THE WEEKLY LEDGER.

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

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We tender our thanks to our friends who have stood by us so faithfully and paid us so promptly. And would remind those indebted to us that we are greatly in need of the money. We have waited long and patiently with some of you, and we know that times are hard. prices for produce are low, and it may be that you can't pay all at one time. Ome and see us. We will allow you theral prices and deal liberally with you. Our inability to call on you but increases your obligation to cal and see us and pay what you can.



VOLUME II.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

NUMBER 15.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, FEB. 8, 1879.

SOME ONE'S SERVANT GIRL.

She stood there, leaning wearily Against the window frame. Her face was patient, sad and sweet, Her garments coarse and plain Who is she, pray ?" I asked a friend ; The red lip g ve a curi,-Really ! I do not know her name; She's some one's servant girl."

Again, I saw her on the street With burden trudge along. Her tage was sweet and patient still, Amid the jostling throng ; Slowly, but cheerfully she moved, Guarding with watchful care A market basket, musir too harge For her slight hands to bear.

A man, I'd thought a gentleman, Went pushing radely by. Sweeping the basket from her hands But turning not his eye; For there, was no necessity Amid that busy which, For him to be a gentleman-To "some one's servant girl-

Ah! well it is, that God above Looks in upon the heart, And never judges any one By just the outer part; For if the soul be pure and good, He will not mind the rest, Nor question what the garments were-In which the form was dressed.

And, many a man, a woman fair,-By fortune reared and fed, Who will hot mingle here below With those who earn their bread, When they have passed away from life Beyond the gates of pearl, Will meet before their lather's throne-With many a servant girl.

Sut Lovengood's Daddy

ole quilt (that's mam) an' the brats aint ralely afeard of 'em are you?' sperits as is meant in the tex, is NEW GOODS ! kin plant, or let it alone, just as they 'Hoss flies hell !' sez dad, 'they're FIRE. That's the kind uv sperits as please.' So out we we went to the rale, (dip) ginuine bald hornets, you is meant in the tex, my brethring. pawpaw thicket, and pleaded a fite (dip) infurnul cuss !' 'Well, dad, you'll Now that's a great many kinds uv peart chance of bark, an' mam an' me have to stay there till nite, an' arter fire in the world. In the fuss place made gears for dad, an' they becum they go to roost you cum home an' there's the common sort of fire him mitily, then he would have a I'll feed ye. I sorter think you you light you cigar or pipe with, bridal, so I tuk a old umbreller what won't need enny currien' for a week and then that's foxfire and campfire, I'd foun' an' a little forked piece of or two.' 'I wish I may never see to- fire before your ready, and fire and iron, sorter like unto a pitchfork, ye morrer, (dip) if I don't ruinate you fall back, and many other kinds uv know, an' we bent an' twisted it (dip) when I do git out !' sed dad. fire, for the tex says, "He played on sorter inter a bridal bit, snail shape, "Better say you wish you may the harp uv a thousand strings, (dad wanted, a curb, as he said he never see another bald hornet, if you sperits of just men made perfick." mite sorter feel his oats and go to play hoss agin,' sez I-and knowin' But I'll teil you the kind uv fire as cavortin'.) Well, when we got the dad's unmotified na er, I broke from is meant in the tex, my brethring-bridal fixed on dad, he chomped an' them warts an' sorter cum to the cop- it's HELL FIRE! an' that's the kind bit just like a hoss, (he allers was a per mines. I staid hid out till the uv fire as a great many uv you'll most komplicated dern fool enny next afternoon, when I seed a fellow come to, ef you don't do better nor how, an' mam allers said so when he traveling an' says I, 'What was go- what you have been doin'-for "He warn't about,) an' then I put on the in' on at the cabin this side of the played on a harp uv a thousand geers, an' out dad an' me goes to the crick when you passsed it?' 'Why, strings, sperits uv jest men made field, I leadin' dad by the bridal, an' nuthin' much, only a man was sitten perfick.

a totin the gopher plow on my back. in his door with nara a shirt on, an' When we cum to the fence, I let was about as big as a ten gallon keg, down the gap, an' it made dad mad; an' he hadn't the fust sign of an eye he wanted to jump the fence on all _all smooth.' 'That was my dad,' fours, hoss ways. I hitched him to sez I. 'Been fiten much in this the gopher, an' away went dad lean neighborhood lately ?' sez the travin' forward to his pullin' rite peart, eller, ruther dryly. 'Nun wuth speakan' we made sharp plowin', dad ing of pussonly or particularly,' says goin' rite over the sprouts an' bushes I. Now, boys, I hain't seen dad same as a rale hoss, the only differ sence, an' wud be afeard to meet him was he went on two legs. Presently in the next ten years," And the we cum to a sassafrac bush, an' to last I saw of Sut, he was stooping keep up his karacter as a' hoss, dad to get in at the doggery door with bulged squar intu it, an' thru it, an' a mighty mixed crowd at his heels. tore down a hornet's nest nigh as yearth." "He's spreading his tail to big as a hosses head, an' all the tribe The Harp of A Thou kivered him rite strate. He reared sand Strings. an' kicked onst or twiste an' fotched

Now, the different sorts of fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in LINEN FOR LADIES SUCH the world. In the first place we have the Piscal alions, and they are a high-sailin' and high-falutin' set, HAMBURG P.DOINGS, in every style and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up, and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust you know he cums

THE WEEKLY LEDGER.

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ALSO

"Acting Horse."

"Hold that are horse down to the fly now." Keep him what he is." Wo, wo, Shaytail " "He's dancing

a jig." These, and like expressions, were addressed to a queer-looking. longlegged, short-bodied, white haired. hog-eyed, funny sort of a genius, fresh from some bench legged Jew's clothing store, mounted on "Tear-

poke," a nick-tailed, bow-necked, bushes, he cleared the top of 'emlong, poor horse, half dandy, half devil, and enveloped in a perfect net work of bridle reins, cruppers, martingales, straps, circingles and ferreting, who had reined up in front of Pat Nash's grocery, among a drowd of mountaineers, full of fight and mean whiskey.

"I say, you durned ash cat, just a overhanded slap, that sounded like keep your shirt on, will ye? You a waggin whip, a runnin' all the have never seen a rale hoss till I rid up. Tearpoke is just next to the about as fast an' as high from the persuasion I am uv. Well, I must best that ever shelled nubbins, an' he's dead as a still worm-poor ole I swear. "When he cum to the fence, Tickeytail."

inxious inquirer.

"Why, nothing, you tarnal fool, he here he left gopher, geers, singletree You see me here to-day, my brethjus died so, died a standin up, at an' clivvis all mixed up an not wuth ring, dressed up in fine clothes; you that. Warn't that good luck. Friz a darn. Most of his shirt stuck on mout think I was proud, but I am stiff; no, not that adzacly, but stary- the end of a rale. an' nigh ontu a not proud, my brethring, and aled fust and then friz afterwards, so pint of hornets staid with the shirt, a though I've been a-preacher of the stiff, that when me an' dad pushed stingin' it all over, an' the balance gospel for twenty years, an' although him over, he stuck out jes so (spread- on 'em, about a gallon an' a half, kept I'm capting of the flat boat that lies ing out his arms and legs) like a with dad. He seemed to run just at your landing, I'm not preud, my carpenter's bench, and we waited adzacly as fast as the hornets could brethring.

done.

seventeen days for him to thaw, afore fly. It wur the titest race I seed. we could skin 'im. Well, there we was Down thru the sage-way they all where my text is to be found ; suf--Dad, an' me, (counting on his fin- went, the hornets makin' it look sor- fice it to say, it's in the leds of the gers)-dad, an' me, an' Sah, an' Jake ter like smoke all roun' dad's bald Bible, and you'll find it somewhar (Fool Jake we calls him fer short) head, an' he with nuthin on but the between the book of Generations an' Jannass, an' Phineas, an' me, an' bridal, an' nigh onto a yard o' plow and the last chapter of the book of Calline Jane, an' Sharlotte Ann, an' lines sailin' behind.

Simeon Samul, an' Noar Dan Webster, an' me, an' the twin gals, an' swimmin' hole in the crick, whar the find my text thar, but a great many Catharine Second, an' Cleopatary cliff is over twenty-five feet perpen- other texes as will do you good to

a squeal wuss nor ara hoss in the [This characteristic effusion first ap peared in a New Orleans paper. It is a destric, an' sot intu rannin' away waif worthy of preservation. The lojust as nateral as you ever seed. I cality is supposed to be at a village on let go the lines an' hollered 'woa, the bank of the Mississippi River. dad, woa !' but I mont as well said brought his flat boat for the purpose of

'woa' to a locomotive. Gewhillicans! trade.] how he run! When he com to thes I may say to you, my brethring, that I am not an edicated man, an' I am not one of them as believes that gopher an' all. Praps he thot there edication is necessary for a Gospel mout be another settlement of bald minister, for I believe the Lord edinornets in 'em, an' that it was safer to go over than thru, an' quicker cates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be ed'cated; an' although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in "Every now an' then he'd paw the

the State of Indiany, whar I live, side of his he d with fust one foreleg thar's no man gets bigger congregaan' then tother, then he'd gin hisseff tions nor what 1 g ts.

Thar may be some here to-day, time, an' a kerrin' that gopher jist my brethring, as don't know what yarth as a gopher was ever carried say to you, my brethring, that I'm a Hard Shell Baptist. That's some he busted rite squar thru it, tarrin' folks as don't like the Hard Shell "What killed him, Sut?" said an down rite intu seven pannels scatter. Baptists, but I'd rather have a in' an' breakin the rails mitily, an' hard shell as no shell at all.

I am not gwine to tell edzactly Revolutions, and ef you'll go and

"I seed that he war aimin' for the search the Scriptures, you'll not only Antony, an' Jane Lind, an' Tom dicular to the warter, an' hit's nigh read, and my tex, when you shall

down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the carkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road, and "He played on the harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv jest men made perfick."

and they may be likened unto the quirril runnin' up into a tree, for and popular makes of Shoes. he Methodis beleeves in gwine on from one degree uv grace to an other, and finally on to perfection, is Headquarters for and the squirril goes up, and up, and up, and he jumps from limb to imb, and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he cums down kerflumix, and that's like the Methodis, for they is allers fallm' from grace, ah! and 'He played on a harp uv a thousand N. C. HAMS and SHDES at 10ots: strings, sperits uv just men made perfick."

And then, my brethring; thar's the Baptist, ah! and they have been ikened unto a possum on a 'simmon ree, and thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum lings thar still, ah! and you may. shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the limb, and he clings and he clings forever, or "He played on the harp uv a thousand strings, sperits uv just men made perfick."

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