

Wm K P Battle

The Weekly Ledger.

VOLUME II. FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD. NUMBER 19.
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1879.

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

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

30 DAYS.
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, at prices never reached before in
this market. We have a nice assortment
of
NEW STAPLE DRY GOODS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES, HARD-
WARE, CROCKERY,
and GROCERIES.

We deem it unnecessary to give quo-
tations, as such advertising only leads
to cutting on a few, leading goods by
the merchants without securing any ad-
vantage to purchasers in their general
bills. We can safely say that our goods
have been bought at the lowest prices
reached this season, and will be sold at
a very small advance on cost. We are
now selling some goods at 25 per cent.
under quotations given by others. All
are respectfully invited to call and ex-
amine.

Pay Up Old Scores.
We tender our thanks to our friends
who have stood by us so faithfully and
aid us so promptly. And would re-
mind 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,
but the prices for produce are low, and
it may be that you can't pay all at one
time. Come and see us. We will al-
low you liberal prices and deal liberally
with you. Our inability to call on you
increases your obligation to call on
us and see us and pay what you can.
Very respectfully,
W. D. CATES & SON

ESTABLISHED 1848.
HORNER'S
FERTILIZING SALTS,
with which any farmer can make
his own fertilizers.

CHEMICALS
And other materials for making
HOME FERTILIZERS.

Muriate Potash, Kalmit,
Sulphate Soda, Plaster,
Ferrous Sulphate, Oil Vitriol,
Nitrate Soda, Dried Blood,
Dissolved North Carolina,
Dissolved Raw Limestone, &c., &c.

A full supply of PURE Materials always on
hand and for sale at lowest market prices.
Formulas for home manipulation, estimates
of cost, and information regarding mixing,
&c., cheerfully given.

HORNER'S
Pure Slaughter House
BONE-DUST
AND
DISSOLVED BONE,
GUARANTEED THE
"Best in America."

HORNER'S
AMMONIATED
Raw Bone Superphosphate
AND CONCENTRATED
SUPERPHOSPHATE
FOR ALL CROPS.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
Joshua Horner, Jr., & Co.,
Cor. Bowly's Wharf and Wood St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

NOTICE.
S. MCK. BOWLES,
PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and
WHITE-WASHER, is now ready to
do work at short notice. All of his
work is guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Call on him and have your work done
cheaply.
Refers to citizens of Chapel Hill.

W. D. CATES & SON
Will be pleased at all times to
convey passengers to and from Durham
at short notice, at any time of day or
night. Orders for express and freight
promptly attended to.

TURKEYS.
A fine lot of TURKEYS for sale at
living prices.
L. J. WEAVER.
The LARGEST STOCK of Paints,
Oils, &c., in the County, at
Barbee's Drug Store.

YES, I WOULD LIVE ALWAYS.
BY ED A. LEWIS.
"What, die and sink into naught?—
Shall death bring me only nonentity for
ever? No, let me live, if only to know
the great goodness of my God toward
all his creatures."—*Bishop Kavanaugh.*
Yes, I would live always. What, sink
into naught. This consoling existence so wondrously
wrought?
Shall nothing be left after death and
decay,
But this poor, dull body to moulder
away?
No, let me live on, while Eternity's roll
Shall leave not a trace on the youth of
my soul;
Till the story of Earth and of Time
overcast,
Shall seem but a flash in the cloud of
the past.

Let Brahma still yearn for nonentity
bliss,
And the skeptic refuse any life beyond
this;
But, leaving to God what the future
may give,
Let me shout through its depths, "I
shall live! I shall live!"
Let me live—to see God's inexhaustible
love
In its splendor illumine the bright city
above;
Let me live—and through measureless
oceans of space
Fill my soul beyond rapture with
draughts of His grace.
Let me live—for the music whose ca-
dences fill
Every moment celestial with ecstasy's
thrill—
For the rapture, which angels ne'er
know in their bliss,
Of reclining in that world the lost
lives of this.

Yes, O let me live, if 'twere only to see
The face of the Saviour who suffered
for me;
Suffered death for my life! O, this char-
nel of sin.
When, when shall that life in his man-
sions begin?
—*Sunday Magazine.*
MR. EDITOR: The verses above are
sent suited to the Christian, and
worthy of the publication if you please
to do so.
E. W. WOODS.
Mar. 6, 79.

THE TWO CLERKS.
BY WILLIAM L. WILLIAMS.

In Market square, in the pleasant
city of Merryport, was a crockery
ware store, over the door of which was
a black sign bearing in gilt let-
ters the name of Benjamin Hudson.
For many years this crockery store
had been there, with the great
pitcher hanging in front for a sign;
indeed, when Mr. Hudson first
opened the store, some forty years
previous, he was quite a young man,
and the sign over his door was
bright and handsome; but now his
eyes had grown dim, and the owner
was called "Old Hudson" by all the
boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown
rich in his business, for he had con-
ducted it all himself, and taken care
that nothing should be wasted or
lost by neglect. He had made mis-
takes, to be sure, as every man will
make some blunders during a life-
time, but by skillful management he
quickly recovered from them. Sixty-
five years had begun to bend over
Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the
brightness of his eye, and he found
business more irksome than it
formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he
one day to himself as he sat before
a cheerful fire. "I must have some
one interested in the business who
is young and active and will take
the weight off my shoulders, for I
cannot do as I used to."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ
were two young men—Herbert
Bond and Charles Sehmour. They
had been with him an equal length
of time, and had performed their
duties faithfully and well. Charles
did his work quickly, and had a
smart way about him that made
people think he was greatly super-
rior to Herbert, who had a more
quiet demeanor and accomplished
quite as much without making a
great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles
for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hud-
son; "on which can I decide? They

both do very well in the store, but I
ought to know something of them
out of the store, and I am sorry to
say that is a point I have never paid
proper attention to. My clerks
come here in the morning and go
away at night; what becomes of
them over night I know not, and
yet I ought to know. Neither of
them have parents in the city; they
live in some of the numerous board-
ing-houses, and I hope are steady
and well-behaved. I must see them
in their homes, and then decide
which shall be my partner."

The next day Mr. Hudson ascer-
tained the boarding places of his
clerks, without letting them know
for what purpose, and after supper
that evening, his wife and daughters
were somewhat astonished to see
him go to the hall and put on his
coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa?"
asked Lily, the youngest daughter,
who could hardly remember the
evening when her father had not re-
mained at home.
"I am going to make a call, Lily,
on two young men of my acquaint-
ance; I shall not be gone long," re-
plied Mr. Hudson, and bidding
them good-bye, immediately started
out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the
nearer of the two, and here Mr.
Hudson stopped first.
It was a neat-looking house, in a
very pleasant street. Mrs. Buntin,
the landlady, opened the door when
Mr. Hudson rang.

"Does a young man named Her-
bert Bond board here?"
"He does. Walk in, sir, and I
will call him," replied the woman.
"I'll go to his room if you will
show me where it is," answered Mr.
Hudson. "I presume he is in it?"
"I think so; he is seldom out in
the evening. You can step up there,
if you like, sir; go up two flights,
and the first door to the right is the
one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed up the stairs
and knocked with his cane at the
designated door. It was opened by
Herbert, who looked very much
amazed when he saw his employer,
and said:
"Why, Mr. Hudson, is anything
the matter in the store? Nothing
happened out of the way, I hope?"
"No—nothing—nothing at all,"
said Mr. Hudson, walking in and
taking a chair. "I took a notion to
call around and see how you were
this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad
to see his employer, and while he
took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson
glanced around the room. It was an
attic room, with dormer windows;
a good fire was burning in an open
grate; a book-rack filled with books
adorned one side of the room, while
the center of the floor was occu-
pied by a table on which were
writing materials.

"You look very cozy here, Her-
bert; but why do you have an attic
room? Are there none you can
have below stairs?"
"Oh, yes sir; but this is a dollar a
week cheaper, and I have all the
more money to send to my father,"
replied Herbert.

"Isn't your father well off?" in-
quired Mr. Hudson.
"Not very, sir; he used to be
pretty rich, but his business was
disastrous, and he lost a great deal
of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do even-
ings? Does not time hang very
heavy?"
"Oh, no sir! I have books to
read and letters to write. To-night
I am writing home; they want me
to make them a visit, but I write
that it is a pretty busy time just
now, but when it is over I shall ask
you for a few days absence," an-
swered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said
Mr. Hudson, and then he added:

"Does Charles ever call upon you?"
"No, sir, I have asked him to
several times, but he has never
called."

"Are you contented here in this
boarding-house?" inquired Mr. Hud-
son.
"It is a very good boarding-house,
and Mrs. Buntin is very kind; but I
have often wished that I could live
at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you? How far
is it from here?" asked his em-
ployer.
"Twenty-five miles, sir; rather
far to travel every day, and then I
can't afford the expense," was Her-
bert's reply.

"What time could you reach the
store in the morning?"
"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at
what hour in the afternoon?"
"About half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the busi-
ness. Perhaps it can be arranged
so that you can live at home, Her-
bert."

"Oh, I should like it so much if I
could, I am so homesick here in the
city!" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the matter,
Herbert. It seems a pity that one
who is so fond of his home can't
live there, in these times of railroads
and fast traveling," said Mr. Hud-
son as he arose to depart. Herbert
thanked him for his visit, and said it
would please him to have Mr. Hud-
son call again.

The old gentleman descended the
stairs well satisfied with the call,
and said to himself, "Now for
Charles Sehmour; I hope I shall
find him as well occupied as Her-
bert Bond."

On his way to the house, which
was three or four streets distant, Mr.
Hudson's attention was attracted to
three young men, who were talking
loudly and acting in a rowdy man-
ner, pushing each other against the
passersby and making rude, insult-
ing remarks to them. It so hap-
pened that Mr. Hudson wore a white
hat; so when these fellows passed
him, they looked behind and said,
"Oh! what a hat!" "Who stole the
donkey?" "The man with the white
hat!" and similar impolite observa-
tions. As they walked much faster
than he did, they were soon out of
sight.

The boarding house was reached,
the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was
admitted. The servant said Sehmour
was in, and ushered him to the cham-
ber door. Mr. Hudson knocked, and
the door swung wide open and a
voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow,
got along at last, have you? We're
all ready for you; have got the"—
Charles Sehmour stopped here, and
his face turned deadly pale, at seeing
instead of one his boon companions
his venerable employer. It was sev-
eral seconds before he could recover
his speech. "I beg your pardon,
Mr. Hudson, you must excuse me; I
expected a friend this evening and
in the light of the entry I thought
you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit
down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room and
was somewhat surprised to see there
the identical three young men who
had insulted him on the street; they
were smoking cigars, and had their
feet elevated on the mantel piece,
bureau and bedstead. Mr. Hudson
saw at once that he was in confusion
and Sehmour's actions were painful
and awkward. Nevertheless, his
employer started a conversation, and
had been there but a few minutes
when a footstep was heard on the
stairs, and then the door opened a
little way, and a bottle of champagne
came rolling across the floor, fol-
lowed immediately by a round Dutch
cheese, a bunch of cigars and two
more bottles. Sehmour looked dis-
tressed, but could say nothing. It
was a fourth friend, who had been
out after refreshments, and took this

facetious mode of introducing them
into the chamber. Mr. Hudson
thought it was about time for him
to go, so he took his leave and re-
turned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long in mak-
ing up his mind as to which one of
his clerks would make the most faith-
ful and efficient partner, and in less
than a week it was announced in the
papers that Herbert Bond was a
member of the firm of "Benjamin
Hudson & Co." It was a happy day
for Herbert, and it was not many
years before he managed the whole of
the business himself, and he became a
wealthy man.

Charles Sehmour knew very well
the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice,
and he always had it to regret hav-
ing formed such unprofitable ac-
quaintances as were assembled in his
room on that unlucky night.

CONFESSION OF A DRUNKARD.—
I had position high and holy. The
demon tore from around me the
robes of my sacred office, and sent
me forth churchless and godless, a
very hissing and byword among
men. Afterward my voice was
heard in the courts. But the dust
gathered on my open books, and no
footfall crossed the threshold of the
drunkard's office. I had money am-
ple for all necessities, but it went to
feed the coffers of the devil which
possessed me. I had a home adorned
with all that wealth and the most
exquisite taste could suggest. The
devil crossed its threshold and the
light faded from its chambers. And
thus I stand, a clergyman without a
church, a barrister without a brief, a
man with scarcely a friend, a soul
without a hope—all swallowed up
in the maelstrom of drink.

THE TWO OBSTINATE DEACONS.—
Burial places have not been infre-
quent causes of contention. The
quarrels about the location of cem-
eteries reminds us of one that oc-
curred many years ago. On the
question of the location of a burying
ground, one of the churches was
thrown into a violent contention
and the two deacons were arrayed
on opposite sides. One morning in
the pastor meeting Deacon Jones
said: "Deacon Smith says if the
burying ground is located on the
hill he will never be buried there as
long as he lives." Deacon Jones,
not seeing the joke, replied: "Does
he! Well, if the Lord spares my
life I will."

A humming bird met a butterfly,
and was delighted with its brilliant
wings and graceful movements, and
patronizingly tendered friendship,
which was promptly refused, be-
cause the former had once spurned
the latter as "a drawing dot." The
soft impeachment was denied by
the humming bird, who declared he
had always admired such beautiful
creatures as you are. "Perhaps you
do now," said the butterfly, "but
when you haughtily insulted me I
was a crawling caterpillar in the
dust. So learn this lesson, never look
down contemptuously upon the low-
ly, as some day they may mount
above you."

AN UNCOMFORTABLE NAME.—A
Vermont man has advertised a card
in the paper in his town which
reads: "Some people have the vul-
gar habit of calling me Bill; that is
not my name, nor any part of it.
I forgive all past offences, but if
any person ever calls me Bill after
the publication of this letter, I shall
take it as a downright insult, and
just as much of an insult as though
he had called me by any other hate-
ful name that is not my own."

Gov. Hampton, it is said, will
soon marry Mrs. Pickens, the widow
of Gov. Pickens, of South Carolina.

Subscribe to the Chapel Hill
LEDGER. Only \$1.50 per annum.

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.
Six months, one dollar.
Eleven copies, one year, fifteen dollars.
Twenty-two copies, one year, thirty
dollars.
Address all orders to "The WEEKLY
LEDGER," Chapel Hill, N. C.

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 1. 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 Chil-
dren. 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.

GRITS and HOMINY always on hand.
A FULL LINE OF FISH. N. C.
CUT HERRING, MULLET,
BLUE FISH, &c.
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 differ-
ent 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 can-
not be beat.
UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS that
beats 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 every-
body.

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.