

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

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HEADQUARTERS!

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WHEN ALL IS DONE.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,
And the day and night are the same as one,
The year grows green and the year grows
brown,
And what is it all when all is done?
Grains of sower or shining sand
Sliding into and out of the hand.
And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze,
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on toward night.
The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
The maiden dreameth her love's dream,
And what is it all when all is done?
The fisher's net the burden breaks,
And after the dreaming the dreamer
awakes.

One Summer's Harvest.

A sinking sun—a girl standing at the
farm-house gate, bathed in that sun's dying
glory; the deep blue eyes, fringed by their
jetty lashes, eager and expectant, the red
lips curving in a glad happy smile, as her
ear catches the far off echo of a well known
step; and one reads again the old, old story
which seems so new to every heart that
learns its pages.

Yet Ethel Mayne was not one to wear
her heart upon her sleeve; but neither had
Ernest Melwood lived his thirty years in
vain. A month before, fortified by a letter
of introduction to the squire, one of his
father's college friends, who, since the
death of his young wife, had buried himself
in this country life, he had come among
them to regain strength, to recover from a
severe fever, whose victim he had well-nigh
become.

He had been received by Mr. Mayne
with courteous hospitality, but when his
daughter was formally presented, when first
his eyes dwelt upon the wonderful
beauty, which had sprung into such perfection
far from the city's din, all thoughts of
cure and country dullness fled.

So the days went on, scarce noted by the
man of the world, watching this new yet
old development of a girl's heart; to her,
passing with the swiftness of thought, in
listening to the melody of one voice, and
drinking in the dangerous sweetness of his
smiles.

Alas! the old story indeed!
Why should he not pluck this little violet,
which had shed its rich perfume at his
feet, as well as the precious exotic
which, when the leaves had turned to
brown, he was to cull for his own?

So a subtle sweetness crept into his tone
his dark eyes grew strangely soft, as draw-
ing near, he clasped the tiny hand laid so
confidingly in his own, and looked into the
azure-tinted eyes upraised to his.

"Were you waiting for me Ethel?"
"Ah, Ernest, the days are long without
you!"

"What will you do when I have gone?"
"Gone!" And the color died out of
cheek and lips, leaving an ashy paleness as
she said, with a faint smile, "You are play-
ing with me Ernest. You would not
leave me?"

"Business compels it darling, but I shall
carry your sweet beauty with me, where-
ever I may go."
"But you are coming back? You are
not going for long?"

"I trust not."
And for a moment the girl's peerless
beauty made the man waver in his alle-
giance to the haughty summons received
that day from his betrothed.

Had he known this girl beside him was
the owner of as many thousands as the
heirless whose hand he considered essential
to the furthering of his other schemes, the
summer harvest would have born different
fruit.

In no measured words had he asked
Ethel Mayne to be his wife; but in her
young trusting innocence, when from her
lips he had snatched their first sweetness,
while her ears caught his vows of love, in
the singular fascination of his presence and
the keen subtlety of his words, she had no
other thought, and she now looked in his
face with a wondering hesitancy, while a
hand of iron seemed clutching at her
heart.

"You trust not! What do you mean,
Ernest?" and there was a haughty ring in
the tone new to the man's ear—new to her-
self, but born of her suffering. "Are you
going back to forget me? If so I can bear
it."

"Forget you, darling! Forget the little
violet whose witching sweetness has lent
my summer all its charm? No, no! Trust
me, little one. I will of course come back
to see the color in your cheek again.
Let me see the color in your cheek again.
Do not make my going harder, by this sad
face on our last evening. You will write
to me?"

"Yes, your letters are all I have to live
upon—all the promise I shall know of the
future. Ernest, I fear that gay world to
which you so have, so true?"
"Fear nothing darling, and believe me,
whatever comes, there is naught on earth
I have ever loved so well."
And, for once in his false life the man
spoke the truth.

Three months sped by—months which to
Ethel Mayne had seemed years. The
promised letters had been strangely cold,
breathing nothing of that promise to return
till expectancy died away, and when with
a strange prescience of future ill, she in
her woman's pride sent no reply, there
came one more tender, more pressing, she
detected the false ring in its pages, and was
silent.

But her country life seemed dull and
aimless, and the squire noting her pale
pale cheek, gladly consented to break
through the retirement of so many years,
and once again seek the gay world he had
renounced.

A month later and Ethel Mayne's love-
less had taken society by storm. To no
wish had her doting father said, and in the
beautiful home he had provided for her,
with all the wonderful accessories of toilet
he had given her with lavish hand, she
shone forth peerless.

Save to her father, for whom she wears
her old radiant smile, the girl is an enigma
to all—even herself—and she wonders at
the icy coldness which has frozen round her
heart, causing an indifference to all things.
Yet coldness gives way to burning heat, a
heat which seems to scorch the very heart,
blood and spurge upward in a mad tumult,
then recede; leaving her well nigh turned to
stone, as her eye rests upon a paragraph in
the *Post*, which confirms her most reckless
fears.

"We hear that Miss Annie Anstey,
daughter of L. D. Anstey, Esq., is shortly
to be led to the altar by Mr. Ernest Mel-
wood."
This was all, yet enough. He had called
several times since she had come to the
city, but she had invariably refused to see
him.

A rumor of this had reached her—a rum-
or now confirmed—but which had told
her that the engagement had existed even
in halcyon days he had caused her heart's
awakening.

She had served to pass away the time
then. This was all, and what to her had
been the coloring of the rainbow, was in
his eyes but painted tints, to be washed
out by her tears.

Tears! Should she ever weep again?
Would such a heaven—such mercy be given
to cool those burning lids? Or, should
one scolding drop force its way upward,
was he worth its falling? No—a thousand
times no!

And a scornful smile played round the
beautiful mouth, as drawing her escritoire
toward her, she put into execution a sud-
den determination, and penned the follow-
ing lines:

"My Dear Mr. Melwood:—I was very
sorry to have been so engaged when you
last called, that I was obliged to deny my-
self the pleasure of meeting you. This
evening I shall be at home and alone, and
if you have no other engagement, I shall
hope to see you."
Yours,
"ETHEL MAYNE."

The look of astonishment which over-
spread Ernest Melwood's handsome face
grew into a triumphant smile as he re-
flected the dainty note, with the crest he
had instantly recognized upon the seal plac-
ing it carefully within an inner pocket and
registering the determination to break all
other engagements and renew his summer's
pleading.

The woman he was to marry had never
before been into those depths that Ethel
Mayne's blue eyes had penetrated, for, as
he could love he had loved her.

He little thought that in her young beau-
ty and loving woman's nature, she could
have offered him a far richer dowry than
that for which he bartered his manhood and
his noble better self.

Her heiress-ship had been all unknown
to him, until lately rumors of her father's
wealth had reached him—rumors which
their luxurious, lavish style of living proved
truth—and as he ascended the steps of their
elegant mansion, at the appointed time, he
bit his lip in inward rage, while an unac-
knowledged resolve came into his heart
that it should not yet be too late.

Never, never was Ethel Mayne as rav-
ishingly, as dangerously lovely as when she
entered her father's drawing rooms that
night to greet her recent lover.

Was this, indeed, the girl, he asked him-
self, from whom he had parted scarce six
months ago, who, with an air of quiet self-
possession, almost haughtiness, touched and
dropped his outstretched hand, as she sank
into a *fautuil*, with all her old wonderful
grace, saying:—

"This is almost an unexpected pleasure,
Mr. Melwood, as I hardly hoped the pres-
sure of your engagements would permit a
personal answer to my summons. In fact,
I scarcely know why I sent for you, save that
I was alone this evening and having some-
what a dread of *ennui*, thought, perhaps,
you would break its potent spell."

"Your request Miss Mayne, was more
potent than another's command. Indeed,
had my engagements been far more press-
ing, you would still have seen me here."
"Ah, engagements are made but to be
broken! Is it not so? If one suffers the
other goes unscathed, and I do not much
believe in suffering as the world is to-day.
If we cry even for the moon, somebody
will be good enough to get us an artificial
one, which does just as well as the real
thing now-a-days."

"Perhaps if one must deal in generalities,
but, to those who have lived in the light
and sweetness of a young moon on a sum-
mers night, I hardly think artificial means
would be the same."
"Perhaps not, if one is young oneself,
with faith untarnished in a future. But
after all, I prefer gaslight, for though pos-
sibly less romance, it is not troubled at
inauspicious times with dark clouds cross-
ing its surface, leaving you suddenly in
utter darkness. By-the-way, Mr. Melwood
may I congratulate you?"

"Upon what, Miss Mayne?"
"But the man's face paled and his voice
trembled as he asked the question."
"Upon what? Certainly a congratula-
tion to a man a few weeks previous to his
marriage may pass unchallenged. And
when society is to lose so shining a light as
Mr. Melwood, it surely may congratulate
him upon his gain, even though it prove its
loss!"

Bitter-sweet, icily-cutting, was every
word as it fell from the girl's lips; and they
stung the man before her, even through the
coat of mail in which he wrapped himself—
stung and drove him to madness, while
her wonderful beauty awakened in him the
old passion in irresistible force.

"Hush, Ethel! For heaven's sake, hush!
Not from your lips can I hear these idle
words. Oh, darling, if you have forgotten
I have not, and memory has proved the
one drop of water to quench my burning
thirst. In the purgatory my life has been
since those golden summer nights, some-
times in my dreams, I have seen the love

light in your eye, or felt the touch of your
hand fall like velvet on my arm, have
heard your voice filling my room with
music, have even touched your pure red
lips with my unworthy ones; until on
waking to my desolation, I have wished
that I were dead. Better the grave in its
loneliness than death in this life!"

There was no acting here, and hot tears
stood in his eyes as he lifted them to her
face, but a great scorn was in her voice as
she replied:—

"Miss Anstey would probably prefer
your rehearsal of any part with herself as
an audience."
"Ethel in those days gone by you loved
me. Do not deny it. Your lips had not
then learned to hide the impulses of your
heart, your eyes could not lie; and I—oh,
my darling, in thought of the chains that
bound me even then—have struggled in
such impotence that the angels might have
pitied me. Base, unworthy as I am, I
speak the truth now. Why—why did I
ever meet you, only to have you spurn me
thus? Ethel, it is not yet too late. For-
give the past and be my wife."

"Your wife—your? Sooner would I
lay down my life. Yes, I loved you once
—why should I deny it?—loved you with a
love that thought darkness light when you
shared it; loved you as now I loathe you.
Go, in your falsehood, with your perjured
lips, back to the girl who has one so rare
a prize in life's lottery, and tell her of the
amusement you found in a country sojourn
—no less a plaything than a woman's heart
—tell her your hand converted innocence
into knowledge, joy into wretchedness,
light into darkness, a girl into a woman."
Then bid her lay her head upon your breast
press upon her lips the kisses you can yield
so well, and ask her if she is not proud of
such a prize. Let her bind you closer in
her chains of gold. You thought mine
only of perishable flowers; but had you
trusted them I would have made them of
precious stones. Forgive you? For what?
For opening my eyes to man's treachery
and worldly lust? For showing me the in-
carinate baseness which can be veiled in the
glory of the image of his maker? Yes, I
forgive you even as I scorn you. Go in
peace!"

The June roses were once in bloom, as
Ethel Mayne stood before God's altar by
Philip Vaughn's side and took upon herself
the solemn vow to love, honor and obey.

Nor was the man to whom she pledged
herself unworthy of such a gift. He it was
who had thawed the frozen chains to her
heart, and had taught her once again the
faith and trust without which woman's life
is blighted.

The sun had hid himself for a brief
while, and now shed forth resplendently
upon the rose bordered path her feet so
gladly trod. So as they turned from the
sacred place, and the organ breathed forth
its jubilee, it was echoed and reechoed in
both their hearts.

But only a short distance from this scene
of rejoicing, amid the great city's din, a
pistol-shot rang out upon the clear morning
air. A bullet, sent by his own hand, found
its way into the heart of the man who had
learned too late the possession of that heart
and found he had rendered his own life un-
endurable.

Yet, when Ethel Vaughn learned the
sad truth leaning upon her husband's
breast, she felt naught save a great pity,
and a pure prayer rose from her o'ra grate-
ful heart for the soul's happiness of the man
whose requiem her wedding chimes had
rung.

The Boomerang.

This curious weapon, peculiar to the na-
tive Australian, has often proved a puzzler
to men of science. It is a piece of carved
wood, nearly the form of a crescent, from
30 to 40 inches long, pointed at both ends,
and the corner quite sharp. The mode of
using it is quite singular as the weapon.
Ask a black to throw it so as to fall at his
feet, and away it goes full 40 yards before
him, skimming along the surface at three or
four feet from the ground, when it will
suddenly raise in the air 40 or 60 feet,
describing a curve, and finally drop at the
feet of the thrower. During its course it re-
volves with great rapidity, as on the pivot,
with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so
barbarous a people should have invented
so singular a weapon, which sets laws of
progression at defiance. It is very danger-
ous for a European to try to project it at
any object, as it may return and strike
himself. In a native's hand it is a formid-
able weapon, striking without the projec-
tion or being seen: like the Irishman's gun,
shooting round a corner as well as straight-
forward.

The Quinine Flower.

It is a native of Florida, and is found
most abundantly in flat pine woods, in a
moderately dry soil, making its appearance
in March or April, and flowering from July
to September. The specimens furnished
me were gathered three or four miles south
of Monticello, in Jefferson county. In the
lower portions of the county it is very
abundant, and is successfully employed by
those living in its vicinity, for the cure of
the different types of malarious fever, the
whole plant being used, either in the form
of decoction or extract, and is given *ad
libitum*, or until the patient feels the effects
of quinine in his head. It is a curious fact
that persons brought under the influence of
this remedy experience similar sensations
—such as tension or fullness in the head,
—ringing in the ears, or partial deafness—
when under the influence of quinia, and
hence its name. Its reputation as an anti-
periodic, was established during the civil
war, when, owing to the scarcity of quinia,
every opportunity was offered for testing
the relative value of the various substitutes.
The quinine flower is intensely and perma-
nently bitter, yielding its properties to
water and alcohol. A saturated tincture in
doses of one teaspoonful every two hours,
was found sufficient to break the paroxysm
of intermittent fever. Large quantities,
however, may be given in obstinate cases,
or in the remittent form of the disease.

A Phenomenon in Niagara River.

Niagara river has this season offered some
fine opportunities for the study of the main-
tenance of the equilibrium of animal life
on both land and water. Early spring was
marked by an unprecedented migration of
minnows from Lake Erie into the Niagara
river. They arrived by millions, and
formed here and there almost solid banks
of moving fish. The shores of some little
creeks like those of Frenchman's creek,
emptying from the Canada shore into the
Niagara, were actually strewn with count-
less numbers of dead minnows, which had
been suffocated for want of oxygen in these
narrow channels. The advent of the min-
nows attracted in turn, as might naturally
be expected, a proportionately sized swarm
of their destroyers, in shape of the different
species of pike, muscalonge and black bass.
The latter could be seen lying quietly in
solid column along the bottoms near the
shores, where the water was sufficiently
shallow and transparent to permit a full
view of them. Fishermen were perplexed
and in despair, since they would take bait
of no kind, no matter how temptingly dis-
played. Their stomachs were fairly gorged
with minnows, which could be captured
without any effort whatsoever.

Later on, when the main bulk of minnows
disappeared without being followed by their
enemies, the tables were turned, and bass
fishing never has been known to be as fine
as it was toward the latter end of the sum-
mer. Though the river is no longer stocked
with minnows as it was in the spring, the
present amount probably still exceeds that
of any previous year, and has attracted later
on another host of their natural enemies,
the winged toilers of the sea. Never before
has the surface of the green Niagara exhib-
ited such an animated display of glistening
white flocks of gulls and terns as in the
present months. They have assembled by
thousands, and luxuriate in immense abun-
dances on their natural prey. Among them
are some species never before observed
here in any notable quantity, or even single
specimens. We enumerate the Kittiwake
gull, besides three species of terns, two of
which are determinable as the black and
common tern, while the other is dubious on
account of its immature plumage. They are
congregated in large and separate flocks,
and though occasionally hovering high over
the river, may easily be decoyed to come
near the surface by throwing upon it some
white bunches of cotton or paper. A good
breech-leader will then make considerable
havoc among them, as they generally re-
main quite a long time near any spot upon
one or more of their shot comrades float up-
on the water. It is very easy to see how
black bass and the various species of gulls
and terns should be found in such great num-
bers, where there is an unusual abundance
of their natural food; but a more minute
knowledge, through close observation and
examination, is needed to determine the
reasons for the unsurpassed spring migration
of the minnows. The solution of the prob-
lem probably hinges also upon their peculiar
microscopic food, which may have been af-
fected by changed conditions of the ordi-
nary temperature of the water, or other
similar influences of a physical nature.

A Terrible Death.

In 1869 Charles L. Smith left Carthage,
having received the appointment of Ameri-
can consul to Russia, with residence in a
city on the Amoor river in Siberia. He
left in the summer, accompanied by his
wife, whom he left with relatives in Chi-
ago. Arriving in San Francisco, he
learned that the last of the trading boats
had left for the season. Being anxious to
reach his destination, as he intended en-
gaging in the fur business, he took passage
on a ship bound for Hong Kong, China,
where he hoped to engage passage and
reach his destination quicker than by wait-
ing for the return of the traders. Arriving
at Hong Kong he became acquainted with
a member of a New York firm, who offer-
ed him an chance to engage in business. He
would not engage then, but pushed on as
fast as possible to his destination, where he
arrived in the spring of 1870. He re-
mained several months, and, not being
satisfied with the business country, he re-
turned to Hong Kong and accepted the
offer before made to him. Five men, in-
cluding Smith, went on a trading expedi-
tion into the interior of the southern part
of China, where they were successful,
amassing large fortunes. They returned
to the coast, on their homeward journey,
and engaged a Chinese junk to take them
to Hong Kong. When far out from the
main land the crew of the junk mutinied,
robbed their passengers and placed them
on a desert island, with neither food nor
drink. It was not long before starvation
stared the unfortunate men in the face.
For several days they had subsisted on a
few berries they found on the island.
Those were gone, and no ship had come to
the rescue. When at last they could stand
hunger and thirst no longer, they cast lots
to see who should die. The lot fell on
Smith, who, before being put to death, re-
quested that his companions should never
let his wife know of the manner of his
death, if they were fortunate enough to re-
turn to America. He was then put to death
and eaten by his companions. A short
time thereafter the men were rescued by a
passing ship and came to America, to New
York, where they reported Smith dead,
none at the time but the members of the
firm knowing the manner of his death.
Two years ago a gentleman who had been
in correspondence with Smith during his
lifetime, called on the New York firm and
demanded the particulars. At first they re-
fused, but afterwards decided to tell him,
providing he would keep it from Mrs.
Smith. The promise has been kept. Mrs.
Smith died in Chicago two weeks ago,
ignorant of the manner of her husband's
death.

To prevent citron from getting to
the bottom of a cake or pudding. Rub
the citron well with flour after cutting,
and it will neither sink nor mass to-
gether; the same applies to other
fruits.