

K. P. Battle

The Weekly Ledger.

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THE WEEKLY LEDGER.
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CARR, ESQ.

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**RIBBONS, RUFFS, CUFFS and COL-
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newest Styles.
A full line of Mens and Boys **READY
MADE CLOTHING** at prices that can-
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UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS that
beats them all, from 15 cents to \$3.
If you want to save money, come to
McCAULEY'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. McCAULEY,
Chapel Hill, N. C., May 18, 1878.

TWO LITTLE MICE.

Out in the field, one Autumn day,
When the farmer was storing his grain
away,
Two little gray mice secure from his
sight,
Were working away with their main
and their might.
"In helping to store this grain away,
Our motto is 'little by little,'" said they.
So they busily worked, as the hours flew
by,
Till their pile of grain was large and
high;
While the farmer also plodded away.
Till the grain was stored at the close of
day.
"We worked as hard as you did to-day,
And are much obliged for the grain,"
said they.
The farmer took wife and showed her
the grain.
All safely stored from the snow or the
rain.
While two little mice from their hole in
the wall,
Carefully watched and saw and heard
all.
"We worked as hard as you did to-day,
And are much obliged for the grain,"
said they.

A TERRIBLE RE- VENGE.

The sun was setting behind the
hills of Maldon one June evening,
when an acrobat with his wife was
seen plodding along the road.
They were weary and sad. The
acrobat himself was a man about
thirty, of dark complexion, with
raven black hair curling over his
forehead. His eyes were black and
piercing, and there was something
in his look which bespoke a nature
above that of a mountebank.
His wife was somewhat younger,
and carried an infant child at her
breast. She, too, had the appear-
ance of a person superior to her lot,
and her face was comely to look
upon.
Almost opposite to him was the
lodge and gateway of a gentleman's
park.
As he came nearer and looked
through the gate he saw between
twenty and thirty children, in holiday
attire, playing upon the lawn
before an old and spacious mansion.
The acrobat's eyes kindled as he
looked in at the bevy of holiday-
makers. Here was a grand chance
for him.
Had there been any one there
whose permission he could have
asked he would have done so. But
there was no one but the children
themselves; and therefore, address-
ing one of the oldest, he asked her
if they would like to see some of his
feats. The girl smilingly replied
that they would.
And now the eyes of wonder
opened as wide as they could go.
And so intent was the little audience
in watching the acrobat, and so in-
tent was Duval in catching his brass
balls, that none of them perceived
that Sir William Windus was ap-
proaching with his gamekeeper. He
came forward with rapid strides,
and when within a few paces of
Duval he called out to him in a
voice of thunder:
"Vagabond! how dared you enter
here?"
For a moment Duval stood as-
tounded and dumb at this sudden
interruption. He saw before him a
gentleman much taller than himself,
in shooting coat and boots, with a
felt hat; narrow-shouldered, his
bearing that of an aristocrat, with a
strong dash of a bully.
"Come, pack up your trumpery,
and begone," said the baronet.
"I meant no offense, your honor;
nor to harm any one or anything be-
longing to you. I saw the children
and made bold to enter, thinking it
would please them to see my—"
"Oh, that's a very old story," said
the baronet. "When thieves and
gipsies prowl about gentlemen's
parks we all know that their in-
terentions are perfectly innocent?"
"Do you call me a thief, sir?" de-
manded Duval, his dark cheek col-
oring and his eyes flashing fire.
Sir William saw the fierce spirit
that was struggling in the acrobat's

breast. He felt that he could not
bear the steady gaze he fixed on
him, and that his proud and over-
bearing nature had met its match.
His blood boiled with rage.
"Impudent villain!" he at last ex-
claimed, stamping on the ground,
"do you dare to beard me, to brow-
beat me with your insolent look?
Take that!" And lifting his arm
he brought down his whip with a
thud upon the acrobat's back that
could be heard as far off as the
lodge.
Mad with rage, frenzied with in-
sult, Duval, with a tiger spring,
rushed at the baronet; and dearly
would Sir William have paid for his
rash act if the acrobat could only
have had one blow at him, delivered
with the prodigious strength of his
muscular arm and athletic shoulders.
But as Duval rushed forward, Leo,
one of the hounds, sprang upon the
acrobat and intercepted his attack.
"Down! Leo, down!" cried Sir
William, and the dog sprang away
from the man and sat down by his
master's side.
"Now put him out," said the bar-
onet, as he turned away and walked
off toward the hall.
"It's no use making any more
fuss about it," said the good-natured
gamekeeper, as Duval sprang upon
his feet, his face and hands covered
with dust and blood. "You were
wrong in the beginning. Be advised
and go your way quietly."
And Duval was advised; the
more easily because of the appealing
look his wife gave him as she gently
wiped the blood from his face. He
clenched his hand, and lifting it to-
ward heaven, cried out in the agony
of his heart, "My God! I ask only
this favor of thee—that I may one
day be revenged!"
II.
Two years passed, and a beautiful
lady lay reclining upon a sofa in the
large and richly furnished draw-
ing-room of a country mansion.
Suddenly the luxurious silence of
the room was disturbed by a loud
clamor in the hall.
Sir William and Lady Windus
started up.
"What is the matter?" demanded
the baronet.
"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady!
—oh, my dear good lady—"
And then Emily shrieked three or
four times, and, turning white as
death, fell back in a chair.
Though Emily's information was
neither copious nor distinct, it con-
veyed forcibly enough that the chil-
dren were in danger, and that a boat
had something to do with it.
The truth was that Emily and
Miss Joan had been sent out in the
pony phaeton under the charge of
the page, for a drive; that William,
seeing the equipage, ran his boat in-
shore; and that, as Emily declined
to venture on account of her ten-
dency to bile, and her dislike to
sharks, he took his sister of his own
lordly will and authority, under his
protection. The boat struck, and
went down; and, by the greatest
good fortune, William, with Joan in
his arms, was able to reach the point
of rock on which he now stood.
What were the feelings of Lady
Windus when she reached the shore,
and beheld her children on a small
spot of rock, with the sea all around
them—smooth almost as glass, it is
true—but with the tide flowing, and
every minute covering a fresh por-
tion of the rock on which her babes
were standing.
But could nothing be done?
Sir William now appeared on the
road which ran along the shore. He
was followed by the old gamekeeper,
by Emily Carter, who had recover-
ed; by the housekeeper, and the
stable-boy.
Well, was there no one there who
could swim?
Unhappily Sir William could not,
nor the gamekeeper.

The tide was rising.
Smooth as glass—smooth, specious
and smiling as a lying hypocrite—it
was rising, and Lady Windus could
see that already it was licking the
feet of her children.
"Look, look, William!" she ex-
claimed, at the same time directing
her husband's attention to the rock;
"he lifts her up. The water is at
their feet! My God! can we do
nothing?"
Yes, it was true.
The water was at their feet.
William had raised Joan in his
arms, and as he saw his mother di-
rect the baronet's attention to them,
he called out, though she couldn't
hear him—
"All right, mamma; there's plenty
of time yet."
Plenty of time!
The sea was flowing in. Often as
the party on the shore turned their
eyes in the direction in which the
stable-boy had ridden to procure a
boat, there was nothing in sight.
Lady Windus had fainted.
Sir William stood, the picture of
agony, looking at his children.
"Are those your children?" asked
a man who stood at Sir William's
side, but whose approach had not
been noticed.
The baronet did not turn to look
at the speaker.
It was some seconds, indeed, be-
fore he recognized that any one had
addressed him; but when he did so,
he replied, in a deep whisper of
despair—
"They are."
The man's gaze was fixed upon the
children.
Sir William's was fixed upon him.
He thought he remembered him,
and so he did;—it was the acrobat.
It was Duval!
Duval who had prayed for ven-
geance as the sole favor for which he
would trouble Heaven.
It was Duval, at whose door, if he
could be said ever to have had one,
all the miseries of life had knocked,
and at whose hearth they had seated
themselves.
For did not she, whom he had
loved more than himself—Martha—
did not she lie in her cold grave,
with her baby by her side, in the
same pauper's coffin?
And now—what was left to Du-
val?—Only to wait for death.
Nay, something more—to live for
revenge!
For no boat made its appearance;
the tide had risen six inches more,
and now they saw the boy kneel
down in the water, and look up as
if he were praying.
And only Duval could save him
and his sister—only Duval.
He alone, of all who stood there,
could breast the flood to the rock,
and back again with the boy.
Why not tell Sir William so?
Why not, indeed? Is not revenge
sweet?
And still the tide was rising.
Lady Windus, restored for a mo-
ment to consciousness, opened her
eyes; but no sooner realized her
position than she relapsed into in-
sensibility.
"Sir William," said Duval, "I see
you remember me! Once I thirsted
for revenge upon you! For two
long years I thirsted for it, and
prayed for it. Heaven has sent it to
me!"
A bright light shot from his eyes
as he said this, and then he walked
down to within a few paces of the
water. He undressed, he waded
into the sea until it came to his
breast, and then throwing himself
forward, struck out for the rock.
We shall not describe the joy
with which the parents, who had
watched in agonized suspense the
acrobat's attempt to rescue their
children, received them back into
their arms; but while they were
fondling them, Duval had dressed
and slipped away. He had regained

the road and was pursuing his jour-
ney with a light step and light heart,
for he had his revenge.
No, not all of it! Sir William no
sooner missed him than he set out
in pursuit of him.
"Here," exclaimed the baronet,
when at last he came up with him;
endeavoring to put a well-filled
purse into Duval's hand. "You have
saved my children, and are entitled
—I say entitled—to a reward."
Duval drew back his hand.
"I have had it!" he said quietly,
and turning from him, pursued his
journey.
And the proud baronet stood
looking after him, rebuked and
humbled.
A NICE OLD MAN.
Old Ebenezer Brown had long the
reputation of being the stingiest
man in Ohio and the following inci-
dent regarding him, is said to be
true:
One day a discussion arose as to
the extent of his meanness and in or-
der to settle the dispute, a committee
of three went to the ruinous dwelling
where Brown resided. He met
them at the door and the lady mem-
ber of the committee said:
"Mr. Brown we have come to see
if you are willing to accept a barrel
of cider."
"Good cider?" asked the miser.
"Yes."
"Will you bring it here?"
"Certainly."
"Put it in my cellar?"
"Yes."
"Assuredly. Anything else?" asked
the fair speaker, waxing indignant
at the miser's meanness.
Old Brown looked at her a moment
and green of avarice sparkled in his
deep-set eyes and then he slowly
muttered:
"What would you give me for the
barrel after the cider is gone?"
COUGH DROPS BY JOSH
BILLINGS.
Bachelors are always a bragging
of their freedom! Freedom to darn
their own stockings and poultice
their own shins. I had rather be a
widower once in two years, regulat-
than to be a grunting, old, hair-dyed
bachelor for ninety days.
Ambition to shine in everything
is a sure way to put a man's candle
out.
Some people won't believe any-
thing they can't prove; the things
I can't prove are the very things I
believe the most.
Good examples among rulers are
the best laws they can enact.
One of the saddest sights of all
to me, is an old man, poor and de-
serted whom I once knew living in
luxury.
He who spends his younger days
in dissipation is mortgaging himself
to disease and poverty, two inexor-
able creditors, who are certain to
foreclose at last and take possession
of the premises.
The world owes all its energies
and refinement to luxuries—digging
roots for breakfast and going naked
for clothes is the virtuous innocence
of a lazy savage.
Prides are coquetries gone to seed.
A dandy in love is in just about as
bad a fix as a stick of molasses candy
that has half melted.
There is no good substitute for
wisdom, but silence is the best that
has been discovered yet.
There are lots of folks in this
world who, rather than not find any
fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to say
to an angel-worm that his tail was
altogether too long for the rest of
his body.
A man who is good company for
himself is always good company for
others.
Cunning is too apt to outwit it-
self. The man who turned the boat
over and got under it to keep out of
the rain was one of this kind.
I have seen men who had worn
out their vies and supposed of
course that they were living on their
virtues.
The man who dies the richest is
the one who leaves the least here
and takes the most with him.

FASHION NOTES.

The small round turban is again
worn by young ladies
Lace bonnets for young ladies are
made of silk, covered with lace, al-
most like babies' caps.
New bonnets are seen in lilac-col-
ored straw and are trimmed with
bunches of white and purple lilacs.
Large buckles of pearl, like those
worn generations ago, are fashion-
able for the wide belts so popular.
Pins for the hair are ornamental
balls. Some are of red gold and
others are of the palest yellow Ro-
man gold.
New silver ear-rings are in the
shape of a sailor's har, with a pair of
oars connected by a slender silver
cable.
Collars and cuffs on thin dresses
are made of shirring and yokes and
vests are sometimes similarly com-
posed.
Small white handkerchiefs, with
the edges scalloped and wrought with
a color, are formed into pretty pleated
bows for the throat, to wear with
morning dresses.
The Breton dress was so becom-
ing and pretty that the ladies are
loath to give it up and since fashion
has decreed that it may no longer
be worn, the style is used in under-
wear.
New linen-lawn and muslin dresses
are made with yoke waist, the yoke
entirely covered with rows of narrow
lace laid on flat. The ruffles that
trim the skirt are edged with the
same lace.
WORDS OF WISDOM.
Duty cannot be plain in two di-
verging paths.
Time is a file that wears and
makes no noise.
War seldom enters but where
it is not wanted.
Be lively, but not light; solid, but
not sad.
Try to get good, and you are sure
to get good.
Keep good principles, and they
will keep you.
Love thy neighbor, but pull not
down the hedge.
The magic of the tongue is the
most dangerous of all spells.
People often affect to be out of
humor to appear of consequence.
He hath a good judgment who
doth not rely entirely upon his own.
Account him thy friend who de-
sires thy good rather than thy good
will.
A brave man is one who is not
afraid to wear old clothes until he
can afford to buy new.
Prizes would be for legs of lowest
pace, were cripples made the judge's
of the race.
How rarely do we accurately
weigh what we have to sacrifice
against what we have to gain
GEN. LEE'S ADVICE TO OF-
FICER'S WIVES.
I have heard General Lee relate
the following incident: At a dinner
party given by General Taylor
shortly after his accession, General,
then Captain Lee, chanced to be on
the right of Mrs. Bliss at the table.
They were discussing army life, the
separations it entailed, and how hard
it often was for an officer's wife to
know what to do, whether to follow
her husband or stay with her mother.
"Of course, Captain Lee" said Mrs.
Bliss, "like all men, you think a wo-
man should leave all and cling to
her husband." "Not so madam," he
said; "my advice is, stay as long as
you can under your mother's wing.
You never can have more than
one mother, but a pretty woman
can always supply a husband's
loss." Some years afterward he
was again at the right of Mrs. Bliss
at a dinner party, but Col. Bliss had
died in the meantime; his widow
had married again and of course
bore a different name; and Captain
had become Colonel Lee. After
discussing several subjects, she laugh-
ingly said, "Colonel, do you remem-
ber a piece of advice you once gave
me?" "Indeed I do, madam. It
has been in my thoughts all day, but
I would have never dared to remind
you of it. You followed the advice,
I see."