

THE WEEKLY LEDGER.
OFFICE ON FRANKLIN STREET,
OPPOSITE THE STORE OF T. W.
STATES OF ADVERTISING:
For insertion, one dollar,
with subsequent insertion
at half price.

The Weekly Ledger.

VOLUME II. FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD. NUMBER 25.
CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1879.

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

POETRY.

I SEE.

"Whereas I was blind now I see."—JOHN
IX. 25.
When Jesus came, I cannot tell,
Nor why He came to me;
One thing I know, and know it well,
Though I was blind—now I see.
I once was blind, but now I see!
And that is news is enough for me.
When all was dark, One touched my
eyes,
And that is all I know:
For light came down from Paradise,
And set my soul aglow.
I once was blind, but now I see!
I see,
And that is light enough for me.
How it was done, I cannot say,
Nor even think nor dream;
Nor why a touch of moistened clay
Should make things what they seem.
I once was blind, but now I see!
I see,
And that is truth enough for me.
It is the Son of God! His grace
Makes trembling weakness strong.
Wipes tears away from sorrow's face,
And teaches Grief a song.
I once was blind, but now I see!
I see,
And that is joy enough for me.
The ray of light I may not guess,
Nor reason out my views;
For faith itself is meaningless
To Pharisees and Jews.
I once was blind, but now I see!
I see,
And that is faith enough for me.
—Rev. Alex. Clarke.

MOTHER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

"Take the baby out under the maple tree, sister Kate; perhaps the poor darling will fall asleep." So Kate took little Robbie Lindsley out in the shade and tucked about with her little head drooping and he was sleeping quietly. Baby's mamma got up once or twice to look on anxiously at him. "The poor little fellow," she said to herself as she gazed at him. "He looks so peaceful and so comfortable. How I wish my own child were like this!"

When the baby was put down to sleep, Kate looked at her watch and saw that it was nearly eleven o'clock. "I wish my own child were like this!" she thought again. "He looks so peaceful and so comfortable. How I wish my own child were like this!"

The baby grew better from that afternoon. Day after day his mother or auntie would take him out to rock him to sleep in the shadow of the great maple; and as he grew older and stronger he still spent his afternoons playing there, till they called the grand old tree "Robbie's maple." The little boy seemed to know from the first that he was to be his mother's comfort; and when she was feeling unhappy and lonely, knowing that Robbie's father was drinking at the village hotel, the little fellow would leave his toys to sit on her lap and quietly stroke her cheek until she gave him a kiss and a smile. But a very sad day came for Robbie and his poor mother. Mr. Lindsley drank so much that he could no longer keep his position in the bank, and so they had to sell their pretty home and move to a small house with no such beautiful trees as "Robbie's maple." The little fellow was nearly seven years old when this happened, and it was wonderful how well he understood the trouble his mother was in. They had to send away their servant, and Mrs. Lindsley had all the work to do; but Robbie got up every day and lit the fire for her, and though he could bring but half a pail of water at a time, yet he took care that mother never had to bring any; then he pecked the potatoes and set the table and cleared away the dishes, besides helping to make the beds. All the time his mother never knew whether Robbie suspected that his father drank. She taught her boy to be afraid to touch a drop of liquor, and explained to him that if he never put tobacco near his mouth he would never feel the need of it.

One day Robbie came home from some errand he had gone on, and instead of chatting with his mother, he hurried to set the table and then went off alone. Dinner-time came, and Mr. Lindsley came home; but where was Robbie? Mrs. Lindsley

GROWING OLD.

We perused an article in one of our exchanges the other day, under the above caption, in which the writer laments the inevitable decree that sets up the milestones of the years behind, and brings us near to the silent close of our journey. To us the thought suggested a different train of reflection. We do not feel that it is sad to grow old.

As we go forward and meet the years, each is a messenger that tells us a pleasant story of the land to which we have taken up our pilgrimage, and though we may not lay hands on them and detain them, yet they imbue us with happy thoughts and memories, that clothe each coming messenger in a halo-like garment of smiles and beauty. The journey of life is but short, but is long enough to teach us the idleness and littleness of things earthly, and that the earthly tabernacle is far too narrow to hold in that thrall that invisible hue of immortality that pulses through our being, or even permit it to shine forth in that brilliance that it so much longs for.

Life is beautiful, but it is only beautiful as a panorama that moves on to the great final climax, when the curtains of life are drawn, and the marvellous beauty of the universe opens with its endless vistas of glory upon our enlarged sight, and dreams of the past are paled from view in the blaze of the never ending Present. The toy, the sword and the toy, make up the sum our existence, for the old and young are nearest Heaven. Prattling children and silver age walk hand in hand, and laugh at the gamboling larks and make pretty speeches to the bright birds and butterflies, for the veil of Time is but a mist to the right of them, and Love and Innocence stand like cherubs by the cradle and the grave.

It is only when we are among the tropical clouds of the Middle Passage of life, that we utterly forget the emblems of innocence and turn the edge of the sword against the unwarring armies of Beauty. And this we do out of very blindness, for when we pass the mountain summit and go down the gentle plain toward the gold and amethyst pillars of sunset, we cast the sword behind us and reach forth for the flowers that wave and beckon us along.

There is nothing more touching and beautiful than age. The bent form, the feeble, tottering step, the dimmed eye and the child like confidence of the aged speak to every heart, not dead to every human emotion, with a wonderful power and pathos. We do not envy the feelings of that person who can say a slight word to or of the aged of every condition in life, and whose strong hand is not held out to them at every rough corner and every narrow crossing. Not many days since we saw a beautiful girl, having almost the form and resemblance of an angel, rudely jostle a poor, decrepid old dame on the sidewalk, and tell her in tones of petulance to keep out of her way. That girl's bright eyes will yet be dim and lustreless, and her fair round shoulders bent with the weight of years and the burdens of life, and if her life's sunset is cold and obscure with clouds, it will be because she herself, in the bloom of youth, poisoned the chalice with a suicidal hand. Of all to be loved and cherished, and kindly cared for, the aged are first deserving, for they have borne their share of the burdens, and their patient old eyes are only waiting to see the gates lifted up, when they will be closed in an ecstasy of love. We grow old, but only that we may rehabilitate ourselves with the garments of an endless youth.

PURE GIRLS AND IMPURE BOYS.

Girls, in treating dissipated young men as equals, you do a wrong that they can scarcely realize. Such men should be made to feel that until they redeem themselves, until they walk with correctness and honor in the paths of right, good people would stand aloof from them. Girls who respect themselves will not be seen with such young men, and will decline to receive them on the familiar footing of friendship. It is a mistaken kindness to put them where caution is needed, and I am inclined to think that a little sharp decision on the part of the young girls to-day would go far to correct the general looseness of morality among young men. — *Woman's Journal*.

Advertise in this paper.

BIGOTRY.

Bigotry is an unlovely thing, but when ignorance is added to bigotry the effect becomes often ludicrous. We were astounded and amused lately to hear a young lady, an ardent Episcopalian, declare with great gravity that "the Prayer Book was older than the Bible." All our arguments were unavailing to convince our young friend of her mistake. To everything that was said, she opposed only one remark: "I heard one of our own clergymen say so in a sermon." As this last statement seemed utterly incredible, we forebore to press the matter, and our young friend wore an air of lofty conviction which was trying, to say the least of it. But the moral of this little story is that a bigoted upholding of any one evangelical church above its sister churches is not only weak and ridiculous, but it must excite bitterness of feeling between many good people. So we may as well close with another little story.

THE BEST WAY.

In the little inn by the roadside, Weather-stained, old and gray, Three travellers, meeting, lingered At the close of a summer's day.

Bearded and bronzed with travel, What wondrous tales they told Of snow-capped hills, of deserts, Of mines of sparkling gold!

Soft through the twilight shadows Floated the sound of a bell, Into their talk and laughter Like a quiet "Amen" it fell.

A PRIZE.

"I will say but one thing in praise of my daughter," said a happy father at that laugher's wedding-breakfast. "She is a thorough and practical horsekeeper." Could any compliment have been higher? What an indorsement it was of the good sense and prospective comfort of her husband! For a man has so much of the animal in his nature that he cares more for a good dinner than he does—so long as his appetite is unappeased—to listen to the music of the spheres. Heavy bread has made many heavy hearts, gives rise to dyspepsia and its herd of accompanying torments. Girls who desire that their husbands should be amiable and kind should learn how to make light bread. A story is told of a happy wife who, when asked how she managed her husband so successfully, replied, with a roguish smile, "My dear, I feed him well." There is a great deal in that. Those wives who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at housekeeping. The stomach reforms a very important part in the economy of human life; and those who are forgetful of this fact commit a serious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed. — *Selected*.

VERY TRUE.

To a great many persons who listen to preaching, the work of the clergyman appears very easy. Actually, however, it is far otherwise. A conscientious clergyman who makes and preaches two new sermons every week, work as hard as an average bank cashier or a merchant. The trouble with most of our clergy is that they do not throw half enough of the holiday element into their life work. Thus many of them become old and break down long before their time.

A SCHOOL TEACHER'S WALK.

In view of the walking mania the *Brooklyn Monthly* has some sensible observations. It says: "Brooklyn recently paid thirty thousand dollars to see a woman walk twenty-seven hundred quarter miles in twenty-seven hundred quarter hours." The daily papers credit many members of the City Government with contributing liberally to this amount, and represent them as striving eagerly to pay five dollars for a ticket to a very ordinary dinner which was given to afford an opportunity of presenting a tea-set of silver, valued at six hundred dollars, to the walker of twenty-seven hundred quarter miles.

"We know a woman in this same city who in thirty years has walked three thousand miles, through heat and cold, in rain and in sun, in sickness and in health, through evil report and through good report, to teach some of these men and the children of these men who hastened to do honor to the walker of twenty-seven hundred quarter miles. In all these years she has not received thirty thousand dollars, and no one has given five dollars for a ticket to see her presented with a stone-china tea-set. On the contrary, the City thought that eight hundred dollars a year was too much to give, and forced her to take seven hundred and twenty dollars. As she continued to present a respectable appearance, and sometimes wore a silk dress left her by a deceased sister who married rich and died young, this sum was deemed too much; and this year the city expects to reward her extraordinary endurance to the extent of six hundred and ninety dollars. If, by turning the silk, it lasts another year, it will be good for another reduction, and nothing but death or the destruction of the silk dress will arrest the downward tendency. Meanwhile thousands of her younger sisters have started on the walk, reaching various stages, and are rewarded for their efforts with less than five hundred dollars a year, with no tea-sets and no silk dresses. These are reserved for the walkers of twenty-seven hundred quarter miles in twenty-seven hundred quarter hours. In other words, the less useful your work the higher your pay."

EMPLOYMENT.

I say it is employment that makes people happy. This great truth should not be forgotten; it ought to be placed on the title page of every book on political economy intended for America, and such countries as America. It ought to head the columns of every farmers' magazine and merchants' magazine. It should be proclaimed everywhere—notwithstanding that we hear of the usefulness, and I admit the usefulness of cheap food—notwithstanding that the great should be proclaimed everywhere, should be made into a proverb, if it could, that where there is work for the hand of men there will be work for the teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread; and in a country like our own, above all others, will this truth hold good; in a country like ours where, with a great deal of spirit and activity among the masses, if they can find employment, there is a great willingness for labor. If they can find fair compensation for their labor, they will have good houses, good clothing, good food and the means of educating their children from their labor; that labor will be cheerful, and they will be a happy and contented people. — *Daniel Webster*.

WHY NOT?

Ten counties of Illinois have ladies for school superintendents. They are said to manage their offices with great efficiency. Not one cent of the large sums over which they have supervision has been lost, either through dishonesty or ignorance of business. In many of the counties the school finances were in a state of confusion when the ladies came into office. They have straightened everything and put all school affairs on the most prosperous basis. Several of these lady superintendents regularly hold meetings of their school officers, and talk about school work, with very useful results. These superintendents have also succeeded excellently in the legal part of their work, in school visitation, and in influencing and instructing teachers. Even those male educators who opposed the law making women eligible to this office now pronounce their work a success, after the five years' experience.

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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 every body right and give them the worth of their money. Very respectfully,
D. McCAULEY.