

R. H. Lewis

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NO. 19.

**DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and oftener 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.

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**General Insurance Agent,**  
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which can be enlarged to any desired size  
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**TONSORIAL ART EMPORIUM!**  
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HAS FITTED UP HIS  
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In the most improved style, and will be glad to see his customers any time. He guarantees good work.

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He has a boot-black always in attendance. Give him a call.

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**Hiding from Papa.**  
Papa's lost his baby!  
Searches everywhere,  
Under chairs and tables,  
With the greatest care!  
Pulls aside the curtain,  
Peeps behind the door!  
Never sees the little heap  
Curled up on the floor;  
Never hears the whisper,  
'Mamma, don't you tell!'  
Nor the little laughter,  
Muffled like a bell.

Off he scampers wildly,  
Hunting here and there,  
Overturning everything,  
With the greatest care.  
Canary has a visit,  
Sitting on his perch,  
Mamma's apron pocket  
Suffers by the search.

'Now I am so tired—  
Elephant at play—  
That I must take a rest  
A minute by the way.  
I'll lay my weary head  
On this little rug.'  
Under mamma's towel  
Lay her darling, snug!

Then the merry scrambling  
Papa laughed to see!  
'And you didn't fink, now,  
That it could be me!'

## ASummer Morning's Song.

Up, sleeper! dreamer, up! for now  
There's gold upon the mountain's brow,  
The dew-drops shine on flow'et bells;  
The village clock of morning tells.  
Up, men! out cattle! for the dells  
And dingles teem with shadows.

The very best that crops the flower  
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.  
Aurora smiles—her beckonings claim thee.  
Listen—look round! The chirp, the hum,  
Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb;  
All love, all life! Come, slumbers, come!  
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

## THE PEACH PARTY.

Mrs. Mallandaine stands in the veranda receiving her guests. She is a tall, grave-eyed woman, tempered but not soured by her twenty years of colonial life; self-possessed and ready-witted she is, but never sharp or quick in speech or judgment. She is supremely indifferent to all the luxuries she has learned to do without, although now she has them in plenty; with an ever-deepening sense of the insignificance of outward things, and the transitoriness of all merely earthly conditions, which makes her seem to be constantly looking above every question, and deciding it from a higher standpoint than others.

Standing to welcome her guests, she looks, this summer day, a very comely gentlewoman, in her soft, pearly cashmere shawl and lace cap; and Molly, looking as her mother must have looked in her girlhood, flashes hither and thither with cups of coffee and piles of dainty cakes, and a jest and a smile for all.

The rustle of freshly-starched skirts, the waving of ribbons and feathers, the babble of voices, varied by an occasional roar from an aggrieved baby, become confusing; and I am glad when the word is given for the serious business of the day to commence, and the company move off in the direction of the orchard.

'Now, Mr. Campion, I expect you to look after my baby for me,' said little Mrs. Aubrey, fastening on my arm, with a merry smile in her dark eyes which no poverty has been able to quench. Who, to look at her, slim, graceful, becomingly dressed, would guess at the drudgery of her daily life, or the shifts she has recourse to to find bread and butter for the six little ones at home? But Mrs. Mallandaine knows the secrets of that household, as of many others, and her eyes notice how thin the little woman has become, and how the lines are deepening round eye and mouth.

'I've got a snug corner for baby on the sofa,' she says, taking the little bundle into her kind arms. 'Hugh shall pick for you to-day, while you come and have a quiet chat with me in the cool drawing-room. I want to consult you about the girls' autumn dresses, and to show you some beautiful serge I have just had sent me from home. There is far more than we shall use, and I thought we might cut out some little frocks for your twins if you like the color. Come and look at it, my dear, while baby's quiet.'

earnest, now you are here to wake me up. Hulloo! here's Meredith!  
Molly will not look up, but I catch the sudden flush which tinges even her round white throat at his name. Meredith looks out of spirits and care-worn, I fancy; he pauses at the gate to take a prolonged survey, hesitates, and has almost made up his mind to go over to old Miss Crawley, when Jack spies him, and shouts out: 'Molly, here's Mr. Meredith at last! Molly—'  
So Molly is obliged to look up and to greet the late comer. Ah, if she would only look at me with that shy gladness in her eyes, and that little quiver of the lip which tells so much! I look down from my perch among the leaves and recognize, once more, how Molly has given her heart, without reserve, to this man. And Meredith? He loves her, too, unless I am much mistaken; and yet to me, watching him with the jealous eyes of a young and very ardent rival, there is something strange in his bearing toward Molly. Some times, for weeks, he will not attempt to see her; then he will spend a whole day at her side, as if unable to tear himself away. I am certain he tried to avoid her just now, and yet now she has spoken to him and given him one of her wistful looks, and he stands looking down into her eyes, and talking in that low melancholy voice of his, as if he wanted to absorb her whole attention.

By-and-by they stroll off to another tree with one of Mrs. Aubrey's unfilled baskets, and I feel as if the beauty of the day had suddenly clouded over, and the pretty idyllic scene beneath me had turned into veriest prose. Grumbling and castle-building by turns, I fill the basket to the brim, and then betake myself to a rustic seat close by to have a smoke. To enjoy my well-earned pipe more thoroughly, I lie down full length, the overhanging boughs of a fuchsia hide me from the public eye, and I drop off presently into a consolatory nap.—

When I wake again, all the gay company seem to have melted away; only Jack and little Daisy Harper are tugging at a kit which they have overfilled, and which will not go through the gate. Close by me I hear Molly speaking:—  
'Hugh must have gone in, I suppose; I can't see him anywhere. Isn't he a dear, good fellow, Mr. Meredith?'

'Molly,' says Meredith, in a voice which he evidently struggles to keep calm and unexcited. 'I wonder if you would understand if I told you some thing—something which is a cruel weight on my day and night, and yet I never thought much about it until lately. Sometimes I think I must tell you, and then, at other times, I think I would die first. It is then I stay away from Bearcroft for so long; and yet I always come back with the same insane longing to speak.'

'Molly,' cries Jack, running back, 'mother has sent me to look for you. It is time to see about supper, she says, and she can't find Sib anywhere.'

'Coming, Jack,' answers Molly, in a voice that will tremble a little; and Meredith's chance is gone for the present. 'Clearly he was on the point of proposing,' I say, crossly, to myself, as I yawn and stretch my arms, 'and I'm very thankful Jack interrupted, for I've no wish to hear him go through his declaration. Rather an odd way of beginning, though.' I decide, and then I jump the fence, and by a short cut through the shrubbery arrive at the veranda five minutes before they appear in sight.

'Where is Molly?' screams Sibyl, who is the first to catch sight of me as I mingle with the crowd of 'pickers' grouped round the veranda and the open drawing-room windows.  
'There she is,' I answer, catching the wave of her white gown against the vivid sunset blossoms of the rata which grows at the bend of the drive.

'Ah, yes; here she is,' echoes Mrs. Aubrey, as Molly, Geoff Meredith and Jack appear more fully in view. 'Now let us—Who on earth is that?'  
The exclamation, and the altered tone of Mrs. Aubrey's voice, make all within ear-shot turn and look in the same direction, and there is a momentary lull in the babel of talk. Jack is a little in advance of his sister, and is deeply interested, apparently, in cutting a whistle with his pocket-knife; but a few paces behind Meredith is a woman whom none of us have observed before. Her appearance is so strikingly unlike that of any of Mrs. Mallandaine's guests, and her evident concentration of interest and intention on the pair before her is so strange as to account for Mrs. Aubrey's exclamation of extreme surprise.  
She is a tall, powerful woman, of perhaps five and forty, stout and broad-shouldered; her face is coarsely handsome; black eyes; strongly marked eyebrows; a quantity of black hair untidily massed beneath her smart bonnet; her skin, originally, perhaps, a clear red and white, is now high colored and coarse. Her walk is slightly unsteady, but she is sober enough to have a purpose and to stick to it; and that purpose evidently is to follow Meredith, on whom her eyes are fixed with an expression of malicious hatred. Little Mrs. Aubrey looks and then flashes a glance of intelligence at me.  
'Some drunken tramp,' she said, carelessly, 'who has strayed off the road.—She must not be allowed to startle Molly. Hugh, you and I will go and turn her out quietly.'

'My God I have pity,' he mutters in a curious, half-choked voice, as he retreats a few steps, his face growing gray to the very lips.  
'What is it?' asks Molly, looking bewildered, from one to the other.  
'No need to trouble you, my pretty young lady,' says the stranger, in a high-pitched, unrefined voice; 'my business is with the gentleman, and I needn't keep him five minutes—not five minutes, she repeats, shifting her hard black eyes from one face to another of the group.  
Mrs. Aubrey links her arm in Molly's and tries to draw her toward the house. 'Come, darling,' she says brightly, 'we will leave Mr. Meredith to see what this person wants, while we go and settle about the riding party for next week.'

But Molly has caught a vague alarm from Meredith's set face, and does not listen. 'What does this woman want?' she says, going close to his side and looking wistfully up in his face. 'Send her away, Geoffrey; she can have nothing to do with you.'

The words reach the ear they were not intended for, and the woman bursts into a coarse laugh. 'Nothing to do at all with him, my dear. Nothing at all, except that I am his wife—that's all.'  
Somehow, when the words are spoken, I seem to have known this for ages, and the sentence seems to repeat itself again and again in the dead silence which follows. 'His wife—that's all! his wife!' Molly starts and utters a little moan, as if some one had suddenly struck her; Meredith turns away his head and says not a word. Some of the people strolling about the garden are coming toward us, attracted by the sense that something unexpected is happening. 'Who is that woman?' they are asking one another, while we can hear Sibyl's shrill treble asking, 'Why are Mrs. Aubrey and Molly standing about on the lawn, instead of coming to help mother with the supper? Do tell them, somebody.'

'Meredith!' I cry, hastily, shaking his arm to rouse his attention, 'do you hear what this miserable creature is saying about you? Contradict her, and send her off about her business.'  
'I cannot contradict her,' he answers slowly, as if the words were wrung out of him against his will; 'she has spoken the truth. Yes,' he continues, raising his voice and addressing the people who are hurrying to the spot, 'that is my wife, friends. Look well at her, and listen to my story. Years ago, when I was a lad at Oxford, I was entrapped by her father and her brother and induced to marry her. I have no one to thank but myself for the misery of my life, although she is twelve years my senior. I was a foolish, weak, conceited boy, and walked readily into the trap laid for me. I believed her to be a good and pure woman, and I married her. When I found out what she was I left her, and sailed within a week from England, but I made over my whole small fortune to her on condition that I never saw her again. Out here I have tried to begin a new and happier life; I have worked hard and lived peaceably among you—let any man say differently if he can; I have tried to redeem the one fatal error of my life, with but one wish, one prayer—that I might never behold that cursed face again. Who believes that a man is bound, by one rash word, to such a woman as that? Before Heaven I repudiate her! He flung up his arms, as he said these words, with an indescribable gesture of despair, and turning his back on us, walked rapidly toward the bush. He had spoken with such concentration of passion that we were all breathless and spell-bound, and for a long minute no one stirred.

Then Molly turned to me and caught at my hand. 'Hugh! come with me, quick, to the Gum-tree Walk—oh, Hugh, help me!' There was no withstanding her entreating eyes; the Gum-tree Walk was a short cut to the point for which Meredith had made, and we should overtake him before he turned into the main road. Had I been older I might have questioned the prudence of such a step on my cousin's part; but I was nineteen, and awfully sorry, I must confess, for Geoffrey Meredith; so I clasped Molly's cold fingers in mine, and while every one gathered round the loudly-discussing stranger, we slipped into the shade of the gum-trees and ran swiftly to the lower end, where a road crossed ours.  
Meredith was coming quickly along, with his head bent down, and till he reached the turn he did not see us; then, when he looked up and saw Molly his whole aspect changed. I suppose the reaction from seeing himself arraigned before a censorious crowd to reading his misery in the tender sorrow of Molly's eyes broke him down quite, for he turned aside and covered his face with his hands. Molly stepped up to him and took his hand between hers.—  
'Geoffrey,' she said, earnestly, while the big tears rolled down her face—'dear Geoff, I wanted to tell you how I pity and how I love you. I am not afraid to tell you—and Hugh hears me—I love you with my whole heart.' Her voice quivered, but the lovely, tender eyes still looked bravely up to his. 'I may never see you again, Geoffrey, but that will make no difference; and when you feel that you can hope no longer, you must still take heart, remembering that one woman loves and prays for you.'

'Ah, Molly, I could bear no longer to listen to your clear tones, passing such a cruel sentence on your youth; I left the dark avenue, and went out along the creek until you called me back, and I found Meredith gone. Molly looked in my face with a poor attempt at a smile, which made my heart ache, as she took my arm and we turned toward home.  
'It was God's mercy that made me

think of the Gum-tree Walk,' she said, softly; 'for—think of it, Hugh—he was going to kill himself when we met him. Now he has promised, and I know he will keep his word.'  
I did not ask her what he had promised; the whole thing seemed to me too miserable to be talked about; I could only listen with fresh pain to Molly's quivering voice.  
'He is going to Christchurch to-night, and then on to Melbourne—he will write to father fully from there. He doesn't know yet where he will go then; but I have asked him once a year—on New-Year's Eve—to write to me always to say where he is, whether he is well, and—and content. It was a good thing I came to the Gum-tree Walk, Hugh.'

'What are we to do now?' I ask, presently, as we emerge on the lawn.  
'We must try and get through the evening as if nothing had happened,' answers Molly, wearily; 'it will be best to make no difference, for every one's sake.'

'I have been looking out for you, dear Molly,' cries little Mrs. Aubrey, coming up to us, 'to tell you that that person has been packed off at last. My husband got out our buggy, and whether she liked it or no, we bustled her in, and he has driven her to Benton's station. Benton's wife will keep her there for a day or two, and then Tom was to ask her to send the creature on to Port Lyttleton. I thought that was the best thing to do with her. Of course everybody's chattering about all this, but they'll soon forget it. Sibyl and I hurried them in-doors to prepare for supper, and fortunately my precious baby swallowed a peach-stone, and that gave quite a fresh turn to their thoughts. We can slip up stairs to your room, Molly, unseen, and you and I will come down together, and no more need be said.'

'Poor, pretty Molly! what a hard fight she had all that weary evening to keep the aching sorrow of her heart out of eyes and voice. She managed bravely, too, till the last buggy had driven off in the clear moonlight, and she came to say good-night to me. I caught a glimpse of a broken heart as she leaned on my shoulder for a moment, and whispered: "Hugh! Hugh! how can I bear the long years to come?"'  
But sorrow has been merciful to Molly Mallandaine as to all who bring a stout heart to meet it; all the ten years which have slipped by since that momentous evening have found her even-tempered and cheerful. It is only the night before the new year that she grows restless and troubled, Sibyl and I have noticed; and when we bring our children to Bearcroft to spend Christmas she never takes them to play in the Gum-tree Walk; she says the trees are gloomy, and she does not like to see the little ones under them.  
A wasted youth, some would say; but Molly does not think so, as year by year her letter comes, bringing tidings of the life she rescued from despair.

**Arrival of the Largest Sea-Cow that Ever was Caught.**

The largest Mexican manatee ever exhibited in this country, and one of the largest ever seen by those familiar with the habits of this gigantic cetacean, arrived from Florida, where he was captured in the St. Lucie river some four months ago. From the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, which is similar externally to the tail of a fish, the animal measures twelve feet, being five feet longer than the average of the mature manatee in its native waters. The weight of this huge sea monster is about 3,000 pounds, and his breadth across the shoulders is three feet. A male, and the largest one ever captured, the Slyman brothers—who are the happy proprietors of the find—had no easy task before them to bring their captive home after they had secured him. They finally hit upon the expedient of binding him securely between two heavy open planks, in which situation they managed to prevent him from upsetting the boat. He was afterward transferred to a large tank. The manatee is so rare as to be an object of interest to those well-versed in natural history, and there are few comparative anatomists, probably, who can describe its anatomical structure. Externally a cetacean, it is internally allied to the rodents, and has the powerful snout of that order, but it feeds on algae and fungi, and has the long intestine of all vegetable eaters. This specimen will be taken to the Royal aquarium at Westminster for exhibition, and then to France. It is valued at \$10,000.

**Showing Him How.**

It was on the lower deck of one of the harbor steamers: 'There, sit there,' said the father, placing his little boy on a smooth cylinder running across the gangway; 'sit there a moment till I get you some water.' No sooner had he turned down went the little one to the deck. Picking him up, 'Seems to me you might sit there without falling off.' 'There, now, just keep quiet and you'll be all right.' He turns, and drops number two takes place. 'Getting a little impatient,' must say I. Why, I could sit there all day and not fall off. See, just sit this way.' And then he picked himself up and began brushing his clothes, while something strangely like a smile took the place of the whimper that had darkened the little fellow's face. Then ponning on his boy's hand, the fond parent rushed up into the cabin in double-quick time, but not quick enough, probably, to entirely escape the laughter which on the wind came roaring after.

Anthracite coal has been found on a farm in Anson county, N. C.

## ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

James river is lower than it has been in forty years.

A cotton factory is soon to be built in Summit, Mississippi. It will be the tenth in the State.

A law has been passed in Sweden giving to married women undivided control of their property and earnings.

The expense of President Gambetta's recent fete in Paris is put at \$32,000, which was defrayed by two patriotic lady admirers.

The debt of California in four years has been reduced \$356,214, and is now less than \$3,500,000, while there is \$1,498,450 in the treasury.

The International and Great Northern railroad of Texas was sold for \$1,000,000. It was bid in by George Sealey, of Galveston, representing Kennedy and Scaun, the New York trustees for the bondholders.

The treasury department has received advices that the Japanese government has removed the export duties from many articles, including silk and cotton goods. This is considered as of considerable importance, in view of the present demand in this country for Japanese manufactures.

Lieutenant Gorringe, of the navy, has been granted leave of absence, at the request of the state department, for the purpose of supervising and perfecting the necessary arrangements for bringing to this country the obelisk so generously presented to New York city by the khedive of Egypt.

Mrs. John Howe, the wife of a prominent business man of Cincinnati, and a servant fell through the floor of a vault at their summer residence in Covington, and before they could be rescued both were suffocated. Mr. Howe hearing the cries, ran out, jumped into the vault to attempt their rescue, but was overcome, and only by vigorous measures was he restored to consciousness.

A peculiar and fatal accident occurred at Gratton, N. Y. As William Jacobs was mowing in a meadow he suddenly disturbed a nest of hornets. As he turned to run from their attack his foot was caught in the grass and he fell across the sharp edge of the scythe, receiving such a terrible cut in the right leg that he bled to death before medical assistance could be summoned. He leaves a wife and two children.

Queensland, the youngest of the Australian group, occupies the northeastern quarter of the Australian continent, and stretches from the northern boundary of New South Wales to the Gulf of Carpentaria. It is twelve times the size of England, twice the size of Canada, and half as large again as England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Spain combined. It is rich in gold. The auriferous country now worked is less than 4,000 miles in area.

While William Caghey, an iron worker at Lawrenceville, Pa., was lying asleep a mischievous boy put a live toad in his mouth. The reptile slipped down his throat, and Caghey awoke suddenly and ran into the mill like a wild man, causing intense excitement. All efforts to remove the reptile were in vain, and the poor man suffered intense agony of mind. At last accounts he said the toad was still alive, and the idea that the reptile would grow to a large size was a horrible one.

The last notable application of papier mache was in the manufacture of a revolving dome for the astronomical observatory of the Polytechnic institute, Troy. It only weighs a ton and three-quarters, and can be revolved without the assistance of any apparatus. The paper is on a light framing of wood, and is fully as hard and rigid. The dome has an internal diameter of twenty-nine feet, and, if constructed in the usual manner, would have weighed five or six tons, and required powerful machinery to move it.

Two of the crew of the schooner Besie W. Somes, of Gloucester, Mass., were recently attacked on the banks, while out in a dory attending trawls, by an immense fish, which grasped the bow of their boat with its teeth, several of which were held imbedded in the wood when its hold was detached. The fish pursued them, biting several places in the bottom of the dory. The teeth are about an inch to an inch and a half long, edged with saw-like incisions, and do not resemble the teeth of any fish with which the fishermen are acquainted.

The Canadian postoffice savings bank system has achieved a very decided success. The books show that there are no less than 27,445 accounts now open, amounting in the aggregate to nearly three millions of dollars, and on this 'the total cost, including interest, maintenance and management, is only four and one-half per cent.' The average amount of each account is only about \$118, and this, taken in connection with the large number of accounts, shows how large a number of people are benefited by the operations of the system.

The Fernandina (Florida) Mirror reports that the machinery lately brought to that place by Professor Loomis for the preparation of palmetto fiber is working satisfactorily, and that the experiment is an assured success. The stalks of the scrub palmetto are used. It is said that the fiber is likely to prove useful for cordage, paper, tubs, pails, and flour barrels, boats, powder kegs, and no end to the other articles of general use. A portion of the fiber shipped to use. A portion of the fiber shipped to use. A portion of the fiber shipped to use. The Canadian government in the printing of bank notes. Ultimately, it is said, the various grades of paper fiber will be made into pulp in Florida.