

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

JOSEPH A. HARRIS, PUBLISHER.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

MRS. C. P. SPENCER, EDITOR.

VOL. III.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1879.

NO. 15.

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

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**DENTIST,**  
Permanently located in Durham and Chapel Hill. Office will be open at Chapel Hill twice a week, from the 12th to the 22d.

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**Prayers I Don't Like.**  
I don't like to hear him pray  
Who loans at twenty-five per cent.,  
For then I think the borrower may  
Be pressed to pay for food and rent;  
And in that Book we all should heed,  
Which says the lender shall be blest;  
As sure as I have eyes to read,  
It does not say, 'Take interest.'

I do not like to hear him pray,  
On bended knees, about an hour,  
For grace to spend aright the day,  
Who knows his neighbor has no flour,  
I'd rather see him go to mill,  
And buy the hickies brother bread,  
And see his children eat their fill,  
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray  
'Let blessings on the widow be,'  
Who never seeks her home to say,  
'I want o'ertake you, come to me.'  
I hate the prayer so long and loud,  
That's offered for the orphan's weal  
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,  
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray  
With jeweled ears and silken dress,  
Whose washerwoman toils all day,  
And then is asked to 'work for less.'  
Such pious shavers I despise!  
With folded hands and face demure  
They lift to heaven their 'angel eyes,'  
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;  
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;  
No angel's wing them upward bears—  
They're lost a million miles from Heaven!

## BLOWN AWAY.

There were three of them—Kitty, Mary and Tommy—the children of the station-master at Black River Junction, on the Great South-Western Railroad. The station stood alone on the open prairie, miles and miles from anywhere in particular. Black River flowed through the mountains, and on clear days, the snowy mountains could be seen glimmering on the grassy horizon. The line leading to the Black River met the South-Western here, and thus it was the place was called Black River Junction.

The station-master and his wife and three children lived in the little depot quite happily, but there was not another family within ten miles, in any direction.

At times the children thought it very lonely. There was nothing in particular done, except to watch the trains that stopped at the junction several times a day. Once in a while, a freight-car would be left on the side track, and the children soon found that an empty freight-car makes a capital play house. They could keep house in the corners and visit, or sit by the open door and make believe they were having a ride.

One morning, they were awakened by a curious humming sound out of doors, and they all scrambled up and looked out of the window. How the wind did blow! It whistled and roared around the house and played on the telegraph wires upon the roof as upon a huge harp. As the wires were fastened to the roof, the house became a great music box, with the children inside. After breakfast, the morning trains arrived, but the wind was so high that the passengers were glad to hurry from one train to another as quickly as possible. Then the trains went away, and the great wind-harp on the roof sang louder than ever.

The station-master said that it blew a gale, and that the children must stay in the house, lest they be blown away into the prairie and be lost. The station-master's wife said it was a pity the children must stay in the house all day. There was an empty freight-car on the side track; perhaps they might play in that. The station-master thought this a good idea, and he took Kitty by the hand and Tommy in his arms, while Mary took hold of his coat, and they all went out to the empty car. Whew! How it did blow! They certainly thought they would be lifted up by the wind and blown quite into the sky. The empty car was warm and snug, and, once inside, they were quite out of the way of the wind.

Mary thought the rear end would be a good place to keep house, so they agreed to keep house at both ends of the empty car. This was a nice plan, for it gave them a chance to visit each other, and the open part by the door made a grand promenade to walk on.

Louder and louder roared the gale. Safe and snug in the car, they went on with their play and thought nothing of the weather outside.

Suddenly the car seemed to shake, and they stopped in their housekeeping and ran to the door to see what had happened.

'Why, it's moving! Somebody's pushing it,' said Mary.  
'They are taking us away on the freight train. Come, we must get out.'  
'I didn't hear the whistle,' said Tommy.  
'I guess something is pushing the car.'  
The girls leaned out of the door to see what had happened. Why, there was the platform? What was the matter with the station? It was moving away. No, it was the car. It had left the siding and had rolled out upon the main line and was moving faster and faster along the road.

'Oh, we must get out! They are taking us away.'  
'No, no,' said Kitty. 'We must stay. I here till the brakeman comes round. I didn't hear them when they took us on the train.'

'There isn't any train,' said Tommy, looking up and down the line.  
'Oh, it's the wind! It's blowing the car away. We must put on the brakes and stop it.'  
This was a good plan, but how were they to carry it out? The brake-wheel was on top of the car, and they were inside. Faster and faster rolled the car. It began to rattle and roar as it dragged along by a swift engine. In a moment, Tommy began to cry. Mary tried to look brave, and Kitty stared hard at the level prairie flying past. It was of no use. They all broke down together and had a hearty cry alone in the empty car as it rolled on and on before the gale.

The station-master's wife rolled up her sleeves to pat the house in order while the children were safely out of the way. The station-master, feeling sure the children were safe in the freight-car, sat in his office nearly all the morning. At last, the beds were made, the dinner put on the fire, and the mother wondered how the girls were getting on in their play house on the track. She threw a shawl over her head and went out on the platform. At once, the wind blew the shawl over her face, and she could not see exactly where she stood. Turning her back to the wind she began to call the children. How loudly the wind roared through the telegraph wires! Perhaps, they could not hear in all this din. Maybe, they were inside the car, out of hearing. She walked on toward the siding. Not a thing to be seen! She wondered if there had not been a mistake? Perhaps, the car was on the other side track? No, the rails were occupied as far as she could see in every direction. What did it mean? What had happened? She staggered back into the station and startled her husband with a cry of despair.

'The car! The children!'  
The station-master ran out upon the platform and looked up and down the line. Not a car in sight! It had been blown away before the terrible wind, and was perhaps at this instant rolling swiftly onward with a precious load to destruction. What would happen to it? Would it meet a train or run into a station? Would the children try to get out, or would they stay in the car till it was wrecked?

He sprang to the door of the depot to telegraph the terrible news down the line, but just as he opened the door he saw a faint white cloud on the western horizon. It was a train. Help was coming. At the same instant, his wife appeared with new grief and terror in her eyes.

'I cannot get a call in either direction. The wires are blown down.'  
This only added to the danger, for there was now no means of sending word in advance of the runaway car. It must go on to its fate without help or warning.

'Help is coming, mother. Here's a train bound east.'  
Nearer and nearer came the train, and the father and mother stood watching it as it crept along the rails. It seemed as if it would never come. At last, it reached the platform and proved to be a passenger train bound up the Black River road in which the car had been blown away. The instant it stopped, the station-master ran to the engine and told his terrible story. The mother, with quicker wit, found the conductor and demanded that the engine be taken off and sent after the children.

The conductor was a man of regular habits, and such a bold request struck him as something extraordinary. Take the engine off and leave the train and passengers waiting at this lonely station? The idea was preposterous! Some of the passengers gathered near and asked what was the matter.

Three children lost, blown away in an empty car. Some one said, 'Yes, go at once. We can wait here till the engine returns.' The conductor said, but some one said, 'The wires are down, and the people only cried out the more, 'Let the engine go!' so the mother ran to the tender and began to pull out the pin, that the engine might start.

'Hole on, marm,' said a brakeman. 'I'll coast her off. You jump aboard, if you want her to go. Fire up, Jack, and make her hum.'  
It was all done in a moment, and away flew the engine, leaving the conductor and the station-master staring in surprise at this singular proceeding.

'Fire steady, Jack,' said the engineer to the fireman. 'It's no use to get excited, for we're in for a long race.'  
'It's enough to make a fellow excited to see that woman,' said the fireman.  
The engineer turned around, and there by his side stood the mother, her eyes straining ahead down the line in search of the missing ones.

'Oh, sir! open the throttle wide. Don't try to save coal at such a time as this.'  
'We must keep cool, marm, and go steady, or we shall run out of coal and water and come to a stand still on the line.'  
The woman said not a word, but nodded mournfully and leaned against the side of the cab for support, and then the fireman gave her his seat, where she could look out over the line. How the engine shook and roared! The little finger of the steam gauge trembled and higher and higher as the steam pressure increased over the raging fire. The engine seemed to be eating up the track in front, and behind, the rails spun out like shining ribbons in the sun. The station and train had already sunk down out of sight, and the grassy horizon on either side seemed to fly away in a gigantic walk. The wind died away to a dead calm, and in a few moments a little breeze sprang up and blew in at the front windows.

'We are beating the wind,' said the engineer. 'If we can keep up this pace we shall soon overtake them.'  
'How long have they been gone?' shouted the fireman above the roar of the engine.  
'I don't know,' screamed the woman, without taking her eyes from the horizon, where the rails met the sky. 'It may have been two hours or more. They were playing in the empty car.'  
Ah! something ahead. Was it the runaway car? No, the next station. What a terrible pace! 'Twenty miles already!'  
'Oh, don't stop!' cried the woman, as she saw the engineer put his hand on the throttle-valve.  
'I must, marm. We are getting out of water, and perhaps we can learn something of the runaway.'  
The sudden arrival of a solitary engine, containing two men and a woman, startled the station-master, and he came out to see what it meant. He seemed to guess at the truth, for he said: 'After the runaway car?'  
'Yes, yes. There were three children inside.'

'Oh, marm, I'm sorry for ye. It went past here, going twenty miles an hour. It came down grade all the way, but the up grade begins about two miles out. I was inside when it passed, and didn't see it when it passed, and didn't see it till it had gone past the door.'  
How long it took to fill the tender! The engine stood hot and smoking by the water-tank, and the water came out in a slender stream, while the poor mother stood looking on, tearful and impatient.  
'Good-bye! I'll put up the pipe—Heaven help ye!—the up grade.'  
The rest was lost, for the engine sprang ahead on and on over the open prairie. The water tank seemed to sink down into the earth, and the shining rails stretched longer and longer out behind.

What was that? A cloud of steam on the horizon, far ahead. The engineer took out his time-book and studied it carefully.  
'Freight No. 6, bound west, stopping on the two mile siding.'  
How swiftly Freight No. 6 rose above the grass and grew big along the way! Listen! A whistle. The engineer whistled in reply and shut off steam. Their engine quickly slowed down, and they could see men leaning out from the other engine, as if to speak to them.  
'It's ten minutes back to them. Running slow on main line—road clear.'  
'Thank Heaven!' said the woman. The engineer said nothing; but at that instant the engine gave a great leap and shot ahead, at the rate of fifty miles an hour, up the easy grade. How long the minutes seemed, and yet each meant almost a mile!

'Ah! A speck—a black dot on the horizon! The car? Yes. It was the car. It grew bigger and bigger. Now they could see it plainly. But the children! Where were they? The fireman sprang out through the forward window and ran along the engine and down upon the cow-catcher. The monster began to slacken its terrible pace, and in a moment it struck the car with a gentle jar and stopped.

The fireman thought himself a lively man, but the woman was before him and sprang up into the car.  
There they lay, safe and sound, in the corner of the car—Mary and Tommy fast asleep, and Kitty watching over them.  
'Oh mother! I knew you would come. Mary and I—'  
Nobody could say a word. The fireman tried to rub his eyes, and only marked his face with black streaks. The mother laughed and cried all at once. The engineer picked up the little ones and quietly took them into the cab of the engine.

'There, now, my hearties, you have had a risky ride; but it's all right. Come! We're more than thirty miles from home, and it won't do to be late to dinner. Fire up, Jack.'  
'Aye, aye, sir,' said Jack.—St. Nicholas.

**An Eventful Day for an Engineer.**  
Engineer James Wood, of the New York Central railroad, had a singular experience one day during his trip to Utica on the special express. At different points two men attempted to drive wagons across the track, and in both instances the rash men were killed. In each case the coroner's jury exonerated the engineer from blame. On the same trip, when near Syracuse, he saw a man ahead of him on the track, and a woman with a big sun bonnet on her head was running abreast of them on the other track. Neither heard the approaching train. The engine was reversed, and the whistle sounded. Just in time to save his life, the man heard the whistle, turned around and cried out to the woman, and both barely escaped being run down.

A rural bride of considerable beauty went to Indianapolis on the honeymoon tour. Her husband was manifestly proud of her good looks. While they were going about the city she was struck in the face by a falling signboard and her nose broken. The attending surgeon said she was badly disfigured for life. 'Just my darned luck, the husband exclaimed. 'Property always goes to ruin in my hands.'

Among the graduates of the New York deaf and dumb institute is Jesse Bunker, a son of Chang, one of the Siamese twins. Chang left two sons and five daughters, one of the latter being also a deaf mute. Jesse goes to Mount Ayres, N. C., to take charge of a fine farm left by his father.

**Religion versus Love.**  
A little more than four years ago a gentleman, then about twenty-three years of age, fell in love with a young lady, aged about nineteen, of Port Jervis, N. Y. She returned his affection, and for a time all went along smoothly. The lady was a daughter of pious parents, and although she was not connected with any church, was a firm believer in their tenets, and looked with a feeling akin to horror on anything approaching skepticism or doubt. But the time came when she learned that her lover was a deist; that he disbelieved in a revealed religion, had no veneration for the Bible, and took no interest in churches, seldom or never attending them save as her escort. She was deeply pained by her desert. She was sent for her lover and endeavored to convince him of his error, but he was not satisfied with her arguments, and refused to accede to a surrender of his principles.—The more the lady pondered the more her duty seemed clear to her, and she finally decided to renounce her love.—She accordingly wrote him a long and tear-stained letter bidding him good-bye forever. The gentleman again and again urged her to reconsider her determination, but she was obdurate, and a separation took place. He was deeply grieved, but although he was, as he thought, badly used, felt that she had acted up to what her convictions of right demanded. He could not so easily divest himself of his love, and after a few months he left the village and engaged in business elsewhere. The lady pursued her more liberal than she had been, and she began to read the more she distrusted her former decision, and she finally became quite as liberal as the lover she had discarded. Whether the logic of the old love had most to do with this change it would be hard to tell. The lover, too, had undergone a change.—The fact that his creed had cost him his sweetheart annoyed him, and, struggle as he would, he could not banish her from his memory. Last winter a revival of religion took place in the city in which he was engaged in business. At the solicitations of a friend he was induced to attend. As in the other case, it would be hard to tell whether the change was brought about by the arguments of the preacher, or by the memory of his old love. Suffice it to say that he united with the church, and in a short time became a zealous member. He thought over the action of his former sweetheart in discarding him for his infidelity, and wrote her a brief note asking the privilege of once more calling on her. She responded in the affirmative. The gentleman came, and when she timidly apologized for her previous dismissal of him, he, to her surprise, defended her conduct, said she had been in the right, and in her place he would to-day do the same. Her heart sank at these words. She confessed the great change in her sentiments; from being a firm believer in the Bible, she had discarded it, and with it her belief in any revealed religion. It was now the gentleman's turn to be horrified. He pleaded with her, urged everything he could think of to induce her to change her mind. She could not, and told him so. He felt that he must not be 'unequally yoked with an unbeliever,' and, taking counsel of his religion, gave her up.

**ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.**  
Mr. Robert Falkner, of Warren county, N. C., is one hundred and five years old, and has voted eighty-one times in consecutive years.  
Henry Page set out to preach Mormonism in Georgia. He had made about 100 converts, and taken six wives, when he was arrested for bigamy.  
It is estimated that during the great German singing festival in Cincinnati ten million glasses of beer were drunk, at a cost to the consumers of \$500,000.  
A North Carolina lady is said by a Raleigh paper to be worth \$400,000 in the great staple of her native State, Sing hie, the merry maiden and the tar! The czarowitz, the heir to the Russian crown, mixes freely with the people. He is not afraid of the Nihilists, and is said to be in no danger from them.  
Princeton college, New Jersey, is now absolutely out of debt, and the man agents have signed an agreement under no circumstances to contract any debts hereafter.  
If you would enjoy your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy your raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.  
Mr. Vail has a pinery of 1,700 pine-apple plants at New Smyrna, Fla. Two hundred have fruit on them two-thirds grown, that are said to be equal to any on the Bahamas.  
If the man who gave us by mistake the lead quarter he was saving to put into the contribution box Sunday, will call, we will cheerfully allow him to rectify his error.  
A full-grown panther was killed in a kitchen yard in Elberton, Ga., where it was deliberately eating a chicken. It is supposed to have escaped from some traveling menagerie.  
The war steamer Wachusett has been sent by the naval department to the South, and to navigate the Mississippi as high as possible, to give Southern and Western boys a chance to enlist in the navy.  
A man at Chicopee, Mass., thought it a good joke recently to gather a bucketful of potato bugs from his own garden and throw them over into that of his neighbor. A suit for damages has made the joke seem less apparent.  
Australia has become alarmed at the large emigration of Chinamen to her shores, and strong language is used by the poor whites who have to compete with the frugal Mongolians in the labor market.  
'The only real bitter tears,' says some one, 'are those shed in solitude.' You may bet your life that philosopher never saw a ten year old boy coming out of the wood shed in company with his father and a skate strap.  
A correspondent states that since the advent of California mining speculators in New York city, many of the staid old merchants are dabbling largely in mining stocks in hope of making a fortune at a stroke.  
Ephraim Wilson, a farmer near Winnesboro, Ind., has a magnetic well. The water, which flows from it in a stream, is highly charged with electricity, and so strongly magnetized that a knife blade held in it will lift a nail.  
Dr. J. R. Haynes, of Indianapolis, Ind., who has experimented on hundreds of animals, claims that hyperdermic injections of mother tincture of iodine is a sure relief for the bite of the deadly rattlesnake.  
The Old Colony railroad of Massachusetts has paid damages to over 600 persons injured by the Wollaston disaster, amounting to about \$250,000. It is understood that the company will pay no dividend, making a year of dividends lost on account of the accident.  
Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Boker, Steadman, Holland, Margaret J. Preston and other poets of note, have sent in subscriptions in aid of publishing the poems of the eminent Southern poet, Paul H. Hayne, in book form, as a memento of the fiftieth birthday of that gentleman.  
An absent-minded man in Monroe, Ct., went to church with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm; but the laughing of the people in church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his everyday pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his legs.  
The wooden steamship City of New York, bound for Havana, while off the New Jersey coast in a thick fog struck an iron sugar-laden bark and cut her to the water's edge, sinking her instantly. Five of the crew were rescued, but the captain and four others were drowned. The steamer was badly damaged.  
The inhabitants of a remote Russian village sent an address to the czar felicitating him on his escape from Soloviet's bullet. When it reached the monarch it was found to express the assent, deep and heartfelt regret that the assassin adn't taken better aim; having been linear ed intrinsic by some Nihilist.  
An unsuspecting citizen of Havre de Grace recently bought four supposititious parrots, and endeavored in vain to teach them to talk. Upon examination it was found that some wag or knave had painted four hawks to resemble parrots and had palmed them off as genuine birds.  
The reason General Garibaldi seeks to annul his marriage with Mme. Raimondi is that the pension of \$0,000 francs annually granted to his heirs would otherwise go to Mme. Raimondi's child, though he is not his father, while his own children, who are illegitimate, would get nothing.

Non K P Battle