

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

CHARLES B. AYCOCK, Editor.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IV.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

NO. 16.

HEADQUARTERS!

AN
Entire NEW Stock
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FALL GOODS,
AND

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

A Choice Assortment of

Styles and Fabrics at Very Low Prices.

Great Success. Prices Further Reduced to Suit the Times. Everything
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PARASOLS and UMBRELLAS in Newest Designs and Celebrated make.

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Laundried and Unlaundried Shirts and Fine Cassimeres. Bought to be
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My Line of these Goods is Equal to any and Second to none in the State,
and I guarantee my PRICES AS LOW.

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BRUSSELS—All New Designs, for 75 Cents per yard.
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New and Beautiful Designs in Rugs, Door Mats of the Best Fabrics, and
Floor Oil Cloths in the Best Extra Quality.

Samples Mailed Free with pleasure and promptness on application to
any parties desiring to purchase.

Prompt Attention Given to Orders.

J. N. GAMMON,
Emporium of Fashion,
MAIN STREET,
DURHAM, North Carolina.

SAVE YOUR MONEY.

BARBEE'S DRUG STORE

IS HEADQUARTERS

For Pure Drugs, Genuine Medicines, &c.

EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

"TIP-TOP" DRUG HOUSE.

HOW CRUEL IS FATE

There was a young man with a shaddock,
Who met a young maid with a haddock.
He thought, "How I wish
She would give me that fish,
In legal exchange for my shaddock!"

The maiden who did not like haddock,
Thought, "Oh what a beautiful shaddock!
If I were not so shy,
I should certainly try
If he'd give me that fruit for my haddock."

He went on his way with his shaddock;
She went on her way with her haddock;
And so cruel is fate
That, until 't was too late,
Neither one of them heard
That, by speaking the word,

He might just as well have had haddock,
And she might as well have had shaddock!

A Spy In The Camp.

When Viola Adair's father died, his will
contained one clause which many people
considered extremely singular.

He desired his daughter, then eleven
years old, to become, on completing her
twenty-first year, the wife of Elbert Duane,
then aged fourteen.

Various conflicting reasons were given
for this curious stipulation. Some persons
affirmed that in early life Mr. Adair had
been a hopeless admirer of Elbert Duane's
mother. Others stated with roundest pos-
sibility of assertion, that this was com-
pletely untrue, and that the clause in the
will sprang entirely from a strong friend-
ship once existing between the dead fathers
of Elbert and Viola. With the other gos-
sipy reports we will not concern ourselves.

Viola Adair lived in a great country
homestead that had been in the family
great number of years, and principally oc-
cupied herself, at the age of twenty in
speculating upon what a fine time she
would have in the future.

Elbert Duane was always the subject
of much dreaming. She had never seen him
he having lived since babyhood among
foreign English relatives, and consequently
the possibility that he might not be the most
charming of young demi-gods was changed
by Viola into the decided probability that
he was thus divinely favored. Viola's
great aunt, Mrs. Marksley, lived also at the
homestead, but being eighty, if a day, and
so deaf that it would not have disturbed
her repose a partial had she slept over one
of the most popular New York shooting
galleries, this estimable lady, as may be
imagined, did not contribute any special
diversion to her niece's daily life.

Viola's only real companion was a certain
Miss Butterby, a lady now about forty years
old, who had been engaged as Miss Adair's
governess surely twelve years ago, and who
still retained her position, though it was
every day growing more and more of a
sinecure.

It would be hard to imagine a more charm-
ing elderly spinster than Miss Butterby.
She was literally, "fat, fair and forty." Her
plump face seemed never tired of dimpling
itself with the heartiest and happiest
mirthfulness. Viola adored her, and re-
peatedly declared that existence would be a
blank without her "dear old Butterby."

One day, about three months or so before
the completion of Viola's twenty-first year,
Miss Butterby came running into the room
where she was seated, with an expression
of fright and anxiety by no means natural
to the governess's usually merry face.

"Oh, my dear Viola!" exclaimed Miss
Butterby, "such a dreadful thing has just
happened down at the gate. A gentleman
has been thrown from his horse and half-
killed!"

Viola's sapphire-colored eyes opened to
their widest as she jumped up from her
seat, almost shouting:

"Good Heavens, Butterby, dear, do you
mean it? What have you done? I hope
you called James and John right off. Did
you see him thrown?"

"No, but just as I got to the gate I heard
a groan, and there he was lying on his side
with his eyes nearly closed and the head
of a horse that had thrown him was graz-
ing several yards off as quietly as a lamb."

"Well!" questioned Viola, deeply inter-
ested. "Go on. What else happened?"

"I at once rushed up to the poor creature
and asked if he were much hurt and what
had hurt him. He pointed towards the
horse and then murmured, 'thrown.' I
felt like firing the largest sized stone con-
ceivable at the beast, Viola, for daring to
treat such a beautiful young gentleman in
such a manner."

"Was he beautiful?" inquired Viola more
interested than ever.

"Oh, splendid! But just wait till you
see him. He's in the sitting room now. I
got James and John to help him in, and
sent James immediately on horseback after
Dr. Fitch."

"And is he hurt so very much, Butter-
by?"

"I don't know. It's his leg, you see,
and he groans a good deal and rubs it now
and then, and all that."

"Mary Ann watched him whilst I ran up
to tell you. By-the-by, his eyes were shut
when I left him, but he didn't appear to be
in a swoon at all."

It took Viola nearly ten minutes before
she considered herself "presentable" enough
to go down stairs. Of course, if her ser-
vices had been in the least needed, no co-
quetry would have deterred her from at-
tending to the sufferer's side; but
once appearing at the sufferer's side, she
well knew Miss Butterby's thorough
efficiency.

She entered the sitting-room at last, look-
ing a perfect picture, with an apple-colored
ribbon at her throat, and her reddish-ash
hair curling over her forehead and temples
for some girls would be miserable unless
for some girls would be miserable unless
they could consult the latest modes, and I
am sorry to say that Viola possessed this
somewhat frivolous trait. The sufferer was
still lying on the lounge with close eyes,

but he opened them the moment Miss But-
terby said:

"Ah, here you are, Viola!"
And then our susceptible young heroine
felt the voice of her inward spirit immedi-
ately murmur, "Butterby was right. He
is a seraph—an Adonis—a prodigy of good
looks."

He was nothing of the sort. He had
brown eyes of much brilliancy, and a brown
silky mustache, and an extremely creditable
complexion. But to the eyes of Miss But-
terby and her pupil his general physical
suggestion of gentleness, polish and
grace made up for all minor facial deficien-
cies.

Viola now spoke, rather embarrassedly:
—"I am so sorry it happened, sir," she be-
gan; and just then James entered the room
saying:

"Dr. Fitch is here."

Dr. Fitch was a young man (not older
perhaps than the sufferer himself), who
had recently completed a course of Euro-
pean travel, and had settled as a practi-
tioner in an adjacent town. Mrs. Marks-
ley, Viola's great aunt, had taken him up
not long ago, and declared that he had done
her rheumatism more good in a week than
old Dr. Cobweb had done in five years.

Dr. Fitch took the patient's hand in a very
kindly way, and after holding it for a few
moments, politely requested the ladies to
retire, being evidently desirous of closely
examining the injured limb.

Viola and her ex-governess waited with
no little anxiety for the decision. It came
in about ten minutes. There was a severe
contusion of the bone with name unpron-
ounceable, which would prevent Mr. Del-
mayne (such was the gentleman's name)
from walking at all for at least a fortnight.
After the doctor had gone, Viola sat down
by Mr. Delmayne.

"I hope you'll make yourself quite at
home here," she began. "You've got to
be here a week, you know."

"Thanks," he said, with what Viola
thought a very sweet smile.

And then he told her that he had no
friends nor relations in this part of the coun-
try, but was making a horseback journey
from L— (a distance of many miles) into
New York, being passionately fond of
horseback riding.

And then Viola told him a great deal
about herself—a great deal more than he
told her on a similar topic, and a great deal
more than there was any necessity for tel-
ling.

James and John carried him upstairs
that evening, and he groaned considerably
while they were doing so. Poor Viola
found herself crying great tears while she
listened to this unwise proceeding on Mr.
Delmayne's part, and Miss Butterby stood
near her pupil, the picture of plump dis-
tress.

On the following morning the ladies sent
word by James (who acted as their guest's
valet at present) that they would be de-
lighted to see him as soon as he was ready
to receive their visit.

Delmayne was presently quite prepared
for them, and the ladies entered his apart-
ment.

"Viola and I are sorry that we must leave
you alone to-day," Miss Butterby an-
nounced; "but the fact is to-day takes
place our grand church fair over in D—,
and we've each got a table, you know."

"Why, of course—I understand, perfect-
ly," said Mr. Delmayne, as Miss Butterby
paused a moment. But he spoke with a
certain mournful politeness that was by no
means lost upon Viola.

When they got to the fair that morning,
after quite a long drive in the hot July sun,
Viola decisively expressed to Miss But-
terby the sentiment that she wished she hadn't
come.

"Just think of that poor sufferer home
there all alone!" she added, with much
pathos of tone. "I've a good mind—"

But she did not finish the sentence. Miss
Butterby, however, mentally finished it for
her, and about an hour afterwards she whis-
pered to Viola:

"Cornelia Briggs is dying to take this
table of yours. Why don't you let her,
and—"

"And what?" asked Viola looking very
meekly at the speaker.

"Go home to the poor sufferer," finished
the sympathetic Butterby. "He will be so
pleasantly surprised! If you don't think it's
proper to sit alone by the poor fellow, why
you can persuade your aunt to leave her
bed-room, which she so rarely leaves, and
keep you company. As for me, I can go
home in the Briggs' wagon."

Of course Viola accepted this proposition
and surrendered her table to the beautiful
Cornelia Briggs. The ride back to the
homestead was several degrees hotter than
the ride therefrom had been. But Viola
didn't mind the heat much, though she had
complained considerably whilst being
driven to D—. Circumstances so mate-
rially alter cases sometimes.

On reaching the homestead, she found its
lower hall quite as quiet as she had antici-
pated. Something caused her to enter the
large, seldom-used parlor, before going up
stairs to the "poor sufferer." Or, rather,
it would be best to say that something
caused her to have such a desire only, for
when she reached the threshold Viola
paused.

The door was partially ajar, and the par-
lor had two inmates, neither of whom had
observed her soft approach, although any
moment might reveal to them her presence.
Viola lifted her hand to her eyes, and, for
a brief space, actually rubbed them, to
persuade herself that she was not dream-
ing.

Right in front of the mantle, with his
hands underneath his coat-tails, and his
legs well stretched apart, and a lighted
cigar in his mouth, stood Mr. Delmayne.

The "poor sufferer" had been suddenly
and miraculously freed from his torments.
Viola felt as if pure astonishment was gradu-
ally ossifying her while she stood and
watched him.

"James," he now remarked to the other
occupant of the room, who was standing
near, and who had again and again been en-
joined by Viola and Miss Butterby "never
to lose sight" of the invalid during their

absence—"James, my man, I think I'll go
up stairs. It's sort of—of dangerous down
here, don't you know? Any of the servants
might pop in here any moment. I'm glad
I've let you into my secret, James, because
if I hadn't somebody near me who knew
the whole thing, I shouldn't be able to carry
it through."

At this moment Viola dashed into the
parlor.

"You abominable fraud!" she began, in
the most successful melodramatic of screams.
"How dare you enter a respectable family
in this shameful way? Who are you?
What are you? To think that I've been
actually wasting pity on you, and come
home from the fair in this broiling sun to
—to nurse you! Oh, it's enough to turn a
lady's mind with rage! Please leave the
house directly. I doubt believe your name
is Delmayne at all! I dare say it's Smith
or Jones! Ugh! you wretch, you!"

The pseudo individual was standing very
penitently now before his fair annihilator,
having more or less recovered from his first
shock of amazement at Viola's unexpected
entrance.

"My name isn't Delmayne," he said,
with meekness, "nor yet Smith, nor yet
Jones. It is—but I suppose you'd rather
not know?"

"I don't care one way or the other!"
cried Viola. "Why should I care? Go
away from this house! You're a vile im-
poster!"

"I'm sorry you think so," was the gentle
response, "because I'm—I'm Elbert
Duane!"

These simple words were to poor Viola
like the bursting of a bombshell, whilst she
stood before this man in a condition of as-
tonishment even greater than that which
had resulted from the first discovery of his
impersonation.

He hurried up to her, side and began
speaking rapid words:

"Forgive me; but after all, is there very
much to forgive? Whilst Dr. Fitch was
abroad last year, I met him, and as he
thought of settling so near you, we arranged
this little plan together. It wasn't mere
vulgar curiosity that led me to do it, I as-
sure you. It was because I wanted to see
a little of my future wife before she became
mine, and provided I loved her, try to win
her reciprocal love without any thought of
prudence and policy directing the attach-
ment. I may have been quite wrong in
deliberately deceiving you; but—Viola,
don't you understand what I mean?"

"No, I do not!" exclaimed Viola sudden-
ly bursting into tears. "I shall think you
a wretch, and I intend breaking poor pa's
will: you just see if I don't!"

But she did no such thing. She forgave
Elbert, married him the following year,
and to-day is one of the happiest little
wives living.

The Devil in the Breeches.

Dr. Thorne was a pastor by himself. He
was thin as a lath, lank as a June shade,
and solemn as a tombstone. He had no
features and seldom lifted his eye from the
book. If screwed to the floor he could not
have been more immovable. He worked
daily like a ditcher, and got his living
mainly from his farm. When he took
his charge, his senior deacon struck the
key-note when he said—"The Lord keep
you humble and he will keep you poor."

The minister kept his arm and his farm
kept him. He was a frugal man, and he
kept him. He was a frugal man, and he
kept him. He was a frugal man, and he
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BRIEFS.

—George Elliot is now fifty-nine
years old, and has earned \$250,000 with
her pen.

—The value of church property of all
kinds in New York state is estimated at
\$117,610,000.

—The cotton crop of America this
year will be fully 500,000 bales more
than ever before.

—Mr. James Russell Lowell's house
Cambridge, Mass., has been rented for
the winter by Ole Bull.

—The brewers of Cincinnati propose
to unite all interests in one great com-
pany, with a capital of \$5,000,000.

—The average salary of a certificated
school-master in England is now \$593;
that of a school-mistress is \$355.

—R. Weber, the German chemist, has
shown that vinegar will attack pure
tin, as well as alloys of tin and lead.

—When the United States becomes
as densely populated as Holland, it
will contain 837,433,019 inhabitants.

—A cotton broker of New York
claims that his commissions on one day's
business recently amounted to over
\$7,000.

—Charleston, S. C., has had its first
fall of snow in ten years. Hundreds
of school children had never seen snow
before.

—Every kind of leather of oak and
sumac tannage is produced in Cincin-
nati, there being 30 tanning establish-
ments there.

—The sixty-five thousand dogs of
St. Petersburg bring to the city treas-
ury \$130,000 per year, \$2 being the tax
upon each dog.

—Mr. Claude Bernard shows by ex-
periment that plants, like animals, may
be placed under the influence of ether
and chloroform.

—Rev. George Randall, of Yancy
county, N. C., has killed 575 ground
hogs this season, and preached two
sermons every Sunday.

—Mexico was colonized! Just one hun-
dred years before Massachusetts. The
former was settled by Spanish knights,
the latter by English Pilgrims.

—The number of recruits to be levied
next year for the Russian army has
been fixed at 322,500—a larger quota
than has been raised in war time.

—On the surface of the earth but lit-
tle more than one-quarter is land, the
rest being water. The area of the land
surface is 54,000,000 square miles.

—Aenry Iowa Selwyn, a full blooded
Sioux Indian and a son of a leading
chief of the Yankton tribe, has been
ordained pastor of the church at Yank-
ton.

—General Sheridan, who was ill for
two weeks with a severe cold, border-
ing on pneumonia, has almost recover-
ed, and is again busy at his military
headquarters.

—The damage caused by fires in Rus-
sia in the month of August is computed
at no less a sum than nearly \$15,414,-
000, Urkutsk alone having suffered to
the amount of \$11,744,000.

—The exports of domestic provisions
and tallow from the United States for
the month of October, 1879, footed up
\$7,886,627 in value, against \$6,797,065
for the same month last year.

—The Tichborne claimant, as a pris-
oner, has asked the use of the Bible,
Macauley's History of England, and
Gibbon's History of Rome, but the au-
thorities have denied his petition.

—In splitting open a log hauled on
land from the Susquehanna River at
Marietta, Pa., three handsome bass,
one weighing five pounds, were found
in a cavity in the centre of the log.

—The new Pullman palace cars are
very luxurious, costing each \$15,000.
Ordinary passenger cars cost \$4,000,
drawing-room cars, \$8,000; mail and
baggage cars, \$2,000; box cars \$400.

—The total production of honey in
the United States for some years past
has averaged about 50,000,000 pounds
annually. It is estimated that the pro-
duction this year will not exceed 25,-
000,000 pounds.

—Indiana has the largest school fund
of any State in the Union. It has \$11,-
600,000 in school property and \$9,000,-
000 in the State Treasury, a total of
\$20,600,000, or \$70 to every child at-
tending the public schools.

—Shipbuilding on the Clyde was
never so active as now, 70 vessels be-
ing on the stocks in the thirty-five
yards. Twenty-three new keels were
laid in October. The French Transat-
lantic Company is having eight new
steamers constructed.

—The grave of Rob Roy, in the lone-
ly churchyard at Balguldrie, Scot-
land, is marked by a flat stone about a
century old, on which is carved a fir
tree crossed by a sword and support-
ing a crown, but without any name.
It is proposed to erect a better memo-
rial of the old chieftain.

—A wedding occurred at East Ma-
chias, Me., the other day where the
bridegroom's age was 71 and the bride's
83. Eight persons present, including
the newly wedded pair, aggregated in
age 600 years. The oldest was Mr.
William Eismore, 93, and the youngest
of the eight was 63 years old.

—It is now estimated that there are
15,000 carriage manufacturers in the
United States, who employ upward of
100,000 hands, pay out from \$25,000,000
to \$31,000,000 for labor annually, and
produced during the past twelve months
upward of 1,200,000 carriages, amount-
ing in value to fully \$125,000,000.

—The women of Boston vote for the
School Committee at the next Muni-
cipal election for the first time. The
Board of Aldermen, at a recent meet-
ing, passed an order prohibiting smok-
ing in and around the polling places
from the time of opening the polls till
noon, to give the ladies a chance to
vote early.