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OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT

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## Spring Blossoms.

The lily praises God with open heart,  
The rose in perfumed chamber prays apart.  
The tulip flashes like a trumpet's flare,  
Love's blood-red banner answering Love's prayer.

Crocus and daisy their snug secrets keep  
Of the spring wakening and the winter sleep.  
While lowly grass and dandelion lay  
Their green and gold to deck the king's highway.

JULIA WARD HOWE, in The Outlook.

## BRAVE JENNIE'S RIDE.

During the Revolutionary war there was a strip of land in Westchester County, New York, called the neutral ground. It was so named because it was not held by either the American or British army, but lay between them forming a common foraging ground for both.

The people of this section had a hard time during the long eight years of conflict, for they were liable at any time to be overrun and robbed by friends and foes, scouts from either army, or, as it often happened, by villains who cared nothing for the result of the struggle, but took advantage of the unprotected condition of the inhabitants to serve their own interests, no matter at whose expense or inconvenience.

Near the center of this famous neutral ground there lived a widow—gentle Mrs. McNeal—and her pretty fifteen-year-old daughter, Jennie. The husband and father had been an honest, hard-working man, and at his death had left his little family in as comfortable circumstances as was common in those trying days. The rosy cottage where they dwelt was all their own, and the few acres which belonged to the little homestead were very fertile, yielding quite enough to supply the modest demand of the frugal widow and her industrious daughter. The father had been as brave as he was honest, and several times had laid down his farming implements to take part in the Indian wars that at an earlier period had devastated the land of his adoption. He was an intense American and had not his career been brought suddenly to a close by the common enemy—death—just on the eve of the battle of Lexington, he doubtless have laid his life on the altar of his beloved country—a willing sacrifice.

Jennie not only inherited her father's patriotism, but his fearlessness as well, and she and her mother, refusing the advice of friends to move into a more protected section, remained in the home that love had provided for them unmolested by friend or foe, until two whole years of life and bloodshed had passed away.

Though gentle and loving to her friends, there was plenty of fire in Jennie's black eyes, and those who were evil disposed knew that she would not hesitate to use her father's old gun which hung high up on the kitchen wall, should it become necessary for her own or her mother's protection.

One dark, rainy night, late in November, after the evening work was finished and she and her mother had settled themselves for a pleasant hour's chat, there came a loud knocking at the outer door. Jennie ran to draw the bolt, but before she had time to raise the latch the door was thrown open and in walked a dozen or more dragoons. That they were British soldiers their stained and muddy red coats plainly showed, but withal they were gentlemen, a fact which Jennie's quick eye detected, and made her feel that helpless women were safe in their presence. The leader, called by the other soldiers Capt. Long, bowed courteously, and in a respectful tone asked for something to eat, saying that they would pay for all the trouble they made. And then he added: "Please madam, be as quick as possible about placing food before us, for we have to ride ten miles to catch Col. Adair of the rebel army, who is at home for the night. Hurry up now, my pretty lass," he continued, to Jennie. "He is a lucky chap, if he slips me this time and you shall be well paid if you give us a lift by hastening us on our journey."

Jennie went to the kitchen to help her mother, apparently as unconcerned as if the gray-haired Colonel was altogether unknown to her. But for all that her heart was very heavy, for, next to her mother, the brave old war-

rior was the best friend she had on earth. Her father had fought by his side, and once on the field of battle he had saved that dear father's life.

He had taught her how to row and ride and shoot, and since her father's death he had looked after her mother and herself, with as much interest as if they really belonged to him. She must save him at any cost, and while she worked her brain was busy with schemes to accomplish her purpose. As soon as the redcoats were seated at the table, without a word even to her mother, who divined her object, she slipped out of the back door, and, running down to where the horses were feeding, she sprang upon the Captain's fiery steed, and in a moment was galloping down the hilly, rock-strewn path, heedless alike of storm or darkness. She had not dared to wait for cloak or bonnet, and whenever the ragged lightning gleamed her long, black hair might have been seen streaming out behind her.

Her flight was not discovered until the dragoons were ready to mount, and then a chase began for life or death. Soon from the mute hills over which she had passed Jennie heard the clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit, but she had chosen the Captain's gray—the swiftest flyer among the steeds—and for miles the distance between her and her pursuers increased rather than diminished. On, on she sped, fire flying from the rocky road as the gray horse's shoes clashed along at a fearful pace.

More than half the distance had been covered when far in the rear, came a command, loud and stern, "Halt! or your blood be on your head!" "On, on, brave beast. On, for your life! Don't fail me now!" cried Jennie, stroking the horse's foaming neck with coaxing hand.

"Halt," again came the voice of dread. "Halt, halt, or take the risk of losing your life!" No answer being returned, a volley of leaden bullets rattled after her. They passed her as the maddened flight continued, screaming to the right, screaming to the left, whizzing over her head like so many harmless birds seeking for shelter from the night's storm.

With a prayer of thanksgiving on her lips she rushed on over the slippery track, through wood and valley, over hill and plain, the gray horse as true as steel, until in an unlucky leap he stumbled and fell, throwing his rider with force against rock on the edge of the ditch, over which he had tried to spring.

The foaming steed was unhurt, and in a moment was on his feet again, but poor Jennie fared worse, and rose with a broken arm hanging useless by her side. Regardless of the numbing pain, she hung tensaciously to the horse's bridle, and after quieting him by gentle words and patting him softly with her able hand she managed to spring again into the saddle and gave the brave fellow free rein. "Now, do you best," she said coaxingly as she stroked his long mane. "Do your best, my good fellow, for upon you depends the safety of my friend, good Col. Adair."

As if understanding the entreaty, the gray horse raised his head, and setting his feet firmly gathered his strength once more, as if for a final plunge, then galloping down the steep hilside he gained on the troopers at every leap, until he paused at the Colonel's gate, fully a furlong ahead of the pursuers. Throwing the rein over the gate post, Jennie rushed up the path, and without knocking flung open the Colonel's door, crying in her eager haste, "Quick, be quick, Colonel, I say! Fly, fly for your life, for the redcoats are the door. Don't wait, you've not a moment to spare. They come! they come! Away! away!" and then she fainted and sank to the floor.

With a hasty good-by the Colonel left his bright fireside and rushed out into the night's fearful storm—not, however, until he had kissed the pale brow of the girl who had risked her own life to save his.

Springing on his horse, always saddled for just such emergencies, he was soon on his way to where the patriot army was in camp.

The tramp of the trappers' horses roused Jennie from her swoon, and as the angry men came rushing in she turned her pale face towards them and laughed, even in the midst of a moan, as she said feebly:

"Good sirs, your bird is flown and it was I who frightened him from his nest. Do not harm his dear ones in the home, but do with me as you think I deserve. I only am to blame."

"You need not fear, my brave lass," said young Capt. Long, bowing low. "Of all heroic women I must crown you queen. Never before have I seen such courage in one so young, and for your sake not a hair of Col. Adair's head shall be harmed. Even if he were here in his quiet home this minute, chivalry would forbid his capture in your presence. I am sorry that my brave gray Jess did not carry you through without stumbling in such an awkward fashion as to break your arm. He is usually sure-footed, and the darkness and an unknown road must excuse the blunder."

"He made up for the ill-luck after the fall," suggested one of the troopers. "I mean in speed, which, of course, could not restore the broken bone—a fact we all regret," he added, gallantly.

"I do not mind that, since my good friend, the Colonel, is out of your power," said Jennie trying to smile. "How cruel in strong young men like you to try and harm an old man—a gallant soldier, too, like Col. Adair. I should think you would be ashamed of yourselves."

"War is war, my fair young miss," answered the Captain, "and nothing that war demands can be called cruel. This Col. Adair is worth a whole regiment of us, and the way you have baffled us will prove a great disappointment to our cause."

"Still I honor you for your bravery and loyalty to your friend, and if you will wear this ring as of token of my admiration I will come back and marry you when the war is over."

"There's a lad in Putnam's corps who told me the same thing the morning he marched away to the beat of the drum. I promised to be true as steel to him, and as you two could never agree, I think you may keep your ring for some pretty British maid, who cares for you more than I do," was Jennie's reply.

The captain laughed as he slipped the ring back on his little finger, and waving her good-by, rushed out, mounted his gray Jess and was soon clattering down the rough road after his men. Regardless of her broken arm, Jennie insisted upon returning home that night, as her mother would be in distress until she knew she was safe. But Mrs. Adair would not suffer her to take this risk, knowing as she did the danger to be incurred. Instead, she dispatched a messenger to the little brown cottage, with the information that she would keep Jennie until morning, and being pretty much of a surgeon herself, she set the broken arm and made the young girl as comfortable as possible until she could be removed to her mother's home. At the close of the war Jennie gave her hand and her heart as well into the keeping of the lad who had marched away with Putnam's corps, and she lived to relate her experience of that night to her children and her children's children—down to the fourth and it may be even to the fifth generation. —[Chicago News.

## The Dog Could Reason.

"A friend during his boyhood days in New Hampshire owned a big dog. Some carpenters were at work on a new house approached by a long hill from his home. The distance by road around the hill was a full mile. Each noon the dog was sent up to the new house with a jug of water. One warm day he set down the jug for a rest, and, being unable to recover it, it rolled to the foot of the hill. He looked at it a while, picked it up and trotted off, around the hill this time, and never afterward could he be persuaded to carry the jug by the short route." —[Boston Transcript.

## Seedless Grapes.

In view of the widespread fear of appendicitis, and its frequent occurrence after the victim has swallowed the seeds of fruit, it is interesting to know that botanists believe that seedless grapes are a possibility. The so-called "outrants" of Zante are really small, seedless grapes. Coreless apples, stoneless cherries and plums, and even seedless strawberries and raspberries are all possibilities of bud propagation. —[New York Sun.

## LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

### AN EXPENSIVE FANCY.

A lady recently wore her hair confined in a net studded with diamonds and real pearls. It was much remarked upon, but not universally admired. A good many smart women are turning their hair straight back from their foreheads, leaving of their fringes only a tendril here and there. The change makes as much difference in female physiognomy as shaving off the mustache does in the male, and consequently mere acquaintances who have adopted it are a little difficult to identify. —[New York World.

### SOME BEAUTIFUL FANS.

The new fans this season are marvels of beauty and are highly suggestive of zephyrs and butterfly wings. The leaves are of mousseline de soie, exquisitely painted and richly studded with tiny gold paillettes.

A charming novelty is the illusion tulle insertions, between the rows of point lace, which permit the owners to observe a la cachette. A lovely fan is of pink and white chiffon decorated with a spray of yellow jessamine crossed with arabesque in gold.

A delicate heliotrope fan has painted on the point lace bunches of violets. A debutante fan has a sweet armour flying from one of Beauty's Queens. The ivory carving of the stick is the new style, which is very fine. —[New York Mail and Express.

### GIRLS RAISING MUSTACHES.

A London Society journal says: "The recent visit of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain to the United States has supplied the fashionable damsels of that country with a new and distinctly startling craze, nothing less, in fact, than an attempt to cultivate a mustache. Like most Spanish women the Infanta possesses just the slightest shadow of down upon her upper lip, which in persons of rich Southern blood often constitutes a charm.

"The American girl, however, with her fair, clear complexion, would never look anything but ridiculous in a mustache, and her attempts, therefore, to cultivate it are rare, not only particularly foolish, but afford a striking instance of the snobbish worship of blue blood which characterizes this great Republic."

### THE POPULAR SHIRT WAIST.

The shirt waist will hold its own this season, and no sensible girl will be without a goodly supply of them, made in cotton or silk goods. In cotton goods, percale, Madras, lawn, nainsook and dimity make up prettily and have the advantage that they can always be washed and made to look fresh and clean. They are the neatest and most comfortable and cleanly garment that can be worn and look new every time they are laundered.

Make them unlined and with the bag seams, and shirt or mutton-legs sleeves. Use only shoulder side seams, and cut sufficiently long to set well below the belt skirt. Have a high-rolled collar, or if you like a stiff collar and cuffs like the tailor-made shirts, but never have much starch in the rest of the garment. No trimming is appropriate but the good embroidery, or plain chambray, such, for instance, as collars and belt and cuffs of plain blue, on a blue and white percale, or plain collared lawn on an all white one. The plainer the waist the more stylish it is, provided the fit and material are correct, the belt and necktie what they should be, and the color becoming to the wearer. —[New Orleans Picayune.

### BLACK AND WHITE LACES.

Delicate white laces are cleaned with calcined magnesia. Spread the lace on a sheet of writing paper, sprinkle it well on both sides with the magnesia, place a second piece of paper over it, put away between the leaves of a book for three days and then shake off the powder to find the lace perfectly clean. Laces are given a creamy hue by putting strained coffee or powdered saffron in the rinsing water until the right cream or ecru tinge is produced. White silk laces are soaked in milk over night, then soused in warm soapsuds, rinsed and finally pulled out and carefully pinned down while damp. Laces must be soused, gently squeezed and clapped between the hands until dry or nearly

so. Laces may be whitened by letting them stand covered with soapsuds in the sun. Fine bread crumbs rubbed on will clean lace that is not very much soiled. White cotton laces are washed in warm soapsuds, well rinsed, then boiled, rinsed again, clapped nearly dry and pinned down on a smooth bed, over a clean towel; every point of the scallops should be pinned. If laces are ironed, which the best cleaners do not approve of, the ironing should be done over a soft flannel cloth, and with a cloth between the iron and lace. Black lace may be freshened with a teaspoonful of borax to a pint of warm water, using an old black glove for a sponge and pinning it down to dry; if ironed do it on the wrong side, over black cambric. Borax, coffee, diluted alcohol and the water in which a black kid glove has been boiled are all excellent renovators for black lace. Green tea is also a favorite wash for lace. Avoid drying black lace near the fire, as heat is apt to turn it rusty. Gold and silver laces are cleaned with part of a loaf of stale bread mixed with a quarter of a pound of powder blue, rubbing the bread fine and mixing the blue with it. Sprinkle thickly over the lace and in a short time it will brighten, then brush off the crumbs with a piece of flannel and rub softly with a piece of red velvet. —[Ladies' Home Journal.

### FASHION NOTES.

Black and white appear in large patterned brocades.

Pheasant brown will be a fashionable shade among browns.

Anne of Austria collarettes in lace and guipure are very fashionable.

Anarchist bonnets are flat-shaped, with little round high velvet covered crowns.

Sleeves and skirts in spring fashions match, but bodices are to be in contrast.

An up-to-date fad is the utilizing of a miniature fac-simile of an idol as a watch charm.

A sensible dress for town or country wear is toast brown cloth trimmed with black fox.

Black trimmings will prevail, and crepon is rumored as the favorite material for dresses.

In the spring millinery pale blue consorts with violet and bluish-gray hyacinth and pink.

Some of the new capes are of the Charles II. period, having double frills of moire and velvet, with handsome jet trimmings.

Black, brown, dark green and navy blue will be the colors in jackets. These will have full skirts and collarettes and very large sleeves.

Colored stones are in the ascendancy with a vengeance. Among them amethysts are predominant, especially for wire bangles with hearts and other devices.

Dressy toilets of fine black woolen and silk-warp fabrics are prettily made up with yoke, crush collar and belt of colored shot velvet. Vests, full sleeves, girdles and a circular flounce of velvet appear on handsome gowns of black silk and satin, with frequently epaulettes or collarette of white lace.

A hair receiver may be made of white linen, embroidered in some slight design, lined with wash silk and folded to a triangular shape, then overhanded together. If the maker chooses it can be punched for eyelet holes and laced together with a narrow silk cord. This enables the quite necessary taking apart and frequent washing.

The plastron effect is noticeable in some of the new imported dresses. A V-shaped section filling the entire space from the top of the shoulders to the bodice-point is finished with some handsome garniture set on in a sort of braiding pattern. In one costume it hooks on all the way down, in another it forms a portion of the double-breasted front.

Very little attention is given in the fashion papers to such plebeian stuffs as six cent and twelve cent calicoes, and yet it is difficult to go a-shopping just now without being attracted by the delicate colors and pretty designs which come from the print works. The useful calico dress, of which all housekeepers feel the need, may now be as fetching as the finest kind of muslin.

## THE LABOR WORLD.

VIENNA, Austria, has 100,000 idle. BOOKBINDERS have thirty-two unions. SOUTH AFRICA is to manufacture cotton. MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., has a labor temple. FRANCE has twenty-nine labor exchanges. CHICAGO bricklayers get fifty cents an hour. LONDON Trades Council has 200,000 members.

F. LONDON pays municipal workers twelve wages. YALL RIVER, Mass., hasn't a non-union splinter.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., is to have a labor temple. QUEENSLAND laborers say the Japanese must go.

UNCLE SAM hasn't a non-union window glass worker. STRASBURG (Germany) bricklayers get \$4.15 a week.

TORONTO, Canada, has a Sisterhood of Bookbinders. THE great strike of coal miners was expected to affect 3000 mines and over a quarter of a million employees.

NEARLY 150,000 miners in States east of the Mississippi obeyed the order of the United Mine Workers to support work.

JAMES DUNLAP, of Omaha, Neb., directed the receivers of the Union Pacific to reduce the salaries of the employees of the road to their former figures.

LOCOMOTIVE engineers, firemen, car conductors, brakemen, trainmen and other railway employees have established a Brotherhood League in Boston.

ONE of the big soap factories near the Cortlandt street ferry, New York, employs a large number of Syrians, who dwell close by in that little Oriental corner of the city.

HATS and caps of very light and fine wire cloth are a novelty just introduced. They are intended for railroad employees or others who wear uniforms. Others are made with light wire frames and canvas covers.

MISS LENA BUTLER, a shop-girl of New York City, who supported her mother and family on \$6 a week, was so overjoyed at the raising of her salary recently to \$7.50 a week, that she became delirious and died two days later.

BUFFALO (N. Y.) grain shovelers went on strike for last year's scale, \$4 per 1000 bushels on sailing vessels, \$4.50 for steamers and \$1.25 for trimming canal boats. Italians were tried without success. The union has \$2700 in its treasury.

THE unemployed of Indianapolis, Ind., who had been supported at the public expense all winter, and who refused to shovel snow, break stones, or do anything else but draw their rations, are now demanding to know why the work, which was promised them in the spring, is not forthcoming.

THE sweat shops of New York have learned a new wrinkle in the method of cleaning up about goods. They take on girls to learn the business, charging them for the privilege, and binding them to a term of service. When their term is up they are discharged to make their way for more learners, but the product of their labor is sold all the same. The business gives profits on both sides.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

ALLAN G. TRUMBULL is eighty years old. Mrs. U. S. GRANT has an annual income of \$24,000.

THE Astor family is going in extensively for literary pursuits.

Mrs. GEORGE W. CULLEN will make her permanent home in Washington.

THE composer of "Nellie Gray," James B. Payne, is now Professor of Music at Harvard.

SENATOR CALVIN K. BRICK, of Ohio, wears out a watch chain in about two years by constantly fidgeting it.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, a nephew of the late President of the United States, died a justice of the peace for Zanesville, Mich.

A World's Fair souvenir quarter, enclosed in a silver case, has been sent to the Queen Regent of Spain by Mrs. Potter Palmer.

THE late General Sherman's fortune is estimated at \$1,000,000. He was at his death the richest of all the generals of the late war.

PARKMAN HARRIS, of the Maine State College, is said to be the youngest college president in the country, being only thirty years of age.

THE betrothal of the Czarowitz and Princess Alice of Hesse is regarded in Germany as a voucher for Germany's friendship for Russia.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR has written a novel in which he glorifies electricity as the controlling force in the world at the close of the twentieth century.

REV. H. WELLSLEY WELSH, who has been appointed by Queen Victoria tutor and governor to the Duke of Albany, is a descendant of John Wesley.

EVERY year ago President Cleveland's wealth amounted perhaps to \$50,000. Now his property, as estimated by the assessors' books of New York, will amount to over a quarter of a million.

Is a letter, inclosing a contribution, to President Black, of the Association of Democratic Clubs, President Cleveland says all members of the party should labor to save it from the danger of failure to redeem its pledges.

REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, a son of Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, recently preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the Olivet Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia. He has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg, Penn.

THE new British Premier has much youthful freshness of feeling and manner. When walking out, hand in hand with two of his children, he seems more, it is said, like a lively elder brother of the two youngsters than the great political head of England.

THE oldest veteran of the Civil War now living is said to be Randolph Keller, who was born December 1, 1803, and enlisted at Pittsburg, in August, 1861, as Quartermaster Sergeant in Company M, Fifth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He is living in Evans City, Butler County, Penn.

JAMES WHITE, Mr. Cleveland's newly appointed Judge of the United States Supreme Court, will be forty-nine years of age in November. He is the youngest Justice in that tribunal, Chief Justice M. W. Fuller is sixty-one, Judge Harlan is sixty-one, Judge Gray is sixty-six, Judge Brewer is fifty-seven, Judge Brown is fifty-eight, Judge Shiras is sixty-two, Judge Jackson is sixty-two, and Judge Field is seventy-eight.

SECRETARY LIBERT has issued an order reducing the force of clerks in the War Department from thirty-nine to twenty-seven, saving the Treasury \$25,000 a year in salaries. This action was taken, as stated in his order, after the Secretary had satisfied himself that the work of the office can be efficiently performed by a reduced force of clerks.