

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

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## HEADQUARTERS!

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OF  
FALL GOODS,  
AND

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IS HEADQUARTERS

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EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

"TIP-TOP" DRUG HOUSE.

### LIVE FOR SOMETHING

Live for something, be not idle,  
Look about thee for employ;  
Sit not down in useless dreaming—  
Labor is the sweetest joy;  
Folded hands are ever weary;  
Selfish hearts are never gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be thou while you may.

Scatter blessings in the pathway!  
Gentle words are cheering smiles  
Fetter are than gold or silver  
With their great creating wiles.  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful ear,  
So let our sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened heart.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;  
Drop the tears of sympathy.  
Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
Give, and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy soul returning,  
From this perfect fountain-head;  
Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

### THE BETROTHAL.

The red sun had cast its last molten shadows on the parched green sward in front of Fernhill, and a cruel looking sky reached in one speckless stretch as far as Justice could see.

She had been sitting for an hour or more, all alone, ever since the supper hour, that she had always at seven, because Miss Fantasia was as methodical as a piece of machinery in her comings and goings, and would be while she reigned supreme in her brother's house.

Justice sat thinking over all that had come and gone since the day, six weeks back, when Darrell Grace had bowed over her hand, and she had thought what a good thing in a man was such a strong, sweet, bold voice as his.

From that sort of a beginning only one possible result would come, at least for Justice, and she sat there conscious that when Darrell Grace came, an hour or so later, he would bring with him the power to make or mar all her future life.

Before Justice herself fully understood what her own feelings meant, he knew his influence over her, and with his accustomed skill, his selfishness that was such an essential part of his nature, he settled down to the delightful task of teaching this girl the strength of her own capabilities.

He succeeded well. He had enjoyed the deliberate task so much that, for the first time in a long, long while he was interested and entertained; while Justice had come to know that when this last night of his stay came, and he should say farewell, the beginning or the end of all things for her would come.

When the soft dusk was over everything, Justice heard Darrell Grace's step on the gravel walk, then on to the secluded side porch where she awaited him.

"You thought I'd be certain to come, Justice? I was not sure but that this terrible heat had annihilated you, yet you look—just as I would have you look on my last night."

She smiled at his remark. "Your last night, really, Darrell? How I shall miss you. Oh, how shall I get along without you?"

"Will you miss me, Justice?—really miss me when this hour comes, this hour we have never yet failed to spend together since we knew each other? What dear times they have been little girl, haven't they?"

Justice's hand slid quietly from under his cool strong fingers. "But all such pleasant times must end, you want to say, Mr. Grace. Say it, do, in the way summer friends have of saying it. And what do you think I shall do when—when—I don't see you—any more?"

Her voice was lost in low, sobbing gasps, and Darrell Grace's blue eyes shadowed over with a very pained look he could call at will.

"My poor little girl! You make me wish I never had tasted the happiness of this summer time, and you make me wish that I had never asked Rosine Day to be my wife."

"Ah! that was the sword that had been suspended by the hair of her suspicious fear.

She gave a low cry, and her hand went fluttering over her dress in an uncertain, pitiful way.

Then Mr. Grace called through the shuttered window: "You had better come out, Miss Fantasia. The heat has overpowered Justice, I am afraid."

And Miss Fantasia said yes—that it was very oppressive, and that Justice had suffered from it all day.

And then, when he had been assured there was nothing to fear from the fainting spell, Mr. Darrell Grace took himself away from Fernhill.

"That was the most idiotic mistake I ever made in my life—and brutal, too, mentioning Rosine's name as I did. Poor little Justice! God knows I meant no harm to her happiness."

So he went away, with perhaps a few twinges of conscience occasionally. While Justice—well, women always have the worst of it, and the fonder, the truer, the more faithful the heart, the more keen its sufferings.

Mrs. Morent's face was wearing an expression of the most unalloyed horror and anxiety.

"What in the world shall we do about it? Was ever anything so unfortunate?—and Rosine so exceedingly nervous and superstitious! Aunt Fanny, what shall we do? Here have come two notes from two of our guests for the dinner-party to-night, making their excuses—and it leaves just thirteen for the table. Who in the world can I ask to take a chair at such a late hour? Oh, dear, dear, I almost wish I had never undertaken to get Rosine settled, for all everybody thinks she and Mr. Darrell are such a splendid couple."

"If it was anybody else but Darrell

Grace I am sure Justice would not object to accommodate you, my dear," said Fantasia: "but you know she goes out so very little, and Mr. Grace and she have never met since that unfortunate time, two summers ago, when, say what any one chooses, he certainly behaved very badly. However, I'll tell her; I can ask her, and there'll surely be no harm in that much. All I know is, that since we've been in town she has not gone out much, and as we go home soon I don't know that she'll care to go to any trouble to make herself ready. But I'll ask her. I'll come at any rate."

And so it happened that Justice was invited to attend a grand dinner-party given by Mrs. Morent in honor of the betrothal of her pretty young protegee to the man Justice loved, and who had trifled so heartlessly with her.

"Yes, auntie, I'll go," Justice said; her eyes gleamed feverishly, and her cheeks flushed warmly. "It would be terrible to have thirteen at a table—particularly so if Miss Day is superstitious. What ought I wear? Not white, of course. The bride-elect will wear white. Oh, yes! my black tissue."

And Miss Fantasia wondered what strange freak could possess the girl, so excited she was.

For the first time since his words had stricken her to the ground, Justice saw Darrell Grace that night, when, all unexpectedly to him Mrs. Morent took him up to Justice with some little world, and then left them together.

And Darrell Grace looked at her now and remembered all that summer's idyl, and then noted her sweet, fair graciousness that never was so prominently plain as now in contrast to Rosine Day's elaborate elegance, and a great pang went through his heart.

To this he had refused such a pearl for the flashing paste that was already palling on his taste.

He had made no special sign, nor had she, when they met, but only a little later it was that he requested her to let him show her the plants in the conservatory, and then, all of a sudden, he had turned towards her.

"Justice, what made you come here—here of all places on God's earth? Don't you know how I have been trying all these long months to forget your sweet and winning face?"

"She loved him; was it any wonder her eyes darkened with piteous love for him? He had humiliated her; was it any wonder that a little pallor of pain whitened her cheeks?"

"I see no reason why I should have remained away because you are here," she replied.

Her soul was in a tumult because she was in his presence again.

Inside fountains tinkled, and leaves swayed. Outside low, ominous thunder rolled grumbly through the starless summer night, and it reminded them both of another summer night.

"But I cannot forget you—now, less than ever. You madden me—"

She turned towards him with a look of reproof.

"Sir, such words are an insult. Please take me in; that lightning is terrible. Oh, listen!"

A reverberating peal of thunder boomed overhead.

Grace smiled bitterly. "The severity of the shower is a good excuse for you to rid yourself of me, but you shall hear me tell you the terrible mistake I have made—you shall know I will be the husband of one woman, and the lover of another, of you—of you—Justice, my darling!"

She gave a little cry of fear at his impetuous words.

"Mr. Grace, you—"

"No, Justice, you shall not reproach me for my heartless cruelty to you. God only knows how sorely I am tempted to tell that woman I do not want her; that I want you—Justice, I must have you! Kiss me, my love!"

His arms went out towards her—the girl he could not forget—the girl who worshipped him!

His arms reached out to her, and then—there was one terrific blinding flash of yellow light, one instant of awful deafening thunder, that seemed to Justice must be the pillars of the world crushing about their heads, and beyond that—

She nor Darrell never could have known, for when they found them, a few minutes later, the mark of the storm flood was on them both—the little blue-black sign that told where the lightning had stricken them out of possibility of love, suffering, pride, or woe any more.

So that once again the fatal betrothal feast was limited to the dreadful number; only that there was no feast, only Rosine Day, terrified and heart-broken at the awful sudden death of her lover, could not understand how far better a fate was hers than if Darrell Grace had lived—"the husband of one woman, the lover of another."

### Royal English Farms.

The following description of the Royal Farms at London, England, is from the pen of Prof. Morrow.

"The royal dairy itself is a very ornamental building; but much effort was given to secure the best results. A free circulation of air, the best attainable ventilation, an abundant supply of water, and all practicable means for securing a uniform temperature, were insisted on in the plan. The floor is built on brick arches with an empty space below the arches. The walls are hollow; the windows double. The ceiling is also arranged with reference to ventilation and excluding the effects of changes of temperature. The walls and floors are of highly ornamental tiles, with beautiful borders, majolica, frieze, cornice, borders and fountains, fine medallions and busts of the royal family—are but part of the works of ornament which make this the most beautiful dairy in the world. The milk is kept in large white dishes, which stand on marble tables, under which are shallow reservoirs for streams of running water. The room is thirty-six by twenty feet high. When the Yucca is at the castle, large quantities of fresh milk is supplied from this dairy. When she is at other residences, butter is made daily and forwarded to her. The butter is churned in a common barrel churn, and put up usually in long rolls. That which I saw was of very good quality. The milk is skimmed after standing twenty-four hours, and again twelve hours later. The dairy is under the direct charge of a Scotchman and his wife, who have been in their present place six or seven years. The larger number of the cows kept here are Short-horns, many of them of good pedigrees. For many years Booth bulls have been used, generally hired from one of the Mr. Booths. Some of these are fine animals; but, as a lot, there are not good milk cows. A dozen or more of these are Jerseys, some of them quite good, and several good Ayrshires. They were all in good, but not in unduly high condition. They are milked in the stables, but are in pasture during both night and day. As a curiosity there is kept a Swiss bull, of large size and fair form, but with a large coarse head, and a little Ashantee bull, presented to Her Majesty. He is about the size of a Kerry bull, and of rather good form; but apparently of anything but an amiable temper. Short-horns are shown annually, and good prices are made for the young stock, as also, I believe, for the young Jersey bulls. Considerable numbers of Berkshires and of the White Prince Albert's Windsor pigs are bred. Some of the Berkshires are of quite a good stamp, of the larger style. The Windsor or Prince Albert pigs are above the medium size, very rapid growers, and lay on fat very readily. I should think the proportion of fat lean meat too great. A large flock of Cheviot ewes are kept, they being purchased annually, and bred to Leicester or Cotswold rams. Mr. Tait finds the Cheviot much more free from foot rot than the Downs—and certainly the Downs kept in the London parks are much troubled with lameness—and also finds the cross-bred lambs very desirable.

### A Ride Through the Air.

Let us try the elevated railroad and see what it is like. We will take the cars down-town and go up to Central-Park and perhaps beyond. At the down-town station near Trinity Church, where the trains start from, we pay for our tickets and pass out upon the platform. Well, really, this is a railroad in the air in earnest. There are engines standing about, some with steam up ready to start, others running under a pipe to get water. There is a bridge over the water-pipe, and on top are men with wheelbarrows, wheeling coal. One opens a trap in the bridge, shoots his barrow-load of coal down the trap, and it falls through a funnel in the top of the cab of the engine. At once the engine moves out of the way to make room for the next. Quick work is essential on a railroad that runs eight hundred trains in twenty-four hours. Opposite is a switch-house, and in it we can see the man who controls all the switches here. See, he has moved a lever, and up the track, we see the signal-arm move. There is a train coming. The signal says "all clear," and the train comes down, crossing over from one side of the bridge to the other, running up to the side of the platform. Men stand ready to cast-off couplings, unfasten the air-pipes for the brakes and loosen the bell-rope. The engine moves away to the coupling place, and at the same time another engine backs down and is coupled on; the engine passengers have all stepped out, and the up passengers take their places and the train is off in less than two minutes. At once the engine rolls up past the platform and takes its place ready for the next train. The arms on the signal-move up and down, and another train comes down to the platform. If the business is very active, one train follows another in about a minute and a half. We'll take a train and go up-town. The car is wide, handsome, neatly carpeted, and with broad and comfortable seats. The buildings slip past on either side and we can look into the second-story windows and see the people inside. It's a mere glance for an instant, and then it is passed. The people inside do not appear to mind it much. Well, when a railroad train shoots by your window every ninety seconds you can't afford to look out at every one of them. The train pulls up at a station and more people get in, and in less than a minute we are off again. Now we come out on a wide street and we can look through the windows to the street below. There is a blockade there. A truck has broken down on a horse-car track and the cars are stopped in a long line. How lucky that we can fly right over the whole affair, crowd and all, and leave them far behind, while the drivers below are quarreling as to who shall get out of the way. On we go up-town; stopping at station after station, making two more curves and then coming to Sixth avenue. Now we spin along in fine style, and as the road is in the middle of the street we have a good chance to see the shops and sidewalks below. We go in this way for nearly three miles, pass a branch road leading off to the left, and then stop at Fifty-eighth street. Here we are at Central Park in twenty minutes from Trinity Church, and making twelve stops on the way.

### An Old House.

A short distance north of the Quarantine station, Staten Island, New York, stands a very old house, which was a home when Washington had scarcely reached the dignity of manhood, which has outlasted revolution and the storms of nearly two centuries, sheltering the British red-coats and the patriots against whom the red-coats fought, looking out through the quaint dormer windows on the thousand changes that have been wrought during its existence, and remaining to this very day a secure and hospitable dwelling. Its preservation is a matter of wonder, because no crisis or event in history is associated with it. A King George's man fell in love with a maiden who lived in it, and, being rejected, desperately hanged himself from a beam in the ceiling, while she, like Chelotte, in Thackeray's "ballad," "went on cutting bread and butter." The disembodied spirit of this self-hearted and soft-headed warrior still visits the chamber of his folly, and shamefully disturbs its occupants by the midnight clinking of his spurs and tread of his double-soled boots. The ample fireplace that gazes in the cellar was surrounded in the evenings of many years by the supine slaves, who were locked up for the night, and who in their entire simplicity never thought of avenging themselves upon their bond-masters by a brand from that convenient burning. The house is close upon the water, and the luxuriant lawn in front needs a strong sea-wall to prevent it from the tidal encroachments. The lilacs were in bloom when we called, and the long grass rippled in the wind, and shook the golden chalice of the buttercups that opened in the sunshine. Patriarchal shade trees flickered over the shingled roof—that symbol of unflinching protection, the shield against how many storms, the seal of how many secrets? A hardy vine interwove its twisting branches up the supports of the wide porch, under which the gentle mistress sometimes sits with her embroidery or book. Only the ground-floor is distinctly visible. The floor above merely suggests itself by three dormer-windows in the gray roof, which is bent with the weight of its years. It is a place for dreams and musings, this old house by the bay—a sanctity not to be profaned by the vulgar strifes of passionate men. The rustle of the leaves, the sibilant murmur of the long grass, the plashing of the waters against the low sea-wall, and the noiseless traffic of the vessels give Memory wings and inspire her to flights through the pale twilight of the past. The outer door is diamond-paned glass, and just inside of this there is another one made of oak not a bit less than three inches thick, with an old-fashioned latch still attached to it, by which we pass into a cheerful hall. There is a bell to summon the inmates, by the way of concession to modern convenience; but who that has affection for old-time things in him would be able to resist rapping a sharp rattat-tat on the big knocker, whose hammer is wrought into a griffin's head? This knocker was brought from an old chateau

### A Hefly Reptile.

Mr. Snodgrass, a farmer, residing in the eastern part of Jackson county, Kansas, tells the best snake story of the season. It is related that while working in a field, his curiosity was aroused by a track through his cornfield, which he thought had been made by some dead animal being dragged through. Following up the trail he at last came upon the cause of the heavy marks on the ground, which was nothing less than an immense snake, having a body as big around as a log of wood. Going to the house he secured a double-barrelled shotgun and returning to the spot fired both charges into the snake. After the reptile had ceased its terrible writhings, he was even then afraid to approach it alone, and secured the aid of two colored men. An examination proved it to be a rattlesnake, and of such immense size that the three determined to drag it to the barn, where it was placed on the scales and found to weigh one hundred and twenty-five pounds. The snake had forty-two rattles, and is supposed to have been fully fifty years old. In truth of the above Mr. Snodgrass skinned the snake and will exhibit the mammoth hide and rattles at the fair next month.

How K P Battle