THE WEEKLY LEDGER.

SATURDAY - - - - - - Oct. 12, 1878.

☞All contracts for advertisements should be made with JOS. A. HARRIS, Business Manager. Office on Franklin Street, opposite the store of J. W. Carr, Esq.

☞All communications on business should be addressed to "The Weekly Ledger, Chapel Hill, N. C."

F. W. ROBERTS, LOCAL EDITOR.

OUR CHURCHES.

CHAPEL OF THE CROSS. (Episcopal): Rev. Jos. B. Cheshire, pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 5 o'clock, P. M., each Sunday.

BAPTIST CHURCH: Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7 1-2 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 o'clock, A. M. Prof. A. F. Redd, superintendent.

METHODIST CHURCH: Rev. J. F. Heitman, pastor. Services at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M., each Sunday except the third. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7 1-2 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Thomas F. Norwood, superintendent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH: Rev. Mr. Dalton, of High Point, preaches at 11 A. M. and 7 1-2, P. M. every 4th Sunday. Prayer meeting every week on Wednesday night at 7 1-2 o'clock. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 1-2 o'clock, P. M. Dr. A. R. Ledoux superintendent.

THE MAILS.

Mails now close as follows:

For Durham, daily, Sunday excepted, 6, A. M.

For Chatham county, once a week—Saturday—6, A. M.

The office opens for delivery of mails at 2:30, P. M.

A. MICKLE, P. M.

HOME MATTERS.

DOTS:—

Local advertisements inserted in this column at 10 cents per line.

Fair.

Fair week—almost.

Fair dealings is the game.

Fair—we don't think the above is—umph, quite fair.

Would that somebody would bring us some wood.

If you wish a nice citron, call at the post office.

People in the country salt their cows well—we judge from the butter.

Man's greatest enemy—any one, who has no business of his own to look after.

Man's best friend—any one, who, if he has no business of his own to attend, will go off into the woods and hang himself.

"What does *nec* connect?" asked our Latin Prof. "My head and shoulders," replied the meek youth.

Science has established that in every molecule of water there are myriads of *animalculae* as large as East India elephants.

When you are listening to the unearthly yells of a mean baby, nothing will bring such joy as reading the LEDGER.

Prof. Redd, of the University, will go to Germany at an early day, to make himself a finished Chemist. There he will find the *germ*-man.

When you are about to "shuffle off the mortal coil," and lay down this tenement of clay, don't fail in your last will and testament to mention the printer.

If you see your neighbor drunk while at the Fair, don't, for the first time in your life, fail to come home and make it your business to tell everybody you see, about it.

We called the attention of the City Fathers to the bad condition of some bridges in town—we know we did. The bridges are there yet—and so are the holes. *But, oh! the commissioners are all dead.*

The commissioners may say it is none of our business—in fact they *may* say most anything; but, nevertheless, we would like very much to see the streets put in good order, before they wash down to the *level of the sea.*

That sewing-machine agent who fell out of his cart on Franklin Street, has been obliged to quit the business. You see he broke his cheek, (what a wonder!) and an agent without a good cheek *can't canvass worth a cent.*

If you go out at night and hear *ten thousand* worthless curs, all barking at the same time, don't get alarmed, or blame the dogs; for dogs will bark Blame the persons who own these egg thieves. Let the dogs be taxed.

Prof. Redd, of the University, has finished the analysis of the Carlton poison case, and, it is rumored that he found poison. The Prof. received a stomach from Durham this morning; he will begin the analysis of it at an early day.

We will not issue a paper next week on account of the fair, which we shall attend for the sole purpose of inflating ourselves with such good things as our readers will find sweet in the intellectual mouth, at some future time. We hope our subscribers will excuse us, and we will not do so again until next Fair, —*unless we take a notion to go to Congress.*

THE DIME PARTY.—On yesterday evening, not long after twilight had spread her sable mantle over a weary world, the ring of merry voices was heard upon our streets. The light-hearted throng was wending its way to the hospitable home of our honored town's-lady, Mrs. Allan Grist. There they gave an entertainment, the proceeds of which will be sent to those whom God in his wisdom hath seen fit to sorely afflict—the yellow fever sufferers of "our Sunny South." The spacious dining halls, which had previously been filled with tables, which groaned beneath their weight of good things; were thrown open and oh! what a sight met the gaze of the bewildered spectator! Everything was in the best order and presided over by—well at first we thought they were angels, but upon closer inspection we found them to be young ladies—the next thing you know, to angels. Very great interest was manifested by all, especially by the students while at the tables, and of course while *they* were at the tables the young ladies showed much interest. (In what way, stranger?)

At a late hour the happy party dispersed and homeward went, each one feeling that he had finished his errand. The net proceeds amounted to $55.03. This will be immediately forwarded to the needy ones in the South.

This is the work of our self-sacrificing, noble women. Who is not ready to exclaim God bless our Southern women! They do not content themselves with binding up the broken hearts at home; but they send the fruits of their labor to those who live beyond the bounds of their physical touch. In purity and truth, next to Heaven itself is their maternal affection. Their noble hearts, filled to overflowing, with that philanthropic zeal so peculiar to themselves, expand until they embrace all who need or deserve sympathy. A Southern woman! What act of charity has she failed to perform? "She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy." In the quiet circle around her family altar, or on the battle-field, she is the same worthy object of Heaven's love, and man's adoration. She is but a stepping-stone from a birth of sin into a resurrection in that blissful home beyond the cares of this eventful life. We can only exclaim "God bless, protect, and defend her," for her reward is beyond, and richer than this world's grandest eulogy.

STATE FAIR.—We publish the following for the benefit of our many readers:

Special trains will be run on the N. C. R. R. during Fair week.

Trains for the Fair will leave Hillsboro at 9:23, A. M.; returning, will leave Raleigh at 5:25, P. M., and arrive at Hillsboro at 7:24, P. M. Round trip tickets, including admission to the fair, $1.80.

Will leave Durham at 10:04, A. M.; returning will leave Raleigh at 5:25, P. M., and arrive at Durham at 6:43, P. M. Round trip tickets, including admission to the fair, $1.40.

COMPLAINTS.—Numerous complaints are being made at this office, that subscribers are failing to receive their paper. We are very careful in mailing them, and we are satisfied that the fault is not with the post master here. We believe there are parties who call for their neighbors' papers and never deliver them. Please don't do this. You cause us to lose money by it, and run the risk of being prosecuted yourselves. As friends, we ask you not to do it.

REVIVAL.—Last Sunday we were present at Orange church, to attend the protracted meeting. Rev. A. W. Mangum preached in the morning, and Rev. J. F. Heitman in the afternoon. There was much interest manifested, and we hope that much good will be done. We return our thanks to the good people of the vicinity for many favors during the day, and especially to the family of Jas. T. Hutchins, Esqr.

NEW ADVERTISEMENT.—Read the ad. of Mr. E. H. Wilson in another column. This gentleman needs no notice from our pen. All who know him or attend the Baptist church, can testify to his merits as a vocalist. All who wish a thorough knowledge of music, will do well to attend his next session, which opens November 1, 1878.

BOARDING HOUSE SONG:—

The dish that held the beef went round,
The hungry boys ate on,
Until a sign could not be found,
Of *him* that grazed the lawn.
We pulled; for beef *may* long be torn
Ere we can split its grain:
The man who chews such beef four years,
Can never chew again.

RAPE.—Sam'l Patterson, a negro from Durham, has been committed to jail, charged with rape on the person of one Mary Green, colored.

ORANGE GUARDS.—This splendid company celebrated their anniversary on Monday, Oct. 1, at Hillsboro by parade, speaking, &c.

There is a certain chemist up North who can convert hay directly into butter.—Ex.

Why that is nothing more than a *cow* can do.

See local advertisement of L. J. Weaver.

BOILS.

[From experience and observation.]

Boils are unlike anything else. The reason of this is boils are boils and nothing else but boils. They are of different sizes according to location, and the disposition of the patient. We have seen them on the head of a fretful baby, and then they were as large as the baby's head. We don't know the reason of this, but suppose the boils became fretted by the unpardonable squalling of the baby and grew large just for spite. When you have a boil if you will lie down and give it the most elevated position on the bed it will thump for a little while, and then if you will only lie still it will conclude you are a hard case, and go to sleep. But if it thinks you are awake it will make you sensible of the fact that it is living at your expense. Boils are of different shades of color. Sometimes they are blood-red, then they are ready for war. But if you ever see one that is not red, and one that does not constantly remind you of its exact position on your body, you may conclude that it is something else and not a boil. Boils are very unaccommodating. They never grow anywhere except where a fellow's clothes fit tightest. The reason of this is, they love to be caressed. Boils love company, for where one makes its appearance, others follow and then they hold a convention to decide how long it must be before they *break*. Boils are ambitious, inasmuch as each one is determined to excel all the others in the Olympic games—that is jump further than any other boil in the assembly. Men love boils only when they belong to somebody else. If you want to be considered as having violated the golden rule, just hit your neighbor's boil. A man will go out in the woods and "cuss" his boil for a whole half a day; but if you only strike it caressingly he is mad and ready to knock you down. We have known a man to be one hour, after he retired, trying to find a place in which to fit his boil. Boils and tight shoes do not agree on the same foot; the man wants to get the shoe off while the boil wants to get the foot off. The Doctors say that boils are worth five dollars each—to the Doctor or some one else who has not the boil. If you ever have a boil on your nose, I advise you to keep that nose out of other peoples' business. Men have great respect for boils. We have known many a man who would sit down on his wife's fashionable bonnet, or on his cherished baby; but who ever saw a sane man that would dare to sit down on his boil?

Boils are impetuous and very often odoriferous. We will stop for fear some one has already said that we have bursted *our boiler.*

He walked into our office, looking as cold and sad as the interior department of a cemetery in midwinter. We glanced up, and, shuddering, waited anxiously to hear what he might say. He turned his haggard face full upon us, and said: "Is this where you make newspapers and advertise dead folks?" We answered in the affirmative. Then said he, "my wife is dead and I want you to give her a notice—not that it will do her any good; for she is beyond the realm of the rainbow. But it will console her friends; for they will be glad to hear of her even after death, since she was a good woman—the mother of ten sons, whom she brought up together with two other *nigger* boys. She did everything about the house—and then died. Give her a little notice and tell me what a marriage license costs in your county, and I'll treat you." We arose from our seat to—but he was gone.

One month ago it would have taken only a cart load of sand to have filled that hole near the well—now it will take a car load, and in one month more there will be at that place, a young well—and next an earthquake. Ye men of authority, lend an attentive ear to the appeals of your constituency, and fill up *that hole.* The people and not town, should be *holy*, now ar'n't we *wholly* right?

She sat in the parlor by the piano and gazed *lazily* through the window into the kitchen, where she saw her mother ironing her white tucked, frilled, gored, ruffled dress. She turned aside from the scene, and sweetly sang, "What is home without a mother."

"Where is your Pa?" "Gone to the pic-nic at *Lemon* church," replied the bright little miss. You see, her Pa had gone to Orange church, two miles from this place, and the little girl, as most little girls will do, depended too much upon that *idea* of fruit.

The Rev. Dr. Roe, a minister of the Dutch Reformed church, from New Jersey, will preach in the Presbyterian church on Sunday next, at 11 A. M., and again at 7 P. M.

The advertisement of Fresh Fish, by G. W. Barbee, appears in another column. These fish are received twice a week, packed in ice. Send in your orders.

Julian S. Carr, Esqr., has been confined to his home at Durham, several days from sickness. We are glad to learn he is convalescing.

PERSONALS.—Misses Lulie E. Lumsford and Bettie C. Laws are the guests of Prof. Mangum.

Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire and lady, have their home at Dr. Mallett's.

Miss Katie Hamilton, of Hillsboro, is the guest of Miss Emma Graves.

Miss Cornie Phillips is visiting her relatives at this place.

CLUB.—Mrs. Allan Grisr proposes opening one of her spacious dining halls for the reception of a club of students. She promises superior cooking. For further particulars, address

MRS. ALLAN GRIST.

CHOICE BEEF AND MUTTON.—We will have on hand and will furnish to order three times per week, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, choice beef and mutton. Leave your orders with us.

CREEL & HENDERSON.

I would call the attention of the ladies to my superior stock of beautiful prints which I am selling at **five** and **seven** cents. I will warrant that they will not fade. Call and see me.

L. J. WEAVER.

Raleigh Markets.

COTTON MARKET:

Reported officially for the Board of Trade.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 9, 1878.

Middling,	9 3-8
Strict Low Middling,	9 1-4
Low Middling,	9 1-8
Strict Good Ordinary,	
Good Ordinary,	
Ordinary,	
Middling Stains,	Old 8 1-2
Low Middling Stains,	Old 8
Good Ordinary Stains,	Old 7 1-2

Tone of Market—Quiet: receipts 434 bales.

CITY MARKET—WHOLESALE CASH PRICES.

Corrected by the Official Reporter for Grocers & Cotton Exchange.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 9, 1978.

COTTON TIES, new	4 1-2
" " spliced,	3 3-4
BAGGING,	12 a 13 1-2
FLOUR, North Carolina,	$5.00 a 5 25
" Patapsco Family.	7.50
CORN,	65
CORN MEAL,	70
BACON, N. C. Hog round,	10
" " Hams,	13
BULK MEAT, clear rib sides,	7
" " shoulders,	6
NORTH CAROLINA Pork,	6a7
LARD, North Carolina,	10
" Western,	9
COFFEE, prime, Rio,	19
" good,	18
SYRUP, S. H.,	27
MOLASSES, Cuba,	35
SALT, Liverpool, fine	$1.65
SUGAR, white,	10
" yellow,	8 1-2
LEATHER, red sole,	20 a 27 1-2
" tanned,	40
TALLOW,	7
POTATOES, sweet, per bush,	60
" Irish,	75
OATS, shelled,	45
EGGS,	20
BUTTER,	20
SPRING CHICKENS,	20
RAGS,	1 1-2 a 2

Above prices are for large lots, when smaller quantities are wanted higher prices will be charged.

Chapel Hill Markets.

Reported by J. W. Carr.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., Oct. 11.

Flour,	5.50a6.00
Lard,	11a12 1-2
Butter,	25
Eggs,	12 1-2
Chickens,	15
Bacon, (N. C.)	10
Meal,	65
Corn,	60
Wheat,	1.00
Oats,	50
Irish Potatoes,	50
Sweet Potatoes,	40
Seed Cotton,	3
Lint Cotton,	9 1-2

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM WAREHOUSE.

MARKET REPORT.

Common Bright Lugs,	$3.00a5.00
Medium " "	4.00a6.00
Good " "	7.00a10.00
Fine " "	12.00a15.00
Extra " "	18.00a22.00
Common Bright Fillers,	4.00a5.00
Medium " "	5.00a6.00
Good " "	7.00a8.50
Fine " "	9.00a10.50
Extra " "	11.00a14.00
Common Bright Wrappers	8.00a10.00
Medium " "	11.00a18.00
Good " "	20.00a35.00
Fine none on market.	
Fancy " "	

Receipts by wagon continue light, mostly of inferior and nondescript character which sells low, fine lots of sound colory stock sold high. New Bright Wrappers (well cured) would bring good prices; but common grades of New would not pay.

E. J. PARISH.

DURHAM PRODUCE MARKET.

Bacon, N. C. (hog round)	9
" Bulk sides,	7 1-2
" " shoulders	6 1-2
Bacon "	10
Pork, Mess	16.00a16.48
" Rump	17.00a17.50
Salt	1.80
Lime	1.75
Corn, new,	60
Lard, country,	10
" Northern,	10
Meal,	60
Flour per bbl,	5.25a6.00
Syrup 60a80 Black Strap	30
Oats	50
Eggs	15
Beeswax	20
Chickens	12 1-2
Butter	15a20
Seed Cotton	2a3 1-8