR WILLIAM wants European nations to make a common stand against American enterprises which adversely affect European interests.

A CONTRACT has just been made by the Canberry Lumber Company, of Duluth, Minn., to cut 100,000,000 feet of logs for \$500,000.

REPORTS to the Chattanooga Tradesman show that during the past two weeks forty-two mills and factories in the South resumed operations.

THE latest news from Corea shows that the hermit kingdom is ripe for a revolt that may cause as much bloodshed as the palace riots of ten years ago.

EXPERIMENTS have been made in planting wet wheat by Washington farmers, and it has been found that not more than one-third of it will grow, and that which does grow yields a weak and inferior stalk.

THE Sierra Bonhill districts of California are beginning to realize that they can produce apples of a quality equal to those shipped from any other State. Many orchards are being set out to this fruit.

A COMMERCIAL crisis in Argentina is regarded as certain within the next three months owing to the agricultural losses through the drought. The wheat crop was good, but the press yield no profit.

THE LABOR WORLD.

GERMANY has 945,000 railroad employes. Many flint glass workers are locked out.

BOSTON has a Hebrew Carpenters' Union.

A RAILROAD conductor in Turkey gets \$27 a month.

A TRADESMAN in Turkey can command forty cents a day.

BRIDGEPORT (Conn.) builders have formed an exchange.

A MEXICAN MARCH gains from seventy-five cents to \$1 a day.

THERE are probably 15,000,000 wage earners in this country.

SILK ribbon weavers are to amalgamate with the textile workers.

A STONE saw placed in use at Rutland, Vt., does the work of 100 men.

PROVIDENCE (R. I.) workers are boycotting stores that do not close at 6:30 p. m.

FALL RIVERS (Mass.) spinners only pay twenty-five cents a week to their union.

SIXTEEN labor papers went under last year, while twenty-seven new ones were started.

LOWELL (Mass.) carpet mills don't run on Saturday, and the time for other days has been reduced.

THE McKee and Jennette, Pennsylvania, window glass factories are about to resume with 1200 men.

THE spinners' strike at Oldham, England, cost the union \$200,000, and the treasury is being replenished by raising the dues to sixty cents a week.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) painters demanded eight hours and higher wages, and the bosses notified all hands in response that they must leave the unions.

THERE was only one tailors' strike last year, and the Merchant Tailors' Convention at Pittsburg expressed the hope that labor's grievances might be adjusted without resort to strikes.

PITTSBURGH met at Birmingham, Ala., and increased the proposition that Northern manufacturers should have the trade in their own territory and the Southern firms shall enjoy similar privileges.

To the families of forty-one deceased members the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen paid \$1000 each during a recent month, making a total of \$40,000.94 paid for benefits since the brotherhood was organized.

A TORONTO (Canada) mass meeting of the unemployed declared that the religious societies should give financial aid to the homeless at home and appointed a committee to request ministers to advocate labor's cause.

CARDIFF bakers, through their union, have reduced a week's work from eighty and ninety hours to sixty-three. Overtime is now paid for and wages have been increased twenty per cent. They also enjoy a half down holidays yearly.

JIM WARDEN, one of the famous Western mining regions, is now whooping it up for Johannesburg, South Africa. The town has a population of 50,000, and Warden says it will have 200,000 in five years. He says skilled men of many classes are in good demand, such as electricians, workers in wood and iron, carpenters and stone masons. The wages are universally \$5 per day.

The railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem, which has been in operation about sixteen months, is now being run at a loss of about \$130 a day. Two passenger and two freight trains are run each day daily.