

[Granville Free-Lance.]

Terrible Accident.**FIFTEEN MEN HURLED THROUGH THE AIR—PROBABLY FATAL RESULTS.**

Mount Zion church, located at Walnut Grove, in this county, was, on Monday last, the scene of a most distressing accident; by which quite a number of persons were seriously injured, and it is feared two fatally.

It seems that the members of the church and some of the neighbors had assembled for the purpose of re-shingling the roof of the building which was in need of repairs.

An ordinary scaffolding had been erected, upon which, quite a large amount of shingles had been thrown and on which fifteen men were at work.

The platform on which they were standing was about a level with the eaves of the house, between fifteen and twenty feet from the ground.

All at once, without any premonition of danger, the rude structure collapsed, bringing all its living freight to the ground with frightful force. The shock of the fall was so great and such alarm existed that some of the party working on the roof lost their footing and fell with the others to the earth.

Nearly all the number were more or less injured, the most serious of whom are Messrs. Pinkney Meadows and Millington Blalock.

These two gentlemen received dangerous internal injuries, and we understand the physicians in attendance express much fear as to their recovery. Mr. James Wilkerson had his shoulder blade dislocated, and Messrs. Augustine Frazier and Thomas Reagan were badly hurt. Nearly all the parties were leading members of the Baptist church and prominent citizens of that section of the county. There is, consequently, a great deal of feeling manifested on the subject, and much anxiety expressed as to the condition of the unfortunate gentlemen.

It is said that the scaffolding had only been erected with the view of holding eight persons, and the consequent overcrowding it was an act of the greatest imprudence.

[From the Wilmington Sun.]

Kidnapped in the City.**A WOMAN CARRIED OFF BY DESPERADOES.**

The colored population of our city are greatly exercised over the kidnapping the other night of Mary Johnston, wife of the outlaw Johnston, by himself and three accomplices. The story of the deed is about this:

On Wednesday night Mary paid a visit to Ida Mack's house, in Chadbourn's alley, in the portion of the city known as "Brooklyn," and had not been there a great while before the door was pushed open and her husband, accompanied by three negro men, entered, caught Mary by the arms and dragged her away. Her screams aroused the neighborhood, but in such mortal dread do the colored people hold Johnston, no assistance was offered her and the four outlaws sped safely away with the prize.

The lost woman's mother appeared at police headquarters, yesterday, and asked for a special posse to be sent to guard her house last night, as she has her daughter's child in her keeping, and Johnston said that he would take the child away also. (There is little probability of his taking a notion to carry off his mother-in-law in the bargain.) Last night about 25 men guarded her house, and everybody in the immediate neighborhood stood guard over their own homes and firesides. The old lady says Johnston frequently comes to her house and stays all night, though he never goes to bed, but sits in front of the fire with his rifle on his knees, and his knives and pistols in his belt.

Johnston's accomplices in the kidnapping are well-known rascals. One of them, Simon Haggett, killed a colored man in this city, some few months ago, and is himself a fugitive from justice, having successfully evaded arrest since the murder. Where they have taken the poor woman, or what is her fate, is unknown.

As we have remarked, this affair has created a very great excitement, and well it might. Johnston's companions are armed equally as well as himself, and bid fair to become the "Lowry Gang" of New Hanover.

In the Forty Second Congress there were nine negroes; in the Forty-Third, seven; in the Forty-Fourth, four; in the Forty-fifth, three; in the Forty-Sixth there will be none, unless O'Hara, of North Carolina, gets a certificate, which is doubtful.

[Special to the Baltimore Gazette.]

Fun, Fancy and False-hood.**WHAT "THEY" SAY ABOUT US IN WASHINGTON.**

There are several members of the North Carolina Legislature and prominent politicians from that State in this city. In conversing with a number of them they say the coming Senatorial fight next month between Gov. Vance and Senator Merrimon is daily growing more bitter and personal. The friends of each are firm and unyielding to any compromise between the two champions for the Senatorial honor. They claim that each has strength enough to accomplish the defeat of both if the present hostility is continued. They would rather see a third man taken than make any concessions. In that event they say ex-Congressman Leach, ex-Senator Clingman, Representative Robbins and Judge Fowle will be the four to choose from. As between these four the indications point to Leach, who has decidedly the advantage from the fact that he is a State Senator elect to the Legislature, is in the prime of life, full of energy, and understands political tactics better than any man in the State. He is very friendly with both Vance and Merrimon, and is not objectionable to the independents, who will have a voice in the fight. Clingman's advanced age is urged as an objection which, they think, might impair his usefulness. Robbins has ability to fill any position, but they want him for Governor in 1880. Fowle is young and can afford to wait for the future. "Now comes the turning point," said one of these star-heel law-makers.

It is more than probable there will be no election by the Legislature, as the constitution of North Carolina does not allow the Legislature to sit but sixty days, and if the fight is kept up by Vance and Merrimon's friends, as predicted, the session will close without electing a Senator. In that condition of affairs the Governor will have the power to appoint. Vance will then retire from the gubernatorial chair, Jarvis will become Governor, he being a warm friend of Vance's and wishing to advance his own interest will appoint Vance as Merrimon's successor. This seems to be the present status of the fight in the Old North State.

[From the Cook Book.]

HOUSEKEEPERS' ALPHABET

Apples—Keep in a dry place, as cool as possible without freezing.

Brooms—Hang in the cellar-way to keep soft and pliant.

Cranberries—Keep under water, in cellar; change water monthly.

A dish of hot water set in ovens prevents cakes, etc., from scorching. Economize time, health and means, and you will never beg.

Flour—Keep cool, dry, and securely covered.

Glass—Clean with a quart of water mixed with a teaspoonful of ammonia.

Herbs—Gather when beginning to blossom; keep in paper sacks.

Ink Stains—Wet with spirits turpentine; after three hours rub well.

Jars—To prevent, "coax" husband to subscribe to the Weekly LEDGER.

Keep an account of all supplies with costs and dates when purchased.

Love—Lightens labor.

Money—Count carefully when you receive change.

Nutmegs—Pick with a pin, and if good, oil will run out.

Orange and Lemon Peel—Dry, pound, and keep in corked bottles.

Perhaps—Keep in ground until spring.

Quicksilver—And white of an egg destroy bedbugs.

Rice—Select large, with a clear, fresh look; old rice may have insects in it.

Sugar—For general family use, the granulated is the best.

Tea—Equal parts of Japan and green are as good as an English breakfast.

Use a cement made of ashes, salt, and water for cracks in the stove.

Variety—Is the best culinary spice. Watch your back yard for dirt and bones.

Xantippe was a scold. Don't imitate her.

Youth is best preserved by a cheerful temper.

Zinc lined sinks are better than wooden ones.

Regulate your clock by your husband's watch, and in all appointments of time remember the giver.

The New York Herald has an

exhaustive report on the commercial and financial condition of the Southern States, from which it appears that there has been vast improvement there in recent years.

Georgia is particularly referred to as the pattern State of the South in enterprise and improvement, because it is in Georgia where the crops have been most diversified and manufactured introduced, and this example, the Herald says, the neighboring States are following with varying degrees of success.

A LITTLE HERO.

In the city of Hartford, Conn., lives the hero of the true story I am about to relate—but no longer "little," as the perilous adventure which made him famous in his native town happened several years ago.

Our hero was then a bright, active boy of fourteen—the son of a mechanic. In the severe winter of '69, the father worked in a factory, about a mile from his home, and every day the boy carried him dinner across a piece of meadow land.

One keen, frosty day he found the snow on the meadow nearly two feet deep, and no traces of the little footpath remaining. Yet he ran on as fast as possible, plunging through drifts, keeping himself warm by vigorous exercise, and brave, cheerful thoughts.

When in the midst of the meadow, fully half a mile from the house, he suddenly felt himself going down, down, down!

He had fallen into a well. He sank down, down into the dark, icy water, but rose immediately to the surface. There he grasped hold of a plank which had fallen into the well as he went down. One end of this rested on the bottom of the well—the other rose about four feet above the surface of the water.

The poor lad shouted for help until he was hoarse and almost speechless, but all in vain, as it was impossible to make himself heard from such a depth, and at such a distance from any house. So at last he concluded that if he was saved at all he must save himself, and began at once, as he was getting extremely cold in the water. So he went to work.

First he drew himself up the plank, and braced himself against the top of it and the wall of the well, which was of brick and quite smooth. Then he pulled off his coat, and taking out his pocket-knife he cut off his boots, that he might go to work to greater advantage. Then, with his feet against one side of the well, and his shoulders against the other, he worked his way up, by the most fearful exertion, about half the distance to the top. Here he was obliged to pause, to take breath and gather up his energies for the work yet before him. Far harder was it than all he had gone through, for the side being from that point covered with ice, he must cut with his knife, grasping places for his fingers, slowly and carefully all the way up.

It was almost a hopeless attempt, but it was all that he could do. And here the little hero lifted up his heart to God and prayed fervently, fearing that he could never get out alone.

Doubtless the Lord heard his voice, calling from the deep, and pitied him. He wrought no miracle to save him, but he breathed into his heart a yet larger measure of calmness and courage, strengthening him to work out his own deliverance.

After this, the little hero cut his way upward, inch by inch. His wet stockings froze to the ice and kept his feet from slipping, but his shirt was quite worn from his shoulders ere he reached the top.

He did reach it at last—crawled out into the snow, and lay down for a moment to rest—panting out his breath in little white clouds on the clear frosty air.

He had been two hours and a half in the well.

His clothes soon froze to his body, but he no longer suffered with cold as full of joy and thankfulness, he ran to the factory, where his father was waiting and wondering.

The poor man had to do without his dinner that day, but you may be sure he cared but little about that, while listening with tears in his eyes to the thrilling story his son had to relate to him.

He must have been proud of the boy that day, so he wrapped him in his own warm overcoat, and took him home to "mother."

And how that mother must have wept and smiled over the lad, and kissed him and thanked God for him.

I have not heard of the "little hero" for two or three years, but I trust he is growing up into a brave, heroic man, and I hope he will never forget the Heavenly friend who did not forget him in the hour of his great need. There is an old saying that truth lies at the bottom of a well.

I trust that this brave boy found and brought up from there this truth: "God helps those who help themselves."

The rapid recovery of the trade of Memphis, Tenn., is indicated by the sales of cotton there last Thursday, which aggregated 8,700 bales, the largest sale for any one day on record. Despite the fact that the yellow fever held on there until about 1st of November, the sales of cotton since September 1 aggregate 123,282 bales, against 152,582 bales same months last year, when there was no fever, and each day now shows a gratifying gain.

THE WEEKLY LEDGER,

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

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Six months, \$1 00.

Advertisements appearing in the

LEDGER will reach the farmers of

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serted in these columns on as liberal

terms as in any first class paper.

The LEDGER'S circulation is

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have as large circulation as any

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The Fall Season will soon open,

and every farmer should keep up

with the cotton, tobacco and pro-

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ham, Hillsboro, Chapel Hill, &c.

Arrangements are being made for

weekly communications from Ral-

eigh and other points.

The LEDGER will use whatever in-

fluence it may command to have a

Railroad built to Chapel Hill, and

an Experimental Farm connected

with the University.

The columns of the LEDGER will

be devoted to Literature, Agricul-

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spondents, Markets, &c., and will

avoid political issues as much as pos-

sible, though claiming the right to

object to obnoxious men and meas-

ures.

Then, fellow-citizens, subscribe to

the LEDGER and aid us in building

up a good newspaper.

Office opposite the store of

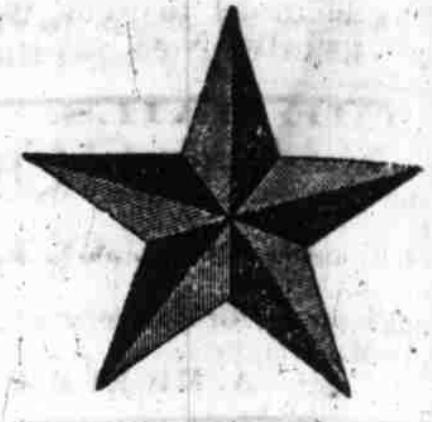
J. W. Carr, and next door to L. J.

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IT'S GIT UP AND GIT THAT MAKE MEN GREAT.

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