

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

JOSEPH A. HARRIS, PUBLISHER.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

MRS. C. P. SPENCER, EDITOR.

VOL. III.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1879.

NO. 22.

DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,
DENTIST,
Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and offer his services as usual.
Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

DR. J. D. DAVIS,
DENTIST,
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Fate.

Oh eyes that mate with mine, of all the earth—
Dear, wistful eyes that mine have never seen!
I pray that ye may never look my way
Until my grave be green!

Oh hands that would have helped me in my need:
That never would have thrust my own aside,
Oh, never may ye touch me till I lie
Too pale for pride!

Oh feet in listening for whose coming youth
Went by, while of its leaf-time came no bloom!
Tis now too late for ye to come, till I
For happier hearts make room.

Oh lips that would have found my own most sweet
Of all sweet things that gladden God's dear earth!
Let the world part us until mine are cold
And dumb and little worth.

Oh heart of all hearts, that was meant for mine,
That somewhere wanderer weary for my sake!
Will some mysterious sorrow thrill thee through
The day that mine shall break?

Four-Leaf Clover.

Down among the orchard-grass,
A happy, careless rover,
Pretty little Margery
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Timid little Margery
Gives her searching over,
Startled by a shadow
Darkening the clover.

Kneeling down beside her,
Blossoms arching over,
Martin in the orchard grass,
Goes hunting four-leaf clover.

Gazing in each other's eyes,
Searching is all over;
There's no longer any need
For hunting four-leaf clover.

THE GENTLEMAN on the LEFT.

'The gentleman on the left, Kate—do you know him? He has looked frequently toward you.'

'Has he?'

'I cannot tell. I have not seen him.'

'Suppose you look?'

'I prefer not. I came to see the play. Is not Helen Faucit superb?'

'So, so. I wish you would tell me who the gentleman on the left is. I am sure he knows you, and he is strikingly handsome.'

'At present the stage interests me. Besides, if men are rude enough to stare at strangers, there is no occasion for us to imitate them.'

'Your ladyship has no curiosity.'

'Not any; I exhausted it some time ago.'

Her ladyship was not telling the truth; she was intensely curious, but it pleased her at the time to pique the Honorable Selina Dorset. That strange sympathy which makes us instantly conscious of a familiar glance, even in a crowded building, had solicited her regard just as Selina had advised her of it. If she had not been asked to look toward her left, she would probably have done so; as it was, she resolutely avoided any movement in that direction.

The play was finished in a tumult of applause. Lady Kate Talbot forgot everything in her excitement, and as she stood up, flushed and trembling, she inadvertently turned toward the left. Instantly she recognized a presence with which she ought to have been familiar enough.

The gentleman bowed with an extreme respect. Lady Kate acknowledged the courtesy in a manner too full of astonishment to be altogether gracious, and the elaborate politeness of the recognition was not softened by any glance implying a more tender intimacy than that of mere acquaintance.

My lady was silent all the way home, and for some reason Selina was not disposed to interrupt her reverie. It did not seem to be an unpleasant one.—Kate's face had a bright flush on it, and her eyes held in them a new light—a light that resembled what Selina would have called hope and love, if my lady had not been already married, and her destiny apparently settled.

'Selina, when you have got rid of all that satin and lace come to my room; I have something to say to you.'

She was speedily unrobed, and with her long black hair hanging loosely over her pretty dressing-gown, she sought my lady's room. Lady Talbot sat in a dream-like stillness, looking into the bright blaze on the hearth. She scarcely stirred as Selina took a large chair beside her, and scarcely smiled when she lifted one of her loosened curls and said, 'What exquisite hair you have, Kate! True golden.'

'Yes, it is beautiful. I know that, of course.'

'Of what are you thinking so intently?'

'Of the gentleman on our left to-night.'

'Ah! Who is he? He seemed to know you.'

'He ought to know me much better than he does. He is my husband, Lord Richard Talbot.'

'Now, Kate, do tell me all, dear. You know I love a romantic love affair, and I am sure this is one.'

'You were never more mistaken, Selina. There is no love at all in the affair. That is the secret of all the whole position. I thought, as you were staying here this week, and might probably see or meet my lord, it was better to make all clear to you. People are so apt to associate wrong with things they do not understand.'

'To be sure, dear. I suppose Lord Richard and you have had a little disagreement. Now, if I could do anything toward a reconciliation I should be so happy, you know.'

'No, Selina, there has been no quarrel, and you can do nothing at all between us. I don't want you to try.—Just be kind enough to ignore the whole circumstance. Lord Richard and I understood each other nearly four years ago.'

'But it is not four years since you married.'

'Just four years—yesterday.'

'And my lord has been away?'

'Three years, eight months and eighteen days, as far as I know.'

'Well, this is a most extraordinary thing, and very, very sad, I must say. It might easily have been much sadder. I am going to tell you the exact truth, and I rely upon your honor and discretion to keep the secret inviolable.'

'My dear Kate, I would not name it for worlds.'

'Listen, then. One night, when I was scarcely seventeen years old, my father sent for me to his study. I had known for months that he was dying. He was the only creature that I had to love, and I loved him very tenderly. I must add, also, for it partly explains my conduct, that the idea of disobeying him in anything had never presented itself to me as a possibility. This night I found with him his life-long friend, the late Lord Talbot, and also the present Lord, my husband. I was a shy, shrinking girl, without any knowledge of dress or society, and very timid and embarrassed in my manners. Then my father told me that it was necessary for the good of both houses that Richard Talbot and I should marry; that Richard had consented, and that I must meet a few friends in our private chapel at seven o'clock in the morning a week afterward. Of course these things were told me in a very gentle and considerate manner, and my dear father, with many loving kisses, begged me as a last favor to him to make no objections.'

'And what did Lord Richard say?'

'I glanced up at him. He stood near a window looking out over our fine old park, and when he felt my glance he colored deeply and bowed. Lord Talbot said, rather angrily, "Richard, Miss Esher waits for you to speak." Then Lord Richard turned toward me and said something, but in such a low voice that I did not catch its meaning. "My son says you do him a great honor—and pleasure," explained Lord Talbot, and he kissed me and led me toward the unwilling bridegroom.'

'Of course I ought to have hated him, Selina, but I did not. On the contrary, I fell desperately in love with him. Perhaps it would have been better for me if I had not. Richard read my heart in my face, and despised his easy conquest. As for me, I suffered in that week all the torturing suspense of a timid school-girl in love. I dressed myself in the best of my plain, unbecoming, childish toilettes, and watched wearily every day for a visit from my promised husband; but I saw no more of him until our wedding morning. By this time some very rich clothing had arrived for me, and also a London maid; and I think, even then, my appearance was fair enough to have somewhat conciliated Richard Talbot. But he scarcely looked at me.—The ceremony was sorrowsul and coldly performed, my father, aunt and governess being present on my side, and on Richard's his father and his three maiden sisters.'

'I never saw my father alive again; he died the following week, and the mockery of our marriage festivities at Talbot castle was suspended at once in deference to my grief. Then we came to London, and my lord selected for his own use the left wing of this house, and placed it as an intimation that I was not expected to intrude upon his quarters, and I scrupulously avoided every approach to them. I knew from the first that all attempts to win him would be useless, and indeed I felt too sorrowful and humiliated to try. During the few weeks we remained under one roof we seldom met, and I am afraid I did not make those rare interviews at all pleasant. I felt wronged and miserable, and my wan face and heavy eyes were only a reproach to him.'

'Oh, what a monster, Kate!'

'Not quite that, Selina. There were many excuses for him. One day I saw a paragraph in the Times saying that Lord Richard Talbot intended to accompany a scientific exploring party whose destination was Central Asia. Instantly I had intended dressing myself with care for the meeting, and making one last effort to win the kindly regard, at least of one whom I still could not help loving. But some unfortunate fatality always attended our meetings, and I never could do myself justice in his presence. He answered my request at once. I suppose he did so out of respect and kindness; but the consequence was, he found me in an unbecomingly dishabille, and with my face and eyes red and swollen with weeping.'

'I felt mortified at a prompt attention so mal-apropos, and my manner, instead of being winning and conciliating, was cold and unprepossessing. I did not

rise from the sofa on which I had been sobbing, and he made no attempt to sit down beside me or to comfort me.'

'I pointed to the paragraph and asked if it was true.'

'Yes, Lady Talbot,' he said, a little sadly and proudly; 'I shall relieve you of my presence in a few days. I intended to write to call on you to-day with a draft of the provisions I have made for your comfort.'

'I could make no answer. I had thought of many kind things to say; but now, in his presence, I was only fretful and dumb. He looked at me almost with pity, and said, in a low voice, "Kate, we have both been sacrificed to a necessity involving many beside ourselves. I am trying to make what reparation is possible. I shall leave you unrestricted use of three-fourths of my income. I desire you to make your life as gay and pleasant as you possibly can. I have no fear for the honor of our name in your hands, and I trust it and all else to you without a doubt. If you would try and learn to make some excuse for my hard position I shall be grateful; perhaps when you are not in constant fear of meeting me, this lesson may not be so hard."

'And I could not say a word in reply. I just lay sobbing like a child among the cushions. Then he lifted my hand and kissed it, and I knew he was gone.'

'And now, Kate, that you have become the most brilliant woman in England, what do you intend to do?'

'Who knows? I have such a contrary streak in my nature. I always do the thing I do not want to do.'

Certainly it seemed like it; for, in spite of her confession, when Lord Talbot sent, the next morning, to request an interview, Kate regretted that she had a prior engagement; but hoped to meet Lord Talbot at the Duchess of Clifford's that night.

My lord bit his lips angrily, but nevertheless he had been so struck with his wife's brilliant beauty that he determined to keep the engagement.

She did not meet him with sobs this time. The center of an admiring throng, she spoke to him with an ease and nonchalance that would have indicated to a stranger the most usual and commonplace of acquaintanceships. He tried to draw her into a confidential mood, but she said, smilingly, "My lord, the world supposes us to have already congratulated each other; we need not underestimate it."

'She kept strictly at the distance he himself had arranged four years ago. It was evident that if he would approach any nearer to his beautiful but long-neglected wife, he must humble himself against the hundred or more spectators who had crowded to the platforms, as usual upon all occasions of leaving a passenger on a siding. Let us hope that the messengers from that far away home finally reached "Fourteenth Siding," and that a husband's love may soon be an all-sufficient solace for that city-bred bride so suddenly transported to the treeless wilds of Dakota.'

'Simmons,' said Lord Talbot, very decidedly, 'go and ask Lady Talbot if she will do me the honor to receive a visit from me.'

My lady would be delighted. She was in an exquisite costume, and condescended to exhibit for his pleasure all her most bewitching moods. It was with great reluctance he left her after a two-hours' visit. My lady had no other engagement, and he quite forgot the one he had made to be present at the Marquis of Stair's wine party.

The following week my lady received every morning a basket of wonderful flowers, and a little note with them containing a hope that she was in good health.

One morning she was compelled to say that she was not very well, and Lord Talbot was so concerned that he sent Simmons to ask if he might be permitted to eat breakfast with her. My lady was graciously willing, and Lord Richard was quite excited by the permission. He changed his morning gown and cravat several times, quite regardless of Simmons' peculiar face, and with many misgivings as to his appearance, sat down opposite the lovely little lady in her pale blue satin and cashmere and white laces.

It was a charming breakfast, and during it the infatuated husband could not help saying a great many very sweet and flattering things. Kate parried them very prettily. "It is well," she said, "that no one hears us. If we were not married they would think we were making love."

'And if we are married, Kate, why not make love, dear? We had no opportunity before we were married.'

'Ah, Richard, in fashionable life we should make ourselves ridiculous.—Every one says that now our behavior is irreproachable. I should have dearly liked it when I was only a shy, awkward country girl; but now, my lord, we should be laughed at.'

'Then, Kate, let us be laughed at. I for one am longing for it—ying for it. If "Time shall run back and fetch the age of gold," why not love? Let us go back four whole years and a half. Will you, Kate?—dearest, sweetest Kate?'

'We should have to run away to the country, Richard. And now I think of it, I have not been at Esher since we were married—love.'

When such a conversation as this was prolonged for five hours, it was little wonder that my lord's valet and my lady's maid received orders to pack valises and trunks, or that the next day Esher Hall was in a happy tumult of preparation.

Love comes better late than never, and Lady Kate always told herself that she never could have been as happy in those sweet old gardens with her lover as she was with her husband. Probably they were both as perfectly satisfied as

it is possible for human love to be; for, greatly to the amazement of the fashionable world, they not only spent the whole summer alone in their country home, but actually, when they came back to London, had the courage to appear in the very height of the season, in the same box at the opera.

'Really, Kate,' says Miss Selina, 'I never was so astonished. The gentleman on your left?'

'Is always on my right now, dear. He will never be in the opposition again.'—*Harper's Weekly.*

Romance versus Reality.

Yesterday, in coming up the road, writes a traveler in Dakota, I witnessed a scene which, to a "States man," could not but have a melancholy, though romantic, aspect. There was a bridal couple aboard the train. He was a pleasant, intelligent-looking young man, with evidence of a farm training and a fair education. She was as fair as Mand Muller the day the Judge met her in the fabled field; of evidently far superior training to her sturdy consort, she was one of the loveliest and brightest and gayest brunettes one may meet in years of long-extended jaunts. She had a bandbox, evidently containing her summer hat; a guitar carefully wrapped in an embroidered bag of a workmanship so exquisite as to surely have been her own; a music roll, a shawl strap incasing two or three of the latest novels, and all the miscellaneous sachels and bundles with which the average young lady possesses herself on a pilgrimage to the seashore or on a tour to Aunt Betsey's among the rural hills. The brakeman hoarsely called, "Fourteenth Siding."

There was not a building in sight save the one-roomed six by ten shanty barracoon of the switchman, and the eye lost itself trying to fathom the dreary beyond. This was the stopping place for the bride and her groom. He was taking her to his new home, fifty miles back on the plains; but there was no one to meet them as expected, and the thread-like trail disappeared over the horizon, five miles away, with no sign of greeting to the poor girl; it was the first test of devotion to her husband—and a severe one. On being lifted down from the car steps she gazed around in the utmost dismay; then, with a quick, beseeching glance into the young man's face, down which sympathetic tears were streaming, despite his evidently brave resolutions, the bride of the plains sank into his arms and sobbed aloud. The scene told its own melancholy story, and visibly affected the hundred or more spectators who had crowded to the platforms, as usual upon all occasions of leaving a passenger on a siding. Let us hope that the messengers from that far away home finally reached "Fourteenth Siding," and that a husband's love may soon be an all-sufficient solace for that city-bred bride so suddenly transported to the treeless wilds of Dakota.

The Month of September.

The anniversaries of September are quite in harmony with the stormy season of the equinox, being for the most part of a very warlike character. The 1st witnessed General Sherman's occupation of Atlanta. The 3rd was a prominent day in the life of Oliver Cromwell, as that of his birth, of his two great victories at Worcester and Dunbar, and, finally, of his death. The 6th witnessed, capture by Lord Peterborough, in 1705, of a handful of men, of the strong Spanish fortress of Monjuich, till then believed impregnable. On the 8th, the capture of the Malakoff Tower by the French sealed the fate of Sebastopol, within a few days of the anniversary of their first landing the year before. The same day, by a curious coincidence, decided the fate of Moscow, in 1812, by Marshal Kutuzoff's retreat after the battle of Borodino, which was fought on the 7th. Frederick the Great's capture of Dresden, in 1756, occurred on the 10th. The 20th has had the two-fold renown of the battle of Valmy, in 1792—which changed the history of Europe by checking the Austro-Prussian invasion of France—and that of the Alma, in 1854. The 23rd is memorable for Paul Jones' capture of the British ship Serapis, in 1779, after one of the hardest fights on record. The 28th witnessed the investment of Yorktown by the Americans, in 1781, which brought about the surrender of Lord Cornwallis in the ensuing month. In addition to all these, this warlike month can reckon on its list the British defeat at Stillwater (1777) and at Eutaw Springs, (1781), the memorable September massacres of the French Revolution, several of Wellington's hardest battles in the Pyrenees, (1813), Marshal Ney's defeat at Dennewitz, Chicksaw's battles of Antietam, Chicksaw and Winchester, together with Napoleon III.'s capture at Sedan, and the consequent fall of the Second Empire.

Don't Fret.

One fretter can destroy the peace of a family, can destroy the harmony of neighborhoods, can unsettle the councils of cities and hinder the legislation of nations. He who frets is never the one who mends, who heals, who repairs evil; more, he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. The effect upon a sensitive person in the mere neighborhood of a fretter is indescribable. It is to the soul what a cold, icy mist is to the body—more chilling than the bitterest storm. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable.

San Francisco Threatened with Mob Law.

San Francisco was thrown into a ferment of excitement by the attempted assassination of Rev. I. S. Kalkoff, by Charles DeYoung, proprietor of the *Chronicle*, on account of the former making disparaging remarks about the latter's mother. Rev. Mr. Kalkoff, who gained considerable notoriety in various parts of the country on account of disreputable charges against him while practicing his profession in the ministry, was nominated by the Workingmen of San Francisco as their candidate for mayor, which drew down upon him the abuse of the *Chronicle*, which has always had the reputation of being a libelous, black-mailing journal. Finally DeYoung threatened to show up the reverend gentleman's antecedents if he did not withdraw from the canvass, and published a number of libelous articles, in one of which he brought grave charges against Kalkoff's father, who had been dead for years. Kalkoff announced that in retaliation he would read at one of the public meetings an article reflecting severely on DeYoung's family, for publishing which DeYoung endeavored to kill the author some years ago. The *Chronicle* man sent word to the preacher that if he promulgated the article he would be shot on sight. Nothing daunted, Kalkoff at an immense meeting gave the gist of the charge, which reflected severely on DeYoung's mother. Next day DeYoung repaired to Kalkoff's study in a carriage and sent word to see him at the door. On Kalkoff appearing, DeYoung instantly shot him, and as the wounded man turned to escape, the would-be assassin again shot him in the back, inflicting probably fatal wounds. A crowd collected, and in their endeavor to get DeYoung overturned the carriage and gave the man severe treatment, but he was rescued by the police and locked in the city jail. When the Workingmen learned what had happened, they were wild with rage, and proceeded to the jail to hang the man, but finding that building guarded by a large armed force, listened to the advice of their leaders to await the arrival of Kearney the agitator before proceeding to force. The militia had meantime been called upon, and the entire force of the city was under arms, fearing an outbreak. On Kearney's rival from out of town he was escorted through the streets by a crowd of 10,000 men to their usual place of meeting, where he addressed an assemblage of at least 20,000 infuriated men, clamoring to be led against the authorities. The great agitator counseled moderation, showing the mob it would be folly to throw themselves against the galling guns and rifles which would be brought against them, and thereby occasion the loss of many valuable lives, when DeYoung's life would surely be forfeited at the bidding of the law, and succeeded in inducing the crowd to forego its attack. The authorities compromised with the laboring men so far as to swear in twelve selected men as deputy officers to be on watch in the prison, and thus make certain that DeYoung was not spirited away. During the height of the excitement it was thought nothing but the lynching of the assassin would satisfy the angry men, and much trouble was apprehended. In the Chinese quarter great consternation was felt, and barricades were quickly built.

Disadvantages of Living Over a Mine.

On Tuesday the residents of Park Hill, a suburb of Saratoga, Pa., were startled by a sudden sinking of their houses, followed by a loud rumbling noise in the mine beneath. With great alarm they rushed into the streets, many mothers in their flight leaving their children behind them in the shaking houses. The cause of the commotion was the giving way of the roof in an abandoned part of the Bellevue mine, which over a year ago was the scene of a similar catastrophe. The cave-in covers an area of an acre and a half.—Large fissures have appeared in a brickyard owned by the Lukawanna Iron and Coal company, and it is feared that many piles of brick will sink into the ground. The residence of the superintendent has sunk over five feet. Three other houses owned by miners have been thrown from their foundations, and the gardens are streaked with fissures, while in many spots the tops of fruit trees are flush with the ground. The wells on all sides were dried up. Terror reigns in the neighborhood, and many families have sought refuge in other sections, dreading to remain in their houses.

Her Longing Satisfied.

Among those attending a prayer meeting in New York city was Mrs. Le Compte, a widow 73 years of age. When called upon to speak, she said, with great fervor: "I long to be with my Savior, and with loved ones gone before." A minute later she turned very pale, and rose as if to leave her pew, but sat down hastily. She told a gentleman who went to her assistance that she was sick, and he conducted her to the vestibule, where she sat in a chair. A physician was summoned, and Mrs. Le Compte was carried from the church. She did not speak for some time, and her pulse gradually became almost imperceptible. Suddenly she sat erect, and with her features beaming, she said, distinctly and earnestly, "Praise God for all His mercies to me," and fell back dead. Her death is ascribed to disease of the heart.

How proud the sea is of its power!

Did you ever notice what a dash the waves cut?