

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

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FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IV.

CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

NO. 18.

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A LIFE'S REGRET.

Turning the leaves in an idle way,
Of a book I was reading one day,
I found a line at the end of a song
Which keeps on haunting me all day long.
With its sweet and mournful melody:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
A sadder burden could ever there be:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
Few words, how simple; but, O, how much
The singer has told in that little touch.
Ever sad the story of chances lost,
Of bright hopes lighted, and true love lost,
As heard in the whispering melody:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
To many a sorrow the key may be:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
The world rolls on, and t' years roll by,
And day-dreams vanish, and memories die;
But it surges up with a restless pain,
That fond, lost longing, ever again,
Breathed in the passionate melody:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"
That might have been, but not now can it be:
"O that I'd only been helpful to thee!"

Little Love.

Bessie, come; nurse is waiting! Run,
now, and let her attend to your curls;
you must look very neat, or Mr. Irving will
not love you. It is almost dinner-time," said
Bessie's mother.
Immediately the child rose, raised her
sweet lips to kiss mamma, and followed the
nurse from the room.
"It is perfectly wonderful how much in-
fluence Mr. Irving has over that child! Just
tell her to do anything, and say it will please
him, and that is enough. I never saw any-
thing like it!" said Mrs. Wallace to a friend
sitting beside her, who answered:
"I have, and would not encourage—or
rather would strenuously endeavor to over-
come—that influence."
"Now, my dear George, what is trou-
bling that wise head of yours? What means
that grave look and anxious light in your
eyes?"
"Fannie, I'm perfectly astonished at peo-
ple whose duty it is to watch over and
guard their little ones, especially their girls
from sorrows, planting in their young hearts
seeds which may grow to be thorns, and
treating children as though they were void
of any deeper thought and feeling than the
appreciation of a doll or box of toys. I am
sure that some children at five years have
hearts that love as devotedly and suffer as
keenly as many at mature years. You are
shaking your head. I want to tell you a
little story to prove my assertion. We
have half an hour before dinner. Will you
listen?"
"Yes, certainly; but it must have a hap-
py ending," answered Mrs. Wallace.
"I cannot promise; perhaps the end has
not yet come. You know Hattie Roy?"
"I do, certainly, a lovelier girl I never
knew. Why she has never married has
been a source of wonder to me."
"Ay, and to many who knew her not
so well as I. It is of her I am going to tell
you."
"Twenty-five years ago, when just at
the age of your Bessie—and just as loving,
too—a young man crossed her path. We
will call him Joe Hewberry. He was the
class mate and dearest friend of Hattie's
brother.
"At a party given during the Christmas
holidays by Mrs. Roy, Joe, to pique one of
the girls, attached himself for the evening
to little Hattie, dancing with her, prome-
nading through the rooms, with her tiny
hands, clasped in his, much to the annoy-
ance of many bright-eyed maidens, who
really were envious of the baby girl.
"Joe was handsome and very fascinating,
a universal favorite with the ladies, young
and old.
"Several mamma's endeavored to draw
him away from his 'little-love' as he called
her, and manoeuvred to get her from him;
but all in vain, until wearily the sunny
head drooped and with her arms around his
neck, her sweet lips giving the good-night
kiss, she sank to sleep. Gently then he
resigned her to her nurse's care.
"Every day from that time he came to
the house. His home was quite near. At
the sound of his voice, Hattie sprang for-
ward with outstretched arms to meet him.
I have seen her, with her hands in his, look-
ing up into his face for hours, seeming per-
fectly happy.
"Of course, this was noticed by the fam-
ily and commented upon. The child's old-
der sisters and and brothers could win her
to their will by saying:
"I'll tell Mr. Hewberry if you don't,
and he won't love you then."
"Daily she gathered a little bouquet for
him, and when the autumn days came and
the flowers were few, the little love, would
watch closely the slowly opening buds, lest
someone else should get them.
"So the days passed by for two years,
and then for a time she was to be separated
from the one she had grown to love so dear-
ly.
"She clung round his neck, and begged
to be with him when the hour of parting
came. With promises of a speedy return
he managed to soothe her.
"His absence was short. He returned,
bringing her for a Christmas present a pret-
ty little chain, to which was attached a
locket with his portrait.
"For Joe she learned to read to write;
for him she would grow brave, and, with
his hand holding hers, had her first tooth
drawn.
"When ill with fever, tossing restlessly
from side to side, his hand could always
quiet, his voice soothe. Without a murmur
she would take from him the most nauseous
doses.
"How will all this end? I asked her
mother once.
"And lightly she replied, 'Oh, all right,
of course. She will learn to love someone
nearer her own age when the proper time
comes; and he will be married long before
then. He has a distant cousin, to whom, I
then. He has a distant cousin, to whom, I
am inclined to think, he is engaged. I am

sure their parents are anxious for their un-
ion."
"As Hattie grew older, a little shyness
crept gradually into her manner. Still the
love was there.
"Once, in a moment of confidence, she
came to me, and asked, 'Do you believe
Mr. Hewberry likes anyone better than me?
Fred says he does—that he remained by
her all the time at the party last night. I
wish I was old enough to go to parties!
And I wish indeed I do."
"What, Hattie? I asked, as she hesi-
tated.
"I wish Cora Cushing didn't live in this
world—indeed, I do? nodding her head
decidedly, while striving to force back the
tears.
"Oh, Hattie! this is dreadful!" I said,
drawing her within my arms.
"Well then, I wish Mr. Hewberry and
I lived somewhere else, where Cora Cush-
ing wouldn't come," she sobbed.
"I assured her that Joe did not love Cora
Cushing; that Fred was only teasing her.
"When she was ten years old, Joe was
called suddenly away by the severe illness
of his nearest relative, an uncle.
"There was only time for a hasty Good-
bye, my little love! Make haste to grow
fast, and be a tall girl when I come back,"
he said, kissing her.
"His going was so sudden, she did not
seem to realize it. I was glad that it was
so. But how I pined the little thing when,
day after day, as she had done for years,
she sat and watched!
"Time passed on; the pretty child grew
to be a beautiful maiden. Youthful gather-
ing about her, and friends ceased to talk
of Joe. Other names were mentioned as
his had been; yet none could win an an-
swering smile or blush. I knew for whom
her love was kept.
"The waiting, yearning look in her eyes
gave way at last, and a joyous light broke
forth. Joe was coming back. A letter to
her brother Fred brought the glad tidings.
He wrote:
"I've a secret to tell you, dear boy! But
no; I'll keep it for a surprise, in which you
will rejoice for my sake, I am sure. In a
few days I shall be with you."
"Jok."

"Again, as in her baby days, Hattie be-
gan her watching. Oh, I knew her heart
was singing a joyous song, though the
sweet lips gave forth no sound.
"She stood in the porch, waiting his
coming, clothed in fleecy white, roses in her
hair, and a bright smile playing on her
face.
"Hattie!"
"Fred came towards her. The boy's
face had lost its usual look of merriment,
his voice its careless tone.
"Hattie, Joe came by the train 'awful
ago'—he paused, darting an anxious, search-
ing glance at his sister's face—and he was
not alone. I'll not let him surprise you, lit-
tle sis. I've hurried home to tell you his
wife is with him."
"The light went out of eye and heart.
The blush faded quickly, on the young face,
and, whiter than the dress she wore, was
the hand put forth to grasp the balustrade.
"Fred sprang forward to catch her faint-
ing form. Like a broken lily he bore her
in. And when Joe came she knew it not.
"For many days her gentle spirit hovered
between life and death. Sometimes,
since, I've almost regretted that it passed
not away.
"She has never seen Joe Hewberry since
his marriage. Three years after, she sent
to his little girl, who bears her name, the
chain and locket she used to wear."
"Where is he now?" Mrs. Wallace in-
quired.
"I've not heard of him for years; I know
not if he lives."
"Thanks for your story, George. But I
wish its ending had not been so sad."
"Then its lessons would have been less
powerful."
"True. I must profit by it without delay.
I will send Bessie home with mother to-
morrow. The change will do her good, and
break the spell."
A few days after this, Georgie Clark
came to see Bessie's mother and said, with
a bright smile:
"I've come to change the ending of my
story of the other day. In fact, the end
had not then come. Here are Hattie's wed-
ding cards; her Joe has been a widower
over two years. Hear what she writes to
me:
"Forgive me for keeping my happiness
from you, my dear friend, but I have not
been able to realize sufficiently that this
great joy was for me to speak to others.
Now that it is so near, and he is with me,
surely I must know. He loved and
was pledged to her before he knew me.
You will be glad to know this; I was
Had I known it, it would have soothed
greatly the agony of bygone days."
"We were at Hattie's wedding yesterday;
a happier, lovelier bride I never saw."

He Was on The Judge's Side.

In one of the Western States a case was
tried, and at its termination the Judge
charged the jury, and they retired for
consultation. Hour after hour passed and
no verdict brought in. The Judge, a din-
ner arrived, and he became hungry and im-
patient. Upon inquiry he learned that one
obstinate jurymen was holding out against
eleven. That he could not stand and he
ordered the twelve men to be brought be-
fore him. He told them that, in his charge
and he had so plainly stated the case
and the law that the verdict ought to be
unanimous, and the man who permitted his
individual opinion to weigh against the
judgment of eleven men of wisdom was
unfit and disqualified ever again to act in
the capacity of jurymen. At the end of
this excited harangue a little squeaky
voice came from one of the jurymen. He
said: "Judge will your Honor allow me to
say a word?" Permission being given, he
added: "May it please your Honor I am the
only man on your side."

Getting up a Relish.

There is one branch of cookery which is
rather apt to be overlooked, and that is the
preparations and supply of some nice,
semi-heavy dish for tea—some relish, as
it is very richly called, some dish which
may be either hot or cold, but which must
be either salt or sour, and which will give
tone to the bread and butter and cake which
is ordinary staple of the tea-table. Salads
come as near satisfying all tastes as it is
possible to do, and are by no means un-
wholesome as is generally supposed. Sweet
oil, which is the only ingredient which can
be called rich, is rather wholesome than
other-wise, and a properly made salad
should not disagree with any one. Cream
is a very good substitute for oil in the pre-
parations of a salad dressing, and fresh,
sweet butter is even better—neither of which
disagree with dyspeptics, and both of which
are easily procured in country places where
good sweet oil is scarce and dear. There
is always something left in the cupboard
which will do for a salad, if it is only a dish
of cold potatoes. If there is a slice or two
of cold meat, or a bit of cold fish, or a plate
of cold string beans, cold beets, a few
leaves of lettuce, a dish of cold greens; in
short, the list is so long of things which
make a good salad, that it is difficult to go
amiss among the usual household supplies.
We will suppose that you have only cold
potatoes. In that case chop them finely
and heap them in the centre of a platter.
Take an even teaspoonful of ground must-
ard and a saltspoonful of salt, and mix them
to a paste with vinegar. It is best to use
a fork for this, and to mix in a soup-plate.
Now add the yolk of one egg, being care-
ful not to allow the white of the egg to fol-
low; that you can reserve for your coffee
the next time you brew it. Stir the yolk
thoroughly through the mustard, and begin
to add sweet oil in small portions, not more
than a teaspoonful at once, but add con-
stantly as you mix. If the dressing becomes
too hard or looks too stringy, add a spoonful
of vinegar from time to time, but not often.
It should become a light, creamy mass, and
it will if it is properly stirred; and you go
on adding oil and vinegar until you have the
necessary quantity, when you taste it, and if
not, add either salt or vinegar as you wish.
Pour this mixture over the potatoes, smooth-
ing it with a knife blade. Now, if you
wish to impress your family with the idea
that this is something very fine, you had
better make a border of crisp lettuce-leaves
around the salad, by pushing the stems of
the leaves underneath, and if you can find
a stray radish in the garden, cut it in thin
slices and lay them in figures over the sur-
face. The half of an onion, minced very
fine and mixed with the potatoes, is to the
masculine palate, a great addition to the
above dish. A herring split into fibres and
added will also meet with general favor.
And, in short, this plain potato salad is the
canvas, the groundwork for embroidery,
the field upon which you may exercise your
fancy and your genius. If you have a slice
of cold corn beef, or ham, or cold lamb, or
mutton, chops them and add to the potato-
es. If you have a cucumber, slice that
and put it in the dish. If you have cold
beans, use them alone with bread-crumbs;
and, in short, make your salad of what you
please, but make it well.

Witness is in Them.

Saligny was the Minister plenipotentiary
from the court of France to the republic of
Texas in 1840. He resided at Austin, then
the capital of the republic. The Coman-
ches, with a large number of warriors,
made a descent into the settlements, com-
mencing depredations from the northern
frontier to Linnville, on Lavaca bay.
After totally destroying the town of Lynn-
ville and taking some prisoners (most of the
inhabitants escaped by going out upon the
bay in boats), the Indians returned north.
Gen. Sam Houston, who was at Austin,
hearing of the route taken by the Indians,
hastily gathered a volunteer force, and
striking out west from Austin, intercepted
them. The famous battle of Plum Creek
was the result. It was truly novel to see
how these Indians were rigged out with the
dry goods of which they had robbed the
stores at Linnville. One Indian would be
found wearing the legs of a new pair of
pants, fastened up like buckskin leggings.
Another would have the upper part of the
pants fastened about his waist and hanging
down loose. Rolls of fine silk were used as
saddle-blankets, ribbons and laces were
fastened to their horse's cars and tails,
and streamed out at great length. The soles
of boots were cut off and the legs and upper
part of the foot worn in a new style. Gen-
Houston gave the Comanches a sound drub-
bing, recovering all the prisoners. These
the Indians tried to kill when they found
the forces too strong for them, but Gen-
Houston's attack was so sudden and over-
powering that the Indians thought best to
use their chief exertion in getting out of
the way. One lady prisoner, a very nice
and intelligent woman, had a flesh wound in
the shoulder from an Indian arrow. Gen-
Houston captured a large number of horses
which the Indians were carrying off from
the settlements; killed several Indians and
took some prisoners; among them was a
boy about twelve years old. When Hus-
ton arrived in Austin with his prisoners,
he gave the Indian boy to M. Saligny,
the French minister. The Frenchman was
very proud of his boy. He dressed him up
in flashing livery, and kept him about him
as a favorite pet. In the course of week or
ten days the Frenchman's Indian was gone.
He had doffed his shining livery, and left
for parts unknown. At this time the Tan-
cunus and Lipans, two friendly tribes of
Indians, were staying in the vicinity of
Austin. Three or four days after the dis-
appearance of Saligny's pet, one of the
Tancunus brought him in, having captured
him a long distance northwest from Austin.
The French minister again dressed up his
Indian, and notwithstanding everybody
cautioned him that if he gave the boy a
chance he would go again, he gave him no
other confinement than to keep him with

him during the day, and requiring him to
sleep in the Frenchman's own bed-room
at night. Thus he kept his Indian for a
week or two longer. On waking up one
morning he found his pet Comanche miss-
ing; and on going to the stable, where he
kept a very fine horse, he found him miss-
ing too. Saligny never heard of his horse
or Indian again. He swore some big
French oaths around about Austin for
several days before he quieted down suffi-
ciently to attend to his ordinary business.
A wild Indian or a wolf is hard to tame.
Wilderness is born in them.

Jewels of a Turkish Princess.

An American gentleman who has lived
for some years in the East gives a very
melancholy picture of the present condition
of things in Turkey. It is no longer safe
to go out after dark in Constantinople in
the Christian quarter (which is frequented
by Greeks, Maltese, and Italians of the
very worst character), without being armed
to the teeth. The people are starving, and
are desperate. The upper classes, too,
sorely feel the change. One of the Princesses
of the reigning family recently told a
Greek lady who called to visit her that she
was no longer able to offer so much as a cup
of coffee to her visitors; that she had parted
with all her jewels, and knew not what was
to become of her when she proceeds of the
sale were exhausted, as she had a household
of no less than eighty persons to provide
for. Some of these so-called slaves were
over eighty years of age, and all had been
bred and treated like members of the family.
How superb the jewels of this lady must
have been may be judged from the descrip-
tion of a feridje (or mantle) that she used
to wear in the palmy days of Turkey. It
was composed of pale-blue velvet, without
lace, embroidery, or, in fact, any ornament
save the twenty-two buttons that closed it,
each button being a pure and perfect diam-
ond of ten carats in weight. My friend
told me also of an emerald that the late
Khedive had once shown to him. It was
of an oval form, rather larger than a pig-
eon's egg, and was pierced at the top in the
Oriental fashion for the better convenience
of wearing it. The favorite wife of the
Khedive used to wear it on all gala occa-
sions, suspended to a chain of small diam-
onds. It was strictly a national gem, dat-
ing from the days of old Caliph, and dug
from the once renowned emerald mines of
the country.

Ripping up Carpets.

A day or two ago a woman entered a
telegraph office and said to the receiver of
messages that she desired to telegraph her
husband, who was in Chicago, for money.
He pointed her to the counter supplied with
blanks and told her the rate for ten words.
She struggled away for a quarter of an
hour and then handed in the following:
"Won't you please send me \$10 by next
mail?"
"I don't know whether that will do or
not," she said as she felt for her money.
"If you were to receive such a dispatch
from your wife, would you forward the
money?"
"Well—well, I might," he replied in
doubtful tones.
"Now you wait! I don't like the des-
patch at all, because I tried to keep it with-
in ten words. I'll write another."
She tore it up, walked over to the counter,
and in three minutes handed a new one,
reading:
"Am out of food and fuel, and want \$10
as soon as you can get it here! If you can't
spare it I'll spout the parlor carpet!"
"That would bring the money from me,"
said the receiver, as he read the lines and
marked the number of words.
"Then I guess it will from him. Send
it along, and if I don't get the money in-
side of two days, you'll hear somebody
ripping up forty yards of Brussels carpet
off the floor."

How to Divide Bees.

The following is a good method for di-
viding bees, and one that is both practical
and easily performed by the experienced:
After providing an extra hive with empty
frames—or, better, frames filled with comb—
proceed to open the hive to be divided,
and after subduing the bees with smoke or
otherwise, lift out the brood-combs with all
adhering bees, until two-thirds of all the
brood is removed, placing the same in the
new hive and being careful not to remove
the queen. Fill all unoccupied space in
both hives with comb frames. Locate the
new hive some distance from the old. All
the old bees will return to the parent hive,
but enough young bees will remain to care
for the brood. A fertile queen may be
given the new colony after forty-eight
hours, or about sunset on the second day,
by quietly setting her on one of the brood-
combs. The bees, being all young, will
accept her, and the work is done. We in-
troduced many queens to new colonies last
season, as here given, without the loss of a
single queen. The new colony will not
work much for a time, but is generally
equal, if not superior, to the parent stock in
a few days.

The Sense of Smell.

The intensity and delicacy of the sense
of smell vary in different individuals and
races. In some it is wonderfully
sensitive. An Englishman tells of a wom-
an who predicted storms, several hours in
advance, from the sulphurous odor which
she perceived in the air. A young Ameri-
can, who was deaf, dumb and blind, be-
came a good botanist, simply by the sense of
smell. It is, however, in some of the lower
animals that we find the sense most highly
developed. Smell is with some of them
like an eye, which sees objects not only
where they are, but where they have been.
The keen scent of the dog is well known.
Humboldt mentions that when, in his
travels in South America, it was desired to
attract condors, all they had to do was to
slaughter an ox or a horse and in a short
time the odor attracted a number of these
birds, though none were visible previously.