

For the Ledger. BY AMICUS. I'm severed from friends and kindred dear. In this strange land I have some cheer. Though live I must on a strange soil. There's nought can sever me from God.

A WONDERFUL CAVE. A cave of large size and many beauties has just been discovered in Page county, Va., and is now being fitted up for visitors. A Herald correspondent has gone through it, and his description of its wonders is very edifying.

SHOT FROM A CANNON. The New York Sun thus describes a sensational and extraordinary performance at the aquarium in that city: "The cannon seems to be made of wood, and is mounted after the manner of a mortar. It stands at the front of the stage, pointing at an angle of about thirty-five or forty degrees, between the upturned faces of the spectators and the rafters overhead.

HOW A NEGRO CAUGHT A TURTLE. A few days ago a negro man was fishing in the Patuxent Creek, Georgia, when he hung a huge turtle in the mouth with a small perch hook. He managed to raise the turtle's head partly out of the water and held him in that position, with his mouth open, until several gallons of water had run down his throat.

HE COULD TREE A BOOT. Uncle Jabe Cordwinder was pegging away upon a pair of half soles the other evening, and arguing with Old Tite Broadacres as to the necessity for dogs in the economy of nature.

LOVE'S WAYS.—Mr. Martin was on his way from Madison to Janesville, Wis., to marry Miss Foster, but he chanced to meet Miss Cobbe, whom he had once known and loved, and straightway married her, leaving Miss Foster and her wedding guests to wait in vain for his coming.

A WIFE CHARGES HER HUSBAND WITH BURNING HER TO DEATH.

On Sunday afternoon, in New York, while many thousands were on their way to church, smoke was seen to escape through the cracks of the door of the fourth-story back room in a large five-story brick tenement-house, a few doors north of Canal street. The house was crowded from top to bottom with tenants, who were quickly aroused. Some cool-headed men rushed to the room from which the smoke was issuing, and secured an entrance. Inside they were confronted with a frightful sight. Reclining upon the bed lay a woman, wrapped like a mummy in the folds of the bed-clothing which was rapidly becoming a sheet of flame.

THE BITTER-BITTEN. A young man sat up half an hour one night after his thumb had gone to bed, sewing the leg of the innocent sleeper's trousers together. He sewed them strong, and laughed long and silently after he went to bed, as he pictured the scene in the morning. When the morning dawned, he arose with a glow of anticipation in his face, and as it slowly faded away he sat down upon the side of the bed, and dejectedly cut open the bottom of his own carefully sewed trowser-legs, and when his unsuspecting clam asked him what he was doing, he sighed and said sadly, "Oh nothing." And he wearily thought how full of meanness was this base, deceiving old world.

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STEALING FOR HIS LITTLE CHILDREN.

In the Court of Quarter Sessions in Newark, Henry Bussy was arraigned yesterday for breaking into the freight house of the Newark & New York Railroad and stealing a canvas wagon cover. He pleaded guilty, and said he committed the theft because his wife and children were without food. Mrs. Bussy was in court with a babe in her arms. She wept bitterly while her husband was on the stand, and when he was being led away, she cried out: "Judge, in the name of God, have mercy on my husband; our children are starving!"

KILLED ON THE BALL-FIELD.

At Boonville, N. Y., a large crowd had assembled on the fair grounds to witness a match between the nines of rival towns. In absence of the regular catcher of one club, James Barry, of Utica, was substituted. The first man was called to the bat, and the umpire duly called two balls and two strikes. The next ball must have made either three balls or three strikes. The pitcher delivered it with great force, and the man at the bat struck a foul tip, the ball passing beneath and just grazing the club, and striking Barry in the pit of the stomach, fell to the ground. Barry picked up the ball, threw it to the pitcher and fell to the ground. The umpire and striker spoke to him, but he could not articulate. A physician was among the spectators, but before he could get to the injured man Barry was dead. He was twenty-two years old, and pitched for the Utica Club last year. The spectators were greatly excited when the announcement was made of Barry's death.

SINGULAR CASE OF CANINE INFECTED.

A very singular case of canine infection has occurred in France. Some time since, a man named Morin was killed by accident on a railway, and since then his widow had lived alone in a state of melancholy despondency. At last, she resolved on putting an end to her sufferings, and determined to die by hunger. To prevent her resolution from giving way at the last moment, she tied her feet and hands together and lay down on her bed, where she was found a week afterwards quite dead. In the same room was an old dog, which was much attached to her deceased husband, and had appeared fully to share her grief at his loss. The faithful animal appeared to have divined her intention and determined that their fates should be the same. For he was found curled up on the pillow beside his mistress, dead from hunger, although in the room were found both meat and water for him both of which were, however, untouched.

THE BITE-BITTEN.

They fell over a rope as she grasped him, and in the confusion he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground. A boy handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with her apron, she said: "I hain't seen no giraffes, nor clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this 'ere ticket is bought I'll walk in and view the gorgeousness, and the children shall come to-night if I have to pawn the wash-tub to raise the money!"—Detroit Free Press.

A BOY'S STRUGGLE WITH A DEER.

John Kenniff, the fourteen-year-old son of a keeper in Prospect park Brooklyn, sealed the fence around an inclosure in which deer are kept. The drove of deer was grouped near the keeper's house, and as the lad approached they pricked up their ears, and the largest of the herd, a fat buck, stepped out and started toward Kenniff, walking and watching the boy intently. The boy picked up the thick end of a piece of rope and threw it at the deer, startling him a little. Then the boy turned, thinking no more of the animal, and went along picking up some chestnuts. While he was thus engaged, the deer came softly up behind him and gored him with his antlers in the right leg, knocking him down. Then the animal backed off and started at him again, but young Kenniff caught him by the antlers with both hands and held him back. The deer struggled to get free, but the boy maintained his grasp, although he was kept off his feet, being pushed along by the animal. When he came near a sapling he quickly threw out his hand and steadied himself, so as to get on his feet. Then he started on a run backward toward the keeper's lodge still keeping the deer's antlers in his hands. He ran along, crying for help. The animal pushed him fast.

SHE BOUNCED HIM. For half an hour before the circus opened yesterday an anxious-looking middle-aged man was observed walking around nervously, as if he had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of busting up. When the ticket wagon opened he made a rush for it and bought a pasteboard, but while on his way to the tent, ticket in hand, a woman dodged into the procession, seized his collar, and for a half a minute the air seemed full of heels. "Going to the circus, eh?" exclaimed the woman as she slammed him around. "Sneaked out of the back way and made a bee line for here, did you?"

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