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

The Weekly Ledger.

THE WEEKLY LEDGER. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. The WEEKLY LEDGER is furnished to subscribers at one dollar and fifty cents per copy per annum, invariably in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One square, one insertion, one dollar. One square, each subsequent insertion, fifty cents.

VOLUME II. FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD. NUMBER 16. CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1879.

THE GREATEST BARGAINS OF THE SEASON. In order to close our stock as rapidly as possible, we shall offer our entire stock of Merchandise for 30 days, for Cash. Prices never reached before in this market. We have a nice assortment of NEW STAPLE DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, and GROCERIES.

A PUZZLED DUTCHMAN. I'm a broken-hearted Deutscher, Vof's villed mit erief and shame; I dells you vat der droubles ish—I doesn't know my name. Mind modder had too liddle dwins. Day vash me and mein proter; Ve lookt so fery much alike No one knew vich vrom totter. Von of ter boys was Yawcop, And Hans der oder's name; But den it made no different—Ve both cot called ter same. Vell, von of us got tead—Yaw, minher, dat vas so—But veldder Hans or Yawcop, Mine modder she don't know. Unt so I am in droubles—I can't get troo my head, Veldder I'm in Hans vof's lifing, Or Yawcop vof is tead.

course of wickedness he followed up for two months, making his appearance upon the racing-ground every Sunday afternoon, as soon as he could after "meeting was out." And during this time Pompey was not the only one who had learned to love the racing. No, for old Morgan himself had come to love the excitement of the thing, too, and his very motion when upon the track showed how zealously he entered into the spirit of the game. But these things were not always to remain in secret. One Sunday a pious deacon beheld this racing from a distance, and straightway went to the parson with the alarming intelligence. The Rev. Mr. Ridewell was utterly shocked. His moral feelings were outraged, and he resolved at once to put a stop to the wickedness. During the week he made many inquiries, and he learned that this thing had been practised all summer on every Sabbath afternoon. He bade his parishioners keep quiet, and he told them that on the next Sunday he would make his appearance on the very spot and catch them in their deeds of iniquity.

"Who-oo! who-oo-oo!" cried the parson at the top of his voice. "By the powers, old fellow, you're a keen one!" shouted one of the wicked men, who had thus far managed to keep close by the side of the parson. "You ride well." "Who-ho-ho-oo! who-oo-oo-oo!" yelled the clergyman, tugging at the reins with all his might. But was all of no avail. Old Morgan had now reached ahead of all competitors, and he came up to the judge's stand three rods ahead, where the petrified deacons were standing with eyes and mouths wide open. "Don't stop," cried the judge, who had now recognized Parson Ridewell, and suspected his business, and who also saw into the secret of old Morgan joining the race. "Don't stop," he shouted again; "it is a two-mile heat this time. Keep right on parson. You are good for another mile. Now you go—and off it is!"

shook their heads in doubt. "It's very strange," said one. "Very," answered a second. "Remarkable," suggested a third. "On my soul, brethren," spoke Ridewell, "I can't make it out." The brethren looked at each other, and the deacons shook their heads in a very solemn and impressive manner. So the party rode back to the clergyman's house, but none of the brethren would enter, nor would they stop at all. Before Monday had drawn to a close, it was generally known that Parson Ridewell raced his horse on the Sabbath, and a meeting of the church was appointed for Thursday. Poor Ridewell was almost crazy with vexation; but before Thursday came, Pompey found out how matters stood, and he assured his master that he would clear the matter up; and after a day's search he discovered the astounding fact that some of those wicked men had been in the habit of stealing old Morgan from the pasture, and racing him on Sabbath afternoons! Pomp found out this much—but he could not find out who did it! As soon as this became known to the church, the members conferred together, and they soon concluded that under such circumstances a high mettled horse would be very apt to run away with his rider when he found himself directly upon the track. "So Parson Ridewell was cleared, but it was a long while before he got over the blow, for many were the wicked wags who delighted to pester him by offering to "ride a race with him," to "bet on his head," or to "put him against the world on a race." But Ridewell grew older, his heart grew warmer, and finally he could laugh with right good will when he spoke of his unexpected race. Be sure there was no more Sabbath racing in that town.

AN UNEXPECTED RACE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

In one of the larger towns of Worcester County, Mass., used to live a clergyman, whom we will call Ridewell. He was of the Baptist persuasion, and very rigid in his ideas of moral propriety. He had in his employ an old negro, named Pompey, and if this latter individual was not so strict in his morals as his master, he was at least very cunning, and passed in the reverend household for a pattern of propriety. Pompey was a useful servant, and the old clergyman never hesitated to trust him with the most important business. Now it so happened that there were, dwelling in and about the town, sundry individuals who had not the fear of the dreadful penalties which Mr. Ridewell preached about before their eyes, for it was the wont of these people to congregate on Sabbath evenings upon a level piece of land in the outskirts of the town, and there race horses. This spot was hidden from view by a dense piece of woods, and for a long while the Sunday evening race were carried on there without detection by the officers, or others who might have stopped them.

On the following Sabbath, after dinner, Mr. Ridewell ordered Pomp to bring up old Morgan and put him in the stable. The order was obeyed, though not without many misgivings on the part of the faithful negro. As soon as the afternoon services were closed, the two deacons and some others of the members of the church accompanied the minister home, with their horses. "It is the most fragrant piece of abomination that ever came to my knowledge," said the indignant clergyman as they rode on. "It is, most assuredly," answered one of the deacons. "Horse racing on the Sabbath!" uttered the minister. "Dreadful!" echoed the second deacon. And so the conversation went on until they reached the top of a gentle eminence which overlooked the plain, where the racing was carried on, and where some dozen horsemen, with a score of lookers on, were assembled. The sight was one which chilled the good parson to his soul. He remained motionless, until he had made out the whole alarming truth, then turning to his companions: "Now, my brothers," said he, "let us ride down and confront the wicked wretches, and if they will down upon their knees and implore God's mercy, and promise to do so no more, we will not take legal action against them. O that my own land should be desecrated thus!" for it was indeed a section of his own farm.

These last words were of course known to the horse, and no sooner did Morgan hear them than he stuck his nose again, and again started off. The parson did his best to stop the bewitched animal, but it could not be done. The more he struggled and yelled, the faster the horse went, and ere many moments he was again at the starting point, where Morgan now stopped of his own accord. There was a hurried whispering among the wicked ones and a succession of very curious winks and knowing nods seemed to indicate that they understood. "Upon my soul, parson," said the leader of the abomination, approaching the spot where the minister still sat in his saddle, he having not sufficiently recovered his presence of mind to dismount, "you ride well. We had not looked for this honor." "Honor, sir!" gasped Ridewell, looking blankly into the speaker's face. "Ay—for 'tis an honor. You are the first clergyman who has ever joined us in our Sabbath evening entertainments."

"I—I, sir! I joined you?" "Ha, ha, ha! Oh, you did it well! Your good deacons think you really tried to stop your horse, but I saw through it; I saw how slyly you put your horse up. But I don't blame you for feeling proud of old Morgan, for I should feel so myself if I owned him. But you need not fear; I will tell all who may ask me about it that you did your best to stop the beast; for I would rather stretch the truth a little than have such a good jockey as you are suffer." This had been spoken so loudly that the deacons had heard every word, and the parson was bewildered; but he soon came to himself, and with a flashing eye, cried: "Villians, what mean you? Why hold on," interrupted one of the party, and as he spoke the rest of the racing men had all mounted their horses; "hold on a moment, parson. We are willing to allow you to carry off the palm, but we won't stand your abuse. When we heard that you had determined to try if your horse could not beat us, we agreed among ourselves that if you came we would let you in. We have done so, and you have won the race in a two-mile heat. Now let that satisfy you. By the hokey, you did it well. When you want to try it again, just send us word, and we'll be ready for you. Good bye!" As the wretch thus spoke, he turned his horse's head, and before the astounded preacher could utter a word, the whole party had ridden away out of hearing. It was some time before one of the churchmen could speak. Why should their minister's horse have joined in the race without some permission from his master? They knew how much he set by the animal, and at length

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THE RICHEST SILVER MINE IN AMERICA.

It is not generally known that the mine which has turned out the most bullion within the last two years is not a California, Nevada, or an Arizona mine, but one situated in Utah. We refer to the Ontario, which from January 26th, 1878, to August 1, 1878, produced \$2,820,783.91. In the words of the Salt Lake Tribune: "Perhaps in no country in the world can be found such another mine, so regular and so rich. The lowest assay from the 500-foot level is \$130; and the ore breast (which averages 300 feet) goes from that figure to \$300 per ton. For four months the average battery sample was \$110 per ton. It is estimated that the ore in sight at present will run the mill two years. There is at least now some \$3,000 tons. We regret to hear of the recent fire, by which the hoisting works were destroyed, and that, in consequence of injury to the pumps, there is considerable water in the mine." AN EGYPTIAN CUSTOM.—The Egyptians, at their feasts, to prevent excess on the part of the company, were accustomed to place a skeleton in a conspicuous part of the banquetting room, with the inscription over it, "Remember you must soon be like this." An epicure on being told this replied, "Ah, that was it they did not eat." The mother of Ida Lewis, who has saved so many people from drowning, has resigned the keepership of Lime Rock lighthouse, in Newport harbor, and her daughter has been appointed to the vacancy with a salary of \$750, which is \$250 more than was paid her mother. Sustain your home paper by subscribing to the Chapel Hill LEDGER. It is a first-class paper and only \$1.50 per annum—in advance.