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OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT.

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Locked in by Love.
Is the night cold?
Blows the northeast across the naked moor?
I have a warm, warm room: Come in—
Come in! and Love shall lock the door.
Is the night dark?
Drift the dull clouds down dropping winter
damp?
I have a secret room: Come in—
Come in! and Love shall light the lamp.
Is the night dumb?
Save for the hoarse wind's cry of death and
wring?
I have a music room: Come in—
Come in! and Love shall make you song.
Give me your hands!
Ah! now I hold you, sweet, you shall not
Quick, love, and lock us in—and then—
Swear that you've lost the useless key.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

JEALOUS OF A SHADOW.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Fresh as a rose looked Harry Morny as she came in from the woods, on that clear autumn afternoon, with her apron full of wild grapes, and her hat garlanded around with scarlet-veined autumn leaves.

Her husband, sitting in his study, glanced up at her bright, flushed face, with sombre eyes full of past memories.

"Is the world coming to an end?" saucily demanded Harry, as she flung the purple cluster on the table—"for I am sure that nothing else can account for such a solemn face as yours Julian."

He tried to smile.

"You have been in the woods all day, Harry?" he said.

"Where else should I be?" retorted the young wife, whom he had married because she was such an embodied sunbeam. "You don't catch me poking myself up in the house when all the world is so full of brightness!"

But she looked half doubtfully at him as she spoke.

"Now you are going to scold me," she said with a pretty uplifting of her hands, as if to ward off some verbal onslaught. "I can see the stern words rising up to your lips."

"Am I, then, so stern with you?" he uttered. "If so, it is quite unintentional. No, Harry, I am not going to scold you."

For he remembered that Harry was only eighteen and that he was eight and thirty.

Harry came and she perched herself on his knee.

"Julian," she said, with a sudden burst of penitence, "I am sorry!"

"Sorry! And for what?"

He put his hand caressingly on her blond curls, as he might have stroked a pretty infant's head.

"I meant to practice to-day," she pleaded, "and to read a whole chapter in 'Macaulay's History of England,' and to darn your stockings in the convent stitch that Aunt Prudence taught me; but when I got out in the sunshine I forgot it all. Oh, Julian, I shall never learn to be a companion to you!"

And she glanced ruefully around at the drifts of paper and open folios on the desk, and her radiant face gloomed over suddenly, as she caught sight of a tiny photograph lying close by the inkstand.

"Julian," she exclaimed, abruptly, "why did you marry me?"

"Is that so hard to guess, little one?"

"Yes, but why?" she persisted. "I am so silly and shallow, that is exactly what Mrs. Meredith calls me, and my poor little grovelling soul can never reach up to the heights of yours. Oh, don't try to comfort me, I understand it all!" with another side-long glance at the photograph.

"You loved her! She was a true wife to you! I am only a plaything to you."

"Have I ever said such a thing, Harry?"

"A score of times," said Harry, getting more and more excited, while the deep roses burned vividly on her cheeks. "Not in actual words, perhaps, but—Oh, Julian, why did I ever marry a widow? She is as much my rival now as if she was a living and breathing woman. Julian, I hate her!"

"Harry! Harry!"

"Give me that picture!" cried the young wife, snatching the photograph from the desk, and retreating a pace or two, as if she feared to be pursued.

"It shall not lie beside you at your

work. You shall not carry it next your heart when you go out of the room!"

She paused, as if expecting a volley of remonstrances—perhaps a stern reproach—but he never spoke a word. He only looked at her with sad, grave eyes.

"Julian," she hesitated, more entreatingly, "may I have it—the photograph?"

"Yes," he answered. "I can remember how she looked, without any counterfeit presentment. Yes, you may have it, Harry, if that is your desire."

And Harry vanished out of the room, half-delighted, half-terrified, at what she had done. Swift as an arrow she darted down to a cool, shady nook at the foot of the garden, where a crystal trout-stream gurgled under the shadow of a canopy of elm leaves, and a twisted root formed a sort of a rustic seat.

"Shall I fling it into the stream?" she asked herself. "Shall I tear it up?"

But she looked at the soft, calm features, a gentler mood crept over her.

"How wicked and babyish I am!" she said. "No, no! I will not tear up your face, sweet saint. I should have loved you, too, if you had been living—will try to love you now, because he loved you! Look down from your throne in heaven, dear white-robed angel, and help me to be worthy to sit in your seat at his board to share your place in his heart!"

And glancing fearfully around her, lest she should be observed, she kissed the photograph once, twice, three times, and placed it tenderly in her bosom.

When she came back to the house she was quieter and more silent than usual, but she did not offer to give back the photograph to her husband. Was she jealous of it still?

And Julian Morny went right on with his student labors—the labors in which his first wife had shared intelligently and helpfully.

He had loved his beautiful Evangeline so truly and passionately, she had been so entirely a part of his existence, that when she died it seemed impossible that he could ever place another woman in the empty niche of her being.

But as time dulled the first sharp edges of his sorrow, and pretty Harry Tinton's winning graces stole into his heart, he began to realize that he was not yet an old man nor a hermit.

He looked at Evangeline's picture. "She would have bid me be happy," he said. "She would have told me that it was no disloyalty to cheer the darkness of my life with a second love."

So he married the smiling young beauty, and the only grief that cankered his heart was Harry's insane, unreasonable jealousy of her dead rival's memory.

Julian was no expert in reading the hieroglyphics of a woman's heart.

"Harry," he would say, with a pained expression on his face, "if you loved me you would not talk in this way."

"It is because I do love you that I cannot help talking in this way," she replied.

And then her tender, coaxing little artifices would be redoubled.

"If you would only forget her," pleaded Harry. "If you would only tell me that I am past and present both to you."

But he only smiled and shook his head.

"Sweetheart," he would say, "you are the sunshine of my present. With my past no living touch can meddle. Isn't that enough?"

"No," Harry replied, "it is not enough."

And after she had taken triumphant possession of the picture, a new seemed to darken silently on his forehead.

He was as tender as ever to the wife whose presence lent such fascination to his home. He did not ask for the return of the photograph, but he felt that there was something missing at his side.

He had declared that he could remember Evangeline without the picture, and yet he longed with an unutterable longing to look once more upon her face.

He resolutely guarded himself from sitting in judgment on the lovely little sprite who loved him with such wayward, unreasoning affection;

and yet he could not but feel that Harry had been cruelly unjust to Evangeline.

So he left off thinking about it at all, and applied himself steadfastly to the studies which had always formed the main occupation of his life.

It was a stormy night, mid-January, with the snow-flakes whirling wildly through the darkness, and a tumultuous wind howling in the tree-tops.

He had been writing long and steadily, and had leaned back in his chair for a moment's rest of hand and brain, when Harry came in, attired in black velvet dress which he had given her, and wearing at her round white throat a little cross of diamonds.

The husband's serious face brightened at the fair vision.

"Why, my pet!" he exclaimed, capturing the hand which was laid lightly on his shoulder, "what is the meaning of this extraordinary brilliance of costume? Is there to be a party or a ceremonious dinner?"

"Neither," Harry answered. "But it is my fete day. Do you remember what anniversary this is Julian? Ten years ago today you were married to Evangeline Sedley."

"I remember it, Harry," he said sadly.

"Come!"

She took his hand with imperious tenderness and led him to the little drawing-room, where hot-house flowers were arranged in all the vases, and wax candles burned.

Above the mantle hung a crayon picture of his dead wife, smiling at him like a living face.

"Evangeline!" he cried. "Her very face! Oh, Harry, where did you get it?"

"It is my anniversary gift to you, Julian," she said. "I had taken it from your little photograph. Is it not sweet? Is it not holy in its expression?"

"How can I thank you for it?" he said, in broken accents.

"But you must let me keep the photograph," pleaded Harry with tears in her eyes. "I have learned to love it. It is my guardian angel—my sweet companion and counselor. Oh, I cannot part with it now!"

And drawing it from her bosom, she kissed it reverently.

"Harry—my Harry!" said the husband. "What has brought this change in your heart?"

"Evangeline's face," she answered, in a whisper.

He drew her very tenderly to his heart.

"Sweetheart," he said, "this was all that was lacking to complete my perfect happiness."

"And do you love me now as dearly as you did her?" she asked.

With his arm still about her waist, he looked up at Evangeline's picture.

"I love you," both with the same love," he answered, very impressively.

And Harry was content.—Saturday Night.

How a Pin Did It.

At Exmouth, in the middle of the day, a hypnotized youth was brought out of the public hall with a bonnet pin stuck through his cheek, and placed in an open vehicle, in which he was driven round the town to the edification of the populace, in company with an individual smoking a cigar. According to the Devon Evening Express, the youth subsequently admitted that he was paid half a sovereign to go through this part of the performance, and that the bonnet pin hurt him so badly that he was unable to appear as intended, at the evening entertainment. When exhibitions of this sort have to be resorted to in order to keep alive public interest in this impudent form of imposture, it really seems time for the police to interfere.—London Truth.

A Veteran Farm Laborer.

A farm laborer died recently at Lyminster, near Arundel, England, whose wages while he could work were three dollars and sixty cents a week, as he never rose above a working bailiff and cowman. He was able to work till he was seventy-three, when he had saved no less than one thousand dollars. On this he managed to live for twelve years longer with a little help from his former employer; then, as he outlived his savings, he had to be relieved by the Poor Law officials, dying a pauper at eighty-seven.

MINERAL FREAKS.

Some Queer Deposits in the New State of Utah.

Remarkable Beds of Mineral Rubber and Gum Asphalt.

Utah, the newest of the States, seems to be a mineralogical freak. George Eldridge of the Geological Survey, was sent on there a few weeks ago for the purpose of looking up certain natural resources, and he has returned with a most interesting report. Among other things, he found great deposits of mineral rubber—enough to make gum shoes for a large part of the population of the United States. It is black, and it looked and felt exactly like ordinary rubber.

"You see, it is quite elastic," said Mr. Eldridge, bending a piece with his fingers. "There is no telling how many valuable uses it may be put to in the future, but I imagine it will be employed largely mixed with the vegetable rubber of commerce. For a roofing material it has already been proved excellent. In the mining towns of Utah mineral rubber is utilized commonly for roofing, being prepared in sheets consisting of a layer of burlap, with the rubber on both sides. Nothing could be more thoroughly waterproof. Because it is so new not much is known about this peculiar stuff and its possibilities. Only a few tons of it have been mined near the Uintah Reservation, where it is chiefly found. It occurs in veins, but the number and size of the latter are not reliably known as yet."

Mr. Eldridge took up from his desk a queer-looking, blackish chunk of something not easily identified that felt soft to the touch.

"That is another unexplored mineral wax, and is found in veins like the mineral rubber. It has not been mined at all, but many uses for it are likely to be discovered in the future. To electricians it will be valuable, doubtless, inasmuch as it is one of the best insulating materials for employment in their business. But here is another interesting mineral substance, also from Utah."

The specimen of this latter looked exactly like a piece of obsidian, or black volcanic glass. It was hard as any rock. "That is gum asphalt," said the expert. "My chief business in Utah was to examine the deposits of this material. It is a wonderful substance, and represents a great mineral resource that has hardly been touched as yet. It is nothing more nor less than an exceedingly pure kind of asphalt, and its important usefulness is in the manufacture of varnishes.

"The substance is found under conditions so extraordinary that nobody has been able to account for them very satisfactorily. The deposits are chiefly within and in the neighborhood of the Uncompaghe Reservation. You are walking across the country and come upon a queer looking streak that runs straight as an arrow flies. You brush away the sand, and beneath it you find that the streak is perfectly black. It is a vein of gum asphalt.

"There are many such veins near the eastern edge of Utah, and some of them run over into Colorado. They have a tendency to run parallel to each other, with a trend from northwest to southeast. They vary in width from a quarter of an inch to eighteen feet, and they are from half a mile to six miles in length. Nobody knows how deep they are. The greatest depth reached is 125 feet. Thus far mining for the stuff has hardly got beyond the prospecting stage. The veins are perfectly vertical.

"These veins of asphalt represent cracks in the crust of the earth, made in a distant geologic epoch, and subsequently filled in with the gum asphalt. The stuff has much of the appearance and hardness of jet. Of course it is only useful for making black varnishes. No, it will never be used for paving streets, unless, perhaps, as an admixture with ordinary asphalt to improve the quality of the latter; it is too valuable, you see. I cannot tell you from what source the substance was originally derived. It is believed that all asphalts are of vegetable origin. We know that during the gold forming period vast accumulations of vegetable material

were laid down in beds and became transformed in various ways, subsequently by chemical processes. According to conditions governing, they were metamorphosed into deposits of coal, petroleum or bitumen—the last being what we call asphalt."—New York Journal.

A Moose Story.

Telling stories is a fad now. A Star writer heard one spoiled by an inquisitive listener at Willard's.

"I was up in Maine last summer," said one of the loungers, "where I had a most exciting chase after a moose."

"What part of Maine?" asked the listener.

"Old Orchard," was the prompt reply.

"The nearest moose is 300 miles on an air line from Old Orchard."

"I said an old orchard," said the story teller. "It was north of Waterville. I went hunting, not expecting to find anything larger than a jack rabbit."

"Hold on," said the listener, "there are no jack rabbits in Maine."

"Well, by jack I meant a male, just as we speak of male mules. Well, as I said, I did not expect to see anything bigger than a he rabbit, and had gone down into a stubble when I heard something squeal, and, looking up in an old apple tree, I saw a big moose sitting in the forks of a limb, ready to spring."

"See here; do you mean to say that a moose was in a tree? Don't you know that a moose is bigger than a bull and wears horns?"

"Certainly. As I said, I saw in what I took to be an apple tree, a moose, and as I approached it, I saw that what looked to be the trunk of the tree was the animal's body, he sitting on his haunches, and the limbs of the tree were the moose's horns, while in the crotch of the horns was his mouth, which was open, showing his teeth, and he was squealing."

But the man's audience was gone, and the story teller went away, muttering, "I seem to be kind of off on mooses. I've got to try some other animal."—Washington Star.

A Remarkable Relic.

Miss Mary J. Hook of Roswell, Ga., is in possession of the oldest hickory nut in the world. This ancient and curious family relic was presented to Miss Hook twenty-five years ago by her great-aunt, Mrs. John McDavid of Cherokee County.

The hickory nut is about the size of a common walnut, the surface is highly polished and is beautifully and artistically engraved.

The carving is too delicate for the naked eye but with the aid of a glass every object is made perfect and shows the touch of an artist's hand. On one side, or rather between the seams, appears a tree, representing the hickory tree under which the initials "W. K." and the date "1731" are plainly visible. The letters are initials of Miss Hook's great-great-grandfather, William Kendrick, who lived on the James river in Virginia and who did the engraving. In the next space is a fox standing under some bushes of beautiful foliage with a wild hog in the background.

Next an ostrich standing erect, and beneath are the letters "C. E.," which probably indicated that Mr. Kendrick was a civil engineer. On the next space is an eagle with outstretched wings and talons, as if just alighting. The fifth and last is a squirrel holding a nut to its mouth with its forefeet.

All of the pictures are perfectly plain, but to observe the scenery and make it more effective a glass is necessary. It is a remarkable family relic and is well preserved, although it is 164 years old.—Chattanooga Times.

The Wise Merchants.

Romantic Miss—Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?

Grocer Wisehead—Y-e-s, that's so.

Romantic Miss—At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Wisehead?

Grocer Wisehead—I advertise.

Absorbed.

The boys—How did you get away from your wife old man.

Grimsby—A few moments before I left the house her new hat came.—Puck.

THE LABOR WORLD.

Lace weavers will demand higher wages. There are eleven unions of engineers in New York City.

The tailors' lookout in New York City came to an end. The employers were successful.

The Phoenix Labor Club, the oldest organization of metal polishers and planers in the country, has disbanded.

A bill is before Congress to compel the licensing and taxing of all factories and shops where working people are employed.

The Circuit Court of Tennessee awarded a locality damages for having been blacklisted by a railroad company.

Delegates to the building trades union are becoming of opinion that there is too much of labor fighting carried on in New York City.

Slav and Hun workmen are leaving Connelville, Penn., and the coke regions. They are abandoning the field to the English speaking element.

A woman working in a factory at Coloma, Mich., for seventy-five cents a day, fell heir to a fortune of \$62,000 through the death of an uncle in Germany.

A conference board of employers and officials of the Street Cleaning Department in New York City was formed, with Commissioner Waring as final arbitrator.

The Central Labor Federation of Newark, N. J., has voted for Mrs. Martha Moon Avery as delegate to the International Labor Congress about to be held in London.

Probably the oldest railroad engineer in New England is Squire Wilson, of Lyndonville, Vt. He has been running an engine on the Boston and Maine system since 1833, and is still making a daily run.

Of five agencies for servants on Fourth avenue, New York City, all located within two blocks, no less than three call attention by means of their signs to a specialty of providing servants who are natives of Sweden.

A few laboring men orators are trying to force an agitation for the employment of none but fully naturalized citizens on public works. Among them are men of foreign birth who found similar employment immediately after taking out their first papers.

Horsehoes are not permitting other crafts to get ahead of them in the utilization of electricity, the most versatile of energies and powers. They have taken to heating their horsehoes by electricity, and the queer part of it is that they heat the steel and iron under water.

A number of American laborers who were lured to Guatemala by offers of \$7 a day wages are now very anxious to get back home. On arriving in Guatemala they found it took \$2.14 in the money of the country to make one of Uncle Sam's dollars, while they had to pay three times as much for everything.

The rule adopted by the Brooklyn Municipal Protective Union is as follows: For balls, \$5; for excursions, \$6; for parades, \$5; for mass meetings, \$4; for military funerals, \$6; for civic funerals, \$5; for parades on Memorial Day, \$6; for target excursions, \$6; for political parades, \$7; for trolley excursions, \$4.

The miners of Indiana, after ten years' effort, succeeded in obtaining from the state Legislature in 1895 a law providing that coal should be weighed before being screened and that miners should be paid according to that weight. Now the Supreme Court of the State declares that it is impossible to secure a conviction under the law, owing to the conflicting provisions of one of the sections.

The organized painters of New York City have prepared a bill which is intended to protect the lives and limbs of men working on scaffolding suspended from buildings. They say that the present law is insufficient. They also address statistics showing that the methods of building have so changed that accidents to workmen are increasing. All unions will be requested to indorse the bill.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The Prince of Wales has his life insured for \$3,350,000.

Patti, the cantatrice, declares that she will never return to America.

Lord Dunraven has decided to abandon yacht racing in the larger classes.

The late Prince Henry of Battenberg was an accomplished performer on the violin.

Queen Victoria owns \$2,000,000 worth of china. A Sevres set is estimated at \$500,000.

Prince Edward of York now a year and a half old, is to be reproduced in a life-size marble statue.

"Mark Twain" has written to a friend in this country that he went away in debt, but will come back in a first cabin.

The real estate investments of U. S. Grant, Jr., in San Diego, Cal., during the past year have aggregated some \$400,000.

President Kruger, of Transvaal, has attended to the matter of transmitting his name to posterity. He has eleven children.

Sardou, the French dramatist, is now sixty-four years old, wrinkled and half bald, but in his elastic step and brilliant eye youthful as ever.

Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, is the son of an English farmer, and was taught in his early days to look upon the stage with Puritan horror.

General Escanbado has been nominated for the Presidency of Mexico by those who think that Diaz has had his share of it. Diaz will be a candidate also.

Antonio Maceo, the Cuban General, is a giant in his way. He is six feet six inches in height, and well-proportioned. He is said to be immensely popular with his men.

President Cleveland has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., next October.

General Weyler, the new Captain-General of Cuba, is said to have sprung from that peculiar race, the German-Irish, being descended from one of the old Hessian families of Ulster.

President Pro Tem of the United States Senate Frye, of Maine, has been in Congress twenty-four years. Half of that time he has served in the Senate, and his services in both branches have been marked with distinction.

NEWSY CLEANINGS.

Russia will raise tea.

Coal is \$10 a ton in South Africa.

Polio on tricycles is the latest Paris novelty in sports.

Iron ore has been discovered near Lamar, Clinton County, Penn.

A grocer in Chaplin, Ky., found a diamond worth \$70 in a barrel of sugar.

The largest tobacco grower in the world recently assigned in Lexington, Ky.

Mrs. Hunt, of Merrimac, N. H., celebrated her 100th birthday a few days ago.

The migration of Englishmen to South Africa in 1820 was nearly double what it was the preceding year.

A woman life insurance company is doing a thriving business in and about Nebo, Ky.