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Too Late.

Why is it all men crave for wealth?
Ah, wealth untold
Is good enough, yet is not health
Worth more than gold?
And as each day, that ne'er returns,
But joins the past,
Comes, and goes by, the rich man toils
Hard at his task.
No time for thought, or anything
But just his wealth.
Can he be dreaming life's for aye?
Now fails his health,
And death comes in and beckons him away.
Pleasures ne'er spent
Are lost for this rich man
Spent not, nor lent.
Good that were in his hands to do
He left undone,
Forgetting in his race for wealth
Life's setting sun!
His thoughts all lay in how to make
One dollar seven;
And then, too late, he found for gold
There's no demand in heaven.
—GLADYS DUDLEY HAMILTON.

A GHOST'S LOVE STORY.

She might have been thirty-five, but as to this I will not hazard an opinion, for it is always dangerous to speak of woman's age. Certain it is, however, that she is small and well formed, with wavy brown hair, and large brown eyes and a rich brown skin, and, as a fitting supplement to all these charms she wore a brown silk dress. She was not a plain woman; indeed some would have counted her pretty, as she stood there at the gate half undecided whether to go forward or back, watching the stranger who was coming slowly down the lane.

The stranger was tall and broad shouldered, with gray eyes, and gray hair, and whiskers, and he wore gray clothes with a broad-brimmed gray hat to match. He was gray enough for sixty, and such you would have voted him had you not chanced to catch sight of his clear complexion and almost youthful face. Then you would have said that he was not a day over forty.

And this was just what the little woman in brown remarked to herself as she stood there by the gate. Besides, it seemed to her that there was something strangely familiar about the big man in gray. Away back in the past, before her life became so lonely and sad, she had known someone of whom the stranger reminded her. But that was a long while ago, and perhaps she was mistaken; at second thought she was almost certain that she was. At any rate it was very foolish of her to stand there staring curiously at a man she had never seen before.

Then why did she do it?

The lane in which the big man in gray was walking was not a public road; it was private property, and besides, at its further end was posted a placard which warned the public not to trespass thereon. The father of the little woman in brown had nailed it there the morning after the village boys made the raid upon his peach orchard. That was thirty years ago; the author of the placard lay at rest in the old burial ground, the boys who stole his fruit now had children of their own, but still it stood as a warning to all passers-by. Perhaps, thought the little woman in brown, the big man in gray did not notice the placard; he might be a stranger who by accident had wandered away from the public road. She would show him the way to the hotel and then go back to the cottage.

But just then the big man in gray came up to the gate, and raising his hat to the little woman in brown, said: "I beg your pardon, but can you tell me who lives in Deacon Gilkenson's house over yonder?"

"Deacon Gilkenson! why, he has been dead for years."

"Yes, I know, but what became of his daughter, Alice? She was only a young girl when I went away."

"I am Alice Gilkenson," said the little woman in brown in a half-inquiring, half-startled manner.

"You are Alice Gilkenson, and do you not remember me?" And the big man in gray stooped down and looked eagerly into the face of the little woman in brown.

Five minutes later they were seated on the bench by the side of the gate. The little woman in brown had out her handkerchief and was crying in it softly, while the big man in gray was wiping his eyes in a suspicious manner and saying: "And so you have not forgotten the old mill under the

hill and the black haired boy who used to work there? That was a long time ago."

"Ages ago," said the little woman in brown.

"But the boy did not find the work hard or tiresome," the big man in gray, went on. "Twice each week there was an old gentleman who came to the mill bringing with him his little girl, and while the grist was grinding the boy and the little girl used to play together and he thought her the prettiest, dearest creature he had ever seen, and the days when she and her father came to the mill the brightest, sunniest spots in all his life. After a time the girl stopped coming to the mill. She was fifteen then and the boy was eighteen. But the old gentleman used to ask the boy to his house for dinner on Sunday afternoons, and after dinner was over the old gentleman would lie down on his sofa in the little parlor and take a long nap, while the boy and girl would talk together for hours at a time. What they talked about would have interested no one but themselves, yet they were interested, and to the boy at least those afternoons were very precious, for he loved the girl dearly."

"I know he did," said the little woman in brown.

"But there came an end to all this," continued the big man in gray, not noticing the interruption. "The boy was poor, very poor, while the girl's father was the richest man in the town. One day the latter gave the boy to understand that he could never hope to claim his daughter for a wife. The boy was crushed, completely broken. He went a poor, miserable ghost of his former self."

"He went into the army; he was ever in the thickest of the fight and always welcomed danger with a glad heart. Men said he was a brave soldier and made him an officer. His superiors said that he was a capable officer and asked him to come up higher. At the first Bull Run he was only a private; when the war closed he commanded a regiment. But to him all these things were a melancholy pleasure, for he was only a ghost. When the war was over he went to travel in a great city, where in business he was successful, perhaps, beyond his deserts. He was famous, and men were glad to claim him as a friend. At times he was happy in a strange, sad way; but then how could a ghost hope to share in the pleasures of the world in which he was dead? Often, very often, he thought of the old life and the things which had once given him so much pleasure and happiness. He thought of the girl who had once been so dear to him, and he wondered if she had ever loved him."

"I think she did," said the little woman in brown. But a lump came up in her throat and choked her, and the big man in gray went on:

"Once in a very great while I think he really wished that he had never lived."

"Did he?" said the little woman in brown; but the big man in gray did not answer her.

"A few days ago," he continued, "the poor ghost heard for the first time that the father was dead and the daughter alone. He resolved to come back and see if he could not find his lost self in trying to win back the woman he loved. But then he is only a ghost and perhaps doomed to be disappointed."

"I don't think so," said the little woman in brown; and when the big man in gray very tenderly pulled her head down upon his breast she did not resist.

A month later there was a wedding in the village church. The wedding was a quiet but joyous one, and after it was over the big man in gray went to live with the little woman in brown at the old cottage. People say that he is now the most contented and happy ghost in all the world.

The Parsee—His Dress and Ways.

The entire costume of the Parsee symbolizes the mysteries of religion. The gauze shirt, bound with the sacred cord of Kusti, must be woven with seventy-two threads to represent the chapters of "Izashni," and the twelve knots of the heavy tassel signify the twelve months of the year, and represent the perpetual obligation of sacred duties. The embroidery of

the stopping back hats carries out a further doctrinal signification, and in the white headbands of the women warp and wool form an elaborate cryptograph of Zoroastrian theology.

Even the mode of wearing the silken saris of pink, primrose, azure, and green, is prescribed by ritual law, though the linen headband gets pushed further back, and the floating folds of the brilliant veil occasionally combine coquetry with orthodoxy. A solitary instance recurs to memory of a fuzzy fringe framed by headband and sari, and contrasting strangely with the Asiatic face and beautiful historic dress of the wearer; but the Parsee beauty rarely ventures on such a decided protest against the tyranny of custom and creed. The possession of unlimited wealth enables the Parsees of Bombay to exercise important control over the fortunes of the city, and rows of splendid mansions in the suburb of Parel show the status of the colony which identifies itself with Western progress while retaining original character and ancient faith.

The superb horses and carriages of Parseeladies contribute to the brilliant effect of Esplanade and Bunder, when fashionable Bombay assemble round the yacht club at the close of the day, and the liberty accorded to Parsee womanhood paves the way to a distinctive position in the Indian future, for the Zoroastrian maiden remains unfettered by the bondage of "purdah" or the iron chains of caste.—All the Year Round.

Tusk Surgeon to the Elephant.

Spectacle-makers for poodles, tailors for greyhounds, and hatters for pet cats we have known ere this, but an elephant's dentist has only just made his first appearance. He has earned his spurs—or the dentist's substitute for them—by operating on one of the Jumbos at the Paris "Zoo." For some weeks the poor beast, who had been the jolliest elephant of the troupe, had turned sombre and melancholy. His trunk and tail, otherwise in perpetual cheerful motion, swayed to and fro no more, and he lay for hours rubbing his jaws on the ground. "He's got the toothache," at last declared a keeper. A dentist was called, and it appeared that the root of one of his teeth was injured. If the tooth was to be saved it must be "stopped," and stopped it has been, although the dauntless dentist ran, at first, the danger of being crushed and trampled to death by his majesty the elephant. But at the successful conclusion of this piece of fine art dentistry the patient had realized what should be his proper attitude toward his benefactor, and met him open-mouthed whenever he approached the elephant house.—Westminster Gazette.

A Slumming Club.

Energetic young men and women belong to a Chicago slumming club, and they have a chaperon who is willing, once every three weeks, to eat her dinner in an Italian restaurant, accepting the table d'hôte dishes as they come, and afterward spend the evening at some theater where clog-dancing, minstrel jokes, prestidigitators, ventriloquists and acrobats are the attractions.

A bold masculine member of the club is delegated to search out a new but quite respectable and interesting French, German, Italian or Hungarian restaurant where a decent meal for seventy-five cents can be had, and to buy tickets for a theater that is respectable for ladies to attend. All the women wear their shabbiest frocks, and no evening suits are allowed; peppery Spanish and Hungarian dishes are high in favor, and these clubs of otherwise correct debutantes and bachelors call themselves the "Flitter Mice," the "Buccaneers," or by some other equally descriptive title.—Chicago Mail.

Names of Continents.

The name Europe signifies "a country of white complexion," and arises from the fact that its inhabitants are of a lighter complexion than those of Asia or Africa. Asia signifies "between or in the middle," the ancient geographers imagining that it lay between Europe and Africa. Africa signifies "the land of corn." It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and the Romans and other people used to import grain extensively from that continent.—San Francisco Chronicle.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

DANGER IN PERFUMES.

Women who are fond of indulging in strong perfumes should remember that they are decidedly injurious to the sense of smell. By their frequent use the secretory glands of the nose and throat are overtaxed and weakened. One day the person notices that the hearing is less acute than usual, and the sense of smell seems defective. This is, of course, put down to a cold, and but little is thought of it. After a time the entire head becomes affected, and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal illness. Smelling salts are a prolific cause of deafness; all strong and pungent odors, particularly those which act upon the secretory processes, should be avoided as far as possible.—New York Journal.

AIR YOUR CLOTHING.

Everyday garments, particularly those which are not laundered, should be disinfected. Brushing is not sufficient, as it does not remove the unpleasant odors which come from long use. Some women sprinkle their waists with scent, and use sachet powders to perfume their bonnets and wraps. All this would be admirable, if it were availing. Scent needs to be overpowering to conceal the unfragrant emanations from an old garment. Then the bouquet is fulsome and vulgar.

Better than scent-bag and potpourri is a clothes-pole and an open window. Turn the garments wrong side out, and let the air and sunshine disinfect and deodorize them. All-night airing is good, but a day of blowing winds and purifying sunlight is better.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

DO WOMEN KNOW?

That the round top trunk is quite gone by, and the newest and most convenient has no tray in the lid, but is so arranged that it can be set close against the wall and opened without being moved forward.

That either washing soda or borax is said to better to use in the water for bathing purposes than ammonia, which hardens the skin and makes it crack, unless used very sparingly at infrequent periods.

That monograms worked in the finest embroidery are rapidly becoming popular as decorations for bed spreads and pillow covers.

That patent leather shoes are really beneficial for those who have dry feet. While moist feet are a real affliction, to have them perspire occasionally softens them and prevents callous spots forming.

That scarfs are no longer used to drape pictures and chairs. For the mantle, embroidered china silk crepes are popular.

That muslin curtains, figured and ruffled, look well for narrow windows in apartments.

That all embroidered articles such as tray cloths, bureau scarfs, 5 o'clock tea cloths, silk board covers and the like, should be washed by themselves.—New York Advertiser.

THE BUCKLE PAID UPON US.

The merry maidens of Gotham are now collecting buckles. They prefer a new buckle to a box of bon bons or a bunch of violets, and when presents are not numerous their own allowance goes with startling rapidity. Cause—the boom in buckles. The dainty summer shirt waists are, in a measure, responsible for this buckle craze. They require a belt, and the belt requires a buckle.

The silver buckles are the most popular. They are long and narrow, or round, and much ornamented. Some are of filigree, while others are plain or oxidized. Buckles of black enamel inlaid with silver or gold are effective upon a delicately-tinted ribbon belt.

The gold buckles are beautiful enough to warrant the price at which they are sold. One represents a gold hoop, around which a snake has twined his body. The eyes are glistening emeralds.

Plain gold buckles have the owners' monogram engraved upon them. Among the newest silver buckles are those inlaid with pale blue enamel. Delicate buckles of tortoise shell are also seen this year inlaid with gold or

enamel. The buckles which adorn a the tennis belt are sure somewhere to show a racquet. A new buckle to be worn with a yachting gown is of Roman gold shaped like an anchor, with bronzed cords coiled about it. A dainty buckle attached to a white ribbon belt was formed of a wreath of blue enamel forget-me-nots. Jewel boxes made especially for buckles are now being manufactured.—Philadelphia Times.

ADVANTAGES WOMEN HAVE.

The bachelor girl was holding forth on the advantages women have over men.

"For instance in a crowded car," she was saying, "a woman is always sure of a seat. Half a dozen men will jump up to give it to her, no matter how tired they are. It is a matter of tyranny of public opinion. Not one man in ten has the moral courage to defy popular prejudice and keep his seat while there is a woman in the car standing.

"And it's the same way in a crowd, too. A woman is always passed through to the front ranks, without the hem of her gown being torn, while the men will push and elbow each other and tear each other's coat tails like so wild bears.

"Women have a great advantage over men in the matter of dress. They can make themselves twice as pretty at half the cost, whereas a man is called a dude if he tries to make himself at all picturesque with a pink shirt or a blue necktie. Another thing in dress. A woman can abjure starched collars, wear next to nothing, a thin lawn and a pretty white muslin, and carry a lace parasol and be happy and fair to look upon on a hot day. But a man must mop his warm brow, wear an alpaca coat at the least, wiled laundry or a negligee shirt, and that is an abomination, and then look hot and miserable.

"Then in the ice cream season she has the ice cream and he pays the bills; in the theatre season she goes to every new play and he pays for the tickets; in fact, she has all the luxuries of life, and it doesn't cost her a cent."—Boston Post.

FASHION NOTES.

Tuscan round hats are very popular. Black mohair is suitable for elderly ladies' general wear.

Bed room wrappers are made of light colored nainsook.

Low crown hats are still universal, trimmings moderately high, and the shapes exceedingly small, but no shape is special.

In sailor hats there are three dominant shapes—the beach, with the wide brim; the narrow brim, and the cliff, with a lower crown.

Wide, plainly cut skirts, with one very wide box-pleat in the back or three fluted plaits, are trimmed with narrow folds or rows of braid.

The newest millinery is as varied as variation itself. Some of the bonnets, are so small as to suggest dress caps, others are modified pokes, while very large hats abound.

In arranging the hair, the parted locks over the forehead are most liked, but they must be slightly waved and brushed back in an easy fashion to look as natural as possible.

All shades of brown will be fashionably worn in wraps this summer. The dull greens, which are not unbecoming unless it be to the most sallow-complexioned, are also stylish.

White nun's veiling and Fayette, dotted with black, are trimmed with black velvet ribbon in narrow rows, or with much wider ribbon overlaid with point de gene or guipure insertion.

A peculiar idea for hair decoration is the plunage of the white peacock dyed in any required color and fastened at the base with a jewelled ornament. The eye of the feather is sometimes outlined with tiny emeralds.

A very rich gown with waist of white Venetian guipure lace has a bow of pale blue silk brocaded with purple violets. The lace sleeves have wired tops of the silk, and the skirt is of the lightest shade of Parma violets.

A pretty handkerchief was recently displayed with a beautiful mulle parasol executed in the same design. These airy kerchiefs are ornamental rather than useful, being designed, no doubt, to give the finishing touch to my lady's summer gown.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

At Washington, ex-United States Senator Bishop W. Perkins, of Kansas, expired suddenly a few days ago.

Dr. J. R. Finner, Secretary of the Wisconsin Legation in Rome, has been promoted to the post of Minister at Washington.

SENATOR HARRIS, of Tennessee, is said to know more about Parliamentary law than any other Senator on the Democratic side.

The oldest ex-Governor in the United States is Alpheus Felch, of Michigan. He lives in Ann Arbor and is ninety years of age.

"SAILOR JOE" SEBASTIAN, who was recently promoted to the post of Rear Admiral, is said to be the best navigator in the American Army.

WILLIAM DEERING, the harvest machine manufacturer of Chicago, has given \$50,000 to the Medical School of the Northwestern University.

WILLIAM HART, N. A., the well-known landscape artist, died at his residence, Mount Vernon, N. Y., a few days since, in his seventy-second year.

EMERSON WILLIAMS, of Germany, has had suitable apparatus rigged up in the park at Berlin and practices the movements of running every morning.

JAMES STOKES, of New York City, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by the French Government, for his services in establishing the Y. M. C. A. in Paris.

JOHN F. ANDREWS, of Rome, N. Y., now in his ninety-first year, claims to be the oldest living ex-Congressman. He represented the Stouven District from 1857 to 1869.

The honorary degree of D. C. L. was conferred upon Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States cruiser Chicago, by the University of Oxford at its commemoration festival.

Here are the ages of four notable New York men: Hon. F. Flower, fifty-one years; David B. Hill, fifty-one; Edward Murphy, fifty-six, and Grover Cleveland, fifty-seven.

The Emperor of Germany has a new gala carriage that is lighted by electricity and with the harness studded with tiny lamps. The carriage is also covered with little lamps.

MR. GLADSTONE is finding a solace in the quiet and darkness necessitated by his fading sight, in translating, with the aid of an amanuensis, the odes of Horace into English verse.

SIR JOHN DYER COLERIDGE, Lord Chief Justice of England, who has just died, has been for many years one of the most prominent men in England. His father was a member of the post Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

T. W. DAVIS, of the Dickinson College Prohibition Club, who was five years ago picking slices in a coal mine and could neither read nor write, won the first oratorical prize at Williamsport, Penn., a few weeks since.

It is expected that Dr. Edward Nettleship will receive \$10,000 for his operation on Mr. Gladstone's eye. Moreover, he is almost certain to become the fashionable physician of London, and it is not unlikely that he will be made a baronet.

COLUMBUS DELANO, who was sent to Congress in 1844—the year Major McKinley was born—as the Secretary of the Interior under Grant, is able, at the age of eighty-eight years, to take saddle exercises on his farm near Mount Vernon, Ohio.

JOHN W. GORTY, of New York, is making so much of a reputation as counsel for the Lexow Investigating Committee that he is talked of as the probable successor of Recorder Frederick Smyth. He started out as a salesman in a clothing store and obtained his education at Cooper Union between business hours.

GOVERNOR GREENWALD, of Massachusetts, who was for several years President of the Lowell Humane Society, died at his home in Boston on the twenty-first of July. He was the brother of the late Governor Frederick Greenhalgh. He started out as a salesman in a clothing store and obtained his education at Cooper Union between business hours.

W. C. FITZ, the Democratic nominee for Attorney-General in Alabama, and W. E. BROWN, the Democratic nominee for Governor in Boston on the other day, were both born within two days of each other, entered the State University on the same day and got their law diplomas on the same day. They are said to be personally the best of friends.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

CANADA has no gold coins.

FRUIT prospects are poor.

CALIFORNIA has forty Chinese temples.

The peach crop will probably be a failure.

THERE are 40,000 Seventh Day Adventists in Wisconsin.

The population of Chattanooga, Tenn., is 3433 less than in 1893.

In this country there are 116 medical colleges of various schools.

TELEPHONE companies are suffering from the business depression.

The District of Columbia has over 11,000 more women than men.

The Missouri Supreme Court decided that a falling firm may prefer creditors.

The total wheat area this year is 36,400,000 acres, against 35,501,500 last year.

A SWARM of seventeen-year locusts recently broke up a picnic near Keyport, N. J.

It is probable that the corn pack will be considerably reduced the present season.

IMMIGRATION has fallen off greatly, and a turn in the tide of emigration is predicted.

The Russian Government has appointed a Court of Honor to regulate dealing in the army.

FISHERMEN say that locusts, now so plentiful in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, make good fish bait.

The Swiss Government introduced mid-European time at all railway and telegraph stations on June 1.

The number of registered Chinese in this country is 107,000, and it is said that 3000 have not registered.

The trustees of a Maine school made the graduating girls and boys dress in gingham and blue "because times are hard."

DEER are very plentiful about Greenville, Me., hardly a day passing without from one to a dozen being seen, on some of the farms near the village. A large number go into a wire fence within half a mile of the Greenville postoffice a few days ago. He pulled up four posts and drew every staple from one post, leaving the bars of the wire covered with hide and the ground covered with bunches of hair.

INFORMATION received at the State Department, Washington, from our N. Y. office at Athens shows that in fifty-two towns 217 people were killed and 146 wounded, and 3000 houses destroyed or injured by the recent earthquake. The value of the property destroyed was about \$1,000,000.