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WINDSOR LEDGER.

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Sunshine and Shadow.
 When we walk in gladsome sunshine
 When on mountain tops we sing
 When the air is full of music,
 And the flowers are blossoming,
 We may joy in birds and blossoms,
 Yet when summer days have flown
 And that buds and birds have vanished
 And we stand bereft, alone.

When in some gloomy valley
 With a fearsome step we grope,
 Hearing not a sound of music,
 Seeing not a ray of hope;
 When, through the gathering darkness,
 Some kind hand should meet our own,
 And its firm and kindly pressure
 Tells us we are not alone,
 When the step takes on new courage,
 And the lightened heart can sing,
 How, even in the darkness,
 Some bright flowers are blossoming.

Mary Wood Allen, M. D., in Union Signal.

A FRIEND OF MINE.

We called him Mascot from the day we first had him. You see, we thought it was a great piece of good luck, my getting him, anyway. There he is now, nosing the earth over a piece at the root of that tall syringa. Right? Smart? Well, I should think so, not that he knows tricks; he doesn't need any such superficial knowledge. It's general intelligence that you want in a companion, and a great tender heart; eh? Well, I should say so; and I don't expect in this world to find more intelligence or more loving heart than Mascot has. He may laugh if you want to, but I know what I'm talking about. You know some human being is having a hard existence in his form, perhaps, no; no mere human being ever died in that way; he's a dog, fast as a flash. Come here, Mascot; give a wag, sir.

Isn't he an ugly-looking fellow, with rough hair standing up all over his head, not long enough to droop and graceful? He's one of the kind that's so ugly he's interesting. Scotch terrier with a few drops of bull-dog blood, I fancy; no thoroughbred, you see. But look at his eyes—strong and deep and loving—that's enough. I've been the closest of friends ever he met. I'll tell you how that was—or have I ever told you? No? Well, wife says I tell everybody two or three times over, and that she has noted that all my friends are careful to mention the subject of 'canines' in general, lest I may begin on my particular one.

It was two years ago this spring. I was going down Clark street almost on my hands to catch a train. There happened to be many teams in the street, for it was not yet seven o'clock in the morning. I heard a sharp cry that was the way. It was so sharp and so clear that I stopped involuntarily. On the other side was a group of boys with a dog in their midst. Though at first I couldn't see anything distinctly, yet I knew directly that the dog was infernal little scamps, and they were torturing the animal. I ran to the center of the group, which was a sort of alcove formed by two buildings. I forgot my train and ran in, dashing right in among the boys. When I saw a certain kind of dog, I was I'm ashamed that I'm a man, but I am!

They had this dog—lie still, Mascot—they had him muzzled, his jaws together so tightly that the rope that bound them had gnawed into his flesh and was bloody, and a boy at each side of his head gripping the cord; two other boys held his hips and hind legs, and what you think a fifth was doing? Holding those kerosene torches under the dog's body. Yes, and I smelt burning flesh as I jumped on the scene. The tortured creature made a terrible effort, but he wouldn't escape if my coming hadn't dashed the villains—as it was, the dog was an agony of hope and appeal in his wild eyes! How he stared at me, how he stared at his jaws.

I wanted to kill every boy there was in that street. I did knock one over; the rest were on the sidewalk; and then a policeman came along, sauntering from the dog, stared at the dog, and said if he was mad. I shook my

head and walked off, the dog so eagerly at my heels that I had to be careful how I moved.

I hurried into a street where, at this time of day, there were still fewer people. I sat down on a step, took out my pocket-knife and cut the rope from the dog's mouth.

His gratitude was heart-breaking; it almost seemed at first as if he would die of it. And I cried; I couldn't help it, and you know very well I'm not one of the snivelling kind. Yes, Mascot, it's all right now; you needn't lick my face, and we're not going to part. There, lie down again.

Well, as soon as he became a little more calm, or I might say as soon as we became more calm, I looked at my watch. It was of no use to think of the train now; I couldn't possibly catch it. The dog kept his gaze on me as if he feared I should leave him.

We walked, he at my very heels, until we came to a hack stand. I took a carriage and I put Mascot—I had already named him in my mind—on the front seat; then I placed myself opposite, and told the driver to take us out to Northrup street—that was a good half-hour's drive.

So we started. Mascot didn't like to be as far away from me as the distance between the front and back seat. He was continually reaching out a paw, and presently I lifted him over beside me. I hurt his poor burned flesh as I did so, for he whined, then hurriedly licked my hand as if in apology and to assure me that he would allow me to hurt him if I wished to do so.

We lived here then, and my wife was in the garden when the hack stopped at the gate. She saw me with a smooch of blood, the dog's blood, on my face, and gave a little scream as she ran forward. She had believed that I was already miles away on that train.

"I'm all right," I hastened to say, "and I've come back because I've saved this fellow. I hope you'll like him."

I stepped out, and Mascot stepped out after me, or rather with me, in his fear lest he should get left.

He was not a reassuring object. His hair was full of mud and blood; there was a gash in his under lip; and he was now beginning to feel stiff and sore. He stood pressed against my ankle while I paid the driver.

Fortunately my wife had had a dog when she was a child, and if you have ever been intimate with a good dog, it makes all the difference in your feeling toward the whole canine race.

Having become convinced that I had met with no accident, Margaret looked at the new comer an instant, then she held out her hand and said softly:

"Poor fellow! What a hard time you've had!"

Mascot extended his head and licked the tips of her fingers; then he glanced up at me and said, "I'm going to love her, too—but not quite so well."

We took him into the kitchen and put him into the sink. We washed him, we cleansed his wounds with warm water and castile soap.

How gentle he was, and how he tried to bear it. Then we put an old blanket in the corner, and he sat stiffly down on it. He ate a basin of bread and milk, and then we left him. But he would cry. I went back to him three or four times, and he seemed perfectly happy while I remained. At last Margaret suggested that I leave him something of mine. I dropped my handkerchief beside him. He put his chin on it, and when we left him alone he didn't whine again.

I was glad I called him Mascot, for that very night one of the firm, to whom I had sent word that I was detained from starting on my business trip that morning, came out and said they had decided to put me in another department, with five hundred dollars more salary. He said that he knew I was able to fill that place, but he acknowledged that he shouldn't have thought of promoting me just now if his wife hadn't asked him if he couldn't do something for me.

"And what do you think made her ask?" he inquired. "Why she was in a carriage on Clark street early this morning, and she saw you rescue that dog. She was so thankful to see you do it that she said she knew you could fill a higher position in our house. That is a woman's way of reasoning, you know."—The Chap Book.

Eating a Menagerie.

During the siege of Paris, after all the supplies from without had been cut off (September 22, 1871), it was decided to sacrifice the inmates of the Zoological Garden, the Jardin des Plantes.

The sold animals were slaughtered and eaten. A list was kept at the time, and from this we learn that from October 18 to the end of 1870 the following animals were sold and eaten in the order given: One dwarf zebu, £14; two buffaloes, £12; two sambar stags, £20; twelve carp, £6; two yaks, £15 6s; three geese, £2 8s; one small zebra, £16; one lot of hens, ducks, etc., £34 10s; one lot of ducks, £4 12s; eleven rabbits, £4; four reindeer, £32; two Nilgau antelopes, £40; one doe, £12; two wapiti stags, £100; one antelope, £26; two camels, £160; one yak calf, £8; two camels, £200; two elephants, £1,080.

Most of the above were sold to an English butcher, who kept his shop in the Avenue de Friedland well stocked all through the siege with all possible, and previously impossible, kinds of meat.

To killing the elephants, Castor and Pollux, presented some difficulty. The former was fired at three times, and was at last dispatched by means of a steel bullet discharged from a Chassepot rifle. A single shot behind the ear brought Pollux to the ground.

The flesh of the elephant was sold at 50 to 60 francs a kilo; the trunk fetched 30 francs a kilo.

Trunk and feet were regarded as particular delicacies by the gourmands. The same butcher sold the flesh of a young wolf at 24 francs a kilo.

The flesh of the cassowaries was bought by Baron Rothschild, who was one of the butcher's best customers.—London Mail.

Fraudulent Pets.

Distracted dog-owners who object to the order of the muzzle may perhaps find a word to the wise in the following experience of a well-known Parisian society woman. This lady bought, recently, from a perambulating dog-dealer on the Champs Elysees, a ravishingly beautiful little toy poodle, whose feet especially attracted attention by their extremely delicate appearance. She took the treasure home into her salon, and was horrified in seeing it run at once up the curtain. The dog turned out to be a rat sewn into the skin of a baby poodle. This is an improvement on the story of the other Parisienne, who imported a most rare and expensive little toy dog from London, and found out, at home, that it was a joyful little mongrel sewn into the coat of a canine grandee. But why should not the distressed dog-owner of today go and buy a rabbit-skin to wrap the unmuzzled doggie in?—Westminster Gazette.

Extreme Praise.

She was a sweet-faced old woman, but her clothes showed plainly that she came from a part of the country where Sunday gown and bonnet are bought but once in ten years or so.

She had gone into a fashionable church and paid devout attention to the service, but when the congregation was dismissed she went forward, leaned on the chancel rail, and looked long and admiringly at the flowers. Finally the thoughts of her heart found their way to her lips, and she murmured:

"Well, I never! Why, they're almost as pooty as wax flowers!"—New York Herald.

Two Opinions.

"What I know about bicycle riding," said Scorebleigh, "would fill a good-sized volume."

"What you don't know about it," said the officer who arrested him for running down an old lady, "would fill a good-sized cemetery."—Puck.

Self-Reliant.

The Farmer—It's hotter today.
 His Daughter—The thermometer says not, pa.
 The Farmer—Well, you kin go by the thermometer if you want, but I guess I know how I feel, 'thout any machine to tell me.—Truth.

More than 40,000,000 of postal orders are now issued annually in England, and the amount thus sent through the post exceeds \$80,000,000.

FOX FARMS.

A New Industry to Replace Fur Sealing.

Wary Reynard Readily Grows as Tame as a Dog.

Cattle ranches, ostrich farms, and even snake farms are common enough in some parts of the world, but such a thing as a fox farm is comparatively rare. Just think of thousands upon thousands of foxes in the Aleutian Islands of Alaska running at large, to a certain extent wild, but still under care, and furnishing an industry that will, if properly nourished, last as a means of support to the natives of the Fur Seal Islands when the destruction of the sleek-coated denizens of the lower arctic has been completed.

Byron Andrews, connected with the staff of the National Tribune, is one of the originators of this enterprise. In an interview recently he said:

"At present the industry is really in its infancy, but we have strong hopes of eventually making it one of such proportions that it will go a great way toward solving the problem of the future employment of the Alaskan natives, when the fur-bearing animals are practically extinct in those regions. It was in 1884 that certain gentlemen, at that time agents of the government, took up this subject with serious consideration.

"The suggestion was made by Captain Thomas E. Morgan, of Groton, Conn., then an agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, on St. George's Island, that the fox might be domesticated and under proper conditions bred with profit, thus utilizing many uninhabited islands and giving employment in a congenial business to natives who were coming to hardship by the extermination of the seal, walrus, and walrus. It was finally decided to try the experiment. A small number of young foxes were bought of the natives and taken to the North Semidi Islands, about 225 miles southwest of the village of Kadiak. Houses were built, a small colony of natives was started, under the supervision of a white keeper, and a year's supplies were left for their comfort.

"To be brief, after many ups and downs, the experiment proved a success, so much so as to show that the breeding of the blue fox in domestication was practicable, and from this small beginning there are now no less than twenty-two of these little islands devoted to this business, giving support to more than 100 people, nearly all of whom before depended on sea otter hunting.

"All the early settlements for the fox-breeding business were made by whites, who employed natives, but within a year or two some of the more intelligent natives who have learned the business have taken the islands and are making satisfactory headway in this new industry.

"For some time we have endeavored to get a lease of some island, with an option of purchase, at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury. This was because of the local conditions. The first requisite of the business is isolation. Islands have been selected, therefore, that were uninhabitable, so far as internal resources were concerned; then, too, those chosen would never attract settlers by commercial advantages, through fisheries, timber or the precious metals. These requirements, however, resulted in placing the establishment on a frontier infested with maritime marauders flying the flags of Japan, Canada or the United States, to whom these fox islands, if they may be so called, might become a tempting object for raids. Under these conditions, those who have engaged in the business have felt the need of the strongest possible title for moral effect. It was apparent that it was a matter of the highest importance that in order to avoid any ground for quibble entire islands should be recognized as under the control of the occupant and not simply a portion.

"These islands, or at least those in the Aleutian Peninsula, are merely desert places, most of them like mountain peaks, cropping out of the ocean. Most of them are supplied with fuel only by driftwood. They are so far north as to afford so little harborage that but a small number of

cattle can be kept on the best of them, and on most of them none at all, so that the stock-raising element does not enter into consideration to any great extent.

"The Treasury Department, having by law an oversight of the fur business of Alaska, and means to enforce the Secretary's regulations through the revenue cutters, practically and morally is the sole evidence of governmental authority among the Alaskan islands. We who have developed the industry have always felt that we should have the protection in our efforts to reclaim the waste places that other citizens have enjoyed in the redemption of the wilderness. Hence our move in this direction, which we hope will be ultimately successful.

"Do the foxes tame readily? Well, the mass of them are tame enough to come up to the great feeding troughs that we have built, apparently without fear, but they are generally shy, as might be expected. However, it is a common sight to see foxes that have been thoroughly tamed lying around the houses and as sociable as any dog. The natives have taught some of these a few tricks and derive a good deal of amusement from them."

Roads in France.

A traveler is especially struck with the fine roads in France, of which the people are justly proud. The government keeps up a perfect system of care and inspection, and wherever one goes he may be sure of finding the principal roads in excellent condition. They are often bordered with trees for miles, and are in a perfect state for bicycle riders.

All the underbrush, small twigs and even the lower branches of the trees have been cut for firewood, and not a twig is wasted. All are gathered and tied up in bundles, ready for use. Every foot of ground is cultivated, or so it seems to strangers.

mountains and barren places where nothing will grow, but every bit of ground that can produce anything is made to do so. The winter is so mild south of the Loire that vegetables are flourishing in the gardens at all times. There are, of course, certain seasons for the different ones, except the haricots verts (string beans) and the dwarf radishes. These are always in season, and the quantities eaten in France must be enormous.

The fields are generally separated by fences or hedges. The dividing line is, however, clearly shown by the sort of grain growing in them. As most of the farmers keep sheep, the absence of fences necessitates the shepherd or shepherdes.

Wherever one sees a small number of sheep there is also to be seen a guardian with them. Alas! it is not the beautiful shepherdess of poets and painters! I suspect she never existed except in the fertile brain of these artists.

In reality, the shepherdess is often an old woman, who leads her flock from one spot to another, tranquilly nibbling a stocking while her sheep nibble the grass.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Will Pay for His Name.

An advertisement appeared in a recent issue of a Sunday newspaper that throws some light upon the unscrupulous methods followed by some of the so-called collection agencies of the city. It reads as follows:

"A large manufacturing concern desires to secure the services of an attorney at law of good standing to the extent of permitting the use of his name as signature to peppery letters to be addressed to slow paying customers. To the right party we will pay \$100 per annum."

In other words, this concern is willing to pay \$100 for the use of a lawyer's name to sign the bulldozing and threatening letters, intended to make the slow payer believe that legal proceedings are contemplated. This may be within the law, but the personation of city marshals by employees of the collection agencies and the actual employment of city marshals and their duties as collectors, in which private capacity they pretend to be acting officially, making a great show of "papers" and badges are regarded as direct violations of law, but so common that no one ever thinks of questioning their acts.—New York Journal.

THE LABOR WORLD.

Business is brisk among the building trades.

Washington (D. C.) is to have a union label league.

Tinners and tinsmiths formed unions at Cleveland, Ohio.

The United Garment Workers report that trade is reviving.

Philadelphia's three unions of cigarmakers will amalgamate.

Indianapolis (Ind.) clerks are trying to close stores on Sunday.

Nashville (Tenn.) union barbers are protesting Sunday barbers.

The American Flint Glass Workers' National Union has a membership of 7000.

The Amalgamated Association of Carpenters has a membership exceeding 40,000.

The Iron moulder's union of the United States have a gross membership of 45,000.

Journymen Bakers and Confectioners' International Union has \$2500 in its treasury.

Metal polishers, buffers, platers and brass workers consolidated and have one organization.

There are 35,000 men employed in the brewing industry, who receive each year in wages \$29,000,000.

The United Garment Workers have organized nearly all the large overall manufacturers in the United States.

The New York Letter Carriers' Association has promised to see that some but union shops will hereafter get contracts for carriers' uniforms.

The British steamship Strathdon, which has just arrived at Philadelphia, is entirely manned by Japanese. They have shown themselves to be excellent sailors.

Miss Mary Abraham, the new English Superintendent of Factory Inspection, is a beautiful woman of the Semitic type. She began her career as Lady Dilke's private secretary.

A "Tenants' League" is to be formed at Washington, D. C., for the specific object of withholding patronage from all dealers, agents and landlords who persist in employing underpaid labor.

A call for a convention of workmen on August 22 was issued by the Central Committee of the Socialist Labor party. The object is to request the authorities to allow the use of public buildings for meetings of labor organizations.

More than 4000 men, employees of the National Rolling Mill at McKeesport, Pa., have been granted the Amalgamated scale and all the mills of the company, it is expected, will soon be at work on double turn. The scale price is based on an increase for puddling from \$4 to \$4.50. The increase to puddlers raises the wages for helpers accordingly.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught are the first knights of the new Victorian Order.

Princess Helena, the Duchess of Sparta's great-grandchild.

Brydard Rippling is open to engagement as a war correspondent. This is said to be the ambition of his life.

Physically Mr. Austin is the smallest Post Laureate Great Britain ever had. He is only a little over four feet tall.

There is a movement in Pittsburg to erect a monument to Stephen Collins Foster, the song writer, who was born in that city.

Mario Corbelli, the violinist, plays well on the mandolin. She is petite, the embodiment of gentleness, and suffered to a fault.

The late Baron Hirsch received an average of 400 begging letters a day, and never read them, though he gave away in a single year as much as \$15,000,000.

It is a curious circumstance that Queen Victoria has never seen her "faithful Commons" in session. She is denied a spectacle that may be witnessed by the humblest of her subjects.

Ex-President Casimir-Perier, of France, has entered political life again, at the bottom, having been chosen municipal councillor of the Commune of Font-en-Veigne, where his estate is.

Sardou, the French playwright, is now sixty years old, but, though wrinkled and bald, is as vigorous as a young man. His earnings from his plays are estimated at \$1,000,000.

Captain Harry North, the elder son of the "Nitrate King," is not likely to play ducks and drakes with his father's millions. He is one of the class known as "steady," and has imbibed a good deal of his father's shrewdness in business matters.

Mrs. Abigail Bond, of Oakland, Cal., who was the first woman to preside over a woman's suffrage convention in this country, held in 1847, is now eighty-six years old. Notwithstanding her great age she is active and vigorous and intends to stump the State in the interests of woman's suffrage during the present campaign.

It is said that when ex-Congressman "Tom" L. Johnson, of Ohio, became interested in Henry George's gospel of the single tax, he did not have time to investigate for himself, so he employed a lawyer, in whose honesty, soundness and learning he had confidence, to explore the subject. The lawyer, after diligent research, fully informed his client that the single tax was right and just. From that day to this "Tom" Johnson has been one of the most enthusiastic of apostles of Henry George.

ALONE ON A WRECKED SCHOONER.

A Forgotten Passenger Left Locked in the Cabin.

Albert Jackson had a terrible experience as a result of the recent storm which swept over the Gulf and the St. Andrew's Bay section of Florida. Jackson left as a passenger on the schooner Jessie F., which plies between St. Andrew's Bay and Pensacola. Soon after the schooner left she was caught in the storm and dismantled. Thinking the vessel was doomed, the crew hastily deserted, leaving Mr. Jackson, who was asleep in the cabin. When the crew missed Jackson they did not return, as they concluded that the Jessie F. had gone down.

But the schooner, though badly shattered, rode out the gale and five days after she was deserted her drifting hull was sighted by a fishing smack. The fishermen boarded the wreck and while on deck heard a noise in the cabin. The hatch, which were battered down, were broken open and the cabin entered. There Jackson was found on the floor, almost unconscious, kicking at a number of huge rats which were trying to gnaw him. His kicks caused the noise which attracted the attention of the fishermen.

Jackson was almost exhausted by hunger and thirst, having had but a few biscuits and a pitcher of water in five days. When he awoke and found he was deserted, he made desperate but futile efforts to break the hatches and escape from the cabin. When the rats attacked him his mind almost gave way, and had not help come when it did he thinks he would soon have been a dried mummy.