

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

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NO. 5.

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SOWING THE TARES.

Sowing tares, when it might have been wheat, Plucking the bud of life's wreath all complete. The night sinks down, amid darkness and fears, While we are so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares of malice and spite, Words of black import—Plutonian night; We might have sowed roses amid life's sad cares, But we turned from their beauty to sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares—how dark the black sin, Mingling a curse with life's sweetest hymn; Heeding no anguish, no piteous prayers While we were so cruelly sowing the tares.

Sowing the tares to bring sorrow down That robe of its jewels life's fairest crown; Turning to silver the once golden hairs That grew whiter and whiter as we sowed the tares.

HAPPILY RUINED.

Arthur Morton sat in a room in his hotel. He was a young man, six and twenty, tall and slim frame, with a face of great intellectual beauty, dressed in costly garments, though his toilet was but indifferent-ly performed.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Ah, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Morton, as he lazily rose from his seat and extended his hand.

"Oh, not early for me, Arthur," returned Weston, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well, have you caught a worm this time?"

"I hope it will prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. "I fear a thousand worms will inherit this poor body ere long."

"Nonsense, you're worth half a century yet," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, Arthur, how is it with Crosby?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, Arthur."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Matthew Crosby could have done that thing, I would not, could not, have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Crosby was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Matthew Crosby was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, left for him to keep until I was of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life my money where it was; I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Crosby asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it, if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"

"He should have had \$100,000."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah, you have me on the hip there."

"And yet you must do something, my son. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could, I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no—doctor—none of that."

"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only help you to assist yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark.

"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor. I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no, I must—"

"Alas, I know not. I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, Arthur. I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you would not if you could. You do not wish to remain here, amid the scenes of your happier days. Think of it—at sea you would be free from all sneers of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loath. Think of it."

"If I went to sea, what could I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes. You know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting-house."

"Then you can obtain the berth of a super-cargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"Dr. Weston, I will go."

Arthur walked home one evening to the house of a wealthy merchant, John Melburne. It was a palatial dwelling, and many a hopeful, happy hour had he spent beneath its roof. He rung the bell and was admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes Grace Melburne entered. She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be Arthur's wife.

Some words were spoken and then many minutes of painful silence ensued.

"Grace, you know all, I am going from my native land a beggar, I cannot stay longer now. Grace, did I know you less than I do—or knowing you well, did I know you as I do many—I should give back your vows and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample upon your heart did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait! There are other feelings in the heart besides love. That love is a poor, profitless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work—aye upon the sea to work."

"Alas! must it be?"

"It must. You will wait?"

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb."

"Then heaven bless and preserve you."

The ruined youth was upon the ocean, his voyage begun, his duties as laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed.

Ah! it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade books of a merchant ship was a transition indeed. But, ere he went on deck again, he had fully resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death. He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly determined in his mind, he resolved first better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks, but when that passed off, and he could face the vibrating deck with a stout stomach his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong.

At first he craved some of the many delicacies he had long been used to, but they were not to be had, and he very soon learned to do without them. The result was that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food taken in proper quantities.

For years he had looked upon breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or a seasoned or highly spiced tidbit, had constituted the morning meal. But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and as hearty as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre, the color, rich and healthful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the muscles became more firm and true, the nerves grew strong, and the garments which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make them fit. His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.

Through storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage. In one year from the day which he left his native land he placed his foot again upon the soil of his home.

But he did not stop. The same ship with the same officers, was going upon the same cruise again, and he meant to go in her. He saw Grace Melburne, and she would wait. He saw Dr. Weston, and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again Arthur Morton was upon the sea, and again he assumed the duties of his office, and even more. He even stood watch when there was no need of it, and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on deck.

At the end of another year the young man returned to his home again. He was now eight and twenty, and few who knew him two years before could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his form was filled out to perfection, and he was greeted with great affection by old Dr. Weston, who would insist on his staying with him during his leave on shore. One day after Arthur's arrival, he suddenly burst into the room and said abruptly:

"Well, Arthur, Mr. Crosby is here. Will you see him?"

"See him? See Matthew Crosby? Of course I will. He owes me an explanation, and I hope he can give me a satisfactory one."

The door was opened and Mr. Crosby entered.

He was an elderly man, but hale and hearty.

The old man and the young one shook hands, and then inquired after each other's health.

"You received a note from me some two years ago," said Crosby, "in which I stated that one in whom I trusted had got your money and mine with it, and that I could not pay you."

"Yes sir," answered our hero, not knowing what was to come next.

"Well," resumed Crosby, "Dr. Weston was the man. He had your money."

"How? What?" gasped Arthur, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.

"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a thousand emotions seemed to work within his bosom. "I was the villain. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin, and I will tell you why; I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon him—not the regular pulmonary affection, but a wasting away of the system for want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly eating its way from the cords that bound it to the earth. I knew that you could be cured, and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world which would cure you was to throw you on your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion as worse than death. It was a strange state of both mind and body. Your fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been a wholly bodily malady, I could have argued you into necessary work for a cure. And on the other hand had it been a wholly mental disease, I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew you must either work or die."

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true pride of independence that you would work. I saw Crosby, and told him to get you to sea, and make you live out into active life, for the sake of a livelihood, you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and his, and then bid him clear out. You know the rest. Your money is safe—every penny of it—to the amount of—150,000. Poor Crosby has suffered much in knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, Arthur, are we forgiven?"

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and an-

swered, and when the doctor and Crosby had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr. Melburne said, "Wait!"

He left the room and when he returned the led sweet Grace by the hand.

Late in the evening, after the health of our friends had fairly begun to grow tired with joy, Arthur asked Grace whether he need wait any longer.

Grace asked her father, and the answer may be easily guessed.

The American Rhine.

Keuka Lake, or more properly, Lake Keuka (the reversal is given in contradistinction to Lake Cayuga) lies to the westward of Seneca and partly bisects the counties of Yates and Steuben, New York. The lake is divided about midway by a notable promontory known as Bluff Point, which forms a short western fork, the longer one reaching to Penn Yan. This is in truth the Rhine of America and covering all the hills. Far towards the north are the serrated ranks of the trained grape vine, and just now is the height of the vintage. The visitor may wander for miles along the leafy avenues, culling the half hidden bunches, while the splash of the steamboat's paddles or the shrill scream of the warning steam whistle far below are the only sounds to break one's reverie. It is most astonishing to note the quantity of the fruit one may absorb under such conditions. To be explicit, there are about five thousand acres of land under vineyard cultivation. The first earnest attempt to grow grapes here was made in '55, though farmers had raised some varieties for home consumption for many years prior to this date. Plato is credited with advising his agricultural friends to avoid planting their vines to the setting sun. Certain it is that the western slope of the lake, which turns the vines to the first rays of Old Sol, yield the best results. Such a harvest as they have here this year! It is unprecedented. Luscious Concord—think of it—only two cents per pound. I suspect you are paying about six for them in the markets. Carloads are whirled away half a dozen times a day from athwart the piers, and steamboats, little and big, are forever coming with luscious cargoes and paddling away swiftly for more. The variety and rotation of the fruit is about as follows: First are the Delawares, pink with apprehensions of the chill September evenings; next the honey sweet big black Concord and their cousins, the Isabellas and the Hartfords. Then the Concord Seedlings and Isabellas, both big, dark and voluptuous like tropic maids. Sometimes they almost remind one of the famous "Sunday school grapes," which the sons of somebody brought back from a far land to stonish the children of Israel with, and which the old cut in my infantile primer represented as being carried between them on a fence-rail, because of their size and weight. Well, a little later, in early October, comes the queen herself—the imperial Catawba, her amber beads rich with an incomparable flavor, and round about her are grouped the sisterhood of light and delicate red and white varieties, the Diana, Iona, Waller, Salem, Agawan, Prentiss, Lady, Martha and Rebecca. Within the great factory-like buildings of the wine companies they are storing away the boxes of fruit, heaping them high until the spaces are full. Kept where the air is cool and constantly changing they will rest in good condition until they are put through the remorseless crusher and fall in their own gore into the ponderous presses below stairs.

When the lively, mirth-loving spirit of the grape passes the travail of the separation from its pulpy tenement it is at once bottled and condemned to solitary confinement in the dark and catacomb-like recesses beneath the building. "See," said the superintendent, as we advanced into the gloom of such a dungeon, "here are stacked not less than 50,000 quart bottles, which is a small quantity compared with the wine in the tanks." As we stood there the occasional bursting of an overcharged bottle echoed through the dim recesses of the cellar with startling distinctness. After two years a Teutonic Gabriel comes along and sets the sleeping bottles into a rack, and thereafter they are shaken up every day for two months, gradually assuming a vertical position to allow the sediment to settle against the cork. Then they are "disgorged" and the percentage of waste is replaced by a flavoring of rock candy and catawba or other wines to suit the taste of the maker. The wine then becomes champagne through virtue of its unflinching spring of gasses born of its saccharine richness.

Our Robin.

Our robin lives out of doors, but he is so tame that he enters the house at all times and seasons. When Henny's duties keep her at home robin shows himself a most devoted husband; he carries her plentiful supplies of oatcake crumbs, butter, bits of candle, and other delicacies of the same kind. And when he has to cater for the little ones as well, he is really to be pitied; so busy is he that he neglects his toilet nearly altogether, and we have to be satisfied with hurried scraps of song. He gets quite fearless in his anxiety for his family, and will join us at breakfast and help himself to buttered toast without the slightest hesitation or invitation. It is no use to break off a piece for robin; his way is to hop on the plate and pick off for himself what he considers the dainty bits. I have known him to come in five times during breakfast—At night, a window is left open that he may come in for crumbs when he pleases. Should all the windows be shut, robin has a very pretty "Open Sesame;" he sits on the window-sill and sings loudly. Nobody can resist that appeal, as he knows from experience. And when he wishes to get out, he has a very effectual way of managing that point, too, by fluttering from room to room, uttering a little frightened "Chick, chick!" And as we know the cat often lies in wait for him, some one rushes to the rescue at once. He is a very Mark Tapley of a bird—cheery under all circumstances, and a universal favorite.

Life in New-York.

A Sixth-avenue car left the Astor House as usual at three a. m. There were, probably, eight persons in the car at Canal street, but during the journey up Varriek the number decreased to four. The car stopped after turning into the avenue and two ladies, accompanied by a young man, got on. The ladies' escort seated himself between them and took a head on each shoulder. The bliss of the trio and the envy of the other passengers was such that the entrance of two men was unnoticed. They took seats directly opposite the happy party, and the larger man of the two, slightly drunk, began to make remarks about the picture before him. His friend was evidently ashamed and tried to silence him. The young man in buff, with the ladies, remained quiet—the defense was masking its hand. Emboldened by this silence the man in blue winked at the lady passenger to his right and was preparing to smile, when the lady opposite, on his left, sprang to her feet, stepped across the car, and with her open left hand, pushed the half-burned cigar which he held between his teeth into his mouth, while with her right fist gave him a stunning blow on the nose. The expression on the face of the fellow was one of unaffected surprise. The other lady laughed heartily, and said, playfully to the conductor, "she'll whip him easily; I'll lay you two to one." The car was going very fast.

The friend of the assailed interfered and cast some reflections upon the characters of the ladies and their escort. Instead of taking offense, the young man whose standing in society was questioned, only smiled and said: "Take care of your friend, or the lady may throw him out of the window." The contentions had now clinched and the heroic man in blue made an effort to strike his fair antagonist in the face, but she eluded him and both rolled on the floor of the car.

"Sit up, Mary," said the gallant young man, pushing the young lady, still by his side, into a perpendicular position. Then addressing the second man, he said, "Now, my Christian friend, your turn has come." The crash of broken glass was heard simultaneously with the blow delivered on the offender's face, and the gallant youngster closed with the younger 'sport.' The conductor again interfered, and was struck a dashing blow on the nose. First blood from but—not for—the conductor. The driver whipped up his horses. "Here's a lark," said a baker, emerging from a cellar, and started after the car.

All were on their feet again, and the pugilistic lady, who had not uttered a word, was doing effective work with her fingernails upon her portly antagonist's face. How the car spun along! Somebody called for the police, but the noise within drowned it. The sight of blood loosed the tongue of the woman in white. She screamed! Then she took a long breath and screamed again. The car stopped. A traveling circus was well enough, but a mad-house did not look right on wheels.

A policeman arrived and the tattered and blood-stained combatants were dragged apart, still glaring at each other.

"Who makes a charge against these people?" said the officer.

No response.

"Do you?" This was addressed to the conductor.

"N-o."

"Do you?"—to the passengers.

"No." Why should they?

"Drive on,"—was the officer's order.

"Twenty-sixth street," said the conductor soon after; and the young people left the car, the passengers braced themselves in the corners for another nap.

"Soda."

Soda water is simply carbonic-acid gas soaked in water. The carbonic-acid gas is obtained by pouring sulphuric acid over marble chips or dust. The gas is passed through water several times to free it from all trace of the sulphuric acid and is then pumped into a strong steel receptacle, in which it pure water. The soda fountain is generally an elaborate marble affair, costing from \$50 to \$5,000. Generally a soda fountain in a drug store will pay the rent of the store at least, and sometimes much more. Fountains are fed from one draught tube and five sirups to six tubes and twenty-two sirups. At some places they have pure fruit sirups, and at others—they say they have. The first patent for soda water was taken out in England in 1807, yet the soda fountain in all its glory is only to be seen in America. In this country there is at least \$12,000,000 invested in soda-water manufacturing, fountains, etc., and yet you can get a drink for 5 cents. The tariff used to be 10 cents, and then a young man with a party of ladies dreaded the sight of a fountain or the sound of its sizzle, but hard times had the same effect on soda as on everything else. If the price were further lowered to 3 cents there is little doubt but a great increase of consumption and profit would result.

Obeying Orders.

He was weeping softly as he came out to join his companions; a peculiar twitching of his muscles and the careful manner of his gait was painfully apparent to the boys; they knew that he had just wred with one of his parents; they had been there and understood the whole business.

"Been gittin' a lickin', Ben?" asked several, sympathetically.

"Yes," murmured he; "I got licked fur obeyin' orders."

"Disobeyin', you mean," cried they.

"No, fur obeyin', I tell ye," persisted he; then seeing their looks of incredulity he made this explanation: "When I was comin' into the house my boots were muddy as blazes, and mother had been scrubbin' the floor," says she, "Now, Ben, you'd better walk right over that clean floor with your muddy boots." "Anything to oblige you," says I. So I boldly walked across the room, and she lit on me with a bound like a cat on a mouse, and the way she toted me around that room was a caution. I won't obey orders any more.