

The Chapel Hill Ledger.

How K P Battle

JOS. A. HARRIS, EDITOR.

FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

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AT REST.

Once more the ripened year unfolds
Her emblems, gold embossed;
And where the grand oaks, tempest tossed
Lift up bare arms, communion holds
With Him who thus a bound has set
For human longing and regret!

While blessed Rest, in slumber deep
On drooping eyelids lays a hand,
And spreading white wings o'er the lam,
Bids stare eternal vigil keep
'Till sleep's sweet influence shall restore
The earth to fruitfulness once more!

Thus the full year so lightly rounds
Her finished meed of work, and stands
Exultant; though her folded hands
Assures us that all peace abounds.
And past all longing and regret
Is the fair goal her soul has set

How different we! We trampling stand
On our grave's brink and cringing cling
To all the transient hopes which fling
Their fitful lights along the strand,
And 'till our star of life has set
Cheat us with longing and regret!

Oh! type of everything Divine—
Dear Nature—draw us closer yet,
And us where no vain regret
Can our unwilling souls confine,
And fold us in thy fond embrace.
When we shall meet Death face to face!

The Widow's Wiles.

Paul Carroll was one afternoon sitting listlessly on the porch of the "Farmers' Inn," when who should alight from the old stage but his friend, Harry Coleman. There was a hearty greeting; each had surprised the other by his selection of this rustic retreat.

"Come!" said Coleman, "tell me who she is. Some rustic beauty I'll venture, with cheeks like blush roses."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Paul. "Did the green-eyed monster inform you that I was trespassing on your rights?"

Harry, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, answered: "I have run down at the solicitation of a little cousin of mine. Come, get off that hunting regalia and I will present you to the sweetest little cousin in the world."

Paul drawled listlessly: "Well, anything for a change!"

Good-natured Coleman was used to his friend's manner, and only quickened his pace when once they had started. They approached the farm-house as the twilight descended.

"Good evening, gipsy!" said Harry, raising his hat. "You see I have kept my word." He hastened towards the old swing gate to receive the merry greeting awaiting him, then said, gaily, "I found my dearest friend at the inn, and have brought him with me. Miss Jardine—Mr. Carroll."

Paul opened his keen gray eyes a trifle wider to discern the young girl in the coming shadow; her mellow, rich voice fell upon his ear so harmoniously and musically, that he tried to hear what was said. This much he did hear, as she tripped ahead, leaning on her cousin's arm, and talking in an undertone: "I detest that dearest friend of yours! He has shot all my pet squirrels."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Coleman. Yes, he is a cruel fellow; look out for him."

Well did Anna Jardine remember those warning words!

The family and visitors formed a pleasant group. Paul tried his best to define the peculiar charm of this girl. She avoided him; that he knew, and there was a novelty in the fact. She was young and cultivated, not beautiful, but with a presence bewitching and piquant. She seems abstracted, not entering into the general conversation; but as she raised the shy brown eyes there was a language in them that entered his heart.

One by one the rest strolled out. Paul walked to the piano and, turning over the music, found the popular songs of the day.

"Will you sing, Miss Jardine?" he said, almost impudently.

Without a moment's hesitation she complied with his request. The sweet contralto, with its soul stirring pathos, was too grand for common-place thanks.

Paul Carroll and Anna Jardine had been betrothed one year. He had won her by his deep, idolatrous love, and she had enthroned him king—her first love and her last.

Paul Carroll was one of the guests at the mansion of Anna's aunt, where she was spending the winter in the gay metropolis, and a grand dinner was given in his honor, and a grand dinner was given in his honor.

The bewitching woman on a great light, burst upon the fashionable world. A widow and a blonde! A woman in her early thirties, with soft blue eyes that knew how to send every glance with power. She had come among them with reports of unbounded wealth.

Paul Carroll seemed completely captivated by her fascinations, careless of the suffering he was inflicting upon one constant, true souled woman.

To-night, for an instant, he mentally contrasted the two, and on a sudden impulse drank to the health of his betrothed. The sudden shock to Mrs. L'Estrange's feelings was beyond description. She was foiled.

When he led her to the piano, and solicited a farewell, she sang a vocal waltz; the brilliant air fell flatly on his ear; there was no response in his heart to the words she sang at him.

"Ah! fly to the one most dear."
He followed his betrothed to her hiding-place in yonder alcove, and she, crimsoning like a rose with joy, looked his forgiveness, and they were one in heart again.

Two years passed. Summer with its dreamy days and shifting shadows had come once more. Two years had been a century in Anna's life; within the brown eyes was written, "Life is earnest," and

there were tell-tale lines that lay in broken bars over the fair, girlish brow. Not, however, that Paul Carroll neglected any of the great items that go so far with the world as regarded his wife's happiness.

Carroll was lounging on the steps of a sea side hotel with a friend, who remarked, "Have you seen her—the new-comer? She gets up stunningly, I assure you. But talk of angels and they are unfolding their pinions, for here she comes."

He rose with a courtly bow to the magnificently-dressed lady coming toward them. But, to his surprise, Mrs. L'Estrange coolly nodded and rustled on.

Carroll's face, at all times a puzzle, now remained inscrutable. He murmured, "Her coldness is worth a legion of smiles." Clendinning thought it singular that any woman could receive Carroll so coolly, and took renewed interest in thinking what the result of this spur to the mettle of the man would be.

The grand ball of the season had reached its height. It grew tame, particularly to Mrs. Carroll, who had recognized the rival of her girlhood.

Now Paul was bending over this bewitching woman, and she sang to him once again. She threw off the icy exterior, for "vengeance is sweet." She had not forgotten that one dinner-party, when the shy, brown-eyed woman came between them.

It was all so like a dream to him—the white hand resting on his arm, and the cobweb handkerchief which she fluttered so prettily. He had wandered from the house. He led her to the shady nook in the vine wreathed corner, where the moon's rays lay like silver bars.

In her seeming embarrassment she tore the rose leaves from their snowy-resting place; he did not note the glance and the scorn that swept her features as the white teeth bit the red lips. He was enchanted again.

Paul took the remnant of the mutilated rose, thanking her for this relic. Her silence was broken by sobs, and if a mighty power in smiles, what danger in her tears! She said, with averted face, "Too late for relics: You are another's, and this interview must end."

She turned to go. Paul, with pallid face and luminous eyes, besought her not to leave him without a word of hope that she could love him still.

"I will answer you to-morrow at the park," she replied.

A silent figure, which seemed like statuary among the odoriferous evergreens, the deadly whiteness only relieved by the lace scarf, glided away, and Anna Carroll clasped her hands in agony.

The weak man and wicked woman kept their engagement.

He said, in significant tones, "I have come to hear your answer."

Her eyes kindled in triumph, and, with an uplitted glance, she replied, "If you possessed my love two years ago, you have it now intensified a hundred times! But, ah! you are beyond love's reach."

A single horsewoman just then approached with a dangerous light in her usually shy eyes. Paul's wife.

"May I have a word with you, Paul?" she asked.

He walked slowly by her horse's side. Quietly she drew from her finger the golden circlet, saying, "Take it back for ever and ever!"

He thought of the anger of the previous evening and, in order to avoid a scene, replied: "We will talk about this hereafter."

Without uttering a word Anna dashed from his side.

Paul returned to a deserted room, and as he read his wife's farewell missive his heart was touched; and he started to follow her, meeting on his way the woman who had come between them.

"Ah! he was under the tyranny of a despot who made him a fettered slave, and humiliated him in his own estimation. The avenue leading to the hotel was thronged with equipages. Paul Carroll leaned back among the cushions of the low phaeton. The conspicuous yellow curls and white plume of the fair widow were tossed by the lake breezes.

On their return from the hotel Mrs. L'Estrange noted the recklessness of the man, while the champagne he had taken betrayed itself in his unusual hilarity.

He had taken the reins. A carriage tried to pass them. Carroll, with an oath, guided his horse to wildest speed. The rival vehicle was drawn by snow-white horses.

The road grew narrower. Carroll maddened by strong drink, heeds not the grasp of the woman whose lightest wish had been his law.

"Oh, in mercy, stop!" she pleaded.

There was a whizzing of horses' hoofs—a fearful crash—a wild scream of agony—the horses wounded, the carriages broken, and all that was left of elegant, stately Paul Carroll was a mutilated mass.

Mrs. L'Estrange lay in the darkened room, while a noiseless step indicated the presence of the careful nurse.

Mrs. Carroll had forgiven the dying woman whose sin had cost her so dear.

The sad broken figure followed the remains of her husband to the tomb.

When she returned to the great throbbing city, many a passer by noted the mute eloquence of the pale, sad face, little dreaming of the great tragedy that had occurred on the stage of her life, leaving the sequel to unfold when we, too, have played the last act, and perhaps lie away in some quiet corner awaiting judgment.

Mabel's Music Lessons.

Young Mabel Vaughan had lived all her life in the West. It was not a very long life, to be sure, for Mabel was only seven years old, but she had never known any other home. Mabel loved the Indians very much. Her papa was a missionary to them; he had left his pleasant home and had gone with his wife to teach the dark-skinned Indians.

The Indians are very fond of music, and unfortunately neither Mr. nor Mrs. Vaughan cared for music at all; they had no piano or harmonium, and they could sing but very little. But Mabel sang like a lark. She caught up the Indians' songs and sang them constantly to their great delight; and Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan thought this talent for music ought to be encouraged, so they determined to send Mabel East, to Mrs. Vaughan's sister, to learn music.

It was a sore parting. "Don't be sad, dear child," said her father, while the tears stood in his eyes, "God will take care of you. Learn all you can, and soon you shall come back again and teach the Indians how to sing about the blessed Saviour."

A day or two after, Mabel and her friend Mrs. Cowie took the train for New York. Miss Leslie met them, and Mabel's heart went out to "Aunt Annie" at once, for she was so bright and happy. At first Mabel could not keep the tears back as she talked about the happy little home she had left.

"Don't cry, darling," said auntie; "I love you dearly, and I am sure we shall be happy together, and the time will soon slip away, and then you will be going back again."

It all looked so strange to Mabel "What a lot of houses!" she said. "Where do all the people come from? Is there somebody in every house?"

"Yes, indeed, and this street is only one of the hundreds in this large town." Mabel's eyes opened wide in astonishment. "Why, there can't be room to walk about."

"Oh yes, we have plenty of room," said auntie, laughing. "I'll take you to see the shops and the Park to-morrow. Now let us take off our wraps."

When they came down stairs again, auntie busied herself in making the tea, and when she turned round, Mabel was standing before the piano.

"What is this, auntie?"

"That's a piano, dear. Did you never see one before?"

"No, never. What a funny thing!"

"That is what you have come to learn," said auntie. "Shall I show you how it goes?" And she sat down and played a few chords, while Mabel listened in amazement and delight.

"But how can I ever learn it, Aunt Annie? It looks so difficult!"

"Patience and perseverance—that's the way, Mabel." And they sat down to tea.

Directly tea was over, Mabel turned to the piano again, and begged for a lesson.

"No to-night, I think, dear; you are too tired. We will begin to-morrow."

"No, to night, please, auntie, for the Indians' sake."

"Come then," said Aunt Annie; and they sat down while Mabel learnt the names of the different keys.

"Why need I learn to read music, auntie?" she asked one day. "Why won't it do to play by ear?"

"Because one plays more correctly by notes; and sometimes there are tunes that would be difficult to learn by ear."

"Well," said Mabel, with a sigh, "I don't like it at all."

"Have you forgotten papa's last words?" asked auntie, gently.

"No," said Mabel—"no." Then pausing a moment, she added, "Yes, I did forget for a minute, but I'll learn the notes now."

And she did, and learned so readily and well that at the end of six months she could read music quite nicely. And every morning Mabel and auntie were found at the piano.

"When can I go home?" asked Mabel one morning.

"I don't know, dear; you came for a year, you know."

But the time was nearer than they thought. A letter came from Mr. Vaughan, asking auntie if she would not come out, and bring Mabel with her; and auntie was very glad to go, and as for Mabel, she fairly danced. "Then you'll see the Indians after all!" And she danced about again.

Just before they started, a kind friend who had long known Mr. Vaughan, sent a piano as a present, "for Mabel to teach the Indians to sing."

"Isn't it good of Mr. Forbes, auntie? Won't we thank him when he comes to-night! And won't the Indians be glad! But you must teach them first, you know, because I'm not big enough."

Tennyson and his Family.

He belongs to a tuneful family. His father was George Clayton Tennyson, a Lincolnshire clergyman, more remarkable for size and physical energy than intellectual gifts; but several of his brothers—there were twelve children in all—were clever verse-makers at a very early age, and he seems, therefore, to have come honestly by his singing qualities. He is not, as many barbs have been, a child of the people. He is of renowned lineage, and prides himself upon it, even if he does strike occasional democratic strains, as in "Locksley Hall." He claims to be, and is, no doubt, descended from the ancient Norman family of D'Encourt, his uncle, Charles Tennyson, having gone so far as to ask permission to add D'Encourt to his name, which he obtained, and was made snobbishly happy thereby. The Tennyson children seem to have had very decided scribbling tendencies. It is asserted that the whole dozen wrote stories and rhymes in the parsonage at Somersby, where they were born, so that nothing better could be expected than that one of them should prove to be a celebrated poet. The three eldest sons graduated at Cambridge; Frederic won the prize for a Greek poem. Alfred in his twentieth year,

received the Chancellor's medal for "Timbuctoo"—a poem of some 200 blank-verse lines, and about the same time the twin published for private circulation a small volume entitled "Poems by the Two Brothers."

Charles, the other brother, assumed orders; was made Vicar of Graseby, and on inheriting a handsome estate through his parental grandmother, took her family name, Turner. Ample means prevented him from inky continuance; but Frederic, when he was past forty, published a collection of poems, "Days and Hours." Tennyson is in his mode of composition the very reverse of rapid or inspired. He wreaks himself on expression, spending hours sometimes on a single line. As an example, he is reported to have written "Come into the Garden, Maud," in his poem of "Maud," entirely over fifty times, and to have occupied three whole days on six of the lines. No poet has ever worked harder or more faithfully, and he never assumes to have done anything in a fine frenzy, which indeed, he censures and ridicules as a pretence of mediocre minds. He holds that genius can accomplish nothing without work; that everything famous in literature is the result of great labor. His tastes are domestic, he is fond of home and family, though he is likewise fond of nature, taking many long solitary rambles on the Isle of Wight, where he has lived ever since his marriage, making studies of earth and sky to be used in his poems.

He may be pronounced very professional. Nobody admires his poetry more than he himself, and he is very much addicted to talking about it. He does not sink the shop when he has anybody to listen to him whom he imagines to be appreciative. Tennyson is a genuine type of John Bull. He has virtues and defects inextricably mixed, and one of his defects is inexcusable rudeness; another is prodigious egotism. He is an illustrious poet, but he is full to the lips of vanity, and is capable on small provocation of becoming a colossal bore.

A Baffled Old Man.

There is a baffled old man in Williamsport, Pa., and he is disgusted, too. It seems that he learned that his daughter intended to elope upon a certain evening with a lover upon whose suit he frowned. So he locked his child up in her room, and sat down stairs listening for the sound of the lover's carriage wheels. But the disgraced young man tied rags around the tires of his sulky, so as to muffle the noise, and he drove softly up to the back gate. He then sent a boisterous, rickety hack around to the front, and engaged the man to make as much noise as he could for the money. When the infuriated father heard it, he rushed out with a shot gun just in time to see a female figure jump into the hack and drive off. He fired two rounds of buck-shot at the concern, rushed out and got his horse, and started in pursuit. Meanwhile the insidious outcast who loved his daughter persuaded her to slide down the lightning rod, and then fled away with her in the opposite direction from that the enraged parent had gone. The bereaved old man caught up with the hack about eighteen miles out of town, and he not only shot the driver but he burst the door open and dragged forth—a man dressed in a waterproof cloak. The father was immediately arrested for highway robbery and assault and battery with intent to kill, and the prosecutors say they will press the suit unless he comes down with a handsome dowry for his daughter, and then gives the couple his paternal blessing. There is no use trying to explain the mental condition of the old man. The English is copious and vigorous, and all that; but it falls utterly in these extreme cases.

The Rathskeller.

Except in the height of the summer, the native of Berlin seems to have a decided preference for underground conviviality. He is indifferent to ventilation, and delights in the darkness. Most characteristic, perhaps, of the modern places of entertainment is the great range of vaulted drinking cellars under the Rathhaus. King William himself paid them a ceremonial visit soon after their opening, when he drank to the health of his loyal subjects from a silver flagon of ale. These cellars are filled from morning to midnight with a crowd of more than a thousand persons of various ranks, the majority of them eating, smoking and shouting, and all of them steadily drinking. You descend into them by a flight of steps which lands you in a long passage, from which there issues on either side a succession of chambers, each fitted for parties of drinkers and with wine bottles in bins stacked all around. The passage leads to a great circular hall, always overflowing, while beyond that are long-drawn aisles, divided by low arches on massive columns, and especially devoted to beer drinkers. The meats and drinks are as good in their way as the frescoes by clever artists on the walls and ceilings. This Rathskeller, which is only the chief among several similar establishments draws so well that at particular hours there are always eager expectants waiting to slip into vacant places.

A Discouraged Debrer.

One could see that he had a grievance as he walked up and down the post office corridor, and pretty soon he met with a friend and began:

"I'll be 'anged if I know what to make of this blasted country!"

"What's the matter with our great and glorious America?" asked the other.

"Hin Hingland, God bless her, my grocer sends me 'alf a barrel of wine or a box of tea, or ten pounds of coffee at the head of the year as a present."

"While hower 'ere in this frozen-up country my grocer drinks the wine himself, blarst 'is heyes! and sends me a statement, showing that I'm howing 'im a balance of \$13 hon account. What sort of a way his this to hincourage me to run up a bill there his 1880!"