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The Weekly Ledger.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, NOV. 30, 1878.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING:
One square, one insertion, one dollar.
One square, each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.
Special contracts made for larger advertisements.
Advertisements should be sent in by Thursday before each day of issue.

NEW GOODS!

D. McCAULEY'S

Stock of Goods is now complete in every Department, and will be sold at

BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH,

or to prompt paying customers. His Stock consists in part of

CASSIMERES, CLOTHS, COT

TONADES, LINEN DRILLS

for Pants and Suits, &c.

A Full Line of Domestic 10-4 bleached and unbleached SHEETING, PILLOW CASE Goods. LAKE GEORGE A. A. HEAVY SHEETING 4-4. LONSDALE CAMBRIC.

A Full Line of

FIGURED AND PLAIN

LAWNS,

Dress Goods in Every

Style.

LINEN FOR LADIES SUITS

and TRAVELLING DRESSES.

HAMBURG EDGINGS, in every style

from 5 cents up. LINEN

TOWELS and

CRASH.

MARSEILLES QUILTS, a large lot.

"KEEPS SHIRTS and COLLARS," a full line.

MILES AND ZIEGLER'S

hand made Shoes in every Style, for Gentlemen, Ladies, Misses and Children. Also a large lot of other good and popular makes of Shoes.

McCAULEY'S

is Headquarters for

BACON, LARD and GROCE-

RIES, CANVASSED & SUGAR

CURED HAMS on hand all the

time at Bottom Prices.

N. C. HAMS and SIDES at 10cts.

GOOD BROWN SUGAR at 10cts

CASH. GRANULATED, CUT

LOAF and best BROWN SU-

GAR at lowest prices.

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BEST CUBA MOLASSES and PURE

HONEY DRIP SYRUP.

PURE CIDER VINEGAR and

FRESH RICE.

A full Stock of Farmer's Friend

Plows, Points and Bolts, always on hand.

SWEEDS' Refined, Rod, Square and

Round Iron on hand, of all the different

sizes at the lowest cash price.

COTTON HOES in all the latest and

improved styles.

HORSE and MULE SHOES and

NAILS.

CUT and FINISHING NAILS of

every size.

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 COL-

LARS 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

beat 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.

A HERO.

BY MARY E. MACKINTOSH.

Perhaps you think a hero

A man of giant might,

A champion for the right,

Who through the world goes boasting

That wrong shall be no more;

The glory of whose exploits

Is sung from shore to shore.

In olden time a hero

Was such a man, I know;

He went to battle aided

By javelin and bow,

You all have heard of Ajax,

Of Priam's valiant son,

And of the great Achilles,

Who many battles won.

But now to be a hero

Is quite another thing;

And he who earns the title

Is nobler than a king.

'Tis he who follows duty,

Who scorns to be untrue;

Who's guided by his conscience,

Not by what others do.

And you may be a hero,

By doing all you can

To free the world from error,

And aid your brother man.

And though no blast of trumpet

Your greatness may proclaim,

With heartfelt benedictions

Mankind will breathe your name.

MY FIRST AND LAST BET.

BY JUDGE CLARK.

In this fast-going age, when the

events of last week belong to An-

cient History, going back to 1852

seems like a recurrence to antedelu-

vian times. Yet that was the year

it happened.

Jack W. was the fastest youth we

had in the Miami valley—I don't

mean morally, but physically the

fastest. He had made his hundred

yards in a race in 9 999-000 seconds,

or thereabouts—the watches, like

those that timed Goldsmith Maid,

weren't exactly agreed on the frac-

tion.

One evening a belated stranger ap-

plied for quarters at the farm-house

of Jack's father, a worthy, genial

gentleman, of whom Mr. Bonner has

often heard as the man who first in-

troduced to the public the most not-

ed pacer in the world.

Of course, the wayfarer was hos-

pitably received. From Mr. W.'s

door none was ever turned empty

away; and the uniform invitation to

all who left it was "to call again, if

they chanced to come that way."

I forget by what name the stranger

introduced himself—Squibbs comes

near enough to it. He hailed from

Kentucky; and the latter circum-

stance was itself sufficient to bring

host and guest into active sympathy.

The old gentleman's soul warmed on

the subject of blooded stock, and,

on that theme, what Kentuckian's

were ever cold? On it they talked

away the hours till bedtime, the

youthful stranger modestly acqui-

escing in the matured opinions of

his host, and gracefully suffering his

own to stand corrected in several

points.

Next morning Jack was trying an

early run over his father's training-

track, just to keep his legs in, when

Squibbs made his appearance.

"You run a pretty good lick," he

remarked, as Jack came to a halt,

and bid him good morning.

"Oh! that's nothing," said Jack;

"I wasn't half trying."

"I used to do a little that way

myself," hinted the other; "but I

guess you could beat me, easily."

"Suppose we try; it'll give us an

appetite for breakfast," said Jack,

chuckling at the astonishment in

store for the stranger.

The latter had no objection. A

hundred yards were stepped off, a

fair start was taken, and, as Jack had

anticipated, Squibbs was beaten out

of sight. In fact, Jack felt a little

ashamed of beating him so badly.

It looked like a breach of hospital-

ity, and the stranger seemed to take

it to heart so.

Like most beaten men, Squibbs

was full of excuses. He wasn't in

plight, was out of wind and practice,

etc., etc.; but if Jack had a mind to

risk it, he'd come back that way in a

month or six weeks, and run him a

hundred yards for two hundred and

fifty dollars.

Jack saw the stranger was excited

and not wishing to take advantage

of his father's guest, he privately

hinted at his own previous exploits,

never doubting but the information

would cure the other of his folly.

On the contrary, it seemed to pique

Squibbs. He insisted that Jack

should either accept the challenge

or "back square out."

That word settled it. They ad-

joined to the house, and after

breakfast the preliminaries were ar-

ranged. Old Mr. W., as Jack had

done, tried to reason with the

stranger, but finding him incorrigible

left him to take the consequences.

The five hundred dollars—Jack's

father furnishing his half—were de-

posited in the hands of a neighbor,

for whose trustworthiness Squibbs

expressed himself satisfied to take

his host's assurance. A time and

place were fixed for the race, and

the rash and headstrong Squibbs de-

parted.

Jack went into rigorous training

—ran a mile every morning before

breakfast, ate raw beef, and wore

lead in the soles of his boots, that

his limbs might feel the lighter

when the weight was removed. It

was on the same principle, I suppose,

that Demosthenes sought to give

suppleness to his tongue by declaim-

ing with his mouth full of gravel.

Not that Jack felt the slightest ne-

cessity for these precautions, so far

as Squibbs was concerned. It was

not Squibbs he felt solicitous of

beating, but his own "recorded

time." He only regretted that, in-

stead of an obscure antagonist, it

wasn't Shultz, the renowned profes-

sional foot-racer, he was pitted

against.

A beautiful plain adjacent to the

town of H—, then a rural village,

now a flourishing "city of the second

class," bestriding the Miami between

Cincinnati and Dayton, was the

place selected for the race.

At early dawn on the day ap-

pointed, the rural population began

to assemble. They all knew Jack

and liked him, and determined to

add what *celui* they could to his vic-

tory, by coming out in force to wit-

ness it.

But when the ten o'clock train

from Cincinnati came, it brought a

crowd that fairly astonished us. We

had no idea that the people down

that way took so lively an interest

in an affair we had previously looked

upon as purely local. A glance at

the new-comers added to our sur-

prise not a little. Such odd-shaped

hats, flashy vests, and queer cut

coats we had never seen before.

Thimble-rig, chuck-a-luck and rou-

lette establishments sprang up, as if

by magic, on every hand. There

was one peculiarity about all these

games—all the strangers seemed to

win at them, and all our people to

lose.