

Table with advertising rates: One Square one insertion, One "two", One month, one square, 1/2 column, 12 months, 1 column, 12 months.

DEMOCRATIC ALLWAYS. TERMS. CASH, In Advance. One year, \$1.50. Six months, 75.

Vol. V.

DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8, 1876.

No. 5

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

S. H. WEEB, ATTORNEY AT LAW, DURHAM, N. C.

Will practice in the Superior Courts of Alamance, Orange, and Person. All business promptly attended to. No. 11 -12m.

JONES WATSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Will attend Durham every Wednesday and can be seen at his office in Chapel Hill every other day. No 15 -17.

A. W. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, HILLSBORO, N. C.

Will be at Durham every Wednesday where he can be seen at his office over Stryon's store. Office also in Hillsboro. Claims collected in all parts of the State. No 19, 17.

H. L. BUMPASS, H. LUNSFORD, BUMPASS & LUNSFORD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

ROXBORO, N. C. 14 1/2 pd.

DENTISTS.

DR. J. DAVIS & BRO., Surgical & Mechanical Dentists.

Office in the McAlister building over C. R. Lee's Store. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

BLACKNALL & BALLANCE,

DRUGGISTS.

We have associated ourselves in the drug business, and the business formerly known as Blacknall & Ballance, and we would say to the profession and to the public that we intend to keep our stock up to its present quantity, and should anything of inferior quality creep in it shall be expelled as soon as discovered. We intend to add to our stock as soon as we can secure a house, and it is our intention to make it second to nothing of the kind in town, and shall treat our patronizing public to help us extend it.

We are, Very Respectfully, R. BLACKNALL, Wm. PELL BALLANCE.

LYON & CARR,

DRUGGISTS.

DURHAM, N. C.

A fresh lot of Drugs, A fresh lot of Perfumery, A fresh lot of Paints, A fresh lot of Cigars, A fresh lot of Toilet soaps, In fact the largest selection of drugs we have ever offered to the citizens of Durham and vicinity.

Come and see us.

We are selling cheaply

and for CASH.

MR. A. K. TENNY is our prescription Clerk, formerly with Pescud & L. Co. of Raleigh.

Sign of the INDIAN.

DR. L. T. SMITH, DRUGGIST & PHYSICIAN, Main St., DURHAM, N. C.

Has just received a full stock of Drugs, Medicines, Oils, Window Glass, Putty, Dye, Stuffs, Combs, Brushes, Perfumery, Hair Oils, Stationery, Cigars, Starr's Snuff, Confectioneries, Starch, Baking powders, Bi Carb. Soda, (English and American) Lamp, Lamp Oils, Brandy, Wines and Whiskey for medicinal purposes, together with many articles too numerous to mention.

An examination of my stock is solicited for everybody. Come and Look. 14 -13m.

NOTICE.

All persons owing store accounts to J. W. Cheek, do please settle the same before the first day of February 1876, with the cash or satisfactory note and security. These accounts must be closed. Respectfully, JOHN L. MARRIHAM, Agt.

SELECTED STORY.

STREWING HEMP SEEDS.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Coming next week?"

"Yes, Rosie, he'll be here for the New Year, if nothing happens."

Rosie tossed her yellow ringlets, and put up her red lips in a childish pout. "I shall hate him, Aunt Eunice. I'm sure I shall. The simple fact that I'm betrothed to him, willy-nilly, would set my heart against him if he were a prince among men."

"He is a prince among men, my dear, and you'll be sure to like him when you see him," replied Aunt Eunice, quietly. "I tell you I'm sure not to like him," insisted Rosie. "Poor papa made a great mistake; he should have left me free."

"It would have been wiser, perhaps; but your father had looked upon Ben as a son so many years, and I felt so sure of his making you a good husband—"

"An old poke, twice my age," pouted Rosie.

"Oh, no, not quite so old as that. But wait until you have seen him. Never cross a bridge till you come to it, Rosie. Ben won't be here for a week yet. When he is here, and you have seen him, if you really dislike him I dare say he'll not compel you to become his wife."

"But I promised poor papa, on his death bed, to do, and a promise to the dying is sacred."

Pretty Rosie was no kith or kin to Aunt Eunice, only an adopted child, cherished and loved for her dead father's sake, and Ben was Aunt Eunice's only son, a California agent, who had not seen his native land for years, and who had parted from his promised bride when she was a little miss in pinafores.

But after his old friend's death, and Rosie's promise to become his wife when ever he saw fit to come home and claim her, Ben had sent home a handsome ring, and Rosie wore it on her pretty finger. And now he was coming in a week.

"Don't fret, Rosie. Wait until Ben is here, and you have seen him,"

"Seeing him won't make me change my mind," retorted the wilful girl. "I have him in my mind's eye now—a poky old foggy, just like Mr. Sykes, the parson. Oh, dear!"

"I trust the case will not be quite so bad as that, Rosie. But what are you going to do with all those hemp seeds my dear—feed the pigeons?"

"Feed the pigeons, indeed!" cried Rosie, transferring the seeds to her pocket. "Why, auntie, I'm going down to Hazel Hollow to try my fortune. All the girls are doing it. Jennie Burr strewed hemp one dark evening a month or so ago, and the handsome young man came following her, and now she's engaged to him."

Aunt Eunice laughed, and crossing the room, drew the girl's head to her breast and kissed her tenderly.

"You're a good girl, Rosie, only a bit wayward, and I trust you may be very happy, dear, whether you ever marry Ben or not. There, run along, and strew your hemp seeds, if you must, and hurry back to supper."

Rosie threw on her shawl and scarlet hood, and ran away like the silly child she was.

The sun was quite down when she reached Hazel Hollow, and the shadows lay dark and thick in the wild glen. Rosie was not the bravest little woman in the world, and her heart gave a great throb of fear as she walked on under the whispering willows.

At the edge of the hollow she felt sorely tempted to turn round and run back to Aunt Eunice's cheery fireside, but a thought of Jennie Burr's success urged her on. She drew out a handful of the magic seed and started across the glen.

"Hemp seeds I strew, hemp seeds I sow; Let my true love follow me and now."

She repeated the charmed couplet in a little, quavering voice, strewing her seeds right and left. She was half across the gloomy hollow before she could muster courage to look back.

When she did glance over her shoulder, a sharp cry burst from her lips. Not far behind her came a tall, manly figure, with something which looked like a veritable scythe in his hand. Rosie shrieked, stared an instant, and then sank down upon the damp ground, scattering her precious seeds as she fell.

She awoke to consciousness some time after, with the full moon shining in her

eyes, and a pair of masculine arms supporting her head.

"Oh, where am I? What has happened?" she cried out in dismay, as she struggled to her feet.

"Nothing has happened," replied a deep voice; "only you were strewing hemp, and I followed you."

Rosie ventured one wild glance. A handsome, bronzed, bearded face bent above her.

"Let me go home," she faltered, trembling like a frightened bird, "home to Aunt Eunice."

"As soon as you please, my dear Rosie; but don't forget you belong to me now. The fates willed it, you see."

"Oh, let me go home," cried Rosie, in sore afflict.

"Come along; I will escort you to the gate."

And her strange companion drew her hand within his arm and led her along the moonlit path.

Rosie's heart beat so she could not get her breath. The instant they reached the gate, she broke away from him.

"What! you won't even stop to say good-by? No matter, we shall soon meet again. You belong to me, remember; no man alive can take you from me; and in token of my claim you shall wear this."

A heavy gold chain flashed over her head, and a quaint carved locket hung upon her bosom.

Through the gate, across the lawn, never pausing once to look back, went Rosie, sobbing like a child in her excitement.

Aunt Eunice stood on the steps of the old farm-house awaiting her.

"Why, my dear, how long you have been! I was just on the point of starting to hunt you."

"Oh, Aunt Eunice," cried the girl, rushing into her arms and beginning to sob outright, "I'm frightened to death. Some one did follow me and speak to me, and oh, look at this on my neck!"

Aunt Eunice led her into the old-fashioned sitting-room, and by the light of the blazing wood fire she examined the locket that hung from the heavy chain.

"Well," she said, looking at the pictured face it contained, a merry twinkle lighting her eyes, "the face is a very nice one! There must be something in your hemp-sewing after all, Rosie?"

"Oh, there is something, Aunt Eunice," panted Rosie. "Didn't I tell you that Jennie Burr's engaged to the man who followed her?"

"So you did, pet. Well, if it must be, it can't be helped. You'll have to marry this handsome stranger, and let poor Ben and your promise go."

Rosie flung her charmingly as she stole a glance at the pictured face, but the tears rose in her eyes.

"No, I could never do that," she said. "I could never break my promise to poor papa."

The winter days drifted on in swift succession, and Christmas would bring Ben.

Rosie was in a flutter of intense excitement. On the Sunday morning following her adventure, when she took her accustomed place in Aunt Eunice's parlor, she should see sitting opposite her the original of the picture in her locket, the hero of her hemp-seed charm?

"Oh, Aunt Eunice, look, there he is!" gasped Rosie, her heart in her mouth.

"So I see, my dear," said the old lady, quietly; and after services, when the stranger came up, and introduced himself as Mr. Ambrose, she gave him a cordial invitation to accompany them home to dinner.

Home with them he went, and Rosie was like one in a dream.

"Was ever a man so handsome, so distinguished-looking, so noble?" she burst forth, when he was gone. "Oh, Aunt Eunice, if poor papa had left me free!"

"Wait, my dear. When Ben gets home he'll see some way out of the trouble. Ben always was a clever boy."

And Rosie waited, and learned in the meantime that sweetest of all life's lessons, the lesson of first love.

It was Christmas eve. The old sitting-room was hung with holly and mistletoe, the wide fire-place piled with huge yule logs, and out in the great, roomy kitchen Aunt Eunice was clove deep in cakes, and mince-pies, and plum-puddings, making ready to give her son a substantial welcome.

"Poor Ben, he'll like my good things, I'm sure," she said, as she trimmed the crust of a pie. "He always was fond of something nice to eat; and he's been living on birds' nests and puppies, and

fried mice in that heathen country for so many years, he'll enjoy Christmas at home, I know. Here, Rosie, child, run to the shelf and fetch your apron full of chips; this oven must be a little bit hotter. Harry, do!"

Rosie hurried out, but a good half-hour went by before she returned. At the yard gate she met her hero—her stranger lover, and Aunt Eunice, and her oven were alike forgotten.

"Come here, Rosie," he called, "I want to speak to you."

Rosie went to his side with burning cheeks and down-cast eyes.

"I've come to say good-by, Rosie," he said, looking down upon her with tender, dark eyes; "I am going away for a little while. You'll not forget me while I'm gone, Rosie?"

Rosie made no answer.

"And you'll wear this for my sake? Let me put it on your finger, Rosie."

But Rosie put aside the sparkling diamond.

"No, Mr. Ambrose, you can't put it on my finger."

"Why not, Rosie? I mean it for an engagement ring. I love you, Rosie, and you belong to me, you know, by virtue of the hemp-seed charm. Rosie, you care for me just a little, don't you?"

"I care for you a great deal Mr. Ambrose, but I cannot wear your ring. You see that clumsy, old thing on my finger? Well, that and my promise to my dying father, binds me to another. Please go away."

She broke down utterly, and began to sob like a child.

"But if you love me, Rosie," began her lover.

"Whether I do or not, it is all the same. I tell you I'm pledged to another, and I'll break my heart sooner than I'll break my promise."

"Then good-by, little Rosie!"

He kissed her hand and turned down the garden path. Rosie fled back to the kitchen, sobbing fit to break her heart.

"My dear did you fetch the chips?" asked Aunt Eunice.

"Oh, auntie don't, my heart's broken. I wish I were dead," cried Rosie, burying her face in the cushions of the corner arm-chair, and bursting into a very storm of weeping.

Aunt Eunice smiled with infinite content as she crimped her pie.

"Don't cry Rosie. Wait till Ben gets here, and see what he says."

"But he's gone, Mr. Ambrose, I mean. He's gone and I shall never see him again! Oh, dear, if I were dead!"

And all night long, while the Christmas stars rose and went down, she tossed upon her bed, that cry upon her lips—"I wish I were dead!"

At last the Christmas morning dawned, and from steep to steep rang that sweet old song, "Peace on earth, and good will towards men."

Aunt Eunice stole into the darkened chamber.

"Rosie, it is Christmas morning, and Ben has come. You'll get up and see him, my dear?"

She obeyed without a word, her young face white and sorrow worn.

Aunt Eunice robed her in her pretty crimson dress, with dainty lace at the throat and sleeves; then she brushed back the rippling yellow curls, and fastened them with a spray of holly-berries.

"Come now, Rosie, you must go and speak to Ben."

Aunt Eunice led her down the stairs and to the door of the sitting room.

"Go in and bid him welcome, dear," she said, unclasping the door, and flushing her gently within.

One startled glance, one little gasping cry, and Rosie was in Ben's arms.

"Can you forgive me, Rosie?" he said kissing her pouting lips. "I was obliged to deceive you, little one, or you never would have cared for me. You do care for me a little, Rosie, but I owe it all to the hemp-seed."

The Highwayman's Reward.

In 1769 a gentleman was passing over point Neuf, Paris, one night with a lantern. A man came up to him and said: "Read this paper." He held up his lantern and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when you've this read, Or in an instant you'll be dead! Give me your money, watch and rings With other valuable things— Then quick in silence, you depart Or I, with knife, will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave the alarm and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was ushered.

"That I am not guilty of robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why are you not guilty?" asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up the paper just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern. Thinking it might be of some value, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and then ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him and he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which, out of politeness I was ready to perform."

The gentleman accepted the plea, and withdrew his complaint.

Look out Young Men.

When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and it can be proven, what store wants him for a clerk? What church wants him for a member? Who will trust him? What dying man will appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing of business firms, a brilliant ancestry cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered all through the community, "He drinks! He drinks!" When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are men here who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out in the city life. He could only give you your education. He started you however under Christian influences. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune under God, by your own right arm. Now look out young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford it for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone. —Pomeroy's Democrat.

NEWSPAPERS—Daniel Webster said, "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper and well rewarded the patrons. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting something in it that is worth the subscription price. Every parent, whose son is away from home at school should supply him with a newspaper. I will remember the difference between those of my schoolmates who had and those who had not access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were superior to the last in debate, composition and intelligence."

At the breakfast table the other morning a Detroit landlady gave Mr. Jones a severe look and said:

"Mr. Jones, I understand you have been circulating injurious reports about my house."

"How, madam?"

"I understand you said you had used better butter than I have here to grease wagons with."

"I did say so, madam, but not to injure your house. I have used better butter, madam, to grease wagons, but I wouldn't do it again, I'd sell it to you!"

She accepted the apology.

An old farmer says of his boys: From sixteen to twenty, they knew more than I did, at twenty-five, they knew as much; at thirty, they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five, they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty they will acknowledge that the old man does know something.

H. W. WAHAB. GEO. CREEDLE JNO. C. WILKERSON.

Wilkerson's Planters Warehouse, DURHAM, N. C. For the Sale of Leaf Tobacco.

Our market, the largest manufacturing market in the State, will need for the next year TEN MILLIONS pounds of Smokers, besides large quantities of WRAPPERS and FILLERS.

So don't be afraid of glutting the Durham market Bring us your Tobacco to

OUR WAREHOUSE

the Largest, and best lights in the state, and we know you will realize the best prices at our house. The management of the Warehouse will be under the control of

Col. John C. Wilkerson,

who has had many years experience in managing Warehouses and also in raising and Manufacturing Tobacco. FOR THE BIGGEST PRICES BE SURE YOU GO TO PLANTERS WAREHOUSE.

We shall keep constantly on hand a large supply of the different and best Tobacco Fertilizers and Peruvian Guanos, at cost, low freights added, having made arrangements to get it from first hands.

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS for both man and beast.

H. W. WAHAB & CO. Proprietors.

7-12

BILLY BUTTON I have located at ORANGE FACTORY,

where I will be pleased to serve my many friends and customers. I intend visiting Durham every first and third Saturday in each month, and will gladly wait on the citizens of the town and surrounding country. The factory wagon passes to Durham daily, and work can be sent to me and returned without delay or trouble. I intend to work, as heretofore, upon the most liberal terms, and all in need of work will find it to their interest to consult me.

Respectfully, W. H. MOISE, Orange Factory, N. C.

36-14

D. W. WHITAKER, BOOK & JOB PRINTER, DURHAM, N. C.

Would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to do all kinds of PRINTING

upon short notice and at prices as low as the same can be furnished by any establishment

NORTH or SOUTH

Orders respectfully solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. They keep constantly on hand a complete line of

Court Blanks,

FOR MAGISTRATES, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, CLERKS OF COURTS, and other officers.

BRONZE WORK

A Speciality. Particular attention paid to the printing of Tobacco Labels.

Orders for JOB PRINTING promptly filled and forwarded to any part of the country.

D. W. WHITAKER.

F. C. GEER, Executor, REBECCA H. CHEEK, Sept. 28, 1875.

43-3a