

Am Kemp O Bath

The Weekly Ledger.

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THE WEEKLY LEDGER.
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MR. GRAY'S CHOICE.

BY ALBION L. MERRICK.

Mr. Gray had one of the finest
estates in the town of Raleigh; a
place famous for the wealth and
splendor of its inhabitants. The judge
was as wealthy as any of his neigh-
bors, and, therefore, could well af-
ford the expense he lavished on his
house and grounds.

He had, also, as the eye of a
stranger readily perceived at a first
glance around. There were two
persons, perhaps, why he had lav-
ished so much of it about the spot
where he made his home, aside from
the pride he took in the arrange-
ments.

One was that he did it for the
sake of his daughter, Alice, his only
child, who was as dear to him as the
apple of his eye.

The other was from the fact that
she was the only child who had
grown up in the town.

She was beautiful and accom-
plished. No girl had been so
well educated as she was destined to
be.

This was the fact that the
judge was wealthy, and she his only
daughter, brought her numerous suitors.

Most of them, she had turned
down. She was much to the
regret of her father.

Whoever she might marry there
was a chance for her, and he was de-
termined that she should not be
satisfied with less.

Both were assiduous in their at-
tention to her, and she was obliged
to confess that she was not indiffer-
ent to their manifestations of regard.

One was a gentleman from a
nearby city, a man of refinement
and apparent wealth.

He was some years her senior,
but the judge had known him before
the accident which had con-
vinced him of his folly, and had liked
him.

But it really, Ralph Graham was
of the man he had been in those
days.

A life of dissipation had impaired
his fortune as well as his constitu-
tion.

It was his usual way at home, he
was a little that was going on in the
private affairs of the town.

But he did not despair. He was
all of a pluck and determined yet to
win in any way in the world.

He was a lawyer by profession,
and had yet to make his first start
in the world.

He wished to handle the judge's
property, so that he might repair
his own lost fortune.

Had she been remiss by felt
that he would never have been a
suitor for her hand.

One day the judge sent for Alice
to attend him in his study.

She obeyed the summons, and
when she had taken a seat by his
side, he at once made known the
reason of his sending for her.

"Alice," he said, "I have had an
interview with two gentlemen in
this room to-day. Perhaps you can
guess their errand, so that I need
not tell you."

"Indeed I cannot, father," she an-
swered.

"But they concerned you very
nearly."

"Yes, father?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham and Mr. King
have both asked me for your hand
to-day."

Alice cast down her eyes.

"And what did you tell them,
father?" she asked after a moment's
silence.

"I referred them both to you, my
daughter. If you love either, you
have my consent, I look only to
your happiness, my child. Either I
think is worthy of you. Mr. Gra-
ham has wealth and position, and I
admit that I would like to have him
for a son-in-law. But consult your
own heart, Alice. Although Gerald
King is poor, we have enough for
all. Think the matter over, child,
and choose him who you think will
make you the happiest. This day
week, let me know which you have
chosen, if either. I told them that
they might come to me for an
answer then."

This communication did not take
Alice by surprise. She had ex-
pected it for some days. She had
sawed the matter over, but as she
she did not know her own heart,
she felt that she should consult
her father.

But he had not the polish of Gra-
ham, or the faculty of making him-
self so agreeable to the ladies. Yet
she felt that for honest worth he was
far his superior.

Two days later, Graham and a
friend of his dined with them. Dur-
ing the afternoon she left them with
her father and strolled out into the
garden that she might be by herself.

Graham had been more than usual-
ly attentive to her that day. He had
evidently done his best to please her,
knowing that in a short time now his
suit would be decided for or against
him.

Wandering down one of the paths,
she at length seated herself upon a
rustic chair, and gave herself up to a
deep reverie. It lasted for some
time, but at length was broken by
the sound of voices near her.

"I wish you have, Ralph, at any
rate I wish you success—I wish I
stood in your shoes, though for my
own funds are getting short. I hope
you will remember a friend when
the prize is surely yours."

The answer Graham made, Alice
did not hear, for at this juncture
they turned away from the spot.
But she had heard enough. The
veil was torn from her eyes, and she
saw Ralph Graham in his true
colors.

Alice was with her father, when
the day came round on which the
suitors were to receive their answer.
Graham was the first to arrive.
With flushed face and flashing eyes,
the judge repeated a portion of the
conversation Alice had overheard—
and he slunk out of their presence
like a convicted criminal.

Gerald King met with a different
reception—Alice had no hesitation
in making her choice now. She
wondered that she had ever been so
blind to the emotions of her own
heart. She knew that she had loved
him all the time, but the flattery of
Graham blinded her eyes to his
merits.

Neither she or the judge had
cause to regret her choice. Gerald
King has made his mark in the
world now, and she is prouder and
fonder of him than ever.

WHAT THE WIND SAID.

"What does the wind say, mamma?"
asked Daisy.

The mother laid down her work,
and drew the little questioner to
her side, gently smoothing the soft curls
on her head.

"Listen, and I will tell you, Daisy.
It says there are great waves
rolling up out of the sea. Dark, angry
clouds, veritable, threatening
storm. A ship tossed higher and
higher, until the white sails torn away. Some
one we love is in the ship, Daisy, dar-
ling, thinking of home, thinking of
you and me, wondering if he shall
ever see us again on earth. His
heart aches as mine aches. The
wind tells me of your papa, Daisy.
It says, 'Danger! Death!'

Great tears choked each other
over the pale cheek of the weeping
wife, and fell on the upturned child-
like face of the little one, whom she
drew closer to her heart. Daisy
kissed them off.

"Hush, mamma! the wind tells
you naughty things to make me
cry. It says one thing to me, and
another, and what papa said when
he looked so sad and had the good-
bye. Hark can't you hear it, mut-
tering, moaning, whispering? Pray
pray! pray, for me, pray for me,
Daisy! Pray, Daisy! Pray for me,
Daisy, Daisy!" That is what the
wind says to me. Papa sent the
wind to tell me to pray for him!"

"We will pray together, Daisy."
Daisy clasped her mother's hands,
and knelt at her mother's side, while
they repeated in low measured
tones the Lord's Prayer.

"I am so happy now, mamma,
that I have prayed. Will the wind
go right back to papa, and tell him
we have prayed for him, and that he
need not be afraid?"

"Little darling, no; but it is good
to pray. You are a good child.
Shall I tell you what the wind says
to me now?"

"Not if it is naughty."
"Listen, again dear Daisy: the
wind says, 'There is One high
above the angry sea and the black,
swallowing sky, who guides the
ship with a steady and unwavering
hand. He knows what is best; trust
in Him.'"

"Yes, mother; it is soft, like mu-
sic now. I think the wind is very
good to tell us what makes us feel so
happy."

"LITANY.—From all bores,
backbiters, inquisitive people, tel-
l-tales, and hollow-hearted evil-doers,
deliver us.
From long-winded prosy essays,
harangues, and lal storms, from
high winds of adversity and rich re-
lations, deliver us.
From rheumatism and lumbago,
quack doctors, drug-pills and pota-
tions, deliver us.
From smoky chimneys, scolding
wives and wash days, deliver us.
From all kingeraft, witchcraft, and
priestcraft, 'Good Lord, deliver
us!'—Ez.

"What is it that sticks closer
to me than a brother?" said a teacher to
one of his class. "A postage stamp
by gum," said a young incorrigible
pupil.

THE SAVIOR—THE CONTEMPORANEOUS L'KENESS AND DESCRIPTION BY: HEATHLENS.

Only a few antiquaries, perhaps,
are familiar with the profile of
Christ, made from life on an emerald,
by order of Tiberius, and cen-
turies afterwards given by one of
the Senators of Constantinople to the
Pope for the ransom of his brother,
then a captive to the christians. We
have seen an artist-proof of a *fac-
simile* engraving from this emerald,
and the face is remarkable, first in
its own characteristics and then in
its dissimilarity to the accepted
pictures of the various schools. It is
a Greek head, with flowing, curl-
ing hair and prominent eyes, a sweet,
benevolent beauty in the face, and
altogether coinciding with the fol-
lowing description by Publius Len-
tulus, written in the reign of Ti-
berius:

There lives at this time in Judea
a man of singular virtue, whose name
is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians
esteem as a prophet, but his fol-
lowers love and adore him as the
 offspring of the immortal God. He
calls back the dead from their
graves, and heals all sorts of dis-
eases, with a word or touch. He is a
tall man, and well shaped; of an
amiable and reverend aspect; his
hair of a color that can hardly be
matched, falling into graceful curls,
waving about, and very agreeably
combing upon his shoulders, parted
on the crown of the head, running
down the front after the fashion
of the Nazarites, his fore-
head high, large and imposing; his
cheeks without spot or wrinkle,
beautiful with a lovely red; his nose
and mouth formed with exquisite
symmetry; his beard thick, and of a
color suitable to his hair, reaching
below his chin, and parting in the
middle like a fork; his eyes bright
and clear, and look im-
mortal, dignified, manly and mature;
in proportion of body, most perfect
and captivating, his hands and arms
most delectable to behold. He re-
bukes with majesty, counsels with
mildness, his whole address, whe-
ther in word or deed, being eloquent
and grave. No man has seen him
laugh, yet his manners are exceed-
ingly pleasant; but he weeps fre-
quently in the presence of men. He
is temperate, modest and wise; a man
of extraordinary beauty and
divine perfection, surpassing the
idea of men in every sense.

THE BOY OF THE TIMES.
I was an active boy—one who
was in the front of the age—of the
sagest of his kind.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap,
might have got along in the world
fifty years ago, but he don't do for
these times.

We live in an age of quick ideas
—men think quick—eat, sleep, court,
marry, and die quick—and slow
coaches are not tolerated.

"Go ahead, if you burst your
boiler!" is the motto of our age;
and he succeeds the best in every
line of business who has the most of
"do or die" in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of
the times; be up and dressed al-
ways, not gapping and rubbing your
eyes as if you were half asleep, but
wide awake for whatever may turn
up, and you will be somebody be-
fore you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as
you please, before you act; but
think quickly and closely, and when
you have fixed your eye on an ob-
ject, stick to it like a man.

But, above all things, be honest.
If you intend to be an artist, carve
it in the wood, chisel it in the
marble; if a merchant, write it in
your ledger. Let honesty of pur-
pose be your guardian star.

THE USE OF LIQUOR.—For the
last ten years the use of spirits has
1. Imposed upon the nation a di-
rect expense of about \$6,000,000,000.
2. Has caused an indirect expense
of \$7,000,000,000.
3. Has destroyed 300,000 lives.
4. Has sent 100,000 children to
the poor house.
5. Has committed at least 15,000
people to the prisons and work-
houses.
6. Has determined at least 1,000
suicides.
7. Has made 200,000 widows and
1,000,000 orphans.

"Wor-uk!" exclaimed a North
Carolinian when offered a job; do
you s'pose I'd wor-uk, mister, when
moon tracks are as thick as grass
blades?

A MYSTERIOUS OCCURRENCE EXPLAINED.—AN ENGLISHMAN WENT INTO A CHURCH IN ROME THE OTHER DAY, AND AS SERVICE WAS GOING ON HE SAT QUIETLY DOWN, PLACING HIS HAT ON THE GROUND BESIDE HIM. AFTER WAITING A LITTLE WHILE, AND AS THERE SEEMED NO IMMEDIATE PROSPECT OF THE CEREMONY COMING TO AN END, HE THOUGHT HE WOULD GO, AND REACHED FOR HIS HAT, BUT WAS STOPPED BY AN UNSEEN ARM WHICH GRASPED HIM FROM BEHIND. THINKING THAT PROBABLY SOME CUSTODIAN OF THE CHURCH WISHED HIM TO REMAIN TILL THE CONCLUSION OF THE SERVICE, HE AGAIN WAITED.

Presently he again thought of go-
ing, again reached for his hat, and
again the unseen arm firmly preven-
ted him. Convinced that the service
was really some important one
which his leaving would disturb, the
Englishman again waited for about
a quarter of an hour. At the expira-
tion of that time he determined to
depart, in spite of etiquette. So he
again reached for his hat. Again
the hand grasped him, but as he de-
terminedly resisted his restraining
efforts a voice behind him exclaimed
in English: "I beg your pardon,
but that is my hat you are taking."
And this was the fact. Our hero
had been detained all this time be-
cause each time he wished to go he
had reached in mistake for the hat
of another stranger, placed in close
proximity to his own.—London Ec-
aminer.

AN INTERESTING YOUNG MAN.—A WELL KNOWN PHYSICIAN IN SAN JUAN, CAL., WAS RECENTLY CALLED TO SEE A LADY WHO WAS REPORTED TO BE SUFFERING WITH TERRIBLE PAIN. THE PHYSICIAN HASTENED TO THE RESIDENCE OF THE LADY AND FOUND HER IN BED. HE FELT HER PULSE, LOOKED AT HER TONGUE, AND COMMENCED WRITING A PRESCRIPTION. SHE SAID TO HIM:

"Doctor, I don't think you under-
stand my case."
"Oh, yes I do," said he, "I under-
stand it very well."
After a little while the lady re-
marked to him again:

"Doctor, I don't think you know
what's the matter with me; that
you understand my condition."
The doctor replied:

"Oh, yes, I do, madam; I have a
patient up town, a young man, just
in your fix, suffering with the same
disease."
An hour afterward the lady gave
birth to a ten-pound boy. How the
young man got along our informant
did not say.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.—OUR WORTHY GOVERNOR, Z. B. VANCE, DOES NOT STAND BACK TO PERFORM A DUTY OR AT- TEND TO ANY MATTER OF IMPORTANCE TO THE STATE MERELY BECAUSE THERE ARE SOME HARDSHIPS CONNECTED WITH IT. LAST WEDNESDAY HE AROSE AT DAY- LIGHT IN THE TOWN OF ASHEVILLE, MOUNTED A SORREL PONY AND RODE TO THE SWANNAHUA GAN BEFORE HE ATE BREAKFAST—a distance of twenty miles. HE THEN LEFT HIS STEED AND WALKED THROUGH AND EXAMINED ALL THE RAILROAD WORKS ON THE MOUNTAINS, AND THEN ON TO HENRY BEFORE NIGHT—MAKING A DISTANCE OF NINE MILES THAT HE WALKED. WHEN WE TAKE INTO CONSIDERATION HIS SIZE AND THE BODILY PUNISHMENT IT IS TO HIM TO WALK OR RIDE ON HORSE-BACK WE SHOULD FEEL PROUD INDEED THAT WE HAVE A GOVERNOR THAT WILL SACRIFICE HIS OWN FEELINGS TO SUCH AN EXTENT; FOR IT IS THROUGH THESE EFFORTS THAT HE BECOMES THOROUGHLY ACQUAINTED WITH THE WORKINGS OF THIS ROAD—THEREBY KNOWING HOW TO ACT THAT THE STATE AT LARGE MIGHT BE BENEFITED.—Piedmont Press.

AGES OF THE SOVEREIGNS.—With
the expiration of last year, the
reigns of sovereigns of Europe reached
the following ages: Pope Pius IX.
(since deposed), eighty-five years;
William I., Emperor of Germany,
eighty; William III., King of Hol-
land, sixty; Christian IX., King of
Denmark, fifty-nine; Alexander II.,
the Czar or Emperor of Russia, fifty-
nine; Victoria, Queen of England,
fifty-eight; Charles I., King of Wur-
temberg, fifty-four; Dom Pedro II.,
Emperor of Brazil, fifty-two; Albert,
King of Saxony, forty-nine; Oscar
II., King of Sweden, forty-eight;
Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Aus-
tria, forty-seven; Leopold II., King
of the Belgians, forty-two; Ludwig
I., King of Portugal, thirty-nine;
Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey,
thirty-five; Ludwig or Louis II.,
King of Bavaria, thirty-two; George
I., King of Greece, thirty-two; Al-
fonso XII., King of Spain, twenty.

The cry of "shut the door," is
heard no more.

THE WORLEY MURDER.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE ALLEGED MURDERERS.

On Friday last, a correspondent
of the Goldsboro Messenger, had
an interview with Noah Cherry,
Harris Atkinson, and Robert
Thompson, (negroes), the alleged
murderers of poor Jim Worley
and his wife, on the night of Febru-
ary 11th, on the farm of Wm. F. At-
kinson, in the county of Wayne.

This interview was held at the re-
quest of the prisoners. At 2 P. M.,
Noah Cherry was brought down in-
to the jail yard, and at once began a
lengthy statement in regard to him-
self, which he said "I want printed."
This interview lasted two hours, of
course he tried to vindicate himself,
but said "I expect to be with my
God soon, and what I have said to
you is the truth." The statement
which he desired "printed" was
simply the evidence elicited before
the Coroner's inquest, which has al-
ready appeared in the columns of the
News. Harris Atkinson and Bob
Thompson were then brought into
the yard, but they declined to make
any statement. Jerry H. Cox was
then sent for. When he came down
and confronted the murderers of
Worley and his wife, the scene be-
came deeply interesting. Cox said
"those three men right there killed
Jim Worley, they killed his wife,
they outraged Mrs. Worley, and I
saw them do it." Cox described
the horrible scenes that were enac-
ted on Monday night, (11th of Febru-
ary). How Noah Cherry first
struck Worley in the house, then
followed him around the house
where Bob Thompson struck him
with a piece of wood, Noah Cherry
giving the final blow with his axe
that put Worley to death. Harris
Atkinson remained in the house.
Noah Cherry then returned to the
house and was the first to attack the
poor helpless woman in the pres-
ence of her three little children.
Harris Atkinson followed and then
Bob Thompson.

After committing the most horri-
ble crime in the annals of history
they "finished Mrs. Worley" (we
use Cox's language)—leaving little
Worley and her two younger sisters,
orphans—alone in a little log cabin
with no protection whatever, except
the faithful dog Beaver, to watch
over them during the night.

Cox says he stood at the "bars"
and witnessed these crimes, and then
went home.

During this interview Noah Cher-
ry took occasion to call Cox a liar,
and frequently said, "I am sorry for
that poor boy, too. No new facts
were elicited. Noah Cherry said
he expected to be with his Maker
soon; and that his statement, was
true. The trial of these negroes
will come off on the 4th Monday is
this month in the city of Goldsboro.

His Honor, Judge Kerr, will pre-
side. We learn that Hon. Wm. T.
Dortch has been employed to assist
the Solicitor in the prosecution.

A VALID EXCUSE.—One of the
teachers in a Binghamton public
school, received the other day an
excuse written in behalf of a delin-
quent pupil by the father. It runs
in this wise:

MR. TEACHER: Dot poy of mine
was absent de oder day ven he
shaid out. He got one big colt in
his neck vot make him much trouble
all de vile. Please don't give him
some punishment ven he was late in
the morning. He wout get ther-
shust in time every day, but he is
not himself to blame, he is got no
mother. She vos dead 10 years ago.
I am this poy's parent by his moth-
er before she vos dead.—Kingston
Freeman.

RAILROAD TICKETS TO GENERAL
CONFERENCE.—I am in receipt of
letters informing me that there will
be put on sale at Goldsboro, Rail-
road tickets to Greensboro, on April 27,
28, 29th and 30th, round tickets to
Atlanta, good to return within 30
days from the date of sale. They
can be purchased by both Delegates
and Visitors to the General Confer-
ence. The price for return tickets
will be

From Goldsboro, \$29.55
From Raleigh, \$26.61
From Greensboro, \$21.70

Delegates starting from Charlotte
will be required to pay one full fare
to the Atlanta and Charlotte Air
Line Company, and will be returned
FREE upon certificate of the Sec-
retary of the Conference.

N. H. D. WILSON.

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