

Durham Tobacco Plant.

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DURHAM N. C., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1876.

No. 28.

TOBACCO PLANT.

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And Under all Circumstances
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Will be at Durham every Wednesday
where he can be seen at his office over
Styron's store. Office also in Hillsboro
Claims collected in all parts of the State
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AND
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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Surgical & Mechanical Dentists.
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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
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will receive attention promptly.

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HOUSE PAINTER
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I beg to inform the citizens of Durham
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HOUSE PAINTING
in the neatest style, and at liberal prices.
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done in the neatest style. Old plastered
walls made new. Persons having work of
this kind would do well to consult me before
letting it out. Graining done in any style
desired. Thankful for past patronage, I am
yours truly.
17-1f.

SELECTED STORY.

TITLE: HELL-LE.

A Watering place Story.

A group of idle young men lounged upon the shady corner of a watering place hotel piazza killing time until the dinner hour.

"Let us make a belle," suggested Arthur Lindsey. "Let us take some moderate girl and idolize her, one and all of us. Not ridiculously, but just enough to turn her head and have all the other dear creatures dying of jealousy."

Two days later a party arrived at the hotel who were registered as "Mr. Wolf, Mrs. Wolf, and Miss Wolf, of C., and on the same afternoon Lindsey announced, triumphantly: "I've found the girl. No; don't ask me what she's like. Nothing startling, I promise you. Just a passable sort of a ladylike nobody. The raw material, that's all; and that's what we want. A mighty pretty little foot she had, though, peeping from under her water-proof cloak. But plain, unmistakably plain and unpretending, I assure you. 'Just the nondescript sort of thing we require for our made belle.'"

In the inviting drawing-room Miss Irene Wolf made her debut, clinging rather closely to the side of her mother until the music struck up. The dance began. The young and shy stranger found herself introduced to a number of agreeable young men. Every one seemed pleased with her. Everything she said, everything she did proved to be just the happy word of the moment or the happy act. "It has been such a delightful evening," she said to her mother, when, after midnight, she still lingered to talk over the novel event. "I was a silly girl to treat the evening so much. How kind every one is!"

As the season advanced, the triumphs of the made belle none of their brilliancy. Her success began to reflect credit upon her makers. Every day she seemed more lovely, every day more worthy of preference. For is there a cosmetic like praise? Is there a tonic like smiles?

Irene Wolf, in her midsummer experience, thought that watering place life was an episode of paradise. And the serpent always crawls into Eden. And in Irene's paradise the intruder had, as in Raphael's picture, a woman's face.

Miss Hammond thought it her duty to confide to Miss Wolf, a secret that had been entrusted by Dick Wilbur as something which he considered "too good to keep."

Miss Hammond performed her self-imposed duty without trepidation. If in the rivalry of the season she had allowed herself to feel bitterness, and if malice lay in her motive, she was not rewarded by the effect upon her victim of her astounding revelation. In listening to the humiliating tale, given strict confidence and without suppression of any stinging detail, Irene remained calm, offering no interruption or exclamation. Her heart, indeed, beat violently, her color went and came. When the whole story was ended she pondered a minute, and said: "Do you believe this, Miss Hammond?"

"I hardly can, I think these gentlemen—these friends of yours—are too well bred to have placed a girl, an unfeeling stranger, in such an ignominious position. No! Do not trouble yourself about this story. I feel sure these young men have better hearts."

But, oh, the storm that swept over that bare bit of palpitating mechanism, the woman's heart, in the darkness of the night! The pain, the tantalizing torment, the bewildering doubt. Could it be true? Let the careful memory, the calm judgment, take up the facts. Alas, the story was not without its corroborating proofs!

The first night of anguish that sweeps across the pillow of a young girl robs it forever of all the white roses of which girl's pillows are made. Thenceforth the softest is but ruffled linen on which the heart rests.

In the morning Irene awoke—for at dawn she caught one miserable half hour's sleep—awoke, for the first morning of her life, upon a flat, stale, unprofitable world.

What pleasure was there to a made belle in fixing her blonde hair at the glass?

how he would resent this cruelty! how much he loves his poor little girl! He must never, never, never know."

The evening after Miss Hammond's dutiful net Irene was beautiful—really beautiful for the first and, perhaps, last time in her life. She came down into the drawing-room arrayed in an excellent Paris dress; for her mother, whose maternal instinct had been aroused to the perception that Irene's costumes were not in the style of those worn by her companions, had purchased for her darling at an immoderate cost from one of these fashionable modistes who follow in the wake of the summer faring gay world the very last importation of draped grace.

Irene came down into the drawing-room attired like a little princess; but it was not that which made every eye discover she was a beauty at last. It was the hectic rose leaf on her cheek, the scarlet of her lips, the violet shadow about her eyes, the mystical shadow upon young eyelids that grief has at last kissed; it was the kindled excitement of conflicting pain and pride, the quick flame that made her gentle fawn colored eyes shine steel and gold, and gold and steel, and that illumined into positive, potent brilliancy her modest, softly tinted, pleasantly featured, but never before startling face.

She was really beautiful, and every one said so that night. The belle, without possibility of mistake.

But to those who knew her and who were with her frequently, or watched her closely from that time forth, there was something missed from Irene that had hitherto had part in herself—the joyous confidence, the innocent abandon, the quiet but genuine undertone of real happiness, had fled. With all her pride, she was too ingenious to conceal from those who cared for her that her perfect peace was lost.

Our friendly young men held a consultation upon this point.

"Mark me," said Sam Dent, "I know something of girls, and that girl has fallen in love. Mark me, in love with one of us! I only hope, since I am an engaged man, that it's not me."

Du Bois looked infinitely self-conscious, but did not speak.

"Don't trouble yourself, Sam," said Wilbur, with insinuating self-assertion, "I happen to know she hasn't been such a fool as that."

"We've played too deep," said Grosvenor. Upon my word, it hasn't been right. We've had our fun, but by Jove, it has been hard on the girl."

"Well," said graceless Dick, "it isn't a wrong that can't be made right. If it's me she's in love with—and-but—well—'importe. If it's me, I don't care if I do become a victim. 'Tis a cool hundred thousand. It might be worse."

"Wilbur," exclaimed Lindsey, with flashing eyes, "take care. Miss Wolf is too true a woman, too good a girl to be lightly spoken of, in my presence, at least. A girl that any man might be proud to make his wife."

"Hear I hear!" cried Dick. Excuse me, friends. I mean to praise, not to scoff. What greater compliment can be paid to a made belle than to ring the change out of her—ring the changes, I mean. Lindsey, my dear fellow, I pass. Take her; and a thousand blessings go with you, my boy."

"Lindsey is right," said Sam Dent. "The girl has metal in her."

"Whoever heard of a belle that had metal in her?" asked Dick.

"Nonsense! but I tell you there's a genuine ring to her."

"Of course."

"And a smart tongue, as I can testify, when she's put to it," said Grosvenor. "I like a woman who can hold her own."

"Her own tongue? So do I," said Dick. "Oh, I'm sincere. Irene Wolf is all right. Hurrah for our made belle! She's a trump. Lindsey, you're a success. Well, good night, boys; I'm off. By-bye, Lindsey. Ring the bells—ding-dong!"

The feminine portion of the house had not been so sensitively aware of the change in Irene. The truth is, they were too thoroughly engrossed in a wonderful event to condescend to trifles.

The event was no other than the unexpected arrival at this delightful seaside hotel of an English lord, a bachelor, crossed in love abroad, it was rumored, and come to America expressly to marry.

A live lord! One and all of the fem-

inine portion of the house fixed heart and soul upon him at once. There was no turning back from the plow; there was no dallying with time to be "well off with the old loves," or loss of haste in going first to bury one's dead. The affair demanded, or commanded rather, a religious zeal and dispatch.

"Up and strike!" was the motto of every Amazonian ambition whose bewitching archery suddenly fixed upon this shining bull's-eye.

If the thought of "Mrs." had to any one been sweet, the thought of "My lady," "My Lady Lindhurst," was incomparably a treat.

It was, of course, necessary to be presented to "my lord" first. And Lord Lindhurst, who had been thrown by accident of foreign travel into intimate relations with Grosvenor and Du Bois, came specially introduced. He was legitimately a prize of the net.

Not until a fortnight had elapsed did it become faintly rumored that Lord Lindhurst, whose attentions had so far been generally general, had "taken particularly" to Irene Wolf.

A torrent of indignation swept through the house. Miss Hammond felt her plane of duty so broadened that she actually contemplated confiding Dick Wilbur's secret, "too good to keep," to the young Englishman—to illumine his note book as a characteristic episode of American manners and life. She was delayed somewhat in her benevolent intent, for the reason that the live lord was not easily approached.

As for Irene, when she felt that the illustrious stranger was unfeignedly attracted by herself, she experienced some womanly tumults of satisfaction. He at least, was sincere. This lover, at least, was unaffected in his marked preference by any latent relish of a joke.

"He did not make me," she very naturally, and with some grateful sense of restored dignity, said:

The young nobleman, and unassuming youth, seemed hardly to appreciate the furore he had created. The rumor of his having been crossed in love was not correct. His own temper had made the cross by decidedly refusing a match proposed for him upon worldly principles alone.

Personally, Lord Lindhurst was a man who, without a title, would not have been popularly remarked. He was a traveler, but not a "society" man; observant, not experimentally, educated; nor was he particularly intellectual. But he possessed an agreeable presence, refined manners, and ample fortune, and an excellent heart.

He had a presentiment that he should find his wife in the new world, and his presentiment was fulfilled.

He fell in love at first sight with Irene Wolf.

The night of his arrival was the night Irene's beauty. In whatever degree she faded from her perfect brilliancy after that, his kindled imagination supplied the defect. He saw first in the apothecis wrought in her by the one cruel moment of her life. He never faltered in his faith in her bright supremacy from that time forth.

For a fortnight he studied her unobserved and "afar off," then he asked to be presented, and from that time he devoted himself to her with increasing devotion.

At the close of the season their engagement was announced.

The refined prejudices of the young lord were not disturbed even by a prolonged visit in the Western home of Papa and Mama Wolf. He found there what he esteemed most, the aristocracy of heart.

It was a long wedding journey that Irene took, and for many months and even years she had no viable part in her first-loved Western life. But her image was idolized in that home. "My little girl" was the theme of incessant delight; and dearly as her affection clung to those who had filled completely her childish faith and trust, she never repented her choice. She loved her husband as truly as he loved her.

"I was made for him," she said, both first and last.

Statistics.

There are in these United States 6,000,000 farmers, 1,200,000 trades people, 2,700,000 mechanics, 2,600,000 professional men, 45,000 clergymen, 40,000 lawyers, 129,822 teachers, 62,000 doctors, 2,000 actors, 6,200 journalists, 1,000,000 laborers, and 975,000 domestic servants.

Great Swimming Feat by a Girl.

H. W. WAHAB. U. M. WAHAB. JNO. C. WILKERSON.

The London Echo of July 6th says: Yesterday Miss Beckwith succeeded in swimming from the Old Bridge at Chelsea to Greenwich Pier. Large crowds had gathered to see the start, and when, a few minutes after 3, she leaped from a waterman's boat into the river, she was loudly cheered. There was a fair breeze, which made the water rather lumpy, but the force of the ebb tide was in her favor. With a gentle stroke the young swimmer, with every encouragement from the curious public, proceeded on her arduous feat. A pilot in a small boat, in which were her father and brother the latter ready to jump to the aid of his sister in any emergency, led the way. She swam close to its stern, and kept that position more or less during the whole of her task. About 10 minutes after starting she placed a straw hat on her head, but so soon as the sun became obscured by clouds she threw it to her father, and never had occasion to use it again. A crowd, composed of many hundreds, had followed her from Chelsea along the embankment, and at Battersea suspension bridge it became greatly augmented by large crowds, though the culmination in the number of spectators was reached at Westminster bridge. Vauxhall bridge was reached in 34 minutes. When she had passed under it she several times passed her body through a hoop—a feat which elicited a special cheer. At Westminster the sight of an immense populace on the bridge was remarkable. But in addition the Albert Embankment seemed to be equally crowded, and, on passing under the bridge, the Victoria Embankment, as far as the eye could reach, was densely thronged. In 70 minutes Miss Beckwith had reached Blackfriars' bridge, and from this point to the end of the course spectators appeared on masts, crowded wharf windows, and occupied every available position. So far the young swimmer exhibited not the least fatigue. She proceeded with the ease of a skilled swimmer, while distance had not impaired the remarkable grace of her style. London bridge, crowded, of course, was passed in one hour and 22 minutes. The boats after this became more unruly than ever, and Miss Beckwith was nearly struck on the head with their bows. Opposite Greenwich pier Miss Beckwith was taken on board the Volunteer, having swam the 10 miles in two hours, 26 minutes. During the time she was in the water she declined all offers of refreshment, and when she appeared on board the steambot she was apparently as fresh and sprightly as when at first she came out of the cabin at Chelsea.

California has "put up" 2,500,000 cans of strawberries this year.

A lady has been found, so kind hearted and lazy, that she will never beat an egg.

Some grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.

About the greediest thing known is a fowl eating corn; it takes a peck every time.

A good witness is one whom the jury will believe; not the one who tells the best story.

No man can afford to lose his temper in this weather. Life is too short under any circumstances.

A child was drowned in a street gutter during a thunder shower at New Orleans the other day.

A Spanish proverb: The man who, on his wedding day, starts as a lieutenant in his family, will never get promoted.

It is estimated that there are about 900 American youths, aged from twelve to twenty years, who are engaged in the business of "amateur journalism."

"Joe," said Tom, "I heard a certain fellow say to his girl, 'Shall I have your utensils engraved on that ring?' What do you think of that?" "I think," answered Joe, "he must be the same fellow who asked his girl to let him ride in her phantom."

A young man of Wayne county, Iowa, who had been deaf and dumb for twenty years, while diving leisurely one day lately was suddenly thrown from a wagon to the ground, striking his head, and on arising found that he had recovered his speech and hearing.

Practice kindness, even if it be but a little each day.

Learn something each day, even if it be but to spell one word.

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JOHN D. WILSON
LAND AGENT
LURIA, N. C.

June 2nd, 1876.