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# The Weekly Ledger.

VOLUME II.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

NUMBER 3.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1878.

OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET, OPPOSITE THE STORE OF J. W. CAER, Esq.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:  
One square, one insertion, one dollar. One square, each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.  
Special contracts made for larger advertisements.  
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**NECKTIES,**

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**STRAW HATS**, in all the latest and

newest Styles.

## THE BIRTHDAY.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Another darling baby,  
A household pet and joy,  
A smiling, dimpled treasure,  
A precious baby boy!

With love we greet the stranger,  
Our hearts with bliss are mute;  
And joy and hopeful gladness  
Are ours, beyond compute.

So helpless and so fragile  
Our tender floweret seems,  
We muse, "Is this more real  
Than other pleasant dreams?"

"Or shall we wake, some morning,  
To find a rified nest,  
And weeping, feel that birdie  
Is thus more truly blest?"

Father, we crave thy blessing,  
For this dear little one;  
We pray for grace to help us  
Perfect the life begun.

With Virtue's shining halo  
Encircle his fair brow,  
And raise him up to manhood,  
Pure and spotless as now.

Father, thy gift we cherish;  
We think Thee for our son;  
Thine here, or thine in Heaven,  
We'll say, "Thy will be done!"

## JUST IN TIME.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"I am so tired of it all," said Addie Cliffgrove.

The little wooden clock on the mantel had just struck eight; the fire in the cylinder stove, glowed with a red, comfortable reflection.

Mrs. Cliffgrove had gone down to issue orders to the kitchen department, relative to the morrow's breakfast, and Addie was all alone with a pile of unneeded household linen, a package of unneeded stockings, and a work-basket well supplied with all the necessary implements of needle craft. And this was to be the occupation of her elegant leisure.

Alas, poor Addie!

She was a pretty girl, rather below than above the medium height, with big blue eyes, of the sun color you see in the "flowing blue" china of our grandmothers' days, sunny brown hair, streaked here and there with reddish gold, and a round face, where red lips and dimples and shy roses made up a distracting confusion to the eye masculine. And her hands were white and soft, and her waist slight and trim, and she wore a number two and a half shoe, and altogether would have been phrased a beauty, had she only been fortunate enough to live in Fifth Avenue, instead of being the daughter of Mrs. Cliffgrove, who "took boarders," and was oftentimes sorely troubled to make both ends meet!

Four little brothers and three little sisters to make and mend for, to wash the faces and brush the locks of, and see daily packed off for school every day—dressed, three-winter-old bonnets, and gloves so shabby that she was fain to hold her hands folded within her shawl whenever she went out, and a treadmill round of daily labor more wearisome than the constant dropping which is said to wear the hardest stone away—this was the epitome of Addie's life, and for a girl of eighteen, there is no denying that it was very hard. And Addie wondered, sometimes, if the blessed gates of relief would never open to her faltering footsteps!

To be sure, there was John Torrey, who had the little hall bedroom in the third story back, and was a clerk in Messrs. Cash & Bullion's banking establishment—John Torrey, with the clear hazel eyes and the merry ringing voice, who had told her only yesterday that he loved her, and would fain make her his wife! But he was not rich, and had only his salary to depend upon, and Addie had always dreamed that her pretty face might win her a more important prize in the matrimonial lottery than a mere banker's clerk! She did not want to toil and work on forever, and where would be the relief if she married John Torrey?

Yet she liked him a little too, or she had thought she did, before Mr. Carew came to the boarding-house and engaged her mother's handsome

est room, with a private table, "just as lordly as the Prince o' Wales," as Bridget had said. And Mr. Carew had taken her to the theatre, and sent her bouquets, whose withered leaves she still treasured up, and given her a Philopena present of a turquoise brooch, the prettiest thing she had ever seen. And they had been talking only the evening before as he brought her home from the promenade concert at the Academy of Music, and she was quite sure he meant that he loved her. Of course he was very rich, for he wore diamonds and superfine broadcloth, and talked about his country-seat on the Hudson, and his yacht and his race-horses, until Addie's simple eyes were dilated with surprise and amazement, not altogether unmingled with a secret exultation, in that one day all these might be her own.

Alas for poor John Torrey! His heart would have sunk into the soles of his boots, had he but known how slender were his chances, compared with those of his dashing rival! But ignorance is bliss, at least so says the old proverb, and Mr. Torrey's face was as bright as ever when he came into the little parlor where Addie sat darning table-cloths.

"It rains pretty hard, eh?" said John, rubbing his hands before the fire. "No church lecture for us to-night!"

Addie bit her lip.

"I was not thinking of going to church, even if it didn't rain. Mr. Carew had asked me to go to the opera."

"Mr. Carew, eh?" said John, somewhat lugubriously. "Seems to me you and Mr. Carew are getting to be pretty good friends!"

"Yes, we are," said Addie, with a toss of her pretty little head, that added, as plainly as words could have phrased it, "And what then?"

"Addie," said Mr. Torrey, after a moment's silence, which he employed in twirling the spoon-stand round and round.

"Well?"

"Have you thought anything more of what I said to you last night—about—about being my wife, you know?"

"Yes," said Addie, coloring and sewing on very intently. "Of course I have thought of it!"

"And what have you decided?"

"That we hadn't better think any more of it, John."

Honest John's countenance fell.

"Addie you're not in earnest?"

"Yes, John, I am."

"But, Addie—I love you; I can't be happy without you! And it may be I am contented, but I don't mean it so indeed—I always thought you liked me."

"So I did, John; but liking isn't loving, you know; and the more I think of it, the more I am assured that we are not adapted to one another. Of course if you are disappointed, I am sorry; but I can't help it!"

John had risen up, pale and troubled, with a pleading light in his eyes.

"Hear me, Addie," he said. "I cannot let this matter be decided so. It is a question of life and death to me, whatever it may be to you. Before Carew came—but I won't speak of him," he burst forth, with an evident effort at self-control, "except that I am firmly convinced he is not the right sort of a man to make a good husband to any woman—but you liked me well enough then. Addie, take twenty-four hours more to consider it well, before you pronounce your final decision."

"It will be of no use," she said, in a low voice; "and, John, if you think to advance your cause by abusing a—a rival—you are sadly mistaken, that's all."

"But you will wait one day more, for my sake, Addie?" he urged.

"If you insist upon it; but the delay will be useless," she said, coldly.

"Because, Addie, a thing like this that involves the happiness of two persons, ought not to be decided on too rashly," he went on; "and perhaps—but I won't say more now. Shall I leave you?"

"I would rather be alone," she answered briefly, and Mr. Torrey, disappointed, rose and went slowly away.

Would Mr. Carew come now? He had told her that morning during the down pouring of the rain, that it seemed to forbid the fulfillment of their opera engagement, and he would spend the evening with her, reading a volume of new poems aloud and simple Addie had counted the hours that intervened, in her restless eagerness of anticipation. Poor John! how little thought she gave to him and the bitterness of his disappointment! how much to Mr. Carew, with his dark eyes and diamond studs, and his smooth command of polysyllabic language!

## THE HORSE RENOVATORS.

[Paris letter to Baltimore Sun.]

### HORSE RENOVATORS.

I may here say a word on another peculiar interest of Paris, horse renovators. It would perhaps be more correct to say horse restorers, but the business is the same. Twice a week in that usually quiet Boulevard de l'Hospital you will hear tumultuous outcries and loud voices like the shouts of a charging squadron of cuirassiers. The noise comes from beasts and men. The whole assemblage of men is more like an insane asylum let loose. The groups of horses are like excited poverty out for an orgie. This is the locality sealed to the vulgar eyes of those on "shank's mare," or even on a conceited "high horse." You hear the noises at least. By a ruse you may get in. It is an equine sanitarium. Old faded horses, minus any "go" in them, are taken to this retreat, and by a special class of food, composed principally of carrots crushed and mixed with bran, to which a little flavoring of arsenic is given, these quiet quadrupeds become fiery steeds. The faded horse is washed with a peculiar lotion, and well-rubbed, so that he looks well. He is then fed and given stimulants of a certain class. Oats and barley mixed are his strengthening rations. The other condiments are the beautifiers. If a white foot is objectionable, it is dyed. If a dull eye prevails a little increased dose of arsenic gives it brilliancy. If the hair be too long a judicious clipping is given. The whole animal is made "beautiful forever" by endless dodges. Broken-winded horses are eased by a series of footings and sweatings, as well as a portion of moistened Spanish-trefoil plant, which expands temporarily the lung. "Broken knees" are patched with pieces of dead horse skin, glued on neatly. Some dingy white horses are entirely dyed black, and glossy, but woe to the vender if the disguised animal be caught in a shower of rain, pending the negotiation of purchase. The ears are trimmed shorter and painted up, and, if too short, ornaments with India rubber adjuncts. Unless there be some actual disfigurement by broken bones these art decorators of horses can pass off the sorriest of sorry horses on the not over wide-awake buyers.

### DIDN'T MARRY FOR LOVE OR MONEY.

A farmer's son from near Reilly was in town last week selling hogs, and ran into an old acquaintance on the street.

"What dy'e think, Bill? I'm married," said the Butler county youth.

"The deuce you are! Well, I never thought that of you, Sam. Who is she?"

"Old Uncle Dan Farrel's daughter Mary, and I'll open your eyes a bit, Bill. You won't believe it maybe, but its honest gospel truth. I didn't marry that girl for neither love nor money—honest Injun," said Sam, with a big smile that made his face look as though his eyes were about to be fenced in.

Bill leaned up against a lamp-post and gave him a look of speechless amazement for a second or two, then whistled and slowly said:

"Well, then, by the old Harry, I'd like to know what you did marry her for anyway?"

"Well, Bill, I'll tell you how it was. You see she's one of the best little workers in that part of the country," returned Sam, with a double dose of the old smile.

"Oh, that's how it comes, is it?" exclaimed Bill. "Well, Old John Robinson bought a couple of mules last week on that very same recommendation."

Sam said he had to meet a man at three o'clock, and hurried away.

Railroad employees in the Southwest formed a Ring for stealing freight, and established a warehouse in Dallas, Tex., for the reception and sale of the plunder, and during four years did an extensive business, their rascality having only just been disclosed.

Advertise in the LEDGER.

The locust macks a noise by fiddling on its wings with its legs.