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OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

THE LEDGER PUBLISHING COMPANY.

VOL. XII.

WINDSOR, BERTIE COUNTY, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

NO. 45.

### Wheat and Clover.

On one side slept the clover,  
On one side sprang the wheat,  
And I, like a lazy lover,  
Knew not which seemed more sweet—  
The red caps of the clover  
Or the green gowns of the wheat.  
The red caps of the clover,  
They nodded in the heat,  
And as the wind went over  
With nimble flying feet,  
It tossed the caps of clover  
And stirred the gowns of wheat.  
O rare red caps of clover,  
O dainty gowns of wheat,  
You teach a lady lover  
How in his lady meet  
The sweetness of the clover  
The promise of the wheat.  
—London Spectator.

### Miss Jefferson's Lodger.

The clock had just struck 9. Hugh Dyson and his friend Mr. Carhart were enjoying a snug little bachelor tete-a-tete by the light of the shaded gas-burner. They were a curious pair; similar, and yet not alike; fond of one another's society and yet constituted very differently. Hugh was a tall, strongly made Saxon, with fair hair, clear blue eyes, and a fresh, healthy complexion; while it would have required only a mantle, a plumed hat, and a rapier to convert Selwyn Carhart into a Spaniard of the days of the Inquisition!

"Then you've really determined to make a change in your quarters," observed the other as he listlessly turned over the uncut leaves of a newly arrived magazine.

"I can't stand it," said Dyson, ruefully. "I'm the only old bachelor in the whole house, and everybody preys on me. The girls make me buy their concert tickets, the men borrow money of me, and the matrons regularly victimize me with their babies and their errands. And that isn't the worst of it, old boy. I could endure all that with only an odd grimeace or two; but when it comes to entomological specimens in the jelly and a mouse's leg in the mince pie—"

"Nonsense!"  
"It's a fact, I tell you. No, I shall pull up stakes."

"Why don't you get married?"  
"Why don't I go to heaven? One event is about as probable as the other!"

"No; but really, you're just the sort of person to enjoy a bright hearth-stone and a pretty wife of your own. Did you never think of it?"

"Why, yes, I have thought of it. I was in love once and engaged to be married."

"You?"  
"Yes. Seems rather improbable, don't it, but nevertheless it is true."

"Who was she?"  
"A little black-eyed divinity, with cheeks like two peaches, and hair that wasn't so much black as it was purple. Native state, Connecticut; age, 18; name, Janie; surname—well, as long as it didn't become Dyson, it is not a matter of much importance. Cause of misunderstanding, a tall fellow by the name of Parker. Don't know what became of either of 'em, and don't care! Now, you've heard all about it, and I hope you feel better. Look here—see what a lot of advertisements about 'desirable board for unexceptionable parties' I've cut out of the papers! Some of them ought to suit. I say, Selwyn, I wish you'd cut that old hotel, and come and room with me. You won't. Very well, then."

And Mr. Dayson poked the fire vigorously, and contemplated the roses on the toe of his slipper with dreamy earnestness.

"I like the rooms very much. Twenty dollars a week you say?"

"Yes, sir," answered the Scotch housemaid, whose hair fairly illuminated the apartments; "that's incoodin foire and loights."

They were very cosy little rooms, a bed-room and sitting-room, carpeted with crimson, and possessing three south windows, through whose draperies the sunshine streamed cheerily in. Everything was deliciously neat and orderly.

"I say, Janet—"  
"My name is Mary Ann, please sir!"  
"Mary Ann, the—it'll all be the same a hundred years hence. Who keeps the house?"

"Miss Jefferson, sir,"

"Jefferson, eh?" Dyson started a little. "What Jefferson?"  
"I don't know sir."  
"An unmarried lady?"  
"Aye, sir."

"An old maid, probably," thought Hugh, with a sidewise screw at his visage, "with a false front and a black dress foxy about the seams. I know the face of 'em—come out of the ark with Noah and won't be extinct until the last day. Well Janet—Mary Ann I mean—I will take these rooms. I'll send my trunks immediately. But, mind, I only come here on one condition. I don't want to be bothered."  
"Wha's 't'at, sir?"

"Disturbed, annoyed, asked questions about, meddled with. There's my card. Give it to your mistress and tell her I'm to be let alone."  
"Yes, sir."

And Dyson went away, congratulating himself on having found such a cosy little refugium.

The table was as neat as the rooms, the attendance prompt and sedulous, the other boarders not addicted apparently to prying, and, best of all, the landlady never made her appearance. Up to this period in Hugh Dyson's experience, the word landlady had been synonymous with a sort of private detective, a gossip, a harpy, and this new state of things was infinitely satisfactory.

"It's too good to last," sighed he. "Something will happen. The house will be burned down, or Miss Jefferson will have a fit of apoplexy. If she's that fat old lady, in black I saw trundling down the basement stairs yesterday, she's exactly the sort of subject for a good, tearing stroke. And really that would be a public loss, for she's the only boarding-house keeper I ever knew who had the proper idea of the dressing for lobster salad. And her cranberry tarts—they're just sublime!"

His surmise proved to be correct. Something did happen, although it was not exactly what he had apprehended. Dyson himself fell sick. "It's nothing," he said when Carhart advised him to send for a doctor. "I'll get the Scotch girl to brew me a jug of tea, and I'll go to bed early, that'll set me up all right."

But neither tea nor bed produced the desired results. And finally when he was stricken down by the fierce and relentless hand of fever, he was unwillingly obliged to confess himself seriously ill.

Through the delirium that was gathering over his brain, Dyson caught here and there a connected sentence of the doctor's talk at his bedside.

"You see," said Dr. Fane, solemnly "it is very sickly just now through the city, and it is almost impossible to obtain a good nurse at any terms. I don't know of a single professional who is disengaged."

"But I should think there might be enough to come, if you pay them well," suggested Carhart.  
Dr. Fane shook his head.  
"Typhoid fever is an ugly disease."  
"Yes; but in the name of Christian charity is—"

"Not much of that element left in the world, I'm afraid!"  
"We might send for the landlady—"

"I don't want her," interrupted Dyson, breaking feebly into the conversation. "She's fat, and trundles, and—"

"There, there!" soothed the doctor; "it's all right. Go to sleep."  
"But you know, doctor, how it is," pleaded Hugh. "They wear false fronts put on at one side, and dyed dresses, and—and foxy about the seams, you know!"

"Exactly so. Yes, yes!" And so Dr. Fane went away.

Fifteen minutes afterwards, Carhart jerked the bell wire vehemently. "Send your mistress up here at once. This gentleman is raving and some one must be here!"

Presently a tall slight lady in black entered. Carhart stared vaguely at her.

"Are you the landlady?"  
"I am Miss Jefferson, sir."  
"Oh!" and after a minute's hesitation Carhart told his story and pleaded his request. The landlady assented at once; but her softly spoken words were interrupted by the high-pitched voice of Hugh Dyson:

"Janie! Janie! you've come back to me. I knew it would all be made clear some day. Put your hand on

my head, Janie; it feels so cool! so cool!"

Miss Jefferson colored and hesitated; so did Carhart.

"It is only the ravings of fever," he said reassuringly. "He fancies you are some one else. Perhaps it will be better to humor the whim."

So Miss Jefferson sat down by the bedside, her soft garments rippling noiselessly around her, and laid her hand on his forehead.

"I can go to sleep now," he murmured. "There was always a magnetism in your hand, Janie!"

He went to sleep; and Miss Jefferson sat there, motionless as a figure of marble, while Carhart looked curiously at "the landlady."

She was perhaps some four or five and twenty, very delicate looking with straight Greek features, and deep, long-lashed eyes, as black and melting as those of an Israelitish Bebekah.

"Can it be possible that she keeps the house?" thought Carhart; and then, as Miss Jefferson's casually up-lifted eyes met his eyes, he colored and looked down.

Six weeks afterwards Dyson sat up for the first time in a pillowed arm-chair by the open window, where the sunshine spun glimmering webs of brightness, and Miss Jefferson herself brought a tiny footstool to place under his feet.

"That's right, Janie; now come and sit down by me," he said, smiling, as he met the wistful sparkle of her eyes. "My dear little nurse, how shall I ever thank you for the devotion you have shown?"

"I do not wish to be thanked."  
"But you can help yourself, *mia cara*. Married women can't expect to have their own way—and you're to be married to me a week from Tuesday."

"Oh, Hugh, not so soon!"  
"Yes, exactly so soon. I have been deprived of you too long already. I can't afford to wait any longer. Janie what a curious story our lives would make. It seems so strange that I should come here to board, where you were struggling to earn your bread, and never knew whither I had been directed by fate. And you knew it all the while, and hid away until death came to my bedside; and then you gave him battle, like a heroine as you are."

Janie Jefferson's eyes filled with tears as she hid her face on her lovers shoulder. Perhaps she was thinking of the deadly warfare she had waged with the destroyer—perhaps they were tears of happiness. For Janie was very happy, and so was Hugh Dyson. —New York News.

**The Final Test.**  
It was on a ferry boat crossing to Windsor the other day. A young and good-looking chap sat beside a young and good-looking girl, and they loved and loved. When the boat was in mid-stream the girl was struck with a sudden thought and anxiously inquired:

"George, if I should happen to fall overboard, what then?"  
"I'd chuck you a life-preserver," he calmly replied, as he glanced at the rows of them overhead.

"But if I didn't catch it?"  
"Then I'd chuck you a chair."

"But the chair might not fall within my reach," she persisted.  
"Then I'd chuck half a dozen over."

"George, I might be sinking—drowning—going down to my death in the cool, limpid waters which are hurrying to the lake. If the chairs failed—if the life-preservers failed, what then? Would you, George—would you chuck yourself overboard to—?"

She was testing him, and her whole future happiness hung upon his answer. He knew it, and yet he stretched out a leg to rest his foot upon an empty chair and placidly replied:

"No, dearest, I am no chucker from Chuckersville. I'd buy the boat and back'er up to you."

And then the river rolled on and on, and the girl sighed and sighed, and a gulf came between them which can never, never be bridge nor poutooned. —Detroit Free Press.

A prominent lady is proposing to build a "cottage" at Bar Harbor, Me. The plans, as prepared, show seventy-eight rooms.

### SEA LEAPERS.

#### Gigantic Jumps Taken by Monsters of the Deep.

#### The Astonishing Feat of a Seventy-foot Whale.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman, who had been watching some boys playing leap-frog on the sands, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, when I was little more than a lad, but I was bow oarsman on a whale boat belonging to the ship Henry Staples. We had had bad luck for several weeks, when one day we sighted a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first. It was fairly smooth, what the sailors call a whitecap breeze, and our boats fairly flew over the water. Finally the whale rose not 100 yards away, headed directly for us. The mate, gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron all ready to throw, while we grasped our oars, nervously prepared to jump at the word 'stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared, it seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a seventy-foot whale over twenty feet in the air hovering over us."

"The mate was first to regain his senses, and gave the command 'stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat in the biggest leap I ever heard of."

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by Dr. Hall, who at the time was a midshipman on the ship Leander. They were lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale that suddenly appeared in the harbor, and seemed very much alarmed by the shallow water floundering about violently. The young midshipman joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, around which the boat shot. Before it stopped up came the whale, having, in all probability, struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket. "So complete was this enormous leap," says Dr. Hall, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads. While in this progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back again in the sea like a huge log, thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash made all hands stare with astonishment, and the boldest held his breath for a time. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner, he would have fallen plumb on the boat."

Comparatively few people have seen a large whale, but we can imagine what an object an animal 70 feet long and weighing as many tons would make flying through the air.

Within a week of the writing of the present article I was drifting along the shores of Santa Catalina island, southern California, when a 60 foot whale almost cleared the water about 1000 yards from the boat. I was about to ask the boatman what rock it was when the great head descended and the tail rose into the air as the monster dived.

Mr. Scoresby, the famous whaler, chronicles a number of incidents of jumping among whales, some leaving the water completely and rising 20 or more feet into the air.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. John's river. The captain was sitting on the fore-

deck leaning against the pilot-house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came on like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.

In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They are like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air, and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest jumpers they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.—Philadelphia Times.

**The Sea Cow Looks Human.**  
The coming attraction for the small boys of Gotham, at the New York Aquarium, in Battery Park which is to be opened next November, will be a manatee or sea cow. Dr. T. H. Bean who is now in charge of the Aquarium is in correspondence with certain parties, and expects to secure a fine specimen in time for the opening. Being a native of tropical seas, and more especially inhabiting the hot waters of the bays and estuaries of Florida, appliances will have to be made for heating an enormous tank in which the monster may disport itself. Dr. Bean is an expert in the building of aquariums and keeping of fish, and this novel feature will doubtless be found very attractive.

The manatee, which is an aquatic mammal and not strictly a fish, has an elongated body, like that of a whale, the anterior limbs being flattened into fins and the posterior limbs wanting externally and only being represented by rudimentary bones. The head is conical, without a distinct line of separation from the body; the fleshy nose much resembles that of a cow, and the full upper lip has on each side a few bristly tufts of hair. The swimming paws may be used for climbing up the muddy banks of rivers. Separate bones may be felt through the skin and the fingers are provided with small nails. The skin is a grayish black color, with a few scattered bristles. They inhabit the sea shores, especially about the mouths of rivers, and feed upon aquatic plants. They do not feed ashore, although they sometimes quit the water, and not infrequently support themselves in a semi-erect position. Under these circumstances they present at a distance a somewhat human appearance.—New York Advertiser.

**The Tree Killer.**  
One of the curious forest growths of the Isthmus of Panama and lower Central America is the vine which the Spaniards called matapalo, or "tree killer." This vine first starts in life as a climber upon the trunks of the largest trees, and owing to its marvelously rapid growth, soon reaches the lower branches. At this point it first begins to put out its "feelers,"—tender, harmless looking root shoots, which soon reach the ground and become as firmly fixed as the parent stem. These hundreds of additional sap tubes give the whole vine a renewed lease of life, and it begins to send out its aerial tendrils in all directions. These entwine themselves tightly around every limb of the tree, even creeping to the very fathermost tips and squeezing the life out of both bark and leaf. Things go on at this rate but a short while before the forest giant is compelled to succumb to the gigantic parasite which is sapping its life's blood. Within every few years the tree rots and falls away, leaving the matapalo standing erect and hollow, like a monster vegetable devilfish lying on its back with its horrid tentacles clasped together high in the air. Morgan in "Central America Afoot," says, "Corelike arbors of matapalo are to be seen in all directions, each testifying to the lingering death of some sylvan giant that formerly supported it."—St. Louis Republic.

**Her Last Chance.**  
Miss Elder—I will bet you anything you like that I will never marry.  
Mr. Easy—I'll take you.  
Miss Elder (rapidly)—Will you, really? Then I won't bet, after all.—Puck.

### NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Kansas has 166,617 farms.  
Africa exports monkey skinning.  
Fig-iron prices are still climbing.  
Maine has five insurance companies.  
There are only 5000 cows in Arizona.  
Japan exports tooth brushes to America.  
Louisville exports 7000 gallons of burgo to the old soldiers.

The work of laying the United States-Haiti cable has been begun.  
Much Hawaiian sugar is now being shipped direct to New York via Cape Horn.

Ohio River farmers in West Virginia have begun a war on shanty-boat thieves.  
American sailfish are selling so low that the Maine peckers have had to shut down.

Wrought keys are rapidly superseding cast-iron keys in the lock trade of Great Britain.  
M. W. Paine, the late Iowa millionaire, owned land in every State of the Union except one.

It is said that surveyors have discovered two large lakes not far north of Lake St. John, Canada.  
England has developed a taste for bananas, drawing its supply from the Canaries and from Madeira.

It is generally believed by the London press that a Franco-Russian alliance has been established.  
Three more Swiss mountain railways have been planned. The most difficult one will be the Jungfrau railway.

In August the new tax on lucifer matches in Italy brought in a net sum of \$120,000, more than was expected.  
A State fish pond was struck by lightning at Allentown, Penn., the other day, and about 100 fine trout were killed.

The will of Henry Hartness provides for the erection of a statue of the first President Park, Brooklyn, at a cost of \$35,000.  
Winnie Andrews, a nurse girl at Fort Townsend, Wash., has been notified of the death of her grandmother in Boston, leaving her \$30,000.

The Georgetown (District of Columbia) University faculty have prohibited football games, a student having lost his life on the field last fall.  
The "Lafayette tree" at Slaters, R. I., under which the French hero died, came white on a march, was riven by lightning the other night.

An immense traffic in Mexican cattle is being built up in Texas under the present favorable conditions for their importation into this country.  
The Brazilian Government has decided that if England establishes a cable station on the island of Trinidad, the British Minister at Rio Janeiro will receive his passport.

It is estimated that the redwood forests of Sonoma and Mendocino Counties, California, contain no less than 40,000,000,000 feet of lumber, and that at the present rate of cutting it would take 100 years to exhaust the supply.

The United States Indian Bureau has granted permission to certain Blackfoot Indians to go into the Jackson's Hole district, under military escort, in search of property abandoned there by them on the occasion of the recent attack.

The Los Angeles (Cal.) Council has passed a curious ordinance, so that hereafter all dollar shows will pay \$1000 for the first day of their visit, and \$500 for the second day, and fifty-cent shows will be taxed \$500 for the first day and \$250 for the second day, and \$50 for all side shows.

### THE LABOR WORLD.

Thirty States now observe Labor Day.  
Three hundred Boston iron molders struck for higher wages.  
The strike in the coke regions of Pennsylvania is increasing.

All the Alabama rolling mills have recently raised wages ten per cent.  
There is a Knights of Labor local assembly of grave diggers in South Brooklyn.

Five of the best engineers on the New York Central Railroad can neither read nor write.  
Edward Bellamy will go to Germany to attend the Social Democrats' Congress in Brussels.

There are about 14,000 letter carriers organized under the jurisdiction of the Knights of Labor.  
Nearly 30,000 jute workers went on strike in Dundee, Scotland, for an increase of ten per cent. in wages.

There is not a woman delegate on the lists of officers or committees of the Central Labor Union, New York City.  
A sub-contractor was arrested in Washington for violation of the eight-hour law on the new addition to the Government Printing Office.

Articles of incorporation of the United Bootblack's Protective League, whose headquarters are to be in New York City, were filed at Albany.

Coopers in New York City are threatened with reduction of wages in certain departments of the trade wherein certain bosses want to bring boys to work in the ratio of one boy to every two men.

The striking spinners of the American Linn Company, Fall River, Mass., voted to resume work under a promise from the agent that the work and wages will be improved. They had been idle nearly five weeks.

All the mills along the Pawtucket River in Rhode Island are running their machinery in full. The large cotton mills, employing over 10,000 hands, have advanced wages recently, and there is talk of a further raise.

The woolen mills at Moscow, Conn., are running full blast for the first time at this season of the year. The Union Cotton Company has advanced wages ten per cent. and are crowding their machinery to the utmost.

In accord with the terms of the general agreement entered into by the window glass manufacturers all of the factories in the eastern, western and middle districts resumed after an idleness of sixty days. Employment is given to about 10,000 men.

The 5000 derrickmen and stevedores of New York City returned to work pending an attempt to arbitrate the trouble between representatives of the unions and the employer's associations. The derrickmen want \$3 a day for eight hours, and the stevedores struck out of sympathy for them.

The mills at Westerly, R. I., have all increased wages ten to 15% per cent. and are running full blast with orders far ahead. The mills in Niantic that have been idle for ten years are being put in readiness for starting up on heavy woolen goods. The situation of this county are employed to a greater extent than in many years.

The Aspinock Company, Jewett City, Conn., have commenced work on the walls of a new building for fruit works that will employ 250 hands. The company has also increased wages. The Ashland Cotton Company has raised the wages of their 400 operative ten per cent. and are rushing their machinery with three months' orders ahead.

The National Bicycle Organization.  
The League of America Wheelmen numbers now nearly 35,000.