

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

JOS. A. HARRIS, EDITOR.

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### SOME DAY.

You smooth the tangles from my hair With gentle touch and tenderest care. And count the years ere you shall mark— Bright silver threads among the dark— Smiling the while to hear me say, "You'll think of this again some day— Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of time. Nor count the years of fadeless prime; But no white gleams will ever shine Among these heavy locks of mine; Aye, laugh as gayly as you may, You'll think of this again some day— Some day!

Some day I shall not feel as now, Your soft hand move along my brow; I shall not alight your light commands, And draw your tresses through my hair; I shall be silent and obey— And you—you will not laugh some day— Some day!

I know how long your loving hands Will linger in these glossy bands When you shall weave my latest crown Of their thick masses, long and brown; But you will see no touch of gray Adorn their shining length that day— Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot Upon the lips which answer not, You'll take from these one treasured tress, And leave the rest to silence— Remember that I use to say, "You'll think of this again some day— Some day!"

### Edith's Lover.

Coming out upon the terrace where they stood alone together in the June twilight, I remember thinking what a handsome, noble-looking couple they made, and how well it was that my mistress had chosen Mr. Hollis for her future husband when so many attractive young gentlemen aspired to the honor of her hand.

As I approached, Mr. Hollis was saying: "To-morrow is our wedding day, dear Edith! To-morrow! I can scarcely realize it. Ah, how proud and glad I am."

My lady looked up at this moment, her cheeks all aglow, her eyes shining with happiness. Hearing my step she said in her gentle way:

"What is it, Jennie?" "A strange woman has presented herself at the kitchen door, madam. She asked for you and will not be denied. She does not live in these parts, I think; her accent and dress are both peculiar. Good gracious, there she comes now, and I left her on the kitchen step!"

My mistress looked in the direction indicated and beheld a drooping, forlorn figure slowly advancing from the rear of the house. She changed color and drew back with a startled cry:

"Mrs. Hawkins!" The woman came nearer and paused on the upper step, looking curiously at her.

"Forgive me for coming," she said, in a low, broken voice. "It isn't right to be troubling one like you. But what could I do with him beggin' and pleadin' and frettin' himself ill? I hadn't the heart to refuse his prayer, and—"

"Hush!" My mistress drew her strange visitor hurriedly down the steps.

She was very pale and trembled with excitement.

"No more now—I cannot listen," said she, in a whisper. "If you have any errand with me come again by-and-by when I am alone."

The woman sighed heavily. "Let me give you this note, ma'am—it's from him, an' I'll trouble you no more. You'll read it, an' do all it asks, ma'am?"

She added, quite plaintively, as she thrust a bit of crumpled paper into my lady's hand:

"Yes, yes. Now go—go at once!" "I will. But don't disappoint him, ma'am; don't do it!"

There was desperation in her voice and looks—perhaps even menace—as she turned and made her way with difficulty down the path.

Mr. Hollis naturally made some inquiry as to the strange visitor, but, at Miss Edith's solicitation, he dropped the subject, and soon afterward went away.

About 10 o'clock that night my lady's bell summoned me to her chamber.

I found her sitting with her wraps on and a bit of paper—the same the woman had given her—clenched in her hand.

Her face wore a sadder expression than I had ever seen upon it before.

"Jenny," she said, turning in her chair as I entered, "do you know a place in the village called Holme's Cottage?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. Get your bonnet, I wish you to take me there. I wish to set out at once."

"But it is a long distance, madam; if you must go, shall I not order the carriage?"

"I do not wish this visit known to any one else in the house, Jenny. The servants would think strange of it. You, I am sure, are discreet and faithful."

We left the house by a side door, locking it and taking the key with us.

Presently we reached Holme's Cottage. It was a long, low building in the outskirts of the village, at some distance from any other dwelling. Since my knowledge of the house began, it had been occupied by the poorer class of tenants.

"Some one I wish to see is here," she said, quietly. "Remain outside, Jenny, I shall not be long away."

She entered without knocking and closed the door. The next instant I heard a glad cry within then a burst of sobs.

Suddenly Mr. Hollis confronted me, his face white and convulsed in the moonlight. "Tell me," he said in a husky whisper, "was it Edith, my promised wife, that went in at yonder door?"

I could not speak, but my looks answered him.

He dropped his hand and was turning away, when a few agitated words came through the open window:

"Edith, I knew you would come! my precious darling, my wife! You were not so cruel as to forsake me utterly."

It was a man's voice, but Mr. Hollis seemed to hear a simple word only of those it uttered.

"Wife!" he echoed in a hollow tone. "Wife! And to-morrow was to have been our wedding day!"

In spite of my terror and bewilderment, I had the presence of mind to grasp his arm and drag him further away from the house.

"What brings you here?" I sternly demanded. "Why have you followed us?"

"I did not follow you; I am no spy; it was chance that brought me in this direction to-night. Nay, not chance," he added, with sudden vehemence, "but the providence of God."

Then, before I could say a word in reply, he had freed himself from my grasp and was striding down the shadow-hunted street.

Ten minutes later my mistress came out. She drew a deep breath as she clasped my arm, and I felt her tremble.

"Come, Jenny, let us get away from here quickly, I shall be glad to reach home again—so glad."

She looked so miserable and dispirited that I had not the courage to tell her what had occurred outside the cottage while she lingered within.

The next morning, while she was at breakfast, and the mystical stir of the bridal preparations was going on in the house, one of the servants brought in a large package. She cut the cords, and out fell a heap of letters—the pure, dainty letters she had written from time to time to her lover—and the few books and keepsakes she had given him.

I saw her stagger, turn pale and catch her breath. Then she looked at me with a bewildered air.

"I—don't understand. Do you, Jenny?"

The package and a brief note it contained were Deane Hollis' farewell.

My lady did not cry or faint. Flinging the note away, she clasped both hands to her forehead.

"My God! This is incomprehensible. What—what—does he mean?"

"I can tell you, Madam."

And I did.

When she knew that Mr. Hollis had been at Holme's Cottage the night before, and what he had overheard there, instead of sinking to the floor in shame and confusion, as I half expected, she sprang towards the door with a smothered sob of joy.

"Oh, heaven!" she said. "Come, Jenny, we have another mission to perform."

"Where are you going?" I said, looking at her wonderingly.

"Come and see. Heaven grant that we be not too late."

Scarcely waiting for her bonnet and shawl, she hurried me from the house.

Presently we reached a handsome mansion—Mr. Hollis' country seat. A carriage stood before the door and some one was just stepping into it.

My lady screamed out at the sight and rushed forward excitedly:

"Oh, Deane, don't go! don't leave me—at least until I have been given a chance to explain! I have been misjudged; it is all a terrible mistake. Come with me to Holme's Cottage, do come. God knows I do not wish to keep any secrets from you; not one."

We all entered the carriage together and drove to Holme's Cottage.

We were met on the threshold by the same forlorn-looking woman who had brought the note. She burst out sobbing in our faces.

"My son is dead," she cried. "He breathed his last soon after you went away last night. Oh, ma'am, won't you come in an' look at him. I'm sure it would please him could he but know."

We entered the poor little room and stood beside the couch on which the dead man lay.

The secret of Miss Edith's visit of the previous night was soon told: this rash, impetuous man had allowed himself to fall desperately in love with Miss Edith, the previous summer, in spite of the difference and utter impossibility of his ever hoping to win a return of her affections.

When he realized that he must die, a prey to consumption, he begged to be taken to the vicinity of my lady's home, that he might be near her at the last.

He had had more or less delirium for some days previous to his death, and while this was on him had really fancied that Miss Edith was his wife, and spoke of her, in his rambling way, as such.

"I could not despise his love, Deane. I pitied him so," my lady said, her beautiful eyes full of tears. "Do not blame me for seeking to hide the truth; it was for his sake. It seemed cruel to expose his weakness. Will you forgive me?"

He echoed the word and caught her to his heart.

"Forgive you! Oh, my darling, it is I who need to be forgiven!"

Too Soon! Too Soon!

When a newly-married widower passed a crowd who were standing on the corner last week, one of the party remarked:

"He waited a long time before he hitched onto a second wife, didn't he?"

### "That Injun 'e."

An oil painting was recently exhibited in a store window in Virginia City, Nevada. It represented the Mountain Meadow Massacre. The teams and wagons of the emigrants are seen winding down into the valley in which the horrible tragedy is soon to be enacted, while behind rocks and trees in the foreground are visible the crouching Indians and Mormons, all in feathers and war paint.

A crowd of men were standing about the picture, commenting upon it and talking of the horrible butchery it represented, among the rest a reporter.

Observing a stalwart Piute brave standing on the street at a distance of a few paces, the reporter said to the whites present: "Hold on, and we'll have some fun. I'll get you Indian and confront him with the picture."

The Piute, a huge, sleeping-looking fellow, tattooed on the point of the chin and cheek bones, was soon brought in front of the picture.

The reporter pointed out the horses and wagons, the men, women and children, all unsuspectingly filing down into the valley, and the armed and painted Indians, with "blood in their eyes," peering out from their hiding-places. "You see the white men, the horses and the wagons?" said the reporter.

"Yash, me see um," said the Indian.

"You see the Injuns behind the rocks and behind the trees?"

"Yash, me see um."

"Now, pretty soon Injun shoot all the white men, shoot all the white women, cut throat of all little children—you sabe?"

"Yash, me sabe."

"You sabe?"

"Yash, heap sabe," said the Indian, earnestly, his eyes glistening.

The reporter was somewhat disappointed, as he had expected the Indian's feelings would be somewhat worked up by the picture of wholesale slaughter he had drawn, particularly when it came to cutting the throats of the children. However, the untutored child of the desert gazed innocently in his face with a look which seemed to say: "Well, proceed with the lesson."

The red man seemed utterly free from guile, and willing to test him further the reporter said:

"When all men dead, all women dead, and all children dead, Injun take all horses, all blankets, all money—all everything in wagon—you sabe?"

"Yash, me sabe."

Turning to the reporter, the guileless and untutored fellow pointed out a particularly fierce-looking Indian peering out from behind a rock.

"You see um him?"

"Yes," said the reporter. "I see him."

"You see um gun?"

"I see the gun."

"You see um feather on him head?"

"Good boy; you heap sabe. That Injun by rock, that Injun with gun, that Injun with feather on him head, that Injun mean Injun—heap shoot—that Injun me!"

drawing himself up to his full height and snapping himself across his resonant chest with his broad right hand.

### Steam Trams.

A steam engine and car for tramways has been tried at Liverpool. The works of the engine are placed on the tubular frames at the sides of the casing, and these are utilized to receive the exhaust steam and then convey it back into the condenser. The puffing experienced in ordinary locomotives is thus obviated, and all noise in the working of the engine completely subdued. Only a small amount of vapor is visible from the funnel, which rises about four feet over the top of the carriage. The engine carriage is about the length of one horse, and its weight about five tons. Engine and passenger carriage are together about thirty-four feet long, this being considerably less than the length of the horse and carriages as now used. A speed of ten miles an hour can easily be attained, but the Board of Trade limit the pace to eight miles an hour. The engine in question can, with facility, ascend a gradient of one in fourteen; it was tried on a rise of one in forty. The working is of the simplest character. But one man is required to tend the engine, and, with a single handle, he can start and stop the tram train. The handle is connected with the expansion valves, and only the necessary power of steam is used in stopping the engine, which can be done within a length of twenty feet. The water for condensing is renewed at the end of each journey, if it is a long one, or when two or three light journeys have been performed. Enough coke is put into the furnace at the start to last for the return journey, so that, practically, no fuel has to be carried on the engine. This conduces to the absolute cleanliness of the carriage. The cost of fuel is calculated at about two shillings per engine per day of twelve hours, and this and the wages of the driver are about the whole of the expenses connected with it. An important feature of the new engine is that the existing rolling stock can, with very slight alterations, be adapted thereto. The experiment was, on the whole, regarded as highly satisfactory.

### Ancient Forts in Michigan.

An interesting account is published of the present condition of the ancient forts on the Rifle river twenty miles east of West Branch, Ogemaw county. There are two of these forts, and an examination of the upper one which is situated on a high bank near the river and about 25 feet above the water, showed the inclosure to be in formed round or rather oblong, the longest distance being north and south. The works consist of a ditch and embankment, which was found to be about 550 feet in circumference and about five feet from the bottom of the trench to the top of the embankment, which appears to have been greatly reduced in height by exposure to the elements. Inside the embankment the surface is very level, save where trees grew, and there have been some large ones. There are four entries to this inclosure, one facing each of the cardinal points of the compass. These entrances or

gateways are about wide enough to admit the passage of a wagon. Instead of the trench being completed around the entrance, and bridging the same, it terminates on each side of the passage way, where a narrow strip of ground appears to have been disturbed. These openings were undoubtedly protected by gates. On the embankment was a rampart of logs with a palisade. There can scarce be any doubt of this, for the remains of charred wood are found in different parts of the embankment. On the right hand side of each passage way leading out, the embankment is higher than in other places. About eight years ago the pine timber here was cut off. By counting the rings of yearly growth on a pine stump which stood on the embankment, it was found to contain 264, which, together with the eight years since it was cut, makes this work at least 272 years old—long before the days of the Jesuit missionaries, or the first whites that history records, which was in the year 1631—239 years ago.—Thus it will be seen that the date of this work is anterior to the first permanent English settlement upon the American continent, and about the days of Queen Elizabeth of England. The timber that now stands within the surrounding has grown since the erection of this fortification; for the trees found within this enclosure and those surrounding appear to be without the same general size and age. Within about 60 rods, overlooking this work, are hills that rise, perhaps, 100 feet above the surroundings, showing that the builder of the defense did not expect artillery to be used against it. The other fort, which is the larger of the two, is situated three miles further down the river, and is much more imposing and impressive in appearance. Like the other, this is situated near the river, on a slight eminence, and contains the same general characteristics—four entrances at right angles, north, south, east and west. Here the embankment is in some places ten feet high. The circumference of this work is over 600 feet. As in the other case, large trees grew on the embankment, and within the inclosure there was one about four feet in diameter. In the center of the western gateway stands a large hemlock tree, and the surroundings are covered with a thick, heavy growth of live timber. One tree which had been cut down near the edge of the enclosure was over four feet in diameter, and by counting the successive rings or circles of wood was found to be about 390 years old.

### Russian Justice.

A verdict highly characteristic of Russian justice was recently given in the District Court of Cherson, in Southern Russia. Three young collegians of respectable parentage stood arranged before that tribunal upon the charge of having at different times stolen from the master of the British merchantman Beta, lying at anchor in Nicholoeff Harbor, a golden watch and chain, a purse containing a sovereign, and a pair of golden sleeve links. The prisoners made full confession of their delinquency, but appealed with heart rending sobs to the patriotism of the Court for exoneration from the legal consequences of their crime upon the grounds that "they had proposed exercising a well merited vengeance upon the wicked English, who had inflicted so many wrongs upon Holy Russia!" Thus invoked, the jury returned a unanimous verdict of "not guilty," which enabled the judges to nullo the British plaintiff in all the costs of the action, including the expenses incurred by the State during the detention of the three young thieves in prison down to the day of their trial.

### Nerve.

About a year ago a prisoner was brought from one of the Territories in irons, and handed over to the Detroit House of Correction, with the warning that he was a desperate character, and had boasted that he would "run" the institution. He had a malignant look and a surly answer for all questions, and when ordered down into the bath room he boldly declined to go.

"Step down!" repeated the deputy.

"I won't!" replied the prisoner, backing off a little and glancing around for a weapon.

The deputy was the man for the occasion. Walking close up to the prisoner, he said, in a quiet but far-reaching voice: "Every prisoner under this roof must obey me or die! If you are not down stairs in thirty seconds I will shoot you through the head!"

No weapons were in sight. The prisoner was a robber and a murderer. The deputy was an officer of nerve. For ten seconds they looked into each other's eyes and read each other's thoughts. Then the prisoner turned and went down stairs, and from that day to this he has been as submissive and obedient as any man in the prison.

### Half a Million of Gifts.

Robert Mitchell, one of the oldest and wealthiest of Cincinnati merchants, surprised his family on Christmas Day by the distribution of presents which amounted almost to an ante-mortem disposition of his estate. The family which, in the three generations numbers twenty-six persons, had assembled for a Christmas reunion, and while at dinner, before dessert was served, a servant passed around a silver salver containing envelopes addressed one to each member of the family. Mr. Mitchell then made a statement explaining the gifts, which he had intended as a surprise to them, and which had consequently been entirely unlooked for on their part. The grandchildren received gifts of money; his daughters and daughters-in-law received deeds of valuable residences and real estate; his sons, Albert and Richard, were given \$50,000 each, in accounts standing against them on the books of the firm of Mitchell & Rammelsburg; Mrs. Redway and Mrs. Burton each received receipts for \$50,000, capital advanced to their respective husbands in business. The aggregate of these gifts is stated to be about \$500,000. It was intended to keep the affair quiet, but it leaked out, Mr. Mitchell being questioned about the matter, confirmed the reports.