

# WINDSOR BERTIE COUNTY, N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894. NO. 12.

State Library

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

**When the Wind Blows.**  
Oh, the dancing of the leaves,  
When the wind blows!  
And the rushing noise of trees,  
Shouting, shrieking on the leas,  
Like the sound of seething seas,  
When the wind blows!

Oh, the bounding of the boughs,  
When the wind blows!  
The moan and the quiver  
Of reeds along the river—  
That sink, and rise, and shiver—  
When the wind blows!

Oh, the shifting of the clouds,  
When the wind blows!  
Sailing swiftly on between  
The wide blue world and the green,  
Throwing shadows o'er the sheen,  
When the wind blows!

Oh, the drifting of the snow,  
When the wind blows!  
Showing in the old moonlight  
Fallen trees hidden under white,  
Like great ghosts in bed at night,  
When the wind blows!

Oh, the comfort of the fire,  
When the wind blows!  
To hear the song and the chat  
Of the kettle and the cat,  
And the cricket on the mat,  
When the wind blows!

Guy Roselyn.

**TRACED BY A BUTTON.**

When I was on the detective force—by the way, my name is Jack Hindson, at your service—I had a case on my hands that baffled me. I wanted to get on, for I was at that time engaged to Kitty Pease, and she had said that though she was very fond of me she did not mean to marry me until I had enough to marry on, which I should have as soon as I had found out the party who committed a certain murder.

Mrs. Jeffries, a rich, miserly sort of old lady, had been found dead in her bed, murdered by some one. No one knew who it was.

Everybody was under suspicion—a man servant who had been dismissed weeks before; a dissipated nephew who had quarrelled with her; a pedler; a man who had mended the roof. But it seemed likely that no one would be actually proved guilty. To be sure, the nephew would come in for her property, being her only relative, but though he had been to the door that evening he had been seen to go away again, and the servant had to call for help before the bedroom door could be broken in.

The only clue that I had was a bit of black cloth clutched tight in the dead woman's hand—a find bit of old black broadcloth torn in quite a singular shape. We hid the fact that this had been found from the newspaper men, and I was looking for the coat it had been pulled off of. That would be my chance.

The dismissed servant was a waiter, but I bribed myself into a chance of seeing his black coat off duty, and it had not been torn or patched. I hunted up the nephew's boarding-house and got into his room under pretense of having been sent from the telegraph office to see the wires, but his clothes were all of thick, coarse cloth. I talked these things all over to Kitty, and she set her wits to work to help me. She asked me to let her go to the old lady's house and show her the room she slept in, and she went out on the roof, as I had done many a time, and went along first in one direction and then in another, looking at all the scuttle doors, until I thought she would go off into the street, but she stopped at the last of the row and beckoned me. I hurried up.

Close to the scuttle door lay a little black button.

"This belongs to the garment the bit of cloth came from," she said. "There are blacks and blacks. This is a button that matches that black. Not a blue black, nor a brownish black, nor a foxy black, but a black that is almost invisible green. Do you know No. 100?"

"It's a very respectable first-class boarding house," said I.

"Will they take ladies?" she asked.

"If they are well introduced."

"I shall go there to board."

Next day I got a card from her—she hadn't been in the habit of having cards—with that address on it. I called. She came down to see me in her best black silk, with her bonnet and mantilla on.

There was an old lady in the room. She introduced me to her and then said she was ready. I took the hint. We went out together.

"Of course you know why I came here," she said. "I'm spending all my salary and wearing my best clothes, but I've found something out already. Mrs. Jeffries's nephew calls here sometimes. He calls on a young widow who has the upper front room. He has been engaged to her for some time."

She paused a long time and then said: "He was here the night of the murder."

"Well," I said, "has she let him out upon the roof?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me any questions," said Kitty, "I shall know before long. When I send for you come at once. Will you let me have that bit of cloth?"

"It's more precious than diamonds," I said.

Her answer was:

"Yes, I know it." She put it into her pocketbook. "I have changed my room," she remarked. "I'm next to her. There is a locked door between us. That is all. And I have made a peephole."

"You are a born detective, but as this widow is respectable you can't watch young Jeffries that way."

"Yesterday," she said without answering me, "Jeffries called. I saw him coming up the street and hid behind a screen in the parlor. I should have pretended to be asleep in a chair there had I been seen, but no one found me out. She came to him, and he talked like an innocent man.

"The poor old woman has done me a great injury by getting herself murdered," he said. "I believe I'm suspected, because I shall profit by her death. Why, what do they take me for? I wonder who killed her? They say nothing was gone."

"Whoever it was, you ought to be thankful that the crabbed creature is dead," she said. "Some common burglar of course. She'd scream and shriek if she saw one at her jewel-case and get herself killed."

"Well, poor old woman, I'd have been his death if I had been near," Jeffries said. "She wasn't half bad. She never made a will and left things away from me, as she might, after I told her I'd never eridge to her for her favor. Hang it, I wish I wasn't her heir! People will suspect me secretly perhaps. I can prove I wasn't inside the house that night, but you know how the papers talked. Poor Bitzner, the roofer, came to me and cried over what they said about him. Kill Aunt Jessy! Why, good Lord!"

"You used to call her Aunt Jezebel," said the widow. Mrs. Mull is her name.

"Yes I'm sorry I did, but she had a temper," said Mr. Jeffries. "I've a mind not to take the money."

"Then I shan't take you," said Mrs. Mull. "Such an idiot! I should be ashamed of you."

"See here!" Kitty handed me an address on a piece of paper. It was Mrs. Preston Mull, at a certain number, Chestnut street. It is her mother-in-law. Can you send our Mrs. Mull—Eliza Mull—a telegram saying, 'Come at once to this address?' she asked.

"I can," said I.

"Do it," said she. "No, don't ask me. I am helping you. I have my thoughts. Now take me home."

I took her home and telegraphed to the widow, and I waited and watched. I saw her get into a carriage and go away. I followed and saw her take the train. If Kitty wanted her out of the way she was safe.

A few hours afterward I received a note:

"Disguise yourself as an old woman and come here at once. Come in a cab. Wear a thick black veil. Send up word that you are my Aunt Agnes. Lose no time."

I lost none. As I went slowly up the stairs with my black veil down I could hear my heart beat. Kitty opened the door, called out "Why, aunty, dear!" and shut it.

"I have opened the door between my room and Mrs. Mull's," she said. "I have found something. I can't appear in this matter. You must see for yourself."

She led me into the handsome room and went to a wardrobe. There, from beneath other dresses, she drew a plainly cut coat, or redingote, of thin black cloth, with many buttons down the front, and spread it on a

chair. About the height of the knees a piece was torn away and a button gone.

"Hush!" she said. "We don't know who may be listening. 'Make no sound.'"

Then she took the bit of cloth from her pocket, fitted it to the rent and laid the button on it.

"The piece of cloth found in dead Mrs. Jeffries's hand came from this garment," was her remark.

"Yes," I said, "she must have disguised him in it. But—why—"

"Goosey!" said Kitty. "Mr. Jeffries could not get into this. Mrs. Mull wore it herself. Mrs. Mull killed old Mrs. Jeffries. The nephew knows nothing about it—guesses nothing. This wicked woman wanted to marry him when he had inherited the estate. She has done it. I watched her through the peephole I had made. I saw her writhe in agony, and without speaking a word, wring her hands and tear her hair. It was an awful sight, but I knew it was a guilty conscience that moved her. There—you have it all in your own hands now. I'll go and tell Mrs. G—that I have news which must take me away, pay her my board and go with you in the cab."

I left her at her own door. Mrs. Mull was arrested at the station on her return, and it was all as Kitty said. She made full confession. She had conceived the idea of murdering the old woman that her nephew might get the money, and she had hoped the poor roof-mender would be charged with the crime.

She was a fiend in female form, but the thought that I had driven a woman to the gallows haunted me and sickened me of the detective business, which I left very soon.

Kitty and I are keeping a little hotel now and prospering very well.—London Tit Bits.

**How They Tell Time in Nepal.**

There are no public schools in Nepal. The sons of princes and nobles—even our young king, while he is yet only a boy—are taught at home by the guru, or household priest, who is supposed to be also a pundit, or very learned man. Later, the young men of rank are sent to Patna, Benares or Calcutta, where they learn to speak English and to wear English clothes, and to tell the time of day by an English clock; for in Nepal time is measured by means of a copper vessel, with a small hole in the bottom, set afloat on a tank or pool. Sixty times a day this kettle fills and sinks, and every time it sinks a gong is struck; so that the day is divided into sixty "gongs" or "bells" as sailors reckon time aboard ship. The poor Bhootia, shepherds, or the Newar women who make pottery in the fields, say that the day is begun when they can count the tiles on the roof of a house, or when they can see the hair on the back of a man's hand by holding it up against the light.—St. Nicholas.

**Fruit Eating to Cure All Ills.**

A new society of cranks has been started by a former lieutenant in the German army," says the Medical Record. "His name is Boeter. He is the leader of a new 'ism,' and as such sailed recently from San Francisco to Honolulu. The 'Fruitarians' is the name of the new society he represents, and their belief—or rather notion—is that modern civilization is full of vanities and strange notions, and greatly needs reforming. The members eat nothing but ripe fruit, eschew cooked food of any kind, and drink only water. They are to live in huts, bare of the comforts of civilization, and go naked. Ex-Lieut. Boeter intends to buy a large tract of land in the Sandwich Islands, or, perhaps, a small island outright, for the purpose of founding a colony.

**He Could Not Fall Slowly.**

Fond Parent—Goodness, how you look, child. You are soaked.  
Frankie—Please, pa, I fell into the canal.  
Fond Parent—What, with your new trousers on?  
Frankie—I didn't have time, pa, to take 'em off.—Boston Home Journal.

The first muffs were made for the use of doctors to keep their fingers warm, that they might accurately feel the pulse of their patients.

**LADIES' DEPARTMENT.**

**A FIN-DE-SIECLE HEROINE.**  
Marguerite McDonald, a nineteen-year-old girl, who was given the position of station agent at Warrior Run, Penn., on the Lehigh Valley road, when her brother vacated it a year ago, finds herself a heroine in the Wilkesbarre district. By her quick-witted action she prevented a serious collision between passenger trains.—New York World.

**A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.**

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas Populist, has a eleven-year-old daughter who shows strong points of resemblance to her mother. The other day she assembled a crowd of schoolboys, and delivered them a lecture on manners and morals. At the conclusion of her remarks she told them that she meant to run for the presidency one of these days, and she hoped that they would all vote for her.—New Orleans Picayune.

**MILLINERY AND MELANCHOLIA.**

What the lugubrious lady with the long face wants on her head is a cherry or Burgundy red velvet bonnet, and she ought to have it, too, for the sake of the community. A man milliner of New York recommends it for constitutional melancholia. The rich, wholesome color has the vital force that cheers old eyes and attracts young ones. It is suitable to all ages and every type, and is as becoming to blondes and brunettes as red lips. Ostrich tips, birds, ornaments and ribbons are introduced to make the cheerful red bonnet inconspicuous.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

**PROGRESSIVE SCOTCH WOMEN.**

The degrees of bachelor of medicine and of master in surgery have this year, for the first time in the history of the Scottish universities, been conferred on women. One of these young women, who ranked third in a class of sixty-one members, stood first in her class in zoology, practical chemistry, anatomy, history, physiology, surgery, medicine, pathology, and midwifery. Her clinical work was done in the Royal Hospital for Sick Children and in the Royal Infirmary. The other young woman who received a degree, and who has done excellent work during her seven years' college course, will act as medical assistant to her father, who is a Glasgow physician.—New York Post.

**EARRINGS IN FASHION.**

Men are fond of saying that earrings are a relic of barbarism, and so far no woman has seriously disputed the statement; nevertheless they have been recalled from their state of innocuous desuetude, and once more the jeweller has the fashionable dame by the ear. Buyers are taken into the trying-out room to get the effect on artificial light. There is a maid servant and toilet requisites for a coiffure, for only a vulgarian ever wears jewels in daylight with a bonnet. Trays of hoops, pendants, screw solitaires and ear bobs are brought forth for inspection, and if nothing in the collection pleases the lady, her measure is taken, stones are selected, finished designs are submitted and the ornaments made to order.

For more than two thousand years the earring has fluctuated with the tide of fashion. At one time the ear hoops were two inches in diameter, and only forty years ago our swooning, light-headed lachrymose mothers wore pendant ornaments as long as their tating shuttles. Those who could not afford solid gold were content with "loaded" earrings, and it was not until the ear lobes gave out that the fashion, for which Eugenie was responsible, changed. So wise a lady as the Queen of England adopted the wagging bangles.

But this is not the point. Earrings are in fashion again, and it remains to be seen whether or not they will be the style. If the bandeaux take—and they have taken in Paris—the earrings will be indispensable to the broad or moon-faced women who adopt the coiffure. Parting the hair and then drawing it down to or over the ears has the effect, as every lady knows, of widening the face, which is not the best view of an ugly face. By ornamenting the ears the effect may be softened or the attention distracted.

**But the sex is not as sheepish as it was, and notwithstanding the official stamp put upon the bandeau and the bugle, the woman of the world will study her glass before adopting either.—New York Telegram.**

**FASHION NOTES.**

The struggle to make paniers a success still continues.

The Bourdon laces for this season are in deep Vandyke designs.

New crepe-finished woods are imported for autumn and winter tailor gowns.

New millinery garniture show beautiful effects in shaded green and iridescent beads.

Combs of the broad, high, old-fashioned shape, are being worn with old-fashioned gowns.

White bengaline will be much used this winter for bridal gowns. All corded effects will be fashionable, and heavy laces will be employed in trimming.

The long discarded bracelet is in favor. In its intimate personality of association it is only secondary to the ring, and a sentiment must always cling to this ornament.

Some of the goods for genuine cold weather wear are fleece-woven, and as warm and durable as beaver cloth, yet extremely soft and pliable and of the finest quality and purest dye.

The blouse, the Eton and the open jacket still remain in favor; perhaps will reign through the winter. The open jacket is improved by the large buttons of ivory or of brown shell.

Jet black quill feathers covered with jet powder, and black lace fan-pleatings and loops glittering with jet spangles, are styles of trimming much used on toques and turbans for the fall.

Plumage decorated with jet is fashionable in quills and wings where the outlines are marked with a jet frosting or the celluloid spangles cover the centre, one-half or the entire face of the ornament.

For decorating handsome evening-gowns of brocade or shot silk is the new velours peluche, a deep-piled velvet, which promises to be largely used this winter. It appears in all the evening shades.

Blouse waists of accordion-plated chiffon over taffeta or shot sarah silks are offered by the importers. They are made with full elbow sleeves and have pretty belt accessories of watered ribbon.

A "dress improver" is something very nice to have. It is a somewhat new idea. It is made of the very lightest hair cloth, does not weigh a pound and does away with the need of heavy skirts, keeping the dress in proper lines.

Very beautiful scarfs two yards long and half a yard wide are made of heavy buttered-colored net, the ends heavily finished with lace design. These scarfs are passed from front to back, crossed there and tied with long loops in front.

There is a return to soft, clinging camel's hair, a delightful fabric that was displaced by the stiffer cloths preferred by tailors. This is now made very fleecy, and sometimes with the pile flattened in what is called the India finish.

The bustle effect is the latest novelty in new gowns. The back is formed by four box plaits which are sewn to stiff cap pieces. These caps are of the material lined with horsehair, and set out straight from the waist. The caps are finished with a cord and the box plait hangs from the outer edge.

Velvet sleeves, with corslet to match, are worn with plain cloth or silk waists, and richly plaided or striped goods continue to be employed for gumpies and sleeves. Stylish horse dresses are still made long, but not long enough to be called trained, while full trains are only worn with the most elaborate toilets.

There are any number of new fancy velvets in watered, checked, and mirror effects to be used for trimming or parts of the skirt and bodice. Another pretty fabric for accessories is an armured sateen in light tints, overlaid with a net-like weave of black and gold. It is also employed for entire dresses with black satin or velvet garnitures.

**NEWSY GLEANINGS.**

**JAPAN** has four Field Marshals.  
**FRANCE** has been restored in Hayti.  
**TEXAS** foreign hop crop is very large.  
**CHINA** is raising throughout Russia.  
**TEXAS** South is selling corn to the West.  
**GOLD** is accumulating in the Treasury.  
**THE** Baltic Canal was officially opened.  
**ORNO** is second in the production of pig iron.  
**THE** long drought in South Dakota is broken.  
**VENUS** has become plentiful in the London market.  
**ASSTANT** for a separate Polish Kingdom has revived in Germany.  
**THE** Treasury Department is puzzled to know how to keep liquor out of Alaska.  
**SOUTH** DAKOTA's wheat crop, now being threshed, is estimated at 20,000,000 bushels.  
**STUDENTS** of Princeton formally decided to abolish hazing in all its forms.  
**THE** college football season has generally opened. Harvard refuses to meet Princeton.  
**BEANS** are plentiful this year in the Males and Adirondack woods than for some time back.  
**FARMERS**, who buy their own seed wheat, are now paying fifty cents a bushel for the very best.  
**NEW** fortifications are to be erected in Pensacola Harbor, Florida, at a cost of \$1,000,000.  
**UNITED STATES** marshals in Kentucky have bagged 120 moonshiners as the result of six months' work.  
**COTTON** in general looks better than ever known in Texas, and a crop of 2,500,000 bales is predicted.  
**A** new college order of laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church has been instituted in New York.  
**THOMAS** STEWART'S will has been sustained, at Harrisburg, Penn., after twenty-six years' litigation.  
**IT** is estimated that the watermelon crop of Georgia yielded the State from \$300,000 to \$750,000 this year.  
**THE** Chinese soldier is paid off once a month. He gets \$4, out of which he has to buy his food and clothing.  
**THE** Southern Exposition, which is to be held in Baltimore in 1907, will involve an expenditure of \$5,000,000.  
**GOVERNMENT** officials are favorably considering the scheme to have mail transported in large cities by street cars.  
**THE** average daily expenditure of the Japanese Government in connection with the war is estimated at \$150,000.  
**FIFTY** farmers of Guilford, N. C., who escorted four Mormon missionaries out of the country have been acquitted.  
**IN** Warsaw, Poland, the houses in which cholera exists are burned without the formality of removing the patients.  
**REPUBLICANS** polled enough votes in the Connecticut town elections to elect the next Governor without recourse to the Legislature.  
**THE** Minnesota Railway Commission has made a reduction in grain rates of fifteen per cent. It is feared three roads may be bankrupted.  
**A** new telephone is about to be brought out in New York City to compete with the present monopoly, and will make rentals \$3 a month.  
**MEDICAL** schools after European models have been opened in China very. The instruction for the present will be given in English.

**PROMINENT PEOPLE.**

**KINO** ALFONSO, of Spain, is learning the Mycenaean.  
**ZOLA** leads modern French writers in popularity.  
**GENERAL WILLIAM DOUGLASS** of the Salvation Army, is about sixty-six years of age.  
**WILLIAM WALTERS** AUSTIN is credited with being bothered to count an \$9,900,000 yearly income.  
**LARRY** THOMPSON, the sculptor, died recently at the New York State Hospital in Middletown.  
**GEORGE HERBERT**, the English novelist, was paid for his last novel of the rate of \$85 per 1000 words.  
**PROFESSOR STUBBS**, the well-known theologian, died in Chicago, a few days ago, aged sixty-eight.  
**MRS. MELLER GRANT HAYDEN** has returned to Washington with the intention of making it her future home.  
**LEO XIII.** is a great friend of birds. He keeps a number of them in the alceve of his reception room.  
**GLADSTONE'S** eyesight has been completely restored, and he now reads and writes as usual, and is working very hard.  
**PROFESSOR GARNER** says that he will return to Africa next year to pursue another course of study in the monkey language.  
**THE** pastor of the Willingham Memorial Church, Birmingham, England, Rev. Peter Stanford, is a colored man, who was born in slavery.  
**GENERAL J. A. FIDELL** died at Jacksonville, Fla., lately, aged seventy-three years. He served with distinction in the Seminole and Mexican wars.  
**P. W. REYS**, President of the Orange Free State, is of German descent, of Dutch parentage and of English education. He is a door to the lockers.  
**GEORGE HOBERTON REID**, the new Premier of New South Wales, is of Scotch extraction. He is forty-seven years old, and an enthusiastic free trader.  
**PRESIDENT** JOSE DOUGLAS, of Hawaii, who was born in 1834, is the child of American missionaries. He was educated in this country at Williams College.  
**RICHARD M. HUNT**, the New York architect, has received the gold medal, second and highest award at the Columbian Exposition for the Administration Building.  
**A** WINTER bishop of the Episcopal Church says that the success of the church's missionary operations in the Far West is largely due to the establishment of *Constitution*.  
**FRANK JAMES**, the once noted bandit, is a ticket taker at a St. Louis theatre. He is very reserved and dignified in manner, and quite unlike what a bad man is supposed to be.  
**GOVERNOR** CLAYTON MATTHEWS, of Indiana, is an enthusiastic advocate of good roads. He, however, favors buying the State instead of the general Government undertake the movement to improve them.  
**FRED** ADRIAN RICHARD HEARD, who commands all the United States ships from Labrador to the mouth of the Amazon, has a comfortable cabin on the big cruiser New York. All orders for the other ships are transmitted through him.  
**JOHN** W. STEVENS, the new Grand Siv of the world in Odd Fellowship, is seventy-five years old, and a native of Rochester, N. Y. He was one of the committee of fifteen which drafted the agreement that led to the ending of the old Wig party with the Republicans.