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WINDSOR, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1899.

NO. 29.

Children are a source of comfort. They are a source of joy. They are a source of life. They are a source of hope. They are a source of love. They are a source of strength. They are a source of courage. They are a source of wisdom. They are a source of knowledge. They are a source of power. They are a source of glory. They are a source of honor. They are a source of fame. They are a source of wealth. They are a source of success. They are a source of happiness. They are a source of peace. They are a source of joy. They are a source of life. They are a source of hope. They are a source of love. They are a source of strength. They are a source of courage. They are a source of wisdom. They are a source of knowledge. They are a source of power. They are a source of glory. They are a source of honor. They are a source of fame. They are a source of wealth. They are a source of success. They are a source of happiness. They are a source of peace.

Legends and Memories Of St. John's Chapel.

Addressed to R. A. RIDDICK. By JOHN W. MOORE.

PART XI.

Neighbor Robert well can I Now remember that glad day, Where I left all behind me, After a prolonged stay With the tutors and professors And hours of fret and fume Working at the knotty problems Of a long curriculum But the last "pons asinorum" Was passed; and we didn't deplore 'em

Ahoskie Ridge in that day Use to be great renown For the beauty of its maids, Far abroad their fame had gone, And of all that beautiful bevy There where some most rare to see When with them we watched the glory Of the moon and sleeping sea; Alas that winter e'er should blight The flowers a'bloom on such a night.

Then it was Baldy Capehart - And Jack Waddill so benign, With two Wynnes, Wise and Peebles Like a galaxy did shine Then rarest fellows, every one Full of gentlest courtesy; All so fresh in manly beauty But sad to tell, only three Remain of all that stalwart band Who on life's threshold then did stand.

Poor Waddill went to Florida, But he came back to his home Only to fall a victim In those early hours of gloom Where he and hosts of other men Getting ready for the fray, Could not withstand the life in camp And thus saw not that sad day, When that world of preparation Should lead to our extipation.

E're this another soldier Down at stormy Haterass Was forcing too our foeman, In his youthful prime and grace, He died like him who of the Greeks Was fore doomed e'er fatal Troy Was reached and fell like Loo daimios lord Brave John Wheeler is the joy Of his sweet youth without a taint Thus died a hero and a saint.

We had another cmony, My lost brother, Jim and I, Whose antique cut and figure Never fell upon your eye; For old Riddick Griffin, neighbor, Came to death so long ago That you were barely born, before The old place he use to know As his, had passed to other hands And he had ended all his plans.

He was a lonely stranger, Born in other baliwick, With no kith or kin around But a sister fair and meek, 'Old Tough' was even ready For such jaunts as I and Jim By persistent agitation Used, to well nigh force on him; And we three would take our journey At the expense of his old pony.

But Riddick had a boy Who was also prized by us, Not his son; for never wife Come along to shear his crust. And this Harvey, when poor Riddick Had departed, because mine, And no servant e'er a master Found more faithful or benign, Though a free man long ago Still I his merit love to show.

Through long years of peace and war He was with me, night and day, And I found him always faithful To each trust that on him lay. In his charge were barn and tattle Yet his ward was close and true I ever found his words were truthful And he did, as I said do, And when in war the day was spent He used to sleep in my own tent.

I have never known a man Who was not of my own blood Who showed me by word and act The whole depth and amplitude Of his affection unto me; And all despite his servitude Gave me every proof in reason, For me to know how we stood; I thought master was his friend And so it was unto the end.

In all those years of battle He was ever by my side And between me and my horses His attention would divide; And it was a doubtful problem As to which was better served; For not even when in danger Could we see that Harvey swerved This noble man of nature true Who did the things he ought to do. I sent him with two horses And with money quite a store From down below Wilmington "Way up" to Murfreesboro; This was in eighteen sixty five And he marched there all alone With nothing but a written pass To help him in getting on; I told therein how he was sent And prayed that aid to him be lent.

He got way up in Duplin With his horses safe and sound When lol he and his purpose Seemed at once to run aground, For he found the yankees raiding And the roads were full of them Which ever way he safety sought That, the foe would surely hem, So deep within a wood he stayed Until our troops drove back the raid.

For five long days he lay there All secure but famished, He would for provisions go, That his helpless charge be fed But he only had to meet them The raiding foe, to be free With two horses to recommend him And some thousands in money; But he promised me to go To my good wife, and he did so.

I tell this simple tale To show how noble and true Were some of our colored friends, And it is no more than due That now when many things occur To stir up feelings against them That we should call to memory And not allow to grow dim The tale of how they served us well In spite of wrongs that on them fell.

You know it is our duty To be kindly unto those Who hate and would defame us And 'eer treat us but as foes, But this beautiful and holy Disposition of our Lord In the hardest thing to mortals To be found in all the "word," So mortal man can love his foe Like some dear friend, or treat him so.

But noble is forgiveness; Nothing in our human frame So lifts us unto glory Or the sooner brings to shame The man who seeks to bring us harm If he be but half a man, None other but a demon true Will persistently withstand The sweet low voice and gentle eye Deploring his low enmities.

Life is too short for hatred But Love immortal strives The one degrades our nature As the other softly binds Our soul to things that bless man kind And lift us above evil To Paradise fair love leads on Hatred down to the Devil, And oh my friend with life so short Be sure to choose the one we ought. [To be continued.]

Story of a Slave. To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly run-down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cts. Sold by R. C. Bazemore.

Synopsis of Prof. Claxton's Speech

On Education and Local Taxation by Mrs Maria Webb.

It is made my duty by the State of North Carolina by virtue of the position I hold to speak to you on the subject of Public Education. In the beginning I will say that the question for the democracy of the day is the education of the great masses of the people. All others fail. It concerns you. It concerns your children and their present, future and eternal welfare. Listen to an incident of the Trojan war: As the end drew near Hector snatches a small number from the smoke and din of battle to seek his wife and child within the walls of Troy. Putting his helmet aside and with bared brow he uttered this prayer: Grant oh Jupiter and all ye deities that this my son may yet become among the Trojans eminent like me and nobly rule in Ilium.

May they say this man is greater than his father was. When they behold him from the battle; bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe— That his mother may be glad at heart. Greater than his father was. Is not this the prayer of every parent prayed in some language in every clime, by every tongue to some god, be it the god of the heathen or the Eternal God that ruleth the Heavens—may this, my son, live better than I have done, be better prepared for time, for eternity. When this prayer is not the outcry of the parents' heart there is no knowledge of such words as these.

"Even as a father loveth his own children. There is a little boy waiting to welcome me when I return to my home, a little boy whom I love in the depths of my inmost soul, better than I love my life. I pray that he may live better than I have lived. Take away this hope from me, you take away sweetness, courage, strength from life. Rob me of that which not enriches you and makes me poor indeed.

As arrows in the hands of a giant, so are the children. The giant may not have power to reach the eagle, but the arrow that brings him to the ground may speed from the bow of his son, as he stands upon his fathers shoulder. Many a thing that I desire to do, I was not trained for but I will train my son if God gives me strength. So that standing on my shoulders he shall accomplish and attain unto that much I cannot reach. Looking forward I see dimly a vision as with the vision of a seer—the manufacturing interests of this Great Old State open up a vista of improvements and development disclosing great avenues of wealth to the skilled hand associated with enlightened mind and trained reason.

I see mountains and valleys and streams yielding their riches and resounding with the machinery of the expert miner, the hum of the spindle, the whir of factory wheels; granite built into palaces, forests giving way to beautiful homes. Then will faces once hard and toil-worn put on the smile of joy. Bright children with cultured minds and elevated character will gather around happy hearthstones. The wife, not worn, weak from overwork, but a help-mate for her husband coming with joyful steps to welcome him at close of day to the comforts of an enlightened home— "The merry homes of England, How beautiful they stand."

These merry homes of Carolina that brighten my vision are more beautiful still. A mist comes over my eyes and I cannot see whether these children be our children, these homes their homes or whether they belong to the children of the stranger who

have claimed our birth-right because we would not rise and claim it for ourselves. Are our children to be heirs of wood and drawers of water for the skilled stranger because their parents had not sufficient foresight to fit them to seize the golden opportunities of the coming hour for themselves? God forbid. This is indeed an age of wonders. We are passing through the grandest years that man has lived. Never was there a time when genius and skilled workmanship reached dazzling heights. The crest of the industrial world is crowned with giants who have, through advantages gained in good public schools, raised themselves from poverty to power.

Will you deny your children these advantages? Will you let the children of the stranger come in and possess the land because you were too short sighted to give your children the education that would enable them to possess it for themselves. Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones, by depriving their childhood and youth of those opportunities which will enable them in manhood to complete successfully with the result of the skilled training that other states and countries are straining every nerve to give to their children.

North Carolina never failed on the battle field. They followed Pettigrew and Pickett to eternal fame. You will remember when regiment after regiment had assailed a strong post the cry rang out from a great leader—Will you North Carolinian try it—and step by step and inch by inch they battled against floods of fire and flame and won the day. They had tar on their heels and it stuck.

They knew how to die—They never knew fear. In the civil war it gave more soldiers than any other state, 2500 were left on the bivouac of the dead. Whose blood first dyed those green seas around Cuba? What young father gave his life at Santiago. Let the memories of Bragly and Shipp give answer. North Carolinians know how to die nobly. Let them show that they know how to live nobly. Thirty years ago a bugle call rang out in this dear Southland and called its men to battle in a righteous cause. As one man they rose and yonder beautiful monument tells alike their reply and the hale of glory with which you have surrounded your noble dead: We responded to our country call, We fought an honest fight, We kept the Southrons faith, We fell at the post of duty, We died for the land we love.

A greater call now sounds its clarion notes, a call to fight the enemy—"Ignorance" and give our children freedom from its attendant evils. We must educate or we must perish. While prosperity stands beckoning to us to cross the wilderness that separates us from Promised Land, our whole social fabric is changed. Other states and countries are giving the training to their children that they may seize opportunities of development. If ours are to compete with them we must rise to their standards of liberality. Otherwise our children will be handicapped by our parsimony. They would be demi-gods would they meet the exigencies that await them without fuller education.

When they ask bread will you give them a stone— No, men of Bertie, rise as you have ever risen when duty called you— Rise for the sake of your children there can be no call more soul stirring more sacred.

"Grant oh Jupiter! and all ye deities! That this my son may yet become Among the Trojans eminent like me, And nobly rule in Ilium. May they say this man is greater Than his father was! When they behold him from the battle Bring back the bloody spoil of the slain foe; That so his mother may be glad at heart." Let us give our sons, the education that will make them greater than their

fathers were. Then indeed will our common mother, this glorious old state, be glad at heart, because her sons will bring back to her, not the bloody spoils of war, but the glorious spoils of prosperity and peace.

JONES' PLATFORM.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 23.—Having received more petitions than are required to have his name placed on the ticket as a candidate for Governor, Mayor Jones to-day announced that he would make the race on the following platform: "The right of self-government through the abolition of parties. (a) Direct nomination of candidates by the people; (b) direct making of laws by the people.

"Public ownership of all public utilities. The extension of the principle now operating in the public ownership of the Post Office to the operation of mines, highways, steam and electric railroads, telegraphs and telephones, and water, gas and lighting plants.

"Union wages, hours and conditions, or better, for skilled labor, and an eight-hour day with a living wage for unskilled labor on all public work done.

"Abolition of the contract system, that glaring evil of the 'competitive system on all public work, and the substitution of direct employment. Immediate cessation of the present system of exploiting prison labor for the benefit of profit-mongers and to the injury of free labor.

"It is the imperative duty of the State Legislature to deal with the question of employment to the end that provision may immediately be made that no citizen of Ohio who is willing to work shall be driven into pauperism, crime or insanity for want of work."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

Keep Coughing. We know of nothing better to soothe the lining of your throat and lungs. It is better than wet feet to cause bronchitis and pneumonia. Only keep it up long enough and you will succeed in reducing your weight, losing your appetite, bringing on a slow fever and making everything exactly right for the germ of consumption. Stop coughing and you will get well. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cures coughs of every kind. An ordinary cough disappears in a single night. The racking coughs of bronchitis are soon completely mastered. And if not so far along, the coughs of consumption are completely cured. Ask your druggist for one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster. It will aid the action of the Cherry Pectoral. If you have any complaint which will not yield to the best medical advice you can get, send for a copy of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster. It will cure you. Sold by J. C. Watson, Lowell, Mass.

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