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POETRY.

JOHN WESLEY'S FOOT PRINT.

BY MARY BAYARD CLARK.

The summer sun was shining bright
On Epworth church one Sunday morn.
When grand John Wesley humbly came
Back to the town where he was born.
Back to its little parish church,
In singleness of heart he turned,
To preach that all should practice what
Within its sacred walls he'd learned.
A gathering crowd his steps attend,
And soon the church's door they reach;
Alas! they found it shut and barred,
Within its walls he might not preach.
The crowd, indignant, murmured loud,
But Wesley only waved his hand,
And turning to his father's grave
Upon the tomb-stone took his stand.
The church, friends, is dark and cold,
But warmed by God's own glorious sun
I'll from this pulpit preach, so plain
That all may read 'em while they run."
'Twas nothing new he taught that day,
But ah! its memory lingers yet,
And Epworth shows upon that stone
The print where Wesley's foot was set.
'Tis but a legend, yet it folds
Within its heart a lesson grand,
That summer eun that close shut door,
The murmuring crowd that round it stand.
For Wesley taught God's tender love
Within no single church is barred,
And left his foot print on the age,
Not upon that marble hard.

A Morning Call From a Panther.

"I suppose you're wondering why I keep that ugly old chest," said Mrs. R—"and I must own that it's not very ornamental; but it saved my life once, for all that. I see you think I'm making fun of you, but I am not, indeed; and when you hear the story, I think you'll agree with me that I have good reason to value it, ugly as it looks.
"This was how it happened. When I came out to India, my husband was sent to make the survey of the Nerbudda Valley, one of the wildest bits in all Central India; and we really were, just at first, the only white people within forty or fifty miles. And such a time we had of it! If my husband hadn't been as strong as he is, and a perfect miracle of patience as well, I don't know how he could have stood what he had to do. It was dreadful work for him, being up some times for a whole night together, or having to stand out in the burning sun, when the very ground itself was almost too hot to touch. And as for the native workmen, I never saw such a set—always doing everything wrong, and never liking anybody to put them right. When the railway was being made they used to carry the earth on their heads in baskets; and when Mr. R— served out wheelbarrows to them, they actually carried them on their heads in the same way! I couldn't help laughing at it, though it was terribly provoking, too. And that was just the way they all were; if there was a wrong way of using anything they'd be sure to find it out. Even our butler, or *Khit mutgar*, who was much better than most of them, came one day and begged a pair of old decanter labels that my husband was going to throw away; and when the man came in next morning, he had positively turned them into ear-rings, and went about quite gravely with 'Port' in one ear and 'Sherry' in the other!
"However, if the native men worried me, the native beasts were fifty times worse. It was no joke, I can assure you, to be awakened in the middle of the night by the roar of a tiger close under the window, or by an elephant crashing and trumpeting through the jungle with a noise like a mail-coach going full gallop into a hot-house. Well, as soon as that was over, the jackals would set up a squealing and whimpering like so many frightened children; and then a dreadful native bird, whose name I've never found out (I suppose because no one could invent one bad enough for it) would break out in a succession of the most hor-

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rible cries,—just like somebody being murdered,—until the noise fairly drove me wild.
"And then the ants! but you've seen them for yourself, and I needn't tell you about them. But all this while I'm neglecting my story.
"One day (it will be long enough before I forget it) my husband was out as usual at his work, and the nurse had gone down to the other native servants at the end of the 'compound,' as we call this big enclosure; and I was left alone in the house with my little Minnie yonder, who was then just about a year old. By this time I had got over my first fears, and didn't mind a bit being left by myself; indeed, all the lower windows having bars across them, I thought I was safe enough; but I little dreamed of what was coming!
"I must have been sitting over my sewing nearly an hour, with the child playing about the floor beside me, when suddenly I heard a dull thump overhead, as if something had fallen upon the roof. I didn't think anything of it at the moment, for one soon gets used to all sorts of strange sounds in the Indian jungle; but, presently, I could hear a heavy breathing in the next room but one, and then I began to feel frightened in earnest. I rose as softly as I could, and crept to the door-way between the rooms. This door-way was only closed by a curtain, and gently pulling aside the folds, I peeped through—and found myself within a few paces of the largest panther I had ever seen in my life!
"For one moment it was just as if I had been frozen stiff, and then the thought came to me just as if somebody had spoken it: 'The big chest!'
"I knew that this chest would hold me and child easily, and that I could leave a chink of the lid open to let us breathe, for the overlapping edge would save my fingers from the panther. In a second I had it all before me; but had the brute not stopped short at the sight of the curtain, I should never had the chance of trying it. Luckily for me, the Indian panther, savage as he is, is a terrible coward, and suspicious as any detective. I have seen one go round and round a trap for more than half an hour before he made up his mind to spring at the bait. So while my friend was puzzling himself over the curtain, and wondering whether it was meant for a trap or not, I took up Minnie (who, poor little pet, seemed to know there was something wrong, and never uttered a sound) and into the chest I crept, making as little noise as I could.
"I was hardly settled when I heard the 'sniff, sniff' of the panther coming right up to where I lay, and through the chink that I had left open, the hot, foul breath came streaming in upon my face, almost making me sick. It seemed to bring my heart into my mouth when I heard his great claws scraping the edge of the box, and trying to lift it up; but, happily, the chink was too narrow for his paw to enter. But if the paw couldn't, the tongue could; and soon he began to lick my fingers, rasping them so hard that I hardly knew how to stand it. Still, the touch of Minnie's little arm around my neck seemed to give me courage.
"But there was far worse than this to come; for the panther leapt right on top of the chest, and his weight pressed down the heavy lid upon my fingers until the pain was so terrible that, unable to stand it any longer, I screamed with all my might.
"The scream was answered by a shout from just outside, in which I recognized my husband's voice. The panther heard it, too, and it seemed to scare him, for he made a dash for the window, either forgetting or not

noticing the iron bars; but just as he reached it there came the crack of a rifle, and I heard the heavy brute fall suddenly upon the floor. Then all the fright seemed to come back upon me at once, and I fainted outright.
"I heard afterwards that Mr. R— had happened to want some instrument which he had left at the house; and not wishing to trust it in the hands of any of the natives, he came back for it himself—luckily just in time, for the bullet from his rifle killed the panther. But, as you see, my hand is pretty stiff yet."
David Kerr in St. Nicholas, for April.
I loved an occasional solitude then (in youth), and have loved it ever since. I like to contemplate Nature, and to hold communion unbroken by the presence of human beings with this "universal frame, thus wondrous fair;" I like solitude, also, as favorable to thoughts less lofty. I like to let the thoughts go free, and indulge in their excursions. When thinking is to be done, one must of course be alone. *No man knows himself* who does not thus sometimes keep his own company.
The best way to study law is in relation to particular points. I had read the statute of limitations. I do not know how many times, nor how many times I might have read it among others, without discovering that it did not affect a sealed instrument, unless I had looked in reference to that particular point. It is very much so with history. We read page after page, and retaining a slender thread of events, everything else glides from the mind about as fast as the eye traces the lines of the book. But when we examine a particular occurrence, or search after a single date, the impression is permanent, and we have added one idea to the stock of our knowledge.
Accuracy and diligence are much more necessary to a lawyer than great comprehension of mind or brilliancy of talent.—*Extracts from Daniel Webster's letters.*
PANTRY PROWLERS.
No one who knows girls will call this an overdrawn story. I have known various young ladies with genteel appetites who sneered politely at companions who ate with natural zest at meal times, but there was not one who was not a most determined nibbler, or rather feeder between times. I recall one, who prided herself on never eating but one biscuit, who was an example in this line of extraordinary feeding. If she sat down to read, apple after apple came out of her pocket to be munching with a vigor unlike her languid airs at table. At half past ten she was about the pantry tasting the nice things in preparation for dinner, passing celery, custards and sauces in impartial review. Remnants of pie, often exceeding two pieces, the last bit of pudding and fruit-cake, fell to her share in foraging, and the refays of cookies and caramels that came out of her pocket were endless. A bad breath and spoiled complexion were the results of this miscellaneous diet, as they always will be; but if there were nothing else to be said about it, the hypocrisy of such a habit would spoil a girl's nature for sincerity and openness.—*Cor. Toledo Blade.*
One who has been familiar with the Arabs of the desert says their much-talked-of keenness of sight and hearing is purely imaginary. Short sight, indeed, is common among them; and the faculty they are reported to possess of finding their way across unfamiliar parts of the desert is equally wanting. They wander badly as soon as they get beyond their own districts. They shed blood reluctantly, even in battle, and conceal the fact, where it occurs; deeming it disgraceful rather than honorable. They are active, but not especially muscular. Their health is robust in youth and early manhood, but their powers fail early; they grow old and rheumatic in middle life, and die without reaching old age. The first serious illness kills them nearly always. Wounds, too, prove fatal with them, even when not very severe.
This is the season of the year when venerable hens enter their second childhood, and are broiled for spring chicken.

THE PET BOY IN COLLEGE.
I had not been home many hours; the female members of the family had not exclaimed more than a thousand times, "Why, Fred, how you've changed! I hardly knew you!" my younger brother had only just succeeded in smashing my first cane, when word was brought that "Your father would like to see you in the study, Mr. Fred."
"Ah, Fred, my boy, sit down and tell me how you are getting on at Harvard?"
"Oh, first-rate! I played foot-ball in the fall, am training this winter for the crew, and think of base-ball in the spring."
"Yes, yes; but Fred, how about the Greek and Latin?"
"Oh, they're all right, I'm in the advanced section of both studies."
"I'm very glad to hear it; for Fred, I'm a little worried by two notices I received from the college, something about your doing poorly in Greek and Latin examinations."
"Did you really get such letters, father? That's immense! Why they're Deturs!"
"Eh?"
"Why Deturs, gifts, from the college. From the Latin do, dare, dedi, detum, to give. The college gives them only to the twenty best scholars in the class. It's a great honor to get one; fellows that get Deturs hang them up in frames. You hardly ever get more than one, my having two is superb, equal to getting a double first at Oxford."
"Indeed, I always thought you were bright, Fred; but what does it mean by saying if you don't do better you will have to sever your connection with the college?"
"Pooh! That's nothing, father, only a mere form; relic of an old custom. You see, about a hundred years ago the twenty best men of the class used to contend in an examination for the first place. The nineteen who didn't win were told that they might go away into the country, that is, sever their connection with the college for awhile, study up and try their fate again. The custom has died out, but the notices remain, and now they are sent around to show that you are in the first twenty of your class. A great honor to get one, I assure you."
"I am glad of it, you have taken quite a load off my mind, for I feared that you were in danger of dismissal. Well, Fred, I won't detain you longer; your sisters are dying to know all about college; but before you go here's a specimen of specie payments from me as a Detur for your good work in Latin and Greek."
FASHION NOTES.
The newest lace is the black Breton.
Imported dresses have shirred fronts to the overskirts.
Black satin slippers are studded with small steel beads.
Worth's last dresses are shorter even than those worn here.
One of the newest material for street costumes is serg de Suez.
Came's hair bunting is a new dress material. It drapes gracefully.
Handsomer new card-receivers are Lougwyware with Japanese designs.
Corduroy velvet is seen on spring costumes, combined with wood materials.
"Camargo" is the name of the new striped dress material that sells for ninety cents a yard.
Imported wraps are of light camels' hair of peculiar shape, and are trimmed with crepe fringe.
New walking boots for ladies have pointed toes and are much higher in the ankle than formerly.
New dresses are of grenadine combined with satin, and trimmed with new black Breton lace.
As a general thing we are not so careful about our reading and that of our children as we should be. Our sons and daughters are reading trashy literature, and some of them obscene books and pamphlets, and a great many parents manifest no concern about it whatever. Many of the newspapers that flood the country are just as corrupting as obscene books. Be careful as to the nature of the reading matter that enters your household.—*Christian Advocate.*
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SOUL ENGRAVINGS.
"If we work on marble it will perish. If we work upon brass time will efface it. If we rear temples they will crumble into dust. But if we work on immortal minds—if we imbue them with high principles, with the just fear of God and of their fellow-men—we engrave upon these tablets something which no time can efface, but which will brighten to all eternity."
In this way we may all be artists; and even the most ordinary and unlearned, if he have but an earnest and loving heart, may produce a masterpiece. The professor or lecturer may cut deep lines and fashion wondrous forms on the unwrought material before him. The teacher in the common school or the Sabbath school may, with the sunlight of truth, photograph upon the tender minds committed to his charge a thousand forms of holy beauty. The humblest, most quiet man may write upon his neighbor's heart good thoughts and kind words which will last forever. And such a monument will be a real immortality—"more enduring than brass, and loftier than the regal majesty of the pyramids." Such a record, instead of growing dim with time, will grow deeper with eternity; and will still be bold and legible when the sculptures of Nineveh, which have outlasted the centuries, shall have faded out, and the steel pictures of modern art shall be all forgotten. And when the things which the dimness of time obscures shall be revealed by the light of eternity, the names of these unknown artists shall be found written, not on tables of bronze or stone, but on "the fleshy tablets of the heart and the unfading pages of the soul."
UNNECESSARY STEPS.
A good man, making a visit, happened to notice the number of steps a lady took in preparing for and clearing away after tea; and when he saw how many of these were unnecessary for the simplest meal of the day, and thought that a small part of a housekeeper's duty that was, after all, he went home a wiser and a better man; for he vowed a vow that he kept, that his own blessed little wife should have everything just as handy and convenient for her work as possible. I cherish the memory of him tenderly and gratefully.
"I am as well as I can be, and have so much work to do," said a wife and mother, the other day, who was doing the work for and presiding over a family of seven. "Did you ever think," said I, in reply, "of the various departments of work so many women have to fill? She must be hostess and servant, companion, cook, washerwoman and ironer, chambermaid, dress-maker, milliner, tailor, etc., not for one or two, but for three, four, five, six, seven, yea, and more, oftentimes." I think that when women don't have much to do, it will not hurt them to run up and down stairs all they like; but I have noticed when they have to fill the departments above, they are glad to avoid unnecessary steps, if such an opportunity ever occurs.—*Cor. Boston Transcript.*
GOOD ADVICE TO GIRLS.
Speaking of the anxiety of girls to get through girlhood hurriedly and into womanhood without enjoying the beautiful season of girlhood, Bishop Morris says: "Wait patiently my children. Go not after your womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come, you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But, oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."
THE SECRET.
Father Evans, the oldest newspaper man in the State, has been studying up on what makes and destroys towns. He has effectually solved the problem, and gives the following as the result of his investigations: Printer's ink makes towns—the want of it ruins them. But there are business men (so-called) who rather risk ruin than invest a dollar or two in printer's ink to make a fortune. They keep their "lights hid under a half bushel," and think it a dead loss to advertise because they are dead men in business point of view. Such men will kill any town on earth.—*Piedmont Press.*

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Am R P Battle