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Isaac H. Taylor

THE WEEKLY LEDGER.
OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET,
OPPOSITE THE STORE OF J. W.
CARR, Esq.

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A full line of Gentlemen and Ladies
NECKTIES.

Gentlemen and Boys FELT and
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newest Styles.

A full line of Mens and Boys READY
MADE CLOTHING at prices that
cannot be beat.

UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS that
beats them all, from 15 cents to \$3.

If you want to save money, come to
McCUALEY'S, where you will find
what you want at prices to suit every-
body.

Thanking the public for the liberal
patronage given me heretofore, I pledge
myself in the future, as I have tried to
do in the past, to treat everybody right
and give them the worth of their
money. Very respectfully,

D. McCUALEY.

Chapel Hill, N. C., May 18, 1878.

The Weekly Ledger.

VOLUME I.

"NO DAY WITHOUT A LINE."

NUMBER 17.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1878.

A SUMMER DAY.

Deep down beside the tangled sedge
The meadow lark sings all the day,
And bursts at times from out the hedge
The mimic chatter of the jay;
And here and there a wandering note,
A cricket's chirp, comes sweet and clear.

Where dreamy mists of summer float
At noon upon the grassy mere.

Afar away below the hill
I see the noisy mill-wheel go,
The smooth broad lake above the mill,
The flash of foam that rows below;
And on the even stops that rise
So gently toward the mountain's brow.

The cattle watch with sleepy eyes
The lazy ploughboy at the plow—
My soul is sleeping, and its dreams—
Ah! sad and sweet that dreaming thrills!

For there are other vales and streams,
And other flocks on other hills—
The hills wherein I climbed to pull
The golden rods and weeds of May,

When all the world was beautiful,
And all my life a summer day.

—C. E. Brooks in *Harper's Magazine*.

MY SCHOOL AT BRUSHCREEK.

BY M. T. ADKINS.

Backward, over the tide of intervening years, comes to me to-night the memory of the few quiet, happy months I spent in that neighborhood. I was a mere youth then, and an invalid, with few friends, and fewer of this world's good things. A slow, lingering fever had taken hold of me early in the spring, and the wailing November winds and rains found me just able to walk the short distance from my boarding place to the school-house.

How well do I remember the first day of the school. Were you to guess from now till the Centennial, I doubt you being able to guess the number of students I had on that morning. Just five, all told. Let's see, there were Wilburn, and Matt, and Kate, and Tate, and Galloway.

You would have smiled to see us gathered, shivering and hovering, around the old rusty stove, in our unavailing endeavors to keep warm.

Let me see if I can find stored away, somewhere in the corner of my memory, a photograph of our house.

Yes, here it is: Built of rough, un-hewn logs, with the spaces filled with clay; fourteen feet square; two loophole windows, guiltless of sash or glass; roof of long clap-boards; a rickety door, and a pine-cone floor; and you have it full size and true to nature.

Heretofore the schools had always been taught in the little cabin just so long as the summer and autumn weather held good, and then stopped when the cold weather came on; and so the patrons of the institution had never felt the actual pinching necessity of any improvement or repairs.

On the first evening before dismissing the boys, I drew up a subscription paper to raise funds to buy sash, glass and a new stove, and sent word to the parents that on Saturday next we hoped to see them out to help repair our house. The result was that the next week saw us with more comfortable quarters, and several new scholars.

Although years and years of busy life have passed since then, I believe I can remember the name of every boy and girl and little child that came to me in that little log-cabin during that winter. There was Frank and Campbell, and Ella, who came on the second Monday morning.

Ah, that Frank was a rare boy—brimful and running over with mischief, and yet a good heart within; quick, bright and intelligent, but always in hot water over some misdemeanor.

I must lay down my pen now and laugh at an incident that occurred with him one day.

While puzzling over an example for one of my larger students, I happened to glance up, and thought I detected Frank at some of his old pranks.

"Frank will you come to me?"

He came.

"What were you doing to John?"
No answer. He would not tell a story, and therefore said nothing.

"What was he doing, John?"

"Please, sir, he stuck a pin in me," said John.

"You may take your seat under that table, sir, until I get time to investigate your case."

The urchin pretended to understand me to say *on* instead of *under*.

I hadn't more than corrected his mistake until I was sorry for it.

I have never seen anything more indescribably ludicrous than the apeish manner in which that boy obeyed my command. I never wanted to laugh so badly in all my life. I can see him now peeping out, monkey-like, from between the legs of that table, and making grimaces at me when he thought I wasn't looking. I think I gave recess at least fifteen minutes earlier than usual just to get him out.

Then I remember little Mary Wallace came one day. She was our smallest and youngest scholar and so timid that I had to bribe her at first to say her lesson. More than one paper of candy found its way from my pocket into her chubby hands for the first week or two of her attendance.

Heigh-ho! how vividly it all comes back to me to-night, as I sit and dream and gaze at the pictures in the coals. But space forbids me to tell all the incidents that come crowding up.

When our school began to draw to its close, one of the larger boys, one day, asked me if I knew they were going to bar me out on the last day.

"What's that?" I asked.

"All the school gather in early and bar up the door with benches and things, and refuse to let you in until you treat them."

"Treat them with what?"

"Oh, apples, candy or something that young folks like."

"And what if I refuse?"

"Then they catch you, and say they will duck you in the creek, if you don't treat."

"And will they?"

"I don't know; that depends on how well they like you; but at any rate, they'll have some fun."

I had often heard of these country bairring-out frolics, but had never seen one.

As the end drew nearer, I heard chance remarks dropped now and then by the smaller urchins, not intended for my ear, however, which convinced me that they were looking forward to some rare fun on the last day. During the last week I noticed that the old games were abandoned and the boys spent all their playtime in mysterious consultation and meetings in which some weighty matter was evidently discussed.

Apparently I paid no heed to these proceedings, but all the time was revolving some scheme to outwit the young rogues.

At last I fell upon a plan; and rising very early—before day, in fact—on the morning of the last day, proceeded to put it in execution.

I had acquainted my lanlady with my plans, and she had agreed to teacher's coming here to-day—hush! what's that?"

"I had moved slightly, and the loose planks creaking attracted their attention.

"Good gracious!" shouted one, "what if he is up in that loft?"

At this, such a yelling and screaming was set up as never before.

greeted mortal ears.

The planks upon which I rested creaked again as I rose to my feet, and as the noise below somewhat subsided, I shook the floor as though an earthquake passed by, and ended by tearing up the planks and jumping down into their very midst, boys, with silent and stealthy tread,

who took possession of the old house—kindled a roaring fire, and barred up the door with all the benches.

Next came a half dozen smaller boys, with shout and hallo, and who, when they discovered the door was barred, set up such a yell as only school-boys can get off.

"Shut up that noise!" shouted they from the inside, as they unbared the door for their admission.

Next came a lot of girls; then more boys, and then a troop of smaller urchins.

Each arrival was announced from the outside by a shout, which was answered from within in a manner that seemed almost to lift the roof from above me.

"Now boys, be quite," one of the leaders would say, "he'll be here directly, and we want to see what he'll do when he finds the door shut and barred."

"Whoop! Won't it be fun, though?" the smaller fry would respond.

"Won't it be fun to souse him in that deep hole out in the creek, if he don't shell out the apples? Whoopee!"

"But s'pose'n we don't catch him?" another would say.

"He's got awful long legs, and I believe he can run like a deer."

"Boys, I tell you, you must hush."

Then, after a temporary lull, it would break out again.

"S'pose'n he don't come?"

"Oh, he'll come, never you fear."

"What if he gets mad and fights?"

"What if he won't treat?"

"What if he shoots?"

"What if he's hid up the chimney?"

"What if he's—"

But this last "what if" was drowned by a general shout of "here he comes," as a horseman dashed up to the door and dismounted.

"Hurrabah, boys, he's a ridin'!"

But it was a false alarm, of course. It was Tim Galloway, a young man of the neighborhood who did not attend the school.

"Did you see him, Tim, as you came past Hopper's?"

"No!" answered Tim from without, "but open the door, can't you, and let a feller help you in your fun?"

Some one was about to unbar the door when some one else interposed.

"Hold on, Tim, and let us know how you stand before you come in here. How do we know but what you're against us?"

"Nonsense! Open the door!" answered Tim.

After much demur, he was finally admitted. Then the young babel was set up again, and grew, if possible, worse than before. Peeping down through the cracks, I could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at the young rogues' antics. Some were pushing against the door to guard against any sudden attack from that quarter—others were peeping out at the windows and cracks, while a few of the older ones were engaged in love-making in the corner.