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CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

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AFTER THE RAIN.

I heard a song on the moorland brown,
When the day grew fair and long;
Methought no voice in the noisy town
Could sing so sweet a song.
It was a herald boy, all alone—
Alone on the showery plain—
Who sang with a silver trumpet tone,
"The sunshine follows the rain."
My thoughts turn back to that April day
As I pace the city street;
But the brown, brown moor lies far away
From the tread of weary feet;
Yet ever the song rings clear and loud,
Over and over again,
Above the din of the restless crowd—
"The sunshine follows the rain."
God knows it is hard to fret and strive
For the gold that soon is spent;
It seems sometimes that the sinners thrive,
While saints are less content;
But He knows, too, that the clouds will part
And the hidden path grow plain;
His angels sing to the doubting heart,
"The sunshine follows the rain."

Susie's Gift.

The days were growing dark for George Graham. His studious habits had resulted in an affection of the eyes that threatened to grow serious.

This was his last term at school, and if he passed his examination creditably, he was to have a place in Solomon Grant's store, with wages that would not only take care of himself, but greatly help his mother.

His mother was a widow, and George's love for her was a sort of passion of devotion.

He was very fond of Susie Hale, but Susie was only a nice girl to him—a dear, sweet, good girl, such as any fellow would like; but his mother was the lady to whom was due his love, his care, his uttermost duty.

The plans he made in life were all for his mother's sake.

What if this growing dizziness about him was to increase until all was dark? What if he must be no help to his mother, but only a burden on her forever?

His scholarship had been so fine that his tutor hesitated to reprove his now continual failures; and George said nothing of the increasing darkness around him to his mother, for he felt that it would break her heart; nothing to teacher or schoolmates, for it seemed to him that his grief would be nothing to them. But one afternoon the crisis came.

No one who was present that day—not even the smallest child—will ever forget the look of wild despair that swept over George Graham's face, or the gesture of helpless anguish with which he stretched out his hands, as if to seek among them all some friend, as he cried—
"God help me, I have been going blind, and now I cannot see one figure in my book!"

There was a silence after this, through which came no sound but the audible beating of George Graham's tortured, despairing heart.

Then the master sent away the others, for school hours were nearly over, and tried his best to comfort his stricken pupil. The words of the teacher entered his ears, but they did not reach his heart or kindle his hope.

As soon as he could he went away. He did not go straight home. How could he face his mother and tell her what he must tell her now?

He sat down on a bank a little removed from the road side, a bank which overhung a swift, deep yet narrow stream.

An awful temptation came over him. To be sure to die would be to leave his mother to fight her battle of life alone; but also it would relieve her from the heavy burden he must needs be to her if he lived. The river rushing down there below invited him with its murmur.

He bent forward over the stream. Then he drew back, for a longing came over him to go home first and see his mother just once more.

"See her! What am I talking about? Do I not know I shall never see her again?" And a girl's voice, soft and tender, an unexpected voice, answered him—
"Yes, you will see her again. Surely you will see her again!"

The boy turned his face towards the sound.

"How did you come here, Susie Hale?" he asked.

"Don't be angry, George," the gentle voice entreated. "I waited for you. I could not go home till I had told you how sorry I was, and tried to comfort you. You must take heart and try to be cured. I have known people who could not see at all, to be helped, and why not you? At least you must try."

An evil mood was upon George Graham, and he answered harshly—
"Where is the money to come from, if you please? It has been all mother could do just to live, and she has struggled on in the expectation of my being able soon to help her. She has no money for experiments. There is nothing for it but for me to rest a dead weight upon her hands, or—die."

"You believe in God, George Graham, and you will not defy him. If he means you to bear this you will bear it like a man, and not try to get rid of the burden. Just now, it seems to me, you ought to go home. Would you like your mother to hear this from someone else?"

He rose slowly.

"You are right," he said, "and you are a good girl. Good by, Susie." She did not try to go with him; she followed him only with her eyes.

His mother met him at the gate. When she took his hands in hers the poor fellow felt that she knew all. She was very quiet and self-controlled.

"Your tutor has been here," she said, "and he has told me. My darling, why

have you sat in the darkness, and shut your mother out from any share in your trouble?"
"Oh, I couldn't tell you, mother," he sobbed. "I couldn't. I thought it would break your heart."

Meanwhile, Susie Hale had gone home full of an absorbing purpose.

Somehow money must and should be raised to try what a skillful oculist could do for George Graham.

Susie was the orphan niece of Solomon Grant.

She knew that she had a modest little fortune of her own, but it was all in her uncle's hands, and without his consent she could not dispose even of her slender income.

But would he not be persuaded to let her have enough of her own money to accomplish her desire?

She asked him, using her utmost power of persuasion to touch his heart, but he refused with peremptory decision.

Susie had in the world one treasure, a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, with a stone white and clear as a dewdrop.

This must, she knew, be worth hundreds.

It was her own. She had meant to keep it all her life for her mother's sake, but surely this great need of George Graham's justified her in parting with it.

She had one friend in whose good faith and judicious management she felt implicit confidence, and to him she sent her mother's ring, with the request that he would sell it as speedily and on as good terms as possible, and remit her the price of it in bank notes, and keep for her the secret that she had disposed of it.

It was a week after George Graham had given up hope, when a most unexpected hope came to him.

A neighbor, going by from the post office, handed in at the door a letter addressed to him. Mrs. Graham opened it.

"George," she cried, after a moment, in an eager, trembling voice, "there are one hundred dollars, and this is the letter that comes with them—"

"This money is from a true friend of George Graham's, and is to be applied to taking him to an oculist, in the hope that his sight may be restored. The giver withholds his name, both because he desires no thanks, and because he wishes to make the return of the money impossible."

"It is from Heaven itself," the mother cried. "George, I feel in my soul that you are to be cured."

The next day a mother and her blind son sought rooms at a quiet little house in the city, and the day after that they were among the earliest patients of Doctor Annesly.

The first examination of George's eyes was unpromising enough, and the doctor wanted to see him daily.

There were weary days and weeks that followed, and it was curious that the mother was always hopeful, and the son always despairing.

At last it almost irritated him to hear her speak of hope to him, and one day he turned on her with the first burst of passionate impatience she had ever experienced from him.

"Mother," he said, "for the love of Heaven do not talk to me as if it was a sure thing that I am going to see again. I want to think it doubtful, almost impossible. If you should make me expect a sure cure, and then it shouldn't come, don't you see that I should go mad? I think I should dash my head against the wall. I can only live by expecting nothing."

After that the mother held her peace, but whenever she went out of that darkened room those who saw her marveled at the light of joy in her eyes.

At last the time came, and the bandage was removed, there was just one wild cry—
"Mother, I see you!" and then George lay at the doctor's feet, swooning in his great joy.

It was weeks yet before he went home again, but the good news preceded him.

The mother wrote to Solomon Grant, who had agreed still to keep the place open while awaiting the result of the experiment.

Solomon read the letter in full family conclave.

He little knew how his niece longed to snatch the paper from his hand and read it for herself; nor did he heed the tears that swam in her dark eyes, tears of such deep, unselfish joy as only a loving woman knows.

Another letter came afterwards to tell when the widow and her son were to return.

It was Susie who walked over early in the afternoon, carrying with her a basket of dainties for the travelers' supper.

Susie's black eyes danced, and her heart sang within her as she set the table in the little parlor and lighted a fire in the kitchen stove, ready to make a fresh cup of tea whenever the widow and her son should arrive.

And at last the travelers came, as at last everything does come, if we wait long enough for it.

They had expected to find an empty house; they found instead warmth, and brightness, and good cheer, and Susie Hale.

Had George Graham grown through his trial into a man's perception of a girl's charms, or had his eyes been hidden before, that he should not see?

I only know that that night, for the first time in his life, it dawned upon him that another woman might some day dispute with his mother the empire of his heart.

But it was not until five years afterwards, when Mr. Grant had taken him into partnership, and Mr. Grant's niece, Susie, had become his wife, that George Graham ever guessed from whose tender hands had come the gift by means of which he had been restored to hope and happiness.

The experimental cotton factory at Atlanta, Ga., is getting along, with orders ahead for 600,000 yards of cloth. Many Lancaster county farmers have not provided sufficient storing accommodations for their tobacco and much of it is spoiling.

Beating Booth.

George Ninaman, was seated alone in the sitting room of a small hotel in Arkansas, when the door of an inner room opened, and a tall, wild-eyed bushy-haired man entered. Without saying a word he seated himself and began staring at Ninaman, who, thinking until then that he was alone in the house exhibited his surprise by opening his eyes as wide as though he had suddenly received an order for ten thousand dollars. Presently a conversation was begun, and the man exhibited such intelligence that Ninaman's fears were allayed, especially as the man claimed to be the landlord's brother. The conversation turning on literary subjects, the man remarked:

"Did you ever hear Hamlet's soliloquy recited properly?"
"I think so," said Ninaman. "I have heard Booth and regard him as a superior elocutionist."

"Booth does not catch the spirit," said the strange looking man, his eyes almost blazing. "He fails to engraft the twig of despair onto the tree of Hamlet's nature. Would you like to hear it recited properly?"

"Yes."
"Are you sure that you would?"
"Yes, I am fond of good elocution."

"You shall hear it. I hope nothing tragic will occur, but by the superiority of Moses you shall have it."

Arising, the wild-eyed man darted into an adjoining room, and returned with a large navy pistol. Placing the pistol on the table he seated himself and remained awhile with his head resting in his hands.

Raising up he began, in a voice so deep and with an air so wild that Ninaman started in wonder. When the wild man came to "take up arms against a sea of trouble and, by opposing, end them," he placed the muzzle against his head. His eyes blazed and his air was of desperation.

"End them," he yelled, springing from his seat and flourishing the pistol "Shall I end them with you?"

Ninaman explained, trembling, that his troubles were not greater than he could bear, and requested the man to lay aside the pistol.

"Ah, I see that you do not like tragedy, you no doubt like comedy. Dance, sir. Pull off your coat and dance or I'll end your life."

The pistol was levelled, and Ninaman sprang to his feet pulled off his coat and began dancing.

"Whoop it up," yelled the man, "er I'll end them. Pull off your pants."

The pants came off and dancing continued.

"Pull off your drawers."
The drawers went off.

"Off with your shirt."
The shirt went off. A noise outside. The landlord, his wife and daughter were on the porch.

"Let me go, for God's sake," pleaded Ninaman.

"No, sir. I'll kill you if you attempt to leave. You are a comedian."

The door knob turned. Ninaman sprang toward a door. The pistol snapped. Opening it, he rushed up stairs.

In a few minutes the landlord came up and handed Ninaman his clothes saying: "I forgot to tell you that my brother is deranged. He has an old pistol, but you couldn't hurt anything with it. He is perfectly harmless but likes to engage in his wild jokes."

Next morning the wild man, in a humor so good that he seemed simple, proposed that he could beat Ninaman throwing rocks at an oyster can Ninaman's ambition now is to "rope in" some other drummer.

The Opium Habit.

"Tell me something, Doctor, about the effects of the drug when taken as a stimulant."

"The first effects are highly stimulating. This continues for a longer or shorter period, according to the habit and constitution of the patient. Then follows a soporific condition—a tendency to sleep, which is very pleasant. The books say that in doses of from one-fourth of a grain to a grain, opium produces a soothing and luxurious calm, followed usually in forty or fifty minutes by a disposition to sleep or repose from outward impressions, while the mind is calm and dreamy."

"Those are the effects of a proper dose, as prescribed by a physician; but how about the excessive use of the drug? Is the system not greatly injured thereby?"

"Those who use the gum, or crude opium, chew it like tobacco. The excessive use destroys the appetite, gives the victim a haggard look, and shatters his nervous system. I know a young lawyer who is a slave to opium, and who is never in a condition to address a jury, or even talk to advantage, except when he is under its influence. When he has any particular work to do, he primes himself with a heavy dose, and then he becomes voluble and brilliant. Opium stimulates the reasoning powers, loosens the tongue, and makes the subject unusually bright and penetrating."

"What a grand thing it would be if the effects were only lasting."

"Yes, but the reaction speedily follows, and the poor opium-eater soon begins to feel like a man at the tail end of a big drunk."

"What are the effects upon the minds of those who usually use opium?"

"It gradually saps the mental vigor, and the subject, in the lapse of years, becomes seemingly indifferent to things around him. He has often a vacant stare, as though he was thinking of things not connected with those of time and sense. The habit, sooner or later, will destroy both the mind and the body, although many use the drug for years, and apparently look well."

"In what form, Doctor, is opium generally administered?"

"Physicians usually prescribe it in the tincture—as laudanum, paregoric, etc.—and in the form of salts and powder. The best results are obtained by administering it in the liquid form. Hypodermic injections—that is, injecting the liquid under the skin, by means of a syringe with a needle attach-

ment—is the safest and most accurate method. The most salutary effect can be produced in this way."

"But do not people get these syringes, and use them on themselves?"

"They do; and that is where the trouble comes in. They use them too often and injure themselves."

"Physicians in the east, particularly in New York and Philadelphia, have observed an alarming increase in the use of the hypodermic injection, and might not a similar increase take place here?"

"I cannot think the number would increase rapidly, for the reason that it is only those who have been treated medically for some ailment that get to understand the use of the instrument. At all events, this would be the least injurious form of using the drug, as the doses are very accurately measured. When the gum alone is used the person chewing it has no accurate idea of the quantity he consumes. The appetite for it increases steadily, as its constant use deadens sensibility to its exalting qualities. So those who use it in the form of laudanum, or in the powder, are constantly increasing the doses until they are able to consume enormous quantities of it."

"What quantity of opium, Doctor, does it take to kill a person?"

"In the form of laudanum, one teaspoonful will kill a person not habituated to its use. There are eight teaspoonfuls in an ounce, so that one ounce, properly distributed, would kill eight persons. Yet I have known persons to take as high as three or four ounces in a day, dividing the quantity into several doses. In the form of a morphia powder, one-sixth of a grain equals one grain of opium, and one grain of opium is equal to twenty or twenty-five drops of laudanum. I had in my practice the case of a woman who had been in the habit of taking a teaspoonful of powdered morphia daily? One grain of the powder will kill a person, and yet there are those who use a drachm or more each day—enough to kill sixty persons! Such cases, however, are exceptional. They are in the last stages, and utterly beyond the reach of cure. They must have the stimulant at any cost; without it they would die, and with it the end soon comes."

Milk Injections in Veins.

A simple way of effecting this purpose has been revealed by some recent experiments of Prof. Thomas of this city, whose observations on the intra-venous injection of milk have attracted the general attention of the medical profession. In one of Prof. Thomas' cases, the patient was moribund when the first injection of warm milk into her veins was made, and the unanimous opinion of the assembled physicians was that death was inevitable. Life was prolonged six days by means of five injections, varying in quantity from eight to fifteen ounces. From this and other cases, Dr. Thomas concludes that the injection of milk into the circulation in place of blood is a perfectly safe and feasible operation, easier to perform than transfusion of blood, and of equal efficiency in case of exhaustion from profuse and repeated hemorrhages. These experiments are in curious agreement with those of Dr. Wulfsberg performed on rabbits and dogs in the laboratory of Professor Marme at Gottingen. After bleeding the animals until all movements of respiration and circulation had ceased, Dr. Wulfsberg injected milk into their veins. The operation was instantaneously followed by rhythmic contractions of the heart, and finally by re-establishment of respiratory movements, and, what is more singular still, upon their cessation, after the stimulant had spent its force, the movements were excited again by repeating the injection. Some of the moribund dogs even barked under the influence of the milk.

The microscopic relations of this subject would be of no interest to the general reader, but the fact that life movements, whether excitation of the nervous centers or by direct irritation of the heart, can be restored after they have ceased, in a manner at once so simple and so readily applied, is of the utmost practical importance.

Measurement of Distances.

A new instrument for measuring distances by sight is among the recent inventions in England. In this arrangement the distance of any object is ascertained by simply reading off upon a scale marked on the base of a right angled triangle the number of divisions which are equivalent to the angle of two lines of sight denoted by an index scale; the two sides of the triangle—that is the perpendicular and the hypotenuse—are the two lines of sight to the object, and the length of the base varies with the distance of the object observed at the apex of the triangle. The distance of the same is measured by the length of base required to enable the line of sight to meet the object of the oblique line. The oblique line of sight in the instrument is obtained along a radius arm, the angle of which to the base may be set at pleasure. The part of the instrument forming the base has a sliding action along the base, so as to enable the latter to be lengthened or reduced, but is always at right angles to it. For the base, a space is divided of 6.282 inches thus allowing the decimal readings of the length of the base to be obtained—6.282 being the proportion of circle circumference to radius. A scale is provided by means of which the radius arm may be set for oblique line of sight to the decimal of a degree. The process of reading off the distance of an object on the instrument is in this wise: As the chord of arc of an angle is to the radius as 1 to 57.35, then if the radius arm be 57.35 inches, it follows that for an angle of one degree it will be one inch out of perpendicular to the base. The oblique line of sight being along the radius arm, will therefore meet at 57.35, the perpendicular line of sight with one inch base, and the object—at the apex of the triangle—will be distant 57.35 inches from the observer, that is 57.35 times the length of the base line. The base line being divided to scale, the distance of the object may thus be read off.