

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

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NO. 1.

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TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble.
Trip lightly over wrong:
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp Wo's hand so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unrightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the days be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gaily sing the lark;
Fair Hope has not departed,
Though roses may have fled:
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stand not to rail at doom;
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb.
Whist stars are nightly shining,
And heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining,
But look for joy instead.

Who was Right.

Just ten years ago I met the only one I ever loved, and though the years are adding to each other, I still remember the first time we looked into each other's eyes and clasped the hand that made us friends, and true friends, indeed, for life.

In the city of C—, situated upon the banks of one of Ohio's beautiful blue rivers, there lived a family of wealth and culture. Surrounded as they were by all that could refine and educate a young and gifted mind, Miss Alice Marvenia, their second daughter, grew in girlhood's loveliness and romantic sweetness, and long before the age that fully develops the womanly qualities, she had numerous lovers ready to do her bidding.

Yes, I remember the evening we met. It was at the rink; upon the glistening circle of ice; the light shone down in chaste effluence and its scintillations were like fire flies flitting in the silver sheen of a summer night. In the gallery the band poured forth its sweetest music, and seemed to bathe all in its soft, voluptuous swell as round and round the skaters quickly passed.

This particular evening had assembled together the youth and beauty of the city. Among the handsome and attractive, Miss Marvenia was the acknowledged belle, attired in a velvet cap trimmed with gray fur, a Turkish cap nestled among her nut-brown tresses—she looked a queen indeed. At last the moment arrived when the long wished for introduction took place.

It was generally known that we were both anxious to become acquainted, and as I glided into the knot of skaters which were gathered in the furthest corner, perchance to discuss a new figure or quiz some of the awkward skaters, Miss Lulu Allison, a bright and pretty Miss, who had long known our desire for an introduction, seized upon this opportunity to make the coveted acquaintance.

"Miss Marvenia allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Braleigh. He is a charming skater, and I know you will have a splendid time."

"Miss Marvenia, I am very glad to make your acquaintance, and I hope we will be good friends. Can I express the same sentiments for yourself?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Braleigh. Do you know that I have noticed you time and time again, and really, this meeting gives me the greatest of pleasure. Won't it be nice if now that we know each other we can have such a gay time together. We shall meet here every evening, and as the band has now commenced playing, I am going to invite you to be my partner. Will you accept?"

"Certainly. Shall we skate backwards or forwards?"

"Oh, no; let us join hands and skate slowly around. Do you know that I so dislike this hurry and rush, as though one's life depended upon going around this circle just so many times in a fixed period? I prefer to go slowly; am I not right?"

As this question was asked our eyes met, and it was evident that we were both pleased with each other's society, and I can truly say that the moments passed so quickly and yet so quietly, that it was to me as a pleasant dream. Her sweet, musical voice charmed me and her innocent questions awakened in my heart feelings of the deepest respect and esteem. Her eyes dark as the night, sparkled with unusual brilliancy; and as I looked into their liquid depths, I imagined hours of happiness; yes, and days of comfort that could be passed under their charming influence.

The hour, however, was fast approaching when skates were bundled up and the weary skaters sought their warm firesides. So bidding adieu for a while to the awakened thoughts and feelings which were arising in my mind, I hastened to the room where, around a large stove, the ladies and gentlemen were busy taking off their skates. We were greeted upon our arrival in the room by: "Well, indeed! and are you through? we had almost made up our mind that you were going to skate all night."

"Now, Miss Villiers, you know that we had an engagement for this evening."

"Yes, that is right, make an excuse. You can depend upon it, something is wrong."

"Mr. Braleigh, I am not going to speak to you again. No, you can not smooth it over. You promised me a week ago that the first evening the band played you would teach me the new figure. But to see you this evening while you were had forgotten would naturally suppose you had forgotten everything else in the world except her, and I am certain that if the janitor, would commence turning off the gas you I am not have been skating there yet."

"Come, now, Miss Villiers, do not be so cruel; you are certainly aware that my acquaintance with Miss Marvenia dates

from this evening, and, of course, I desired to get along as fast as possible."

"Indeed; I expect you were. I am persuaded to say that you have gotten along so far that you are already in love with her."

Not wishing to continue the conversation, and fearing, perhaps, that her remarks might be overheard; I turned aside. Hastening to where she was, I proceeded to unbuckle her skates. Thanking me very kindly for so doing, I offered her my company home, which was accepted. After wrapping up snugly we stepped out, into the cold air. The moon was shining brightly towards her home, the snow crisped and crackled under our feet, so cold had been the day.

Arriving at last at her house, and with the promise that I would attend the rink next evening, we parted.

Well, I can remember my lonely walk back that evening; how, as if a new life had come to my young heart—was it love? Could it be that in such a short period I could feel the passionate thrillings of love's sweetest depths. As I lay in my bed that night I felt as though my fate had been sealed. I loved her, and I looked forward to the day when I could call her mine. I knew it would be a struggle to possess her; but who can doubt his weakness when love has made him blind? Evening after evening we spent at the rink. We were the happiest of all present, and as we walked rapidly towards her home, and as we walked when we were together no other society was needed."

We found so many ways to entertain each other. It was simply an obstruction for any one to tarry with us. Week followed week, and the months of winter gradually warmed into spring. The buds upon the trees were putting forth their tiny green heads, and over the grey and dreary meadows the blue grass spread itself and seemed like the magnificence of the beautiful sky. With the return of spring and its bright and sunny days, our love grew stronger. Trusting in each other our life was one of complete happiness.

Who can doubt the strength of confiding hearts? Who dare say they cannot be true? Who could believe that treachery could enter into and take possession of an honest and true heart, and break the silver chords of constancy? For it is constancy, strengthened by love, that binds the heart, and holds together the future happiness of man and wife. It is said that youthful love does not exist long—it is fickle, soon aroused and easily forgot. Let but a few months of separation exist and all will soon be forgotten. The sweet smile of the one so ardently admired will become as a mockery of by-gone days. The ringing laugh that sounded like the notes of a song-bird, grow fainter and fainter as the weeks grow longer and longer. The gifts which were so kind and tenderly given soon lose their favorite place in the room, and in their stead perchance souvenirs from others are placed. Be that as it may, a separation soon took place.

I was apprised of the fact one evening as we were sitting in the parlor playing cards. It was settled that Alice was to leave the following Monday for Philadelphia, to attend a private boarding school, to be gone one year, and as we turned from the card table to the piano, I asked her to play Millard's "Waiting," a favorite song of ours, which she did with considerable feeling. Our conversation then naturally turned upon the subject of her going away.

"Harry, I am so sorry that I have to leave you," she said, "and would you believe it, ma says I cannot write to you, or you to me, during the whole year that I am away."

"And you are willing to accede to this?"

"Indeed, I am not; but how can I help it?"

"Can't you arrange it so the mail can be delivered to you secretly?"

"Oh, Harry! And would you have me do this? It seems so wicked, and if I were to be found out, then what?"

"Then what! Have you not told me that you loved me; and do you think that in the time of trouble I should desert you?"

"What, you desert me? Oh, no; I could not believe that, but then I feel as though I must obey. The time will be short. Only one year, and then I will be home again. Please wait." As I took my hat to leave she passed into the hallway and after promising to be at the train on the day of her departure, I left.

Monday, 12 o'clock at noon, found me at the depot stepping into the cars. Looking hurriedly over the seats I saw Alice and her father in the farther end. With a smile on her face she welcomed me, and as I handed her a bouquet of flowers to be a companion during her travels, she thanked me most cordially. Our conversation was soon brought to a close by the engine bell which was a signal for departure. Bidding her good-bye, I hastened to the platform. As the train drew out we waved each other a last farewell.

A year had now almost passed away and I looked anxiously forward to the day. Aye, I longed for the hour, when we should meet again.

Frequently I had heard from her, through friends here, and the messages were always of the best wishes for my welfare, and expressed sentiments of deep regard.

Each thought expressed in my behalf kindled anew the passion of my soul. It would not be long, I thought, when we shall see each other again.

The time now quickly passed away, and the morning of her return had come—she was home.

I called at noon, but was greeted upon my arrival with the startling news, "Miss Marvenia was sick and it would be impossible for me to see her."

"Impossible to see her!" I exclaimed; "why, is she so seriously sick?"

"Well, I think so," said the servant, "but if you will step into the parlor, Mr. Braleigh, I will call her mother; she pr it will be better for you to see her."

Stepping into the parlor I awaited her coming, which was not long. After the

customary formalities, I enquired very earnestly after the health of Miss Marvenia.

"Mr. Braleigh, I am very sorry to say that my daughter is ill and unable to see you at present. It may be a week or even three or four weeks before I can permit you to call. You will, of course, consider that I have my daughter's welfare at heart, and you will please act upon the suggestion."

"Mrs. Marvenia, you astonish me; is it possible that your daughter is so very sick that I cannot welcome her home?"

"Yes, it is true."

What could this really mean; was she sick? What could have made Mrs. Marvenia act so towards me? True, she never suspected our love as I had supposed. What right had she to know of it? Could it be possible that Alice had told her, and now she was seeking to sever the warm tie which was binding us so firmly together?

As I wandered homeward, all this passed through my mind. I was convincing myself that something had evidently chilled the feelings of Alice's mother towards me. What it was, I knew not. But I resolved to find it out.

It was fully three weeks before I had an opportunity to see her. During this time I understood that she had been kept closely confined. Why, I could not discover. When she passed along in her carriage she looked so sad and pale my heart sank within me. Her large black eyes, which were wont to look so bright, now had a far away look; some one thing seemed absorbing all her mind. There was no evidence of physical disability. She had not noticed me, for I stood under the shade trees by the sidewalk, and as I stepped from under their concealing branches I resolved to know the cause of her sorrow. Hastening to her home I arrived there just as she stepped from the carriage to the door. We met. Trembling with excitement, she welcomed me, and invited me to a seat in the parlor. Drawing a chair to her side, I inquired the cause of such a change in her face—why so sad and despondent. With considerable hesitation she finally said:

"Oh, Mr. Braleigh, I cannot, cannot tell you. You do not know what a change I have experienced."

"A change, Alice? What do you mean?"

"Harry, I thought I loved you, but within the last few weeks I know that it cannot be so."

"Cannot be so, Alice? Why, what can be the matter?"

As I asked this question I looked into her face with straining eyes, as if to read her inmost thoughts. I knew and felt she could not, did not feel what she was saying.

"It is mother, Harry."

"Your mother? Speak then, Alice, and let me know all," I said calmly and with deliberation.

"Mother says she hates you and will not permit you again to see me. Why, I do not know. She will not explain." Some one, no doubt, who is an enemy to you, has told her bitter falsehoods concerning yourself."

"And do you believe them?" I said, trembling with excitement and indignation.

"Believe them, Harry?" she replied. "As she spoke her manner was sufficient to convince me she did not. Believe them, Harry? No; and no most emphatically; and if you say the word, I will be yours and only yours till death."

Kind reader, what would you have done under the circumstances? Here was a young and beautiful girl, whom I had loved most passionately, willing to leave home and all to be my wife—reared in luxury and refinement, to go to a home, Heaven only knows where, for I was poor; but, thank God! no one could point the finger of scorn at any period in my life when a single deviation from the right course had been made. She, as I have said was willing to be a partner of my joys and sorrows. On the other hand, a proud and fastidious mother, who was anxious that her daughter should occupy a higher position in life than the one which I could command. She was eager to have her daughter sacrifice all the fine and noble instincts of womanly love to gratify a vain and ambitious fancy. I took her hand in mine, and with the words scarcely audible to myself, told her how I had loved her, but to the honor of her parents she owed them a duty, and that was to obey. Passing to the doorway I was hastening away. Throwing herself in my arms, and with tears streaming down her face, she besought me not to leave her. With an effort I gained the street. And to this day a question which I have asked myself a thousand times remains unanswered. It is: "Who was right?"

A Glass Mountain.

Another marvel recently brought to light in the Yellowstone Park of North America is nothing less than a mountain of obsidian or volcanic glass. Near the foot of Beaver Lake, a band of explorers came upon this remarkable mountain, which rises at that place in columnar cliffs and rounded bosses to many hundreds of feet in altitude, from hissing hot springs at the margin of the lake. As it was desirable to pass that way, the party had to cut out a road through the steep glassy barricade. This they effected by making huge fires on the glass to thoroughly heat and expand it, and then dashing the cold water of the lake against the heated surface, so as to suddenly cool and break it up by shrinkage. Large fragments were in this way detached from the solid side of the mountain, then broken up small by sledge hammers and picks, not, however, without severe lacerations of the hands and faces of the men from flying splinters. In the Grand Cemon of the Gibbon river the explorers also found precipices of yellow, black and banded obsidian hundreds of feet high. The natural glass of these localities has from time immemorial been used by the Indians to tip their spears and arrows.

Love gives insight, and insight often gives foreboding.

The Blue Hen.

"Some time ago," said a drummer, "I had occasion to visit the city of D—, in the State of Delaware, and concluded to stop at the Blue Hen Hotel, where I had spent one night during a previous visit. When I reached the spot, where the hotel used to be, I was surprised to see that the old building had given place to a low structure with a single row of windows and the roof close to the ground. However, I recognized the keeper of the old hotel sitting on a chair in front of one of the windows, and I asked him where his establishment was."

"There she is, sir. I've enlarged her since you were here last."

"Indeed! Enlarged? I don't exactly understand."

"Oh, I know she looks smaller; but stranger, I tell you that I've added four stories to this hotel since January, '75."

"What has become of them?"

"I'll explain. After the hotel had been built a year or two she suddenly began to sink. I don't know what the reason is. A quick-sand under her, I reckon. Anyhow, she kept going down and down, until the first story passed under ground. Then I moved the bar room up stairs, put another story on top, and began business again. Pretty soon she sank to another floor, and we moved up a second time and added another story. It's been nothing unusual in this house to go to bed in the second story and wake up in the morning to find yourself in the cellar. The milkman has regular instructions to pour the milk down the chimney in case he comes some morning early and can't dig out a window. Last month I overslept myself for forty-eight hours because the room remained dark, and when I did get up the roof was just even with the street."

"This part of the house that you see now I built on early last week. The property became too valuable to lease. There are sixteen stories to the Blue Hen now, and I've got to add another before the week is out. If this hotel was spread out sideways she'd be about three hundred yards long. Eventually I expect she'll be six or seven hundred stories high, and it'll take you a week to get into the cellar. I s'pose if I keep on, this here hotel will reach clean through, from Delaware to China. The lower end will come bursting out into Hong Kong or Shanghai, and maybe I'll be taking Chinamen for boarders without knowing it. Then very likely they'll tax both ends of the hotel and take money out of my pocket. They're always grinding a poor man so's he can hardly get along. Costs like thunder, you know, to run a hotel like this that requires so much to keep up a respectable appearance. I damn exactly what I'll do if she breaks out on the other side of the earth and then slips through the whole. I can't carry on a hotel floating out into ethereal space, you know."

"I have some hopes that maybe, before she sink more'n a mile or two, she'll strike a volcanic vein or something and get a shove up; come all the way out, for all I know, and stand on solid ground. If she does, you come round and see me, and I'll take you up and show you the view. I'll bet you see Peru and Oshkosh, and Nova Zembla and Tuckerton, and all those places—regular bird's-eye view; you come round anyway, and I'll take you down into the cellar."

I said I would, and then I hunted up a safer hotel. The Blue Hen is too original, too eccentric for comfort.

Did His Part Well.

Old Bazembee was returning from the club the other evening, when, as he hung up his overcoat on the hall hat-rack, and prepared to go up stairs, he heard such strangely excited voices in the front parlor that he paused to listen. A voice like thunder, he recognized at once as belonging to that fast-looking young Snyder he had warned Maria to be careful about, said contemptuously.

"Peace, woman, and weary me no longer by your reproaches. I tell you the day of my wedding with Alice Montessor is fixed, and, by heavens, nothing shall prevent our union."

Could these words be addressed to his own daughter? Yes, it was Maria's sob-choked tones that replied:

"This, then, is the reward of my sacrifice, my devotion. Ruined and forsaken you taunt me with your latest conquest. Monster, onward!"

It only required a second for Bazembee to rush up stairs and get his shotgun out of the closet. The next moment he burst into the parlor with blazing eyes and, hurling the black-hearted betrayer to the floor, he placed the muzzle of his breech-loader to his temple, saying:

"Villath, swear to me that you will make an honest woman of this poor duped angel, or I will strew the floor with your brains."

"Hooryay!" shouted young Snyder, sitting up and clapping his hands. "That's way up. Magnif! Splendid!"

"Beautiful, papa. Encore! Encore! Bravo!" added Maria, delighted. "Never saw anything better at Baldwin's. We were so afraid that you would object to my taking part in the private theatricals. Ma said you would never listen to it. But you act better than any of us—doesn't he, Bobby?"

"You bet!" replied Bobby fervently. "Guess you must have been a regular amateur Macready once, sir."

Then Mr. Bazembee coughed and wiped off his forehead, and mumbled something about his having seen a good deal of that sort of thing when he was young, and that Maria must be sure to take in that mat when her young friend had gone, and went up to bed and dreamed he was playing an outraged community to crowded houses all night.

—A New York firm has received an order from the Japanese Government for eleven pianos. This, it is said, will be the first shipment of pianos for sale ever made to Japan.