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## CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,  
Night and day!  
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—  
Clear the way!  
Men of action, aid and cheer them,  
As ye may!  
There's a point about the stream,  
There's a light about the beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a power about to blow,  
There's a mid-night blackness changing  
Into gray!  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!  
Once the welcome light has broken,  
Who shall say  
What the unimagined glories  
Of the day?  
What the evil that shall perish  
In its ray?  
And the dawning tongue and pen!  
And it, hopes of honest men!  
And it, paper and it, type—  
And our earnest must not slacken  
Into play!  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!  
Lo! a cloud's about to vanish  
From the day!  
And a brazen vrow to crumble  
Into clay!  
Lo! the right's about to conquer—  
Clear the way!  
With the right shall many more  
Enter smiling at the door!  
With the giant wrong shall fall  
Many others, great and small,  
That for ages long have held us  
For their prey!  
Men of thought and men of action,  
Clear the way!

## THE RIVALS.

A TRUE STORY.

At the time when the success of the allies had restored peace to Europe, a French General, named Raymond, sailed for the East Indies. His voyage was a successful one, and good fortune accompanied him through all his undertakings. When, in the month of May, 1831, he returned to Havre de Grace, his native place, he brought with him not only a million in gold, but also so many jewels and cashmere that he scarcely knew what to do with all his treasures.

General Raymond had never been married, but he had one brother and one sister, whose children he loved.

"I will send for my nieces, and adopt as my own child the one who shall best please me, that she may soothe and watch over me in my old age, and finally become my heiress."

In pursuance of this thought, he wrote to his relatives, informing them of his intentions, and inviting them to visit him with their daughters at the charming country seat he had purchased soon after his arrival.

The General's brother, Mr. Chas. Raymond, occupied a distinguished position in Paris. His family consisted of two sons and one daughter, Amanda.

As soon as he learned that the rich nabob had returned from India, and intended adopting one of his nieces, he hastened to impart this intelligence to his wife, Madame Raymond received the welcome news with the liveliest joy. She had not the faintest doubt that her daughter would be the chosen one, and prepared herself to exhibit the shining qualities and endowments of her beloved child in the most advantageous manner possible.

Amanda, who had just reached her fifteenth year, promised to be as accomplished as she was handsome and well-grown. Great care had been bestowed upon her education. She had been instructed in music, painting, and English; and before her journey to Normandy she was to take some lessons in dancing from one of the most renowned masters. Who could doubt that, with all these advantages, Amanda could not fail to surpass her country cousins?

But however proud the hopes Madame Raymond had conceived for the future, those of Madame Anselmus, the General's sister, who lived in a small country town, were no less sanguine. Her husband, an honest manufacturer, conducted his affairs in quiet obscurity, and, with

the aid of his steam-engine, spun his wool and wove his cotton. When he learned from his wife the invitation she had received, and that his daughters were also offered a share in the momentous choice, he was highly delighted, and immediately presented his children with a whole piece of the finest and best calico his factory could produce.

Lucy, the eldest of his children, was a good little creature of about thirteen years old. She assisted her mother in the housekeeping, was attentive itself towards her father, and, through her kind and benevolent disposition, was the especial favorite of all his workmen. Mary, the second daughter, would probably have been thought much prettier, had not an unfortunate affection of the eyes left them so weak that she never could expose herself to the light of day without wearing a shade, or other protection. Caroline, the youngest, was the idol of the family. Father, sisters, and all the servants of the house, following the example of Madame Anselmus seemed to have eyes for the little one alone.

To comprehend this extraordinary partiality, it was necessary to have been informed of the long illness endured by the little Caroline, and of the unceasing watchfulness required for the preservation of her life. When one considered the endless night watches, fatigues, and sufferings which Madame Anselmus had borne through love to his child, one could not but lament the meagre results of such great sacrifices; for Caroline looked much more like some unfortunate monstrosity, than like a healthy child. Although she was three years old, she could not walk a single step, and still less could she frame her thoughts into any intelligible form of language. If she desired to speak her wishes, she did it in such harsh and disagreeable tones, that strangers stopped their ears; the tender mother and Lucy were the only persons who could comprehend the speech of the unfortunate child.

Notwithstanding all this, Madame Anselmus not only thought the little Caroline very beautiful, but even felt quite assured that her brother would immediately select her as his heiress. The noble and unselfish love of the mother led her to believe that all would share in her sentiments, and her blinded heart prophesied that her dear Caroline must certainly win her uncle's affection.

Mr. Anselmus, however, who considered the matter from a much more unprejudiced point of view, endeavored, but in vain, to persuade his wife to leave the younger children at home, for he knew that the good little Lucy was the only one among his daughters who could enter into a contest with Amanda for their uncle's favor.

Nature had in truth endowed Lucy and her cousin equally, although differently. With a lively and sensitive temperament, the latter possessed a clear understanding, overruled by her kind heart; and as to her exterior, her face, through its cheerful and friendly expression, was almost as pleasing as Amanda's, through the regularity of her features.

But nevertheless, what a striking contrast at the first glance appeared between the tastefully dressed Parisienne, who had acquired the most elegant and self-possessed demeanor, and poor Lucy, who was decked out in a calico gown, as short as it was narrow, with a pair of old-fashioned sleeves, so immense and so stiffened that they came up nearly to her ears. Besides, her hair was so ill arranged, and her shoes and stockings so coarse and heavy, that Amanda could not refrain from smiling as she surveyed her little rival.

While Madame Raymond neglected no means of attracting the General's attention toward her daughter, who entertained him now with playing and singing, and now with reading English, poor Lucy found herself continually occupied with her little sisters. She was also so modest and shy, that neither to her uncle, nor to her distinguished Parisian relatives, could she say a single word worth heeding.

Mary and Caroline, those little unfortunate creatures, felt so little at home, so forsaken amid the great, glittering rooms, that Lucy was forced to use every effort to soothe and conceal their ill-humor. It thus happened that Lucy was at first entirely overlooked by the General, and was usually to be found in one corner of the parlor with the little sick Caroline in her lap, a silent witness of her cousin's proficiency.

Madame Raymond, as well as her sister-in-law, who had arrived at the General's country place during the early part of July, had given a promise to remain at least three months; and the old man did all in his power to render their sojourn as pleasant as possible. The first few weeks were exclusively devoted to Amanda's triumph. She appeared early in the morning most tastefully dressed, and took her seat at her mother's side, and shared in the conversation. In the evening she played easy variations, in the fashion of the day, or sang an air or so from the latest opera.

All this did very well for a short time. But as the subjects of her conversation were ever the same, always relating to balls, assemblies, pleasure parties, and fashions, and her repertory of art was soon exhausted, the General finally began to weary of this entertainment. He sent to Paris for new music for her, but this availed nothing. Amanda could not play well at sight, nor could she study a piece without the assistance of her teacher. Like many a young girl of her own age, she coveted praise and admiration, but she slung the labor and self-sacrificing industry necessary to the real cultivation of any talent, and which alone could have secured for her permanent appreciation and applause, she was satisfied with the appearance, instead of striving for the reality.

It thus happened that Gen. Raymond gradually began to turn his observation towards Lucy. He had long remarked the tenderness with which the little girl devoted herself to her younger sisters. In order to win her confidence, he now began occasionally to caress Mary and Caroline. From that moment, Lucy had one interesting topic with which to entertain her uncle. She gradually thawed out, to use a common expression, and finally ventured to bestow upon her revered relative all the tender little attentions she had been in the habit of showering upon her father from her earliest childhood. She intuitively divined all his wants, and her eyes beamed with joy when she had succeeded in anticipating his secret wishes. The General was especially pleased with the heartfelt friendliness and good-nature which were Lucy's most peculiar characteristics.

When the neighboring land-owners visited the chateau with their wives and daughters, she spared no pains to provide for the comfort and amusement of her guests, without regard to their appearance, their agreeability, or tediousness. Hence, Lucy always received a hearty parting kiss, at least as affectionate and truly felt as the bow given to Amanda; she was most cordially invited to visit them, and endless were the caresses with which she was greeted.

Amanda, on the contrary, who, if not exactly haughty and contemptu-

ous, yet possessed an extremely cold disposition, displeased the mothers, because she overshadowed their daughters,—and the daughters, because she had so many requirements, and so little friendliness,—and, finally, her uncle, because nothing is more contagious than the judgment and opinions of those around us. An individual who is agreeable to very few persons, will in time cease to be esteemed even by that small number.

The position of the little rivals stood thus, when an apparently insignificant circumstance finally decided the uncle's choice.

It happened that a magnificent ball was to be given in a neighboring city, to which the General and his guests were invited.

Who knows not the pleasure which the prospect of a ball offers to young people? Both girls received the news with sparkling eyes, and both counted the hours to the promised festival!

"How glad I shall be to see Amanda dance!" cried the good little Lucy.

"And it will certainly afford me great amusement to see Lucy in her ball costume!" replied Amanda, in a tone which formed a most striking contrast to Lucy's good-natured expression of delight in her cousin's requirements.

This occurrence caused the General to bestow upon his nieces glances which began to render Madame Raymond quite uneasy.

The eve of the ball arrived, and it so happened that Amanda's father had forgotten to send her the flowers with which she intended to ornament her hair and her dress. The spoiled child was terribly out of humor, and no one could get a friendly word from her during the whole evening. Early the next morning Lucy was missed. She was to be found neither in the chateau nor in the surrounding gardens. Mother, uncle and sisters, all called her name in vain. She finally returned, just as the bell was summoning the family to the breakfast table.

"Where have you been?" cried her mother.

"To the extreme end of the park!" replied Lucy. "O, look at the beautiful wreath of hawthorn! I had a great deal of trouble to find it, because it is not so common here as in our woods!"

"And what will you do with it?" asked some one.

"I gathered it for Amanda," replied Lucy.

"Take it, dear aunt," she added, turning with joy-beaming eyes to Madame Raymond: "I hope there will be quite enough to make one bunch for the hair, another for the side, and another to loop up the dress with." At these words Lucy uncovered the treasures which she had brought in her apron.

All were touched by so delicate an attention, even Amanda, who had not a bad heart, only a cold and selfish disposition, and who now felt, with shame, how far her little rival surpassed her in real goodness of feeling.

After breakfast, the General invited Lucy into his cabinet. He there gave her a beautiful ball dress of white crepe, trimmed with satin of the same color; for he desired that her appearance should be quite equal to that of Amanda.

Lucy was of course highly delighted with this gift; but what was her surprise when the worthy man led her to a table whereon stood two neat jewel-caskets, and begged her to choose between two necklaces, one of turquoise, and one of amethyst.

"If, dear uncle, you have really determined to give me one of these costly necklaces, will you permit me to do as I like with it?"

"Certainly!" replied the General,

"but why such a question?"

"You see, dear uncle," answered she confidently, "that, to my taste, the blue stones which you call turquoise are much the prettier; but I choose the purple ones, because if you will allow me, I will lend them to Amanda, to complete her ball dress. They have precisely the color of the blooming hawthorn, and will suit admirably with Amanda's fair hair."

"Bravo, my child!" cried the General. "Henceforth, let no one tell me you have no taste! But now you must take this turquoise necklace too! It will suit no less admirably with your white dress, and your brown hair!"

"O that is too much,—too much, dear uncle!" stammered Lucy.

"Dear child!" said the General, pressing her to his heart, "this is not yet all I intend to bestow on you!"

On that very day he announced his intention of adopting Lucy as his future heiress. To all who asked him the reason of this decision, he replied: "I might reasonably fear becoming weary of Amanda's sonatas and cavatinas, but never of Lucy's goodness of heart, which I am quite sure will afford me the same pleasure and enjoyment in my advanced age which it occasions me at the present moment."

Nor was the General mistaken. He employed masters for his adopted daughter; her intellect developed, while her heart continued ever the same, and many were the happy evenings they passed together conversing, reading, or playing chess—the General's favorite game, a taste for which he cultivated while in India.

Mr. Anselmus was delighted at his daughter's good fortune and his own sagacity; and the mother was reconciled to the exclusion of her favorite, by the love and attention which Lucy never ceased to bestow upon all the members of her own family.

### BEEFING OF HOEDEL.

Hoedel, who was beheaded in Berlin for his attempted assassination of the emperor, when informed that his execution was fixed upon became deathly pale. He wished to plead pardon, but soon recovered composure when told this was useless. He asked for wine for supper, and drank to the Commune and the leader of the Social Democracy. When the sentence was read on the scaffold he spat disdainfully, and cried "Bravo!" He repulsed the ministrations of the chaplain, declaring them useless, as he could not be converted in years. Fifty persons, including officials, judges, police and twelve citizens, attended the execution, which is generally approved. Official notice had been posted throughout the city as a warning. The remains were immediately buried. Some difficulty had been experienced in obtaining an executioner. It is reported that the man who at last accepted the task is a respectable butcher of Berlin. The business was very quickly done. He was made to kneel down, the executioner raised an immense double-handed sword, and at one stroke the head fell on the scaffold. It is reported that the executioner refused any reward.

### THE HOG CHOLERA—A PREVENTIVE.

The following is said to have been used with success as a preventive of hog cholera. Equal parts, or a half pound of sulphur, to a quarter of a pound each of coppers and asatoida, stirred well together and mixed with food. This remedy has been used, we understand, by a stock raiser bordering on the infected district in Masonboro township, and out of one hundred and sixty hogs he has not yet lost the first one from the prevailing distemper. As "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," it would be worth while, at least, to try the recipe we have given.

—Star.

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A Full Line of  
**FIGURED AND PLAIN LAWNES,**  
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**LINEN FOR LADIES SUITS**  
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**BACON, LARD and GROCERIES, CANVASSED & SUGAR CURED HAMS** on hand all the time at Bottom Prices.  
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**GRAIN and GRASS BLADES.**  
In fact, everything in the Hardware Line.  
A beautiful line of  
**LADIES, MISSES, and CHILDREN'S TRIMMED and UNTRIMMED HATS.**  
**RIBBONS, RUFFS, CUFFS and COLLARS** in every Style.  
A full Line of Gentlemen and Ladies' **NECKTIES.**  
Gentlemen and Boys' **FELT and STRAW HATS,** in all the latest and newest Styles.  
A full line of Men 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 **McCAULEY'S,** where you will find what you want at prices to suit everybody.  
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.