

Wm R P Battle

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NO. 14.

DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,
DENTIST.
Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and often if he finds it necessary.
Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

DR. J. D. DAVIS,
DENTIST.
Permanently located in Durham and Chapel Hill. Office will be open at Chapel Hill twelve days of each month, from the 12th to the 22d.

JAMES SOUTHWATE,
General Insurance Agent.
DURHAM, N. C.
Large lines of Insurance placed at short notice in first class Companies. Term policies on Dwellings and Farm Property, a specialty.

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I beg leave to again call the attention of the people of Orange County and all portions of the country to my

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which can be enlarged to any desired size.
From any kind of Small Pictures, including Card Photographs, Gems, Old Daguerotypes, Breast Pin or Pocket Pictures; and finished in the finest style of Crayon Drawing, and finely framed.
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PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and WHITE WASHING, 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 neatly. Refers to citizens of Chapel Hill.

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HAS FITTED UP HIS

BARBER SALOON,
ON FRANKLIN STREET,

in the most improved style, and will be glad to see his customers any time. He guarantees good work.

Shaving, 15 cents.
Hair cutting, 25 "
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He has a boot-black always in attendance. Give him a call.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try this also. You can do it at the business office. No room to explain here. You can do it at home or only your spare time to the business. Don't complain of hard times when you have such a chance.
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\$1500 TO \$2000 A YEAR, or \$5 a day at home made by the industry of your own hands. No risk. Women do as well as men. You can make more money faster at work than at home. You can make \$2 an hour in your spare time and spare time to the business. Don't complain of hard times when you have such a chance. You can do it at home or only your spare time to the business. Don't complain of hard times when you have such a chance.
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Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

Fulfilling the Law.
By a hand unseen a seed was dropped
In the rich, red mold of a human heart,
As the new life quickened, a thrill of pain
Shattered its shell from the germ to start.
Upward it pressed with inherent power;
Upward through darkness, uncertain of right,
hooting its fibrous roots lower and lower,
Reaching its tendrils to climb into light.
Hopefully, painfully,
Struggling slow,
Up through the mold
Does the young plant grow.
And the rich mold yields to the mystic force,
Which draws new life from her quivering veins,
Herself at once the sea and the source
Of the rivers that water her numberless plains.
But high in the dome that encircles her form,
A burning, pitiless sun shines down
That threatens with fervid heat to scorch
And blacken whatever it beams upon.
Yet ever upward
Into its light,
Presses the germ
That is hidden from sight.
For somehow it feels that the burning sun,
Though it threatens destruction, is still its God;
That the dull blind pain of its struggling life,
Will cease when it reaches above the sea;
When it clambers up into light and air,
Where its stifled breath may be bold and free,
The pale green germ, by the sunlight kissed,
Will rise in its strength to a stately tree.
Trustingly still
Obeying the will
And fulfilling the laws
Of its mighty cause.
For Nature implants upon all she presents,
The immutable law, which an Infinite Hand,
With a pen dipped in life's glowing current
has writ,
With a power of decree that no force can
withstand.
The germ grows by law in the mold of the heart;
And reaches by law toward its Sun God
above,
By law all its blossoms of beauty shall bloom,
And by law it shall ripen the fair fruit of love.
So, growing ever,
Fainting, ah, never!
Heart do thou still
Thine own sweet will!

DONNA BIANCA'S VAIL.

I should probably never have seen this costly bit of fineness and feminine vanity had it not been for Darwin. I am a naturalist, and Darwin is an acquaintance of mine. But let my familiarity with a great name may have a boastful sound, it may be well to explain at the outset that Darwin was a Brazilian monkey that I met at the village of Santa Maria del Campo, on the Amazon.
I had stopped at the village to study beetles. There was no hotel; but the natives were hospitable, and competed for the honor of entertaining me. They followed me while I sought my beloved beetles, and anxiously inquired whether I ate them raw or roasted. The only individual in the procession that acted as my escort who seemed to intelligently appreciate my investigations was Darwin. He joined enthusiastically in the search, and brought me several new species. Delighted at the idea of having a collaborator, I ascertained to what family he belonged, and took up my residence in company with the little monkey.
I had the honor of giving him his name, which he accepted with grave approval, and to which he did credit. Everything which he did was performed with the seriousness of a philosopher. His wizen little face maintained at all times the most intense seriousness; his wrinkled brows and sooty fringe of gray whisker about the lower part of his visage added to the general expression of astuteness, and rendered it almost impossible for me to regard him as a mere beast. He seemed rather some enchanted gnome or dwarf of the human species.
I had one other friend in the humble home under whose palm-thatched roof I had been allowed to hang my hammock, and this was the monkey's owner, Philomena, a black-eyed, silent girl, who sat all day over her lace pillow, and worked as though her life depended on the fleetness with which her fingers traversed its meshes. I learned after a time that her life did depend upon it in a measure. I had not been in the village long before I was informed that Donna Bianca Camilla, daughter of the Baron Domingo Vasquez del Campo, the great man of all the country round, was to be married to a Portuguese nobleman. She had made an announcement to all the girls of the village governed by her father that she intended to be married in a veil made by one of the girls of her own country, as she had a fancy to carry some of their fine work with her to Lisbon to compare with the old Spanish point which her husband's family boasted amongst its heirlooms. Six months were allowed for the completion of the veil, and then, upon an appointed day, the work would be examined by the baroness, by the abbess of the convent of Santa Maria del Campo, and a prize in money was to be the reward of the maker of the handsomest veil.
Philomena was a skillful worker. Moreover, she needed money, for she was betrothed to a worthless Indian, who would never be able to furnish the small sum necessary for the installment of their simple *menage*. She told me that she was not at all sure of winning, for there were all the girls at the convent, who could go to the abbess for patterns, and the nuns themselves were fine

lace-workers, and could help them if they chose. Down the river a little way was the old mission San Ignacio. Some one told her that there was some fine lace in the vestry, and Philomena paddled down to the church, only to learn from the padre that the lace capes and surplices and other sacred vestments had all been sent, by a special dispensation, to the abbess of the convent of Santa Maria del Campo. Philomena was so disappointed that she gave up at once all hope of winning the prize, but she thought that while she was there she might as well offer a prayer before the shrine of St. Bras to keep her from sneezing through the rest of the year. While kneeling she could not help noticing the altar cloth. It was very dirty and yellow, but it was *lace*; not trimmed around the edge, but one solid piece of lace, filled in with a pattern of palm branches about a cross. Philomena had seen a great many palm branches, and she wondered how any one who had not seen them—for she guessed that this lace was made in old Spain—could have caught the curve and dip of the long feather-like sprays so exactly. The abbess had sent for all the lace in the vestry, but here before the shrine of St. Bras, in the main part of the church, was the handsomest piece of all. Philomena looked and looked, until it seemed to her that she drew the pattern in through her eyes and stamped it on her brain; then she went home and set to work. A part of the pattern was made with a narrow strap of lace-like tape, doubling it and curving it backward and forward, and then working stitches between the loops with a needle. She had a quantity of this narrow strap-work on hand, and she began at once, working from early dawn till late at night. Every few days she would go to the church and take a peep at the altar-cloth, generally taking Darwin with her, for though he left her willingly for an entomological expedition with me, he howled like a very demon when left behind by her. She reported Darwin as always behaving remarkably well at church, holding one end of her rosary and gazing up at the lace with his head on one side, till it was all she could do to maintain her gravity.
She copied the border of the altar-cloth exactly; but there were two heavy brass candlesticks standing on it which she did not dare to move, and she told me that she intended to fill in the center with sprigs of orange blossom of her own device. The veil was not finished when I left Santa Maria to continue my voyage up the river, but I promised to stop on my return and attend Philomena's wedding, for I was certain, from what I had seen of her exquisite work, that the veil could not fail to obtain the prize.
Her silent intensity of purpose filled me with enthusiasm and faith; and when I next knocked at the low door, it was not with any expectation of seeing Philomena, for I was behind my time, and I called only to inquire for her. I was startled, however, to see her mother sitting on the ground in the shade of the hut, her arms locked about her knees, and her forehead resting upon them, her look falling about her, and her whole attitude that of profound dejection. When I spoke to her she burst into tears, and the story which she told me, after becoming more composed, was sad enough. The veil had been completed in time. Philomena had tried it on the night before she had taken it to the convent, to the admiration of the whole household, Darwin included. Philomena's lover had been present. They had stood up together, as they hoped soon to do before the altar, and the poor woman declared that Philomena had made a far handsomer bride than Donna Bianca, who had been married it seemed the day before my arrival.
Yes, the veil had taken the prize, as we all knew it would. Donna Bianca had herself placed a silk purse full of gold pieces in Philomena's hands; but the next day the officer of the law had come, had taken away the money, and put Philomena in prison.
The reason given was that the altar-cloth had been stolen two days before. The padre had at once suspected Philomena; when they showed him the veil, the stupid creature declared that it was the missing bit of ecclesiastical finery. This was all. I sat down quite stunned, to think it over. A whine of loneliness came from the interior of the hut.
'Why, that is Darwin!' I exclaimed. 'Why have you chained him?'
'He ran away, and was gone all day, just before Philomena finished the veil,' replied the woman. 'He knew he was doing wrong, for he stole into the house like a whipped cur when he returned. He is in penitence now.'
'The thing is, I said, 'to find the real thief. I have heard that monkeys were excellent detectives. If you will unchain him, I will spend a day or two looking up the case.'
'I let him out a while yesterday,' said the woman. 'He went to the church with me to see Donna Bianca married, and stood upon my head to have a better view of the sacrament. He was so gay afterward, with his chattering and his antics, that I tied him up again, the heartless creature—and Philomena in prison!'
Darwin remembered me perfectly, and overwhelmed me with caresses. I determined to keep a sharp watch on all his actions, but while feasting my calabash of farina he slipped away. After the supper, Philomena's mother told me that she was going to the church for her prayer-book, which she had left there at the wedding. I walked along with her trying to cheer her with hopes that all would come right. At the porch we met the baroness, who had been there probably to pray for her daughter.

'Poor woman!' she said; 'it must be a terrible thing to have one's daughter carried away for a crime.'
'But she did no wrong,' cried Philomena's mother, wildly; and I explained that I knew that Philomena had copied the altar-cloth, and could not have stolen it.
'Who, then, did?' replied the baroness, coldly.
We had reached the inside of the church by this time, and the baroness started and seized my hand, for from the vestry door a little figure in a trailing white robe fitted up the steps of the high altar, and knelt as her daughter had done before. I looked for a moment and then a priest entered, and the little bride sprang up in terror; the white robes dropped, and Darwin came leaping toward me. The priest picked up the white thing, and brought it to us. It was the stolen altar-cloth, and Darwin was the thief; he had taken it the day he had been missed. When the padre came to compare the two pieces of lace, he saw at once this was the true altar-cloth, and Philomena was released. She did not receive the prize again, however, for it had been given to another girl, and Donna Bianca had carried another veil to Portugal.
I purchased the veil of Philomena; it is a wonder of beauty. My own bride shall wear it some day, if I ever win her; but the only jewels I can give her will be a parure of Brazilian scarabs, for I am a poor entomologist still, and I have two months to fill. For when Darwin's sentence of death was commuted to banishment for life, I could not decline taking him with me. He is not as skillful in arranging a cabinet as in capturing specimens, and is hardly an inducement to a housekeeper, as he shares my sanatorium with the *insouciance* and ingratitude peculiar to philosophical exiles; but share it he shall, say I, for the rest of his days—wife or no wife.
—Bazar.

Bismarck as an Orator.

The following pen-and-ink sketch of the German chancellor delivering his great speech in the reichstag on the customs tariffs is from the Berlin *Tagblatt*:
'Hush! Bismarck is speaking.' With these words you are ushered into the reichstag. And it is so. Before even hearing a word you can tell by the aspect of the chamber that it is the chancellor who is speaking.
With their bodies stretched out and ears wide open, everybody leans forward to listen. The pencils of the short-hand writers fly over the paper with the rapidity of lightning, and you hold your breath involuntarily that you may hear better. From below is heard a feeble voice—one of those voices which, by its nervous tone, suggests excess of intellectual work. The words come by jerks, each sentence being laboriously formed. The orator is sometimes hurried, sometimes hesitating in his speech. He recalls each sentence, twists it and turns it about until he has eliminated all the points which an adversary might attack. It is then only that he abandons it to the house.
In listening to him you experience a strange excitement, for while this strong man continues his speech you are momentarily feeling that he will suddenly stop short in the middle of his discourse. Not that ideas are likely to be wanting, but one fears lest the weakly voice which issues so laboriously from the chancellor's robust frame may fail in the midst of a peroration without the possibility in the hurry of picking up the broken threads.
The chancellor himself looks ill at ease while speaking; his thin, white hands fidgeting now with one, now with another button of his modest, dark-blue cuirassier's uniform. Then they catch feverishly at the long pencils so much talked about, seek refuge on the table, and at last rest on the glass of water which stands on the tribune. You might fancy it was only this resting place was wanting, for presently his speech grows firmer, more severe; words flow from his lips with greater clearness; his thick eyebrows are lowered still more upon the gray eyes, which seemed to penetrate the ranks of the deputies.
It is now evident that the orator is approaching the end of his speech; the sentences are becoming shorter and more vigorous. And then the chancellor draws himself up to his full height; his voice, so weak at first, gains a clear, hard ring, and he throws his last sentence like a bomb into the midst of the chamber, resuming his seat amid the loud applause of his friends.
More Than She Bargained For.
At the Brown Street market, Philadelphia, an old Irish woman approached a Bah stand and appealed to the proprietor for help. He declined to give her anything. She moved away, but not out of the building. Unobserved, she went behind the stand, where a large tub covered with canvas attracted her attention. Cautiously lifting the cover, so as not to make any noise, she ran her hand into the tub, and then she yelled. The tub contained several snapping turtles, and one had caught hold of her fingers, causing much pain. 'Och! mister! take the crathur off; do, please,' was her pleading remark to the owner of the snappers. It was found necessary to kill the turtle before the fingers could be liberated.
An American writing from Spain urges the shipment of labor-saving implements there. Spanish farmers plow with the end of a piece of wood about five inches thick, as was done in the middle ages, sowing and reaping machines are unknown, and grain is not thrashed. Oren tread it out, and it is winnowed by women, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff.

Rescuing His Child.

'Joe Buff,' a Montreal, Canada, saloon keeper, has in the cellar of his place two full-grown black bears and two cubs which he is in the habit of exhibiting to strangers. One day recently some customers desired to view the brutes and the trap-door was thrown open. While Joe went into the bar-room his little boy, six years old, went too near the edge and fell into the den. The old bears were in a dark corner, but one of the cubs at once ran toward the child, who had uttered a frightened scream. The cub lay down on the floor, and reaching down caught the little fellow and raised him up. The spe bear had heard the child's cries, and with a growl rushed toward the trap-door and seized the child just as he was being lifted up. The little fellow was in an instant dragged into the den, encircled by the claws of the old spe bear. Joe hearing the noise which the fearful sight caused came to the door and asked what was the matter. Seeing his child, as it were, in the jaws of death, he did not hesitate for a moment to think, but leaped from the floor into the pit, lighting on the head of one of the bears. He managed by a frantic effort to tear his child from the savage monster and threw him behind. In another instant he handed the little fellow up among the almost paralyzed spectators. The men around seemed so suddenly struck with terror that they could do nothing to help Joe, who had placed himself in such imminent danger.
The moment the child was out of the pit the spe bear growled fiercely and sprang on Joe, who had no arms with which to defend himself. The savage brute seized him by the right knee, throwing him on his back. His teeth were driven fully an inch deep into his flesh. He was then completely at the mercy of the animal, whose tameness had disappeared, it being enraged at having the child taken away. The men looking on still seemed powerless to help, though one of the visitors had a revolver in his pocket. Joe, however, did not lose his presence of mind, but seized a brick which lay near him and struck the bear on the snout with all his might. The brute let go her hold and Joe quickly got on his feet. The old spe bear had not shown fight at all, but when Joe shouted had slunk back to the dark corner. The spe bear now stood off, showing her teeth, but he continued to shout and she also went back. Joe was then rescued from the pit, his legs being covered with blood. The trousers which he had on were torn to shreds and his stockings were saturated with blood. The child had not been injured at all beyond a slight scratch on the head.
Discovery of Silk and Satin.
The discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the emperor of China, Hoang-ti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has always been allotted in the gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree, called in Chinese the 'golden-tree,' and the keeping of silk-worms. The first silk dress mentioned in history was made, not for a sovereign nor for a pretty woman, but for the monster in human shape Helio-gabalus.
Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of production of silk, and gave him some silk-worms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century. When the popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, in France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufacture of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk-works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II. of France wore the first pair of silk hose ever made, at the wedding of his sister.
The word 'satin,' which in the origin was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface. This discovery of this particularly brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mai, a silk-weaver, finding business very dull, and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them in his mouth, which soon after he spat out. He found the little ball of silk later on the floor of his workshop, and was attracted by the brilliant quality of the threads. He repeated the experiment, and by using heat and certain macerating preparations, succeeded in giving new luster to his tissues.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

There are over 30,000 known criminals in New York.
Out of 536 missionaries in China 310 of them are women.
Middle Tennessee has 300 brandy distilleries in operation.
The new Webster's unabridged contains over 118,000 words.
Six beavers were captured by a party of hunters near Meridian, Miss.
Some 32,000 Welsh miners have agreed to accept ten per cent. less wages.
Never say fail—until you have borrowed all the money you can get.
The Buffalo driving park association has paid \$488,000 in premiums the last fourteen years.
General Longstreet had his pocket picked of a gold watch and chain in Gainesville, Ga., a few days ago.
The Augusta Chronicle says a reconciliation has been effected between Senator Hill and Alex. H. Stephens.
When a woman challenges another woman's vote in Wyoming, there is a scream, a rush, and \$18 worth of millinery is raked up and carted away.
A \$500 fee out of \$1,500 damages recovered for a poor Irish woman, who broke her leg on an icy sidewalk last winter, has caused two Boston lawyers to be censured for unprofessional conduct.
When Mrs. E. Heath, of Sherman, Maine, was born, the house took fire; at the time of her marriage the house again took fire, and last Sunday, at the birth of her first son, the house again took fire.
Last year not a pound of cream of tartar was imported. A few years ago millions of pounds came annually from England and France. Manufacturers at home now supply all that the country needs, and prices are thirty per cent. lower than formerly.
Sarah Bernhardt, the great French actress, is creating unusual enthusiasm among the fashionables of London, where she is the center of attraction in the gorgeous drawing-rooms. Single seats command from \$10 to \$15 when she is announced to appear at the theater. She states her intention of coming to this country next year.
Every girl who passes through the Boston schools now receives three years' instruction in various kinds of needlework, and is capable of being an expert seamstress. It is said that the benefits resulting from this instruction are seen in the improved appearance of the children's clothing in the schools and are felt in thousands of homes.
A son of a New York millionaire was an inmate of the homeopathic asylum for the insane, at Middletown. While there he formed the acquaintance of one of the attendants, a young lady of a slight, delicate and pretty face, fell in love with and married her, and his aristocratic relatives sensibly received her as his wife and treated her accordingly.
A Baltimorean carelessly filled a pipe with loose tobacco from a drawer, lit the contents and sat himself down for a comfortable smoke, when the bowl was blown to atoms and he narrowly escaped losing his eyesight. Investigation showed several pistol cartridges had been thrown in the drawer, one of which he had jammed in his pipe.
The investigation of Ludlow Street jail, New York, discloses a state of affairs disgraceful to the metropolis. It seems as if the warden had been in the habit of running the jail as a hotel for those who could pay for extra accommodation; that he has sold liquors to his boarders and got drunk with them; and that women have been allowed to visit male prisoners in their cell. This is the hotel where Boss Tweed formerly had quarters.
A student of Princeton college, becoming convinced that he could never recover from a paralytic stroke, concluded to starve himself to death, and took no nourishment save a little water for ninety days. At the end of that time, becoming more hopeful he concluded to live, and is now recovering from his emaciation. His mind has been evenly balanced throughout his long fast, and he claimed not to have suffered greatly.
Mr. William Bartlett, who lives near Lumpkin, Ga., has a hen that has peculiar notions about laying eggs. She lays every day like most other hens, but every other egg is as large as a goose egg; the others are of ordinary size. One of the larger size weighs three and a quarter ounces and measures six and a half inches around the shortest circumference, and seven and three quarters the longest. The same hen laid similar eggs last season.
At New Orleans a double-barreled shotgun, carelessly placed against the wall in a house fell, and in discharging killed an infant in the arms of its mother, Mrs. Roberts. The baby's head was torn to pieces and the mother sprinkled with its blood. The mother was also wounded in the breast and arms, and her little girl, Myra, received three shots in her breast. It was feared that their wounds would prove fatal. The owner of the gun also received part of the load in his leg.
Stock raisers report terrible ravage among young pigs by the hog cholera in Southern Wisconsin and also in Davis county, Ill. A Glensia dispatch says that hundreds are dying, and the disease not only spreads from drove to drove, but is always attended with fatal results. The disease has raged for some months in Grant county, Iowa, and Lafayette county, Wisconsin. In Davies county, Ill., and Dubuque county, Iowa, the loss is simply incalculable, some farmers having been ruined and others are much discouraged.