

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

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NO. 9.

HEADQUARTERS!



AN
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OF
FALL GOODS,
AND

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Emporium of Fashion,
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BARBEE'S DRUG STORE

IS HEADQUARTERS

For Pure Drugs, Genuine Medicines, &c.

EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

"TIPTOP" DRUG HOUSE.

DEER LOVERS.

My first my very first, his name was Will—
A handsome fellow, far with curling hair,
And lovely eyes. I had a little lock still.
He went to Galveston and settled there,
At least, I heard so. Ah, dear me—dear me!
How terribly in love he used to be!

The second, Robert Hill, he told his love
The first night that we met. 'Twas at a ball—
A foolish boy. He cried off my love.
We sat out half the dances in the hall,
And flirted in the most outrageous way.
Ah me! how mother scolded all next day.

The third woke up my heart. From night till
morn

From morn till night again I dreamed
I treasured up a rosebud, and I
My tears and kisses, and his picture
Strange that I cannot feel the old, old flame
When I remember Paul—that was his name.

The fourth and fifth were brothers—twins at
that.
Go, d. fellows, kind, devoted, clever, too.
'Twas rather shabby to refuse them flat—
Both in one day; but what else could I do?
My heart was still with Paul, and he had gone
Yacht sailing with the Misses Garretton!

He never cared for me—I found that out—
Despite the foolish flingings of my hopes.
A few months proved it clear beyond a doubt.
I stole my heart; I would not give or hope.
But made myself in gait, and went
To grace his wedding when the cards were
out.

So those were all my loves. My husband? Oh,
I met him down in Florida one fall—
Rich middle aged, and prosy, as you know;
He asked me, I accepted; that is all.
A kind, good soul; he worshipped me; but then
I never count him with other men.
—*Chapel Hill Gazette.*

Summer Boarders.

"There! The south meadow has yielded
a good brimming basketful this time," I
say triumphantly, as I rise swiftly upon
a prolonged abatement down among the
strawberry leaves, and survey my red
treasures. "If the city boarders want any-
thing better than these to eat to-night, they
are uncivilized beings."

I am not looking remarkably civilized
myself at present, as I toil slowly home-
ward, through the long meadow-grass; for
quite apart from a battered sun-hat and an
ancient gown, the mark of the strawberry
is manifestly upon me; but one does not
wear one's gown from Worth—provided
one has any—which, I grieve to say, I
have not—in which to pick fresh straw-
berries.

The boarders belong to a yet further hour;
that is to five o'clock to-night, and in the
absence of these wretched beings—whom I
pray to heaven may not see me—should I
sail in too late, as I misdoubt me I shall do,
through the back kitchen garden, peace
unalloyed and blissful concerning my attire,
perduces me.

As I climb upon the old stone wall that
separates the meadow from the timothy
field, I see lying just below me, half buried
in the timothy grass, the figure of a man.
There is little I can see of him except
his mouth, for a straw hat is pulled quite
over his eyes and nose; but well I do
know that it is lazy Dick, my brother, who
should this moment be careering furiously
along behind Black Bess to meet the city
boarders.

Mindful of caution and the shaky nature
of the stones, I climb upon the topmost one,
and bending as I can, above his head, I
chant a chorus in the air.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
and I'll give you something to make you
wise," I sing cheerfully, and as I do, I
drop a strawberry, the largest that the
meadow afforded, into his mouth.

A furious sputtering in the timothy
grass, suggestive of a vision of field bugs,
the smacking off of the unfaithful shade
hat, and a scrambling under the stone wall,
announce that pranks Dick—with whose
mischievous joking soul, I have got even
for this once—has found me out.

Hardly does Dick stand staring at me
speechless, with a profound amazement
visible in every feature of a handsome face?
Do Dick's clothes wear an air of style made
visible with every movement? Has Dick
black eyes? and is he intensely, horribly,
frightfully good looking?

As the profoundest sense of my mistake
cast these conundrums in my teeth, the
shaky old slate stones under my feet put on
the crowning touch; without a single
warning that I know the miserable things
slip suddenly beneath my feet, and with a
futile clutch into the air, I lose my balance
and my berries, and shoot head first with a
velocity that upsets him, and leaves me
nearly breathless for my natural life,
straight in the face of that long suffering
man. I have a confused sense that he and
I, the trees, the meadow, and the straw-
berries are flying into space, and when I
get my feet sufficiently to know that we
have landed on our heads somewhere, I
right myself with a degree of speed that
renders manly help a thought too late.

"The customs of the Aborigines," I say
sententiously, I cannot help it for the
life of me, and then the awful weight of
my enormities descends upon me, and I
cry, "I beg your pardon, I do truly, I
thought it was my brother Dick."

"Not Mr. Dick who brought me from the
depot just now, is it?" he questions
laughingly. "If I remember rightly, I
heard something of strawberries, and of a
sister who was picking them, not half an
hour ago."

"You did," I cry, "and a nice looking
state they are in now."
No more dreams now of stealing in un-
seen through the back kitchen entrance,
and of gorgeous first appearance in brand
new muslin; that is past, down on my
knees in the long grass I go, in that same
ancient berry garnished gown, and fall to
picking up my scattered berries. Down on
his knees goes also my strange knight, and

falls to gathering up the ripe fruit patiently
as I.

"A nice reception you have had, I must
say," I cry, ruefully, glancing compunc-
tiously at the long shapely fingers that are
so deftly filling up the tall straw basket.
"First you lie down to sleep under a tree,
and wake up—"

"Not with a bug in my ear, but with, as
I first supposed, one in my mouth," he
says, laughing, "which shows the useless-
ness, not to say heavity of keeping one's
mouth open in sleep."

"And proves the taste of country straw-
berries beyond a doubt," I say demurely.
"Then an impertinent young lady, with a
basket, flings the berries and herself at you,
and lays you are reduced to gathering up
the fragments. This is truly rural."

"Which you are not," he says, with a
quizzical laugh, and a keen look.
"Which, being interpreted, means, I
suppose, that girls who fling themselves not
to say strawberries, at men's heads, pertain
more largely to the city than the wilder-
ness. Behold the weight of my distinc-
tion."

"It does not seem to burden you," he
says, with an odd laughing glance, "and
berries do, suppose I take them."

"Not I," I cry. "Burdened with honors
unto which I was not born, I yet may care
for strawberries. Give them to me."

However he will not, and so we dawn—
a lively illustration of King Cophetua and
the beggar maid—on the assembled house-
hold.

"Distinction never sat more lightly," he
says, mischievously, behind me, when I
gloried in the muslin gown I sit me
down on the veranda steps that evening
and fall to musing in a moment's solitude
upon the actual presence of those city
boarders.

"Might one inquire if it be that that oc-
cupies your thoughts?"
"Invariably, unceasingly," I say mock-
ingly, "at the one treasure of an unevent-
ful life."

"I should not have supposed it," he says,
laughing. "Do you know you are a rather
sarcastic young lady?"

"A veritable Chloe among buttercups,"
I say gravely. "A damsel given to mis-
takes and strawberries. I assure you, Mr.
Fletcher, that the worldly way in which
the man of 1879 imposes on the unsophis-
ticated mind, is terrible to see."

"I have no doubt of it," he answers,
laughing, "only remember that the dam-
sel first imposed on him."

"By dropping strawberries that he was
pleased to say resembled bugs—to him; a
sample of the ingenuity of man."

"Adventures added flavor to them. I
found them luscious at the tea-table."

"A cowardly retreat from known opin-
ions," I say, savagely, "and one that even
the unsophisticated mind rejects."

"An unsophisticated mind with which it
is not safe to deal," he says with a quick
laugh, and then we rise up at the other's
call, and take our way into the house.

The time slips past us swiftly, and the
summer months go by. June ripens into
October, and the city boarders, unknown
and dreaded bug-bears to us no longer, but
firm old friends of a long summer's stand-
ing, start for their homes to-morrow.

Philip Fletcher and I are in the timothy
field once more. Not after strawberries
this time, nor summer naps, but racing
furiously about under a prickly rain of
chestnut burrs.

Dick shakes trees like a veritable mad-
man, and leaves and burst loose chestnuts
and dry sticks, rattle about our heads in
an invigorating shower.

Stricks and wild laughter from occa-
sional scuffling wretches who had borne
a witness to their thumping qualities, re-
sound, and Philip and I, after a habit we
have followed through these summer
months, are piling up our spoils into a com-
mon center.

"Unfortunate young man," I cry; "the
unsophisticated mind has been too much
for him."

"It has, indeed," he says, with feigned
dismay; I take my way to Gothamites a
sadder and a wiser man."

"They will no doubt receive you sooth-
ingly," I say.
"They will. Compared with unsophis-
ticated wiles, their ways are mild, indeed."
"The perjury of man!" I cry. "On me
the memory of a past distinctly presses
heavily."

"And on me. If I remember rightly,
madam, you floored me once in fencing ar-
guments, and may again."

"I shake my head."
"A case of stony wit," I say, "that
would not bear a repetition."
"Which is to say, a man once taken by
stom like that remains subject forever. I
submit."

"I thought you fled before the unsophis-
ticated mind."
"It is too late. I went down once before
it, and have done; the unsophisticated
mind must go with me."
"And how about the soothing Gothamites?"
"I cry."
"We will soothe them."
"I think they will need it," I say laugh-
ing. "It seems a case of base desertion."
"To which you submit?"
"Do you think I had better?" I say,
roguishly. Philip is trenching on danger-
ous ground, and I am weary.
We have got past Dick's present regions;
the big hole of another chestnut tree looms
up between us and the others. It all takes
place in short five minutes.
He stoops his head.
"Is this my wife?"
"You are not afraid to risk it?"
"No."
"Then I submit."
It is only a short hiding, but somebody
spies. A shout comes sailing over to us
from the rest.
"If you two have retired from public
life, make your adieux."
"We haven't," Philip answers, gaily, as
we step back into plain sight. "We make
a next appearance shortly, in new charac-
ters—as man and wife."

Fighting Fire.

The Steamship Mosel left Bremen on
Sept. 28, and Southampton, on the 30th,
for New York, a quantity of cargo, consist-
ing of silk and cotton goods, was taken on
board. At 7.50 on the evening of Oct. 3
some of the steerage passengers discovered
smoke pouring up through the hatch from
the hold beneath them. The alarm was
given, and the fire-signal at once brought
every man belonging to the ship to his
proper position, ready for duty. The pumps
were sent to work immediately, and the
fight with the flames began. There were
five hundred passengers on board, and they
were fully aware of their danger; but they
were quieted by the assurances of the cap-
tain and the coolness displayed by him and
his officers. Although extremely anxious,
none of the passengers gave way to their
fears. The fire-boards were provided with
provisions and water, and put in readiness
to be lowered at any moment. Each sailor
knew to which boat he belonged, and the
passengers say that, if the fire had gained
control of the vessel, their abandonment
would not have been attended with loss of
life. When the hatches of the forward
lower hold were removed, dense smoke,
followed by sheets of flame, poured up
against the men as they advanced with lines
of hose. The men remained manfully at
their posts, and streams of water were
thrown on the fire. The speed of the en-
gines had been checked, and all their force
had been concentrated on the fire-pumps.

The flames were met by water as fast as
they arose from the cargo, and were unable
to spread to the wood-work of the steerage.
The men soon began to beat back the fire,
inch by inch. Occasionally bursts of
flame would make it difficult for them to
hold their positions, but no one flinched.
The fire was finally checked, and following
up their advantage, the men completely ex-
tinguished it soon after midnight. Toward
morning the captain and his officers persua-
ded the passengers to return to their berths,
assuring them that the danger was past.
The provisions and water were removed
from the life-boats, and they were again
securely lashed. The steamer was soon
again going at full speed, and the work of
pumping out the water which had been
thrown into the hold was begun. It was
found that the fire had originated among
the silk and cotton goods which had been
taken on board at Southampton. Many
cases of goods were partly burned and others
were damaged by the water. Several
packages which had been nearly consumed
were thrown overboard, and during the
early morning small pieces of half-burned
silk or cotton, and packages of singed kid-
gloves were strewn along the forward
decks. A number of cases of goods which
were removed from the hold in order to get
at the flames, were stored in the steerage.
The steamer itself was not damaged at
all by the fire. The loss on the cargo, from
fire and water has not been ascertained,
and the cause of the fire has not been as-
certained. When it was discovered that
the Mosel was in latitude 49 degrees 25
minutes, and longitude 23 degrees 20 min-
utes.

Wonders of the Mounds.

Dr. Stenson gives the following result of
an archaeological search made during a two
weeks' rambling through the hills and val-
leys of Perry county, Indiana, and Breckin-
ridge county, Kentucky: First, I found in
the bend of what is called Polk's bottom and
Tobin's point, fire pits, quite a number, at
an average depth of ten feet below the sur-
face. In these pits were ashes, fire coals,
arrow-heads, and stone axes. In one Mr.
Tobin found a tanner's fleshing knife and
two pieces of French silver coin, only dating
back a little over a hundred years, showing
that what date the fire-places, were last
used, and that ten feet of solid dirt had
formed on the top of them in less than one
hundred years. On the surface, above the
pits or fire-places, there were abundance of
signs of camping-grounds, covered over
with flints, mussel-shells, etc. Great quan-
tities of arrow-heads have been found on
the surface all over this bend. I next went in
company with Jas. J. Wheeler to what is
known as Cedar Lick cave, situated four
miles north of Rome, Spencer county. Here
we found the aborigines had occupied this
cave or rock house as a dwelling for per-
haps centuries, for we found ashes and
burnt earth, for some three feet deep, all
over the bottom of this cave, which was
thirty or forty feet. Buried in these ashes
had been found human skeletons, with
arrow-heads, axes and fragments of flint.
Some hundred and fifty yards from this
rock house we found two holes drilled in
sandstone, eight inches in diameter at the
top, tapering to the bottom, twenty-two
inches deep. These are called mortars,
and, by-the-by, I learned of some seventy-
five of these mortars in Breckinridge county,
Kentucky, all about the same pattern. In
some of these mortars were found bowlders,
but nowhere were pestles to be found that
could have been used for pounding corn in
these mortars. I next visited a cave situat-
ed about two miles, north of Hardensburg,
Breckinridge county, Kentucky, on Har-
den's creek. This cave or rock-house was
forty by twenty feet in diameter. Mr. H.
Clay Jolly dug into this cave in the year
1872, when he found eleven and a half feet
of ashes all over the bottom. In the centre
and at the bottom was an altar, built of
sandstone, based upon a stool of sandstone.
The altar was twenty-six by twenty-three
inches in diameter, thirty-four inches high,
concave on the top, and filled with ashes
and fire-coals. On two sides of this altar
lay a tier of human skeletons, ten in each
row. Then on top of each tier lay another
one, with some ten inches of ashes between
until there were eleven and one-half feet of
skeletons and ashes in depth, covering the
top of the altar with ashes some seven feet
—supposed to be about fifty skeletons in all
and seven thousand four hundred bushels of
ashes. Upon or over the cranium of each
of these skeletons lay a flat rock, each
skeleton showing signs of having been burn-
ed about the waist before interment. With
the exception of those burned portions, the
skeletons were remarkably well preserved.

A Pin Factory.

The pin machine is one of the closest ap-
proaches that mechanics have made to the
dexterity of the human hand. A small ma-
chine, about the height and size of a lady's
sewing machine, only stronger, stands be-
fore you. On the back a light belt descends
from the long shaft at the ceiling, that
drives all the machines, ranged in rows on
the floor. On the left side of our machine
hangs on a peg a small reel of wire, that
has been straightened by running through
a compound system of small rollers. This
wire descends, and the end of it enters the
machine. It pulls it in and bites it off
by inches, incessantly, 140 bites to a min-
ute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little
hammer, with a concave face, hits the end
of the wire three taps, and "upsets" it to a
head, while it grips it in a countersunk
hole between its teeth. With an outward
thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin
sideways in a little groove across the rim of
a small wheel, that slowly revolves just
under its nose. By the external pressure
of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their
places, as they are carried under two series
of small files, three in each. These files
grow finer toward the end of the series.
They lie at a slight inclination on the points
of the pins, and, by a series of came, levers
and springs, are made to play "like light-
ning." Thus the pins are pointed and
dropped in a little shower into a box.
Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a days'
work for one of these jerking little auto-
mats. Forty machines on this floor
make 500 pounds of pins daily. These
are then polished. Two very intelligent
machines reject every crooked pin, even
the slightest irregularity being detected.
Another automaton sorts half a dozen
lengths in as many different boxes, all at
once and unerringly, when a careless op-
erator has mixed the contents of boxes from
various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius
of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in
an inclined platform, through as many
"slots" as there are pins in a row on the
papers. These slots converge into the ex-
act space, spanning the length of a row.
Under them runs the strip of pin-paper.
A hand-like part of the machine catches
one pin from each of the slots as it falls,
and by one movement sticks them all
through two corrugated ridges in the paper,
from which they are to be picked by taper
fingers in hodgepods, and all sorts of human
fingers in all sorts of human circumstances.

On the Plains.

The dangers incident to travel across the
trackless alkali plains of the West, unless
the traveler is familiar with the route and
well prepared for a journey, are well under-
stood, yet people are found who undertake
the hazardous experiment, and many leave
their bones to whiten on the sands of the
desert as a consequence of their rashness. As
Deo Malcolm, who arrived in Hollister from
his home in Tulare county, was crossing the
San Joaquin plains, he found a man lying
in the sand nearly dead from thirst. He
was so swollen as to protrude from his
mouth several inches; his eyes were wild
and glassy and his mind wandering. Leo
moistened the man's lips and poured water
on his face, but failed to restore him to
consciousness. He then placed him in his
wagon, administering the water from time
to time until he reached an alkali pool some
eighteen miles distant. The water being
 unfit to drink, Leo took out his man and
gave him a thorough soaking, which seemed
to revive him a little. He then proceeded
with him about eight miles to Shaw's
in the Panoche, where there is an abundance
of fresh water. Here, after a time of care-
ful nursing, the man recovered sufficiently
to be able to talk and walk, though still
very weak and debilitated. He informed
Mr. Malcolm that he had spent a few days
in Hollister and had started for White's
Ferry to look for a job of sheep-shearing.
He had a small canteen of water, which he
consumed the first half day out, and up to
the time when found had not tasted water
for forty-eight hours. It was the mere
accident that the man was discovered, as
Malcolm was traveling in a row on the
track. The spot where he lay was not far
from where the remains of poor old man
Jost were found a few years ago—another
victim to thirst and exposure.

The Noon Hour.

There is something quite attractive about
the noon hour. Very likely it is dinner.
It is the time of day when a man can look
both ways at his day's work, while he is
catching a breath or eating a lunch. There
is the thoughtless young fellow who al-
ways takes a peanut from the stand on the
corner and never buys a cent's worth. He
cats about a thousand peanuts a year free
grails, and if the shriveled-up hag that runs
the "shebang" does own "two blocks and
money in the bank," she never made any of
her profits from him. We'll wager that during
the first half of the noon hour there are
fewer cigars smoked on the street than at
any other time of day. Just after dinner
is the time to enjoy your "Connecticut
wrapper." The man who hurries along as
if he had but a minute to spare for dining
purposes is merely walking around the
block. He will appear soon leisurely walk-
ing from the other direction chewing a
toothpick. This is his constitutional lunch.
The fagged youth at the crossing is right
there every noon thrusting a circular into
your face advising you of the arrival of Dr.
Fix-your-all-up-for-a-dollar-and-a-half-and-
no-charge-for-medicine.