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OUR MOTTO: DIEU ET MON DROIT

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**The Mendicants.**  
We are as mendicants who wait  
Along the roadside in the sun,  
Tatters of yesterday and shreds  
Of morrow clothe us every one.  
And some are dotards, who believe  
And glory in the days of old;  
While some are dreamers, harping still  
Upon an unknown age of gold.  
Hopeless or witless! Not one heeds,  
As lavish Time comes down the way  
And tosses in the suppliant hat  
One great new-minted gold today.  
But there be others, happier far,  
The vagabondish sons of God,  
Who know the by-ways and the flowers,  
And care not how the world may plod.  
They idle down the traffic lands,  
And loiter through the woods with spring,  
To them the glory of the earth  
Is but to hear a bluebird sing.  
They too receive each one his Day;  
But their wise heart knows many things  
Beyond the sating of desire,  
Above the dignity of kings.  
One I remember kept his coin,  
And laughing flipped it in the air;  
But when two strolling pipe-players  
Came by, he tossed it to the pair.  
Spenthrift of joy, his childish heart  
Danced to their wild outlandish bars;  
Then supperless he laid him down  
That night and slept beneath the stars.  
—Bliss Carman.

## One Woman's Judgment.

BY MABEL M. THOMPSON.

In a pleasant room, where the soft glow of a shaded lamp cast its warm light, were two people, a man and a woman. The woman was twenty, perhaps, and tall and slender. Her face was unusually pretty, with its round, girlish outlines, and the sweet curves of the mouth; but the gray eyes were thoughtful and dreamy, telling of the unattainable ideals and noble purposes that were hers in the springtime of life. The man stood near her, looking down at her with a gentle, amused smile. He was thirty or more, and his face marked by the lines of a life of battle and struggle, but his eyes were clear and his expression was one of tender interest in the woman who stood before him.  
"What is it, Ruth? What is this terrible something which may come between us and separate us forever? Tell me, and let me show you that it is made only of April snows, and will melt away."  
"You mustn't treat it so lightly, Richard," she answered, with a troubled look. "It's a very serious question, and one which is growing in importance, and—we women, must do our duty at any cost. Miss Rogers told me that."  
"Oh, bother Miss Rogers. I beg your pardon, but what has that estimable old maid to do with us? What is the question, Ruthie? You quite make my hair stand on end when you allude to that name."  
"Dick" is much too frivolous," she said, "and Miss Rogers is a very intellectual, advanced woman, and a friend of mine."  
"Indeed!"  
There was an absolute silence for a moment, then Ruth observed:  
"I think 'indeed' is such a horrid word. I wish you wouldn't fling it at me."  
"I am sorry. I suppose I should have said of course. See here, Ruthie, I want to know about this barrier affair."  
"Well, Richard, it's this," she began, holding her hands primly in her lap, and studying the pattern of the carpet.  
"I want you to think, to think over your whole life—you know what mine has been—and see if there is anything in your past you would not tell me, anything you would not be willing to have paralleled in your past. Indeed, I am serious—no, don't try to stop me. I'll give you ten minutes to think about it."  
There was a rustle of silken petticoats and Richard was alone. He went absently into the fire, and gradually his face changed and hardened. His mouth grew set and stern, and the lines, which had scarcely been perceptible, deepened and multiplied. Moments passed, the clock ticked on, one of the logs on the fire gave a crack and fell in showers of sparks. Ruthie was waiting, and when the minutes there was the swish, swish of a woman's skirts, and the tread of feet on the carpet. He turned to her.  
"Do you mean," he said sternly, "that I cannot truthfully say that my whole past is just and pure and as your own, you will retract

your promise? That you will break with me?"  
"It's my duty, Richard," she answered, nervously twisting her rings.  
"Then listen. There are things in my past which I am thankful you can never know. My life has not been blameless, free from sin; it has been a long, hard fight, with many blows given and received. I know this, that every time I have been beaten, I have risen with new strength, and with greater knowledge of the battle I was waging. I see that you have judged me—that in your heart you have already told me to go. You stand there and judge me. You! What can you know of sin—of temptation? You, who from childhood have been shielded from any knowledge of the world, whose purity has been carefully guarded, whose life has been lived among the people whose every thought is for you and of you? What can you know of a man's life, of the sin that surrounds him everywhere, of the temptations resisted as well as those yielded to? Do you not know that there is no strength in mere innocence—untried virtue? With a temptation overcome, a sin repented of, comes the only real strength of manhood or womanhood; and I am a purer man today, worthier of you in every respect, than I was ten years ago, when there was nothing in my past which might make you shrink from me. My love is a purer love, less selfish, than I could have offered to you then. Oh, Ruth, you cannot know the bitterness of repentance, the anguish of self-contempt, nor the somber strength which it brings! Some day, perhaps, you may know and understand." He paused; then, as she made no reply, threw back his head defiantly.  
"I see your decision," he continued. "If this is what you call your love—you may keep it. Good night."  
He closed the library door behind him, and stood alone in the great, dimly lighted hall. One of the rugs was twisted, and he stooped mechanically, to straighten it as he buttoned his coat.  
"What's the use in telling any woman the real and candid truth?" he muttered, and turned to go; but some one called in a half-choked voice.  
"Oh, Dick, come back."  
She stood in the doorway with both her long white hands stretched out to him in pleading invitation.  
"You are right, Dick," she faltered. "I dare not judge you!"—*Munsey's Magazine.*

## Photographing Thought.

It might be rash to pronounce that anything is beyond the photographer's art. But the communication just made to the Paris Academie de Medicine by Dr. Baraduc is so astonishing that if he had made it before Dr. Roentgen had rendered his discovery public, very few people would have been inclined even to inquire into the matter. Indeed, Dr. Baraduc affirms he has succeeded in photographing thought, and he has shown numerous photographs in proof of his assertion.  
His usual method of proceeding is simple enough. The person whose thought is to be photographed enters a dark room, places his hand on a photographic plate, and thinks intently of the object the image of which he wishes to see produced. It is stated by those who have examined Dr. Baraduc's photographs that most of them are very cloudy, but that a few are comparatively distinct, representing the features of persons and the outlines of things. Dr. Baraduc goes further, and declares that it is possible to produce a photographic image at a great distance.  
In his communication to the Academie de Medicine he relates that Dr. Istrate, when he was going to Campagna, declared he would appear on a photographic plate of his friend, M. Hasden, at Bucharest. On August 4, 1893, M. Hasden at Bucharest went to bed with a photographic plate on his feet and another at his head. Dr. Istrate went to sleep at Campagna, at a distance of about three hundred kilometres from Bucharest, but before closing his eyes, he willed with all his might that his image should appear on the photographic plate of his friend. According to Dr. Baraduc that marvel was accomplished. Journalists who have examined the photograph in question state that it consists in a kind of luminous spot on the photographic plate, in the midst of which can be traced the profile of a man.—*London Standard.*

**The Betel Nut.**  
The use of the betel nut among the Hindoos of India is declared to be almost general. The nut grows on a tall palm. Before being chewed it is wrapped in a betel leaf, which grows on a vine and has nothing more to do with the betel nut than cream has to do with strawberries. The chewing of the nut increases the flow of saliva, and as the resultant juices are red, it makes the chews apparently spit blood. Many of the public buildings in India are painted red several feet from the ground, so that the expectations of the betel nut chewers will not be so noticeable.  
The devotees of the betel-nut chewing habit claim to derive much comfort and enjoyment from it without any deleterious effects. The Mohammedan religion condemns spirits, and Brahminism forbids anything that intoxicates or stupefies. No great religion condemns the betel nut, and it may be used by all. No European has ever been known to acquire the habit, and its soothing effects, if such it has, affect only the Hindoo constitution.  
The nut is used as an ingredient in a popular tooth-powder, and it is said to harden the gums. It has no further utility except in India, where it is grown in immense quantities purely to be chewed.

## Texas's Big Hog.

Texas is not only the biggest state in the Union, but lays claim to the biggest hog ever raised in the United States. The hog weighs 1,430 pounds and is 8 feet 3 inches long. He measures 6 feet around the neck, 8 feet around the body, and stands 4 feet 1 inch high. His feet are as large as a common ox, and the leg bone larger than that of the largest steer. He is Poland china and red Jersey. He eats corn like an ox, takes the whole ear in his mouth at once and eats the cob as well as the corn, eating from forty to fifty ears at a time. There seems to be no surplus flesh on him, and physicians who have examined the hog say he can easily be made to reach 5,200 pounds. The present owner, T. Ratigan, paid \$250 for the hog, and has been offered \$1,500 for him. He has a fire policy on the animal for \$5,000. No other hog, it is said, ever reached such tremendous proportions.

## PETRIFIED FRUIT.

**Strange Freak of Nature in a New York Village.**  
Apples and Pears Turned to Stone by Spring Water.  
Near New York city, in Beekland county, is a pretty village where many summer guests find their way for a few weeks of absolute quiet and rest. The Hudson river runs close by its shores, making boating and bathing possible, hence boarding houses are numerous, but only one so far has been discovered which can boast of a distinctive and curious freak of nature.  
A spring whose veins seem to go zigzag in every direction petrifies any object with which it comes in contact. Close to the kitchen door, spreading its wide limbs laden with fruit in season, grows an apple tree.  
The gnarled branches almost sweep the ground, and the fruit thereon first revealed the phenomenon. It so happened the owner of the place wished to utilize this water, more like sparkling wine without the "head" effect. It was valuable to him as an inducement to secure summer guests.  
Digging began in the early fall, and before the well could be cemented and built Jack Frost set in, and work had to be abandoned until springtime. An old basket in which fruit nearly decayed was carelessly thrown stood near the kitchen entrance and happened to be upset, falling into the place where the well was to be built.  
Without the slightest idea of any unusual element or peculiarity in the water, the excavation was temporarily covered with ashes and earth. The result has been that the fruit has come out petrified. When the work was resumed, no one at first noticed this curious manifestation of nature.  
As is almost always the case, the stupidest man on the place, in regard to science, discovered what he thought to be very well preserved fruit, until, taking it from the shovel, the weight seemed like stone.  
The apples retained their coloring perfectly, as did the lemons and pears, for that matter, but the bluish of the apple remained in an almost remarkable manner. The same decayed condition also showed quite perfectly, making everybody around at the time doubt the authenticity of the statement that it was petrified fruit.  
Scientists were consulted. The proprietor wished to find out the truth if possible, and every test was made to substantiate the first surmise. Scientists decided that the fruit was petrified, and the workmen felt they would rather not work on the place, fearing all sorts of accidents to limb and life. Then many wild rumors spread. One was that a man who had gone up the mountain to trace the course of the stream and test the petrifying qualities had fallen, so as to come in contact with the water, and had instantly become petrified, and others kept the village for weeks in a state of ferment and excitement, which only subsided after the departure of the scientists and the completion of the well.—*New York Herald.*

## Why She Wept.

A little family of three started to the station the other day to make a visit in the country. As the time was short they accelerated their speed as they approached the station, and finally broke into a run. It was of no avail, however; when they reached the station the train had started. Whereupon little Frances wept bitterly.  
"Frances, dear," said her mamma, "why are you crying so? We can go tomorrow."  
"I am crying," replied Frances, "to think of all that good running wasted."  
"A Questionable Compliment."  
Chatley Chumpleigh—Ah, Miss Nightingale, that "Winter Song" was charming; it carried me back to the days of my childhood.  
Miss Nightingale—I am so glad you like it.  
Chatley Chumpleigh—Why, I could actually hear the cattle bellowing, the old windmill creaking and the discordant winds howling about the door.—*Washington Times.*

## Columbine for a National Flower.

Gertrude Christian Fosdick, in the Ladies' Home Journal, advocates the adoption of the columbine as our National flower, and considers its many commendable points: "First, its very name suggests Columbia," she writes. "Nor is this, as may appear, a mere trivial play upon words. We know that the word Columbus means dove, a fact full of poetic significance when we remember how Columbus, like Noah's messenger of old, was sent forth to discover a new land. We also know that the columbine took its name from the resemblance which one view of the flower bears to a group of doves. This form grows wild in the region where Columbus was born, as well as in our Rocky Mountain states. Then, too, the botanical and horticultural name of the flower is Aquilegia, which is connected with the Latin aquila, an eagle, and was so named because the flower reversed suggests an eagle's talons. Thus we have the thought of our American eagle, emblematic of fearless power. Again a front view of the flower shows the outline to be a beautiful five-rayed star, emblematic of the stars of our flag, while the leaf terminates in thirteen lobes, the number of stripes, as well as all as of the number of original states in the Union. Another point is that while the columbine grows in many colors, three colors—the brilliant red, pure white and the exquisite cerulean blue—are the American variety of the flower. Once more, a single petal of one of the long-spurred variety is the shape of a horn of plenty, significant of this fruitful land, while the short-spurred petal forms a perfect little liberty cap. Lastly, it grows in every state of the Union, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf. In point of hardiness it compares favorably with the rose. Our wild columbines are in full bloom in Memorial Day, and have not all disappeared by the Fourth of July."

## Strange Marriage Custom.

A curious custom exists among the Mennonites who are settled in Manitoba. When a young man and woman desire to become engaged the lover remains in the home of the father of the intended bride for a few weeks before the marriage takes place. The object is that each of the contracting parties may become more fully acquainted with the character and disposition of the other while there is yet time to escape from what might prove an uncongenial alliance. Among Canadian lovers the lady is only seen when she is dressed for display and is practicing her best behavior. The lover also, during the brief visits that are made, has an opportunity to conceal much of his real character, and both are sometimes disappointed and deceived.

## A Surprise.

A man who answered a matrimonial advertisement in a New York daily paper was astounded when he confronted a remarkably aged and tough looking female.  
"Are you the young widow who advertised in the World that she desired to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of culture and refinement?"  
"I am," was the reply.  
"Well, how long is it since you have been a young widow?"  
"Ever since you were a gentleman of culture and refinement."  
Then he bade her adieu.

## Blood-Brotherhood in Africa.

In a communication published in Nature Mr. T. L. Patterson suggests that inoculation with the blood of healthy natives may be able to give residents and travelers in the tropic immunity from climatic diseases. Stanley, the writer says, underwent the operation of blood-brotherhood fifty times, and he asserts that the explorer's escape from the fevers and diseases of the jungle was due to this transfusion of blood.

## When His Wife Was Away.

Billycut—When did Mrs. Stirrup go to the country?  
Mrs. Billycut—I didn't know she had gone.  
Billycut—Guess she must have heard Stirrup boasting yesterday that he was boss in his own house.

## THE LABOR WORLD.

Cleveland (Ohio) teamsters recently organized.  
Fall River (Mass.) union spinners do not work overtime.  
San Francisco (Cal.) showworkers have formed a union.  
San Francisco (Cal.) garment workers are trying to organize.  
Troj (N. Y.) barbers want the Board of Health to suppress alcoholic shops.  
Union sailors complain of dull times in New York and other Atlantic ports.  
Brotherhood of Carpenters' Union passed 1500 members the last three months.  
Washington union bricklayers who do not parade on Labor Day are fined \$4.  
Union stage employees will not handle imported scenery after January 1, 1897.  
Wages of union sailors on the Atlantic Coast range from \$12 to \$13 a month.  
Notice of reduction of wages in Paterson (N. J.) silk factories has been given.  
Longshoremen will hold an international convention in England in September.  
English factory inspectors threaten to strike for higher pay and more power.  
Cincinnati United Hebrew Charities will establish a labor bureau and a broom factory.  
The Indiana Bicycle Works, of Indianapolis, employing 1500 hands, closed down indefinitely.  
It was decided that there should be no parade in New York City or Brooklyn on Labor Day.  
The Johnson Steel Works, at Lorain, Ohio, have closed down and 500 workmen are thrown out of employment. Lack of orders is said to be the cause.  
The German Society of Public Hygiene is up in arms against the practice of compulsory sleeping in tenement houses in Berlin, where they are required to stand from fourteen to sixteen hours.  
The manufacture of silk goods in Switzerland is in a very prosperous condition, and is attracting many laborers from the cotton manufacturing, which are unable to pay the same wages, owing to foreign competition.  
The recent great strike in St. Petersburg, in which 80,000 laborers were involved, called attention to the fact that many Russian manufacturers compel their employees to work seventeen hours a day for only twenty-five cents.  
The Order of Railway Telegraphers has brought suit on behalf of operators along the Union Pacific Railroad against the reduction of the railway, alleging reduction of wages against orders of the court and making other charges.  
Seventeen cents is the price paid per dozen for making five button-holes each sewed on four buttons to each coat by some London tailors. Ten of these were done by hand, and it takes a competent person twelve hours to earn the seventeen cents.  
A report just issued by the United States Commissioner of Labor shows that there have been thirty-six strikes in Detroit, Mich., in the last ten years. Ten of these occurred in 1897, two in 1888, five in 1889, three in 1890 and 1892, five in 1891 and four each in 1893 and 1894. The report shows that about half the strikes were successful.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Kaiser William, of Germany, has never been crowned.  
Prince Maximilian, of Saxony, has been ordained a priest.  
Justin McCarthy, the Irish leader, is deserting himself to Henry Labouchere.  
The King and Queen of Spain have sent their two sons to England to be educated.  
Lord Chief Justice Brougham, of England, expects to devote three months to his American tour.  
Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria and Hungary, recently celebrated his fifty-sixth birthday.  
Harriet Beecher Stowe left only \$42,000, while the estate of Eugene Field amounts to nearly \$10,000.  
The real name of Jules Verne is Octave Wilts. He is a native of Wassy, and lives at Amiens, in France.  
Lord Salisbury, the British Prime Minister, was installed at Dover as the first Warden of the Cinque Ports.  
Herbert Spencer is hard at work, at seventy-six, on the third volume of his comprehensive "Principles of Sociology."  
It is reported as a fact in London that the Crown Prince of Italy is expected to be married to Princess Helene, of Montenegro.  
King Menelik, of Abyssinia, has commissioned a Belgian engineer to erect a telegraph and telephone system in his realm.  
The question is under consideration in France of conferring the grand cross of the Legion of Honor upon President Kruger and General Joubert, of the Transvaal.  
Miss Clara Barton, President of the American branch of the Red Cross Society, started on her return to the United States, for the purpose of distributing relief to the Armenian sufferers having been ended.  
Professor F. Nicholas Cronch, author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," died at Portland, Me., suddenly, aged eighty-eight. He was staying with George A. Thomas, having come on from Baltimore three weeks before.  
Dr. Grace N. Kimball, of Bangor, Me., who is now in charge of the relief work in Armenia, and has gained the honorary title of "the heroine of Van," has been chosen Assistant Physician of Yale College, and will enter upon her duties in January.  
The new Premier of Canada, Wilfrid Laurier, is a finely educated French Canadian. As a party leader he is eloquent, magnetic and endowed with great popularity. Now, nearly fifty-six years old, he is described as slender in person, active and handsome.  
The King and Queen of Greece live in very simple style, cheerfully accepting their expenses to the rather impetuous condition of the country, and His Majesty, it is said, has more than once availed himself of a public vehicle when he has wanted to run down to the port of Athens.  
The call of an insanity specialist to attend the Czar of Russia speaks badly for the length of the latter's reign. As the Imperial lady is ascribed to flight over renewed nihilist intrigues, the regular case will be likely to do all it can to increase the Czar's apprehension and drive him off the throne.

## POSSESSES A PATCHED CUTICLE.

Michigan Young Women's Bureau has 168 contributions from friends.