

# Durham Tobacco Plant.

Vol. V.

DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1876.

No. 84.

**TOBACCO PLANT.**  
**DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS**  
And Under all Circumstances  
Published every Wednesday at the low  
price of \$1.50 a year, 75 cts. for six  
months.  
**Send for specimen copies**

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS.**  
**S. H. WEBB,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
DURHAM, N. C.  
Will practice in the Superior Courts of  
Alabama, Oregon, and Florida.  
All business promptly attended to.  
No. 11—12m.

**J. J. WATSON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW.  
Will attend Durham every Wednesday and  
can be seen at his office in Chapel Hill  
every other day.  
15—1f.

**A. W. GRAHAM,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HILLSBORO, N. C.  
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.  
No. 19, 1y

**P. M. BRIGGS**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
AND  
REAL ESTATE AGENT,  
DURHAM, N. C.  
Special attention given to the collec-  
tion of claims.  
Office in Mayor's office. 9-1f.

**DENTISTRY!**  
**DR. J. DAVIS & BRO.,**  
Surgical & Mechanical Dentists.  
Office in the McAlister building over C.  
R. Lee's Store. All work warranted to give  
satisfaction.

**DR. A. F. MALLETT,**  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.  
[Late of Memphis, Tenn.]  
HAS LOCATED AT DURHAM.  
Calls left at Lyon & Carr's Drug Store,  
will receive attention promptly.

**Lyon & Carr,**  
**DRUGS**  
AND  
**MEDICINES**  
DURHAM, N. C.  
Have just received a large and well select-  
ed stock of Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemi-  
cals, Paints, Oils, Varnish, &c.  
SODA.  
CREAM-TARTAR  
BAKING POWDERS.  
AND PICES.  
Celluloid Trusses, Supporters, Nursing  
Bottles, Nipple Shields, and Sponges.  
FANCY ARTICLES.  
PERFUMERY, HAIR OILS, TOILET  
ET POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS  
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES  
DRESSING COMBS, &c.  
SEGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF.  
GARDEN,  
GRASS,  
AND FLOWER  
SEEDS.  
Physicians' Prescriptions accurately com-  
pounded at all hours. Orders attended  
with neatness and dispatch.  
**Sign of the INDIAN**

**DON'T READ THIS.**  
**JAS. L. BARR,**  
HOUSE PAINTER  
DURHAM, N. C.  
I beg to inform the citizens of Durham  
and surrounding country that I am pre-  
pared to do  
**HOUSE PAINTING**  
in the neatest style, and at liberal prices.  
**CALDSOMING**  
done in the neatest style. Old plastered  
walls made new. Persons having work of  
his 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.

**What Bessie Packed in her Trunk.**  
"So busy!" Sweet Bessie is packing  
Her wardrobe so dainty and fair;  
Frills, gathered and crimped like a dros-  
som,  
With tender and womanly care—  
Gray negligee, saucy and jaunty,  
With hat, gray and russet, en suite,  
Brown gloves—they were sixes—three but-  
tons,  
Bronze boots, number one, for her feet.  
A blue silk for shadowy evenings,  
Two black—ore a full dress affair—  
Misty muslins with glimpes of color,  
With robes of batiste and goat's-hair.

Small books in the nooks and the corners,  
Soft lundies of bright-tinted wool,  
A writing-desk, storm cloak, and sandals,  
A fern-press—more boxes—'tis full.  
What else did you pack, little Bessie,  
What faded, and sealed with a rose?  
Some dream of the swift-coming summer,  
Interleaving the beautiful clothes?  
'Twas a shy little "may-be" that nestled  
In fan, veil, and kerchief away.  
Would he be there? Perhaps he would whis-  
per  
A secret, some love-lighted day.

She is packing her trunk, little Bessie,  
The summer's sweet idyl is o'er,  
The voice of the loitering fillers  
Is heard in the valley no more.  
A few happy walks by the laurels,  
A moon-lighted row on the lake,  
Ah! me, was the other one fairer?  
Was the gold on the clay a mistake?  
The pretty, dead hope! Very gently  
She lays it away out of sight,  
And she covers it, softly and surely,  
With summer time garments so white.  
The pitiful, sun-wilted garland  
That needs "for remembrance" no rue,  
To-day lower lies than her Bible,  
That tells of Love steadfast and true.

**SELECTED STORY.**  
**PROVING HIS WORDS.**

"Uncle Coleman, I am going to marry  
Lucia Frothingham!"  
"Eh? What?"  
Uncle Coleman put down his newspa-  
per, pushed his spectacles upon his fore-  
head, and glared at his nephew.  
"Going to marry Lucia Frothingham?"  
he cried, after gasping awhile in sheer  
dismay. "You idiot!"  
"Thanks," was the cool reply. "I  
know you do not admire the lady, but  
where there is a strong mutual love—"  
"Strong mutual fiddlestick!" inter-  
rupted Uncle Coleman, contemptuously.  
"You may 'love her,' she is pretty and  
fascinating, but what she loves is your  
bank account, my boy. I knew it would  
be so when your Aunt Jennie left you a  
cool hundred thousand. But boys will  
be boys. Only, for goodness sake, wait  
a year or two before you saddle yourself  
with a wife."  
"I am twenty-one, sir," (with an im-  
mense air of dignity.)  
"And I am sixty-four! Now, Frank,  
do hear reason. Lucia Frothingham is  
a fascinating woman, touching the thir-  
ties, if not already over the line—a fin-  
ished flirt, and as mercenary as she is  
pretty; I know her, and I tell you her  
affection is centred upon your Aunt Jen-  
nie's legacy, and the million in perspec-  
tive at my banker's."

"Uncle Coleman," cried his nephew  
hotly, "I never thought of it, much less  
spoke of it."  
"I do not suppose you ever did.  
Having always had an independent in-  
come, I don't think you ever counted on  
a dead man's shoes. But Miss Froth-  
ingham was educated in the hard school  
of poverty, and a rich husband is the  
prize for which she has studied and toiled  
for—well, say ten years. She was in  
society before you were done playing  
with tops and marbles."  
"Uncle Coleman, you are speaking of  
my betrothed wife, remember."  
"Hem!"  
"Years are of no consequence where  
there is true love."  
"Hem!"  
"And I love Lucia as she loves me."  
"Not a bit of it."  
"To-morrow she goes to Saratoga, and  
if you can spare me I will go too."  
"And the 'business in Hartford'! I  
should advise you to attend to all mat-  
ters belonging to your aunt's estate as  
soon as possible, Frank."

"It may keep me in Hartford a month,"  
said Frank, disconsolately.  
Coleman Burke looked with a pity-  
ing affection at his young relative, such  
a boy yet in many matters, though he  
had reached "man's estate."  
"A month that may settle your whole  
fortune," he said. "Remember men do  
not fall heir to a hundred thousand dol-  
lars more than once in a life time."  
"I suppose I must go."

"It will be best. Besides," added  
Uncle Coleman, dryly, "it will be a  
good test of your lady-love's constancy!"  
"I am not afraid of her forgetting  
me," said Frank, loftily.  
"You are actually engaged?"  
"Certainly! I bought a diamond  
ring at —'s yesterday, and put it on  
her taper finger last evening."  
"Hem! Well, the fool-killer has not  
been here lately, that is certain. There,  
be off and let me finish my paper in  
peace. You will go to Hartford."

But after his nephew left him, Cole-  
man Burke let his paper lie idly upon  
his lap, while he fell in a fit of musing,  
often interrupted by impatient ejacula-  
tions. He was a man as he had said,  
past sixty, and had been a childless  
widower for thirty years, while four lit-  
tle graves beside that of his wife, re-  
corded the heart history of his life.  
When he had lived lonely a sincere  
mourner for many long years his brother  
and wife died, leaving Frank, a curly  
headed boy, to the care of his uncle Cole-  
man. All the long-sealed fountains of  
love in the desolated heart opened to  
pour out their affection upon the child.  
He was truly the very sunlight of the  
old man's existence, and though his man-  
ner had been cynical, his heart had  
been sorely wrung by the announce-  
ment of his engagement, but not from  
any paltry jealousy, or any mercenary  
motives. Had Frank loved a true, ten-  
der woman, were she a beggar, his uncle  
would have given her a father's love  
and welcome. But by the light of his  
own brief married happiness he read the  
misery in store for his nephew if he  
married Lucia Frothingham, a flirt, ex-  
travagant and selfish. How to save him,  
was costing the old man torturing thought.  
Active opposition would only strengthen  
what was now but a boyish infatuation,  
and yet saved he must be. Suddenly a  
light broke over Coleman Burke's face,  
and he rose from his chair and went to a  
long mirror in the room. The reflection  
was not calculated to waken vanity, yet  
the old man smiled well pleased.  
"I can only carry it out, it will be  
proof positive," he thought.  
Short, fat, nearly bald, with spec-  
tacles, and a cane, Coleman Burke was  
certainly a strong contrast to the tall,  
handsome young fellow who had won  
Lucia for his promised bride yet he said  
aloud:  
"I will cut him out!"

A week later all the fashionables at  
the O—Hotel, Saratoga, knew that  
Coleman Burke was intending to take a  
wife. What bird first bore the news  
upon the scented air no one could have  
told you, but there was no lack of in-  
formation about the elderly bridegroom  
in perspective. Everybody (that was  
anybody) knew that Coleman Burke had  
retired from business years before,  
worth half a million of money, and had  
made fortunate investments since. That  
he was decked in fashion's latest styles,  
wore diamond studs and ring, carried a  
switch cane, drove a fine team and occu-  
pied expensive rooms at the hotel, all  
could see for themselves.

Very soon after he came, another  
fact was patent to all observers—that  
he was very attentive to Miss Lucia  
Frothingham, the belle of many sea-  
sons.  
Mrs. Frothingham hoped in her heart  
that Lucia would not be a fool, and  
would remember how far Mr. Coleman  
Burke's pocket-book outweighed his  
nephew's; also, that an old man's dar-  
ling was far more apt to have every  
whim gratified than a young man's slave.  
Having delivered this material lecture,  
the widow dilated upon the expenses of  
the Saratoga trip, and was rather mark-  
ed in her emphasis upon a speedy sub-  
jugation of the elderly adorer.

And Miss Lucia shrugged her fair  
sloping shoulders, threw over them a  
cloud of black lace and descended to  
the porch, where Mr. Burke waited to  
escort her for a drive. His manner of  
wooing was certainly more business-like  
than sentimental. Where Frank had  
grown eloquent over the beauty of the  
liquid dark eyes his uncle dilated upon  
the suitability of diamonds for brunette  
beauty. Where Frank tenderly quot-  
ed poetry descriptive of the slender  
grace of the willow figure, his uncle  
thought velvet was the most becoming  
to wear for slight figures. "As they  
drove, the fat old gentleman asking her  
opinion of his horses, also obtaining her  
description of the most suitable carriage  
for a lady's exclusive use. Likewise he  
expressed a contempt for an India shawl  
folded upon a seat near the lace, as one

far below the quality he would purchase  
to deck a lady's shoulders.  
Sometimes indeed, as Lucia informed  
her affectionate parent, "he has a lit-  
tle spooney, pressing her hand, and roll-  
ing up his pale blue eyes over the rims  
of his spectacles, like a fat old por-  
poise."  
But as a rule, he was simply devoted  
in a constant attention. A bouquet of  
rare flowers in the morning, followed by  
a call; a drive in the afternoon; a walk  
in the evening, or an offer of escort du-  
ty at a ball, became the usual daily  
routine. But the elderly wooer was an  
energetic and persistent one. Even  
Lucia, vain of her conquest, was bewil-  
dered by the rapidity of the courting.  
Only a fortnight ago, she had had but  
a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Burke,  
and now he had positively offered a pa-  
reure of expensive cameos for her accep-  
tance.

"A letter from Frank! Coming to-  
day!" mused Mr. Coleman Burke, read-  
ing an epistle handed in at his door.  
"Surprised to find me away from home.  
Hopes I have seen his dear Lucia in a  
kinder light than the one I previously  
had. Hem—yes—well."  
And so Mr. Burke mused and mutter-  
ed as he donned his most exquisite suit,  
his most dazzling neck-tie, and fastened  
a bouquet in his button-hole.  
"Bless my soul, Uncle Coleman, what  
a swell you are?"  
And then Frank was in the room, and  
the two exchanged cordial greetings.  
"And Lucia?" Frank questioned,  
"is she well?"  
"She was perfectly well last evening  
when I took her for a drive!"  
"You?"  
"Certainly. You do not suppose I  
have failed in attention to my future  
niece, do you?"  
"You are always kind!" was the  
quick reply.  
"You like her better than you did,"  
continued Frank, almost pleadingly.  
"See here, Frank," said the old  
man, suddenly wheeling round from the  
glass to face his nephew. "I give you  
a bargain to make with you. If within  
one hour, I prove Lucia false, mercen-  
ary and a traitor to her promise to you,  
will you give her up? Stop! If she is  
true, loving and faithful I withdraw my  
harsh words, and will give her the love  
I always hoped to give your wife."  
"But how can you find out?" said the  
young man, astonished at his uncle's en-  
ergetic proposal.

"It is you who are to find out. I am  
already satisfied! You are to go to the  
contre window of the small drawing-  
room, on the East porch, and listen to  
a conversation I am to have, by appoint-  
ment, with Miss Frothingham."  
"Eavesdropping?"  
"Never mind that grand air of con-  
tempt. I am to have my way for just  
one hour, and you can take your after-  
wards for a life-time. Will you go?"  
"If you say so."  
"Go, then."

Just a little later Miss Frothingham,  
all smiles and white muslin, sailed into  
the east drawing-room to greet her elderly  
admirer. With an air of deepest devo-  
tion he raised her hand to his lips and  
greeted her with a flowery compliment.  
"I presume," he said, in low, tender  
tones, "you are at no loss to guess the  
reason why I have ventured to summon  
you here. You must have understood  
the meaning of my attentions. Need I  
tell you how dear you have become to  
me? Need I speak of the love you  
have inspired?"  
"You are so kind," she murmured.  
"I am contemplating a speedy return  
to the city, and I wish to arrange for  
the wedding, if I can obtain any ex-  
pression of your wishes. Do you object  
to an early day?"  
"Any day will be supremely best,"  
she said, softly, "that makes me your  
wife."  
"My wife! Bless my soul, my nep-  
ew told me—"

"Oh! Mr. Burke, you do not imagine  
I have encouraged that boy!" with an  
accent of most magnificent scorn. "He  
is an amiable young fellow, and I have  
been kind to him. But love between  
myself and a boy of that age is simply  
preposterous."  
"I am aware that the disparity of  
years—"  
"My dear Mr. Burke, do not speak of  
that. To me there is a dignity and no-  
bility about a man who has passed mid-  
dle life that can never be attained with-  
out the experience of years. Believe me,  
your having a slight advantage of me in

age will but increase my respect, and de-  
tract nothing from my affection."  
"You are only too kind. Then I may  
tell Frank that you—"  
"Why talk of Frank? Surely you  
may choose you a wife without your  
nephew's interference."  
"I choose a wife! My dear young lad-  
dy, what are you talking about? I have  
no intention of seeking a wife."  
"No—intention—of—seeking a wife!  
Have you not just made me an offer of  
marriage?"  
"Not at all," was the cool reply. I  
was under the impression that you were  
engaged to my nephew. As Frank is  
my nearest relative and my heir, I am  
anxious to win the affection of his prom-  
ised wife. But since there is no engage-  
ment between you—"  
"Oh, Mr. Burke, you must have mis-  
understood me. My only fear was lest  
you should not sanction our love. Dear  
Frank has often spoken to me of your fu-  
therly love for him. You will not re-  
peat to Frank the conversation we have  
had? I—my confusion—you will for-  
get my wild words?"  
"But I shall not!"

The blinds parted as Frank spoke, re-  
vealing his white face and anger-lighted  
eyes. Miss Frothingham screamed and  
Uncle Coleman said quietly:  
"Are you convinced?"  
"Fully! The boy, Miss Frothingham,  
thanks you for showing him the folly of  
trusting in the love of a coquette. You  
have given me a sharp lesson, Uncle Col-  
man; but I thank you that my life has  
not been blighted by a woman's treach-  
ery."  
The pale face vanished. Uncle Cole-  
man, with a ceremonious bow, took his  
departure, while Lucia Frothingham  
went into genuine hysterics on the sofa.  
Uncle Coleman joined Frank on the  
porch, and linked his arm in his nep-  
ew's, said kindly:  
"Forgive me the pain I cause you, for  
the love I bear you."  
"I thank you," was the reply. You  
have saved me a life of misery by show-  
ing me a woman's treachery. I shall  
never feel any emotion but grati-  
tude that you proved your words."

**How to become Wealthy.**  
We have often been asked how can a  
man get wealthy, and we were never able  
to answer the question. But by adher-  
ing closely to the following rules you  
may succeed—at least our knowledge of  
men who have become rich, convinces  
us that they must have obeyed similar  
rules:  
You must have everything done for  
you at the least possible cost—no matter  
who does it.  
You must devote your life to the get-  
ting and keeping of other men's earn-  
ings.  
You must eat the bread of careful-  
ness, and you must rise early and lie  
down late.  
You must care nothing about other  
men's wants, or sufferings, or disappoint-  
ments.  
You must not mind that your great  
wealth involves many other's poverty.  
You must not give away money except  
for a material equivalent.  
You must not get meandering about  
nature, nor spend your time enjoying  
air, earth, sky and water; for there is  
no money in it.  
You must not distract your thoughts  
from the great purpose of your life with  
the charms of art and literature.  
You must not let philosophy or reli-  
gion engross you during the secular  
time.  
You must not allow your wife or chil-  
dren to occupy much of your time or  
thoughts.  
You must never permit the fascina-  
tions of friendship to inveigle you into  
making loans, however small.  
You must abandon all other ambitions  
and purposes.  
You must be prepared to sacrifice  
ease and all fanciful notions you may  
have about tastes, and luxuries, and en-  
joyments, during most, if not all, of your  
natural life; and finally—  
You must not think of preparing for  
eternity till the close of your, to others,  
unprofitable life.  
If you think the game is worth the  
candle, you can die rich—some of you  
can.

George Washington offered himself to  
five women before he was accepted: He  
could lead armies, and govern a nation,  
but he didn't comprehend the subtle in-  
fluence of an attenuated sigh.

L. W. WAHAB  
U. M. WAHAB  
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 WRAP-  
PERS and FILLERS.  
So don't be afraid of glutting the Durham market. Bring your Tobacco to  
OUR WAREHOUSE,  
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 rais-  
ing 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 To-  
bacco Fertilizers and Peruvian Guanos, at cost, low freights added, having made  
arrangements to get the best from first-hand  
**GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS for both  
man and beast.**  
**H. W. WAHAB & CO.**  
Proprietors.  
7-12

**Cheap Lumber.**  
I have a sawmill five miles south of  
Durham, near the farm of C. M. HERNON  
Jr., and am prepared to furnish LUMBER  
delivered in Durham on short notice. We  
deliver Lumber for \$1.30 per hundred feet.  
Orders left at C. M. Herndon's MEAT  
STORE will receive prompt attention. Give  
me a call.  
JOHN STOTT.  
8-1f.

**PORTABLE AND STATIONARY  
STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,  
SAW, FLOUR AND GRIST MILLS,  
MILL GEARING MADE  
Without Patterns.  
SHAFTING, PULLEYS AND HANGERS  
OF EVERY DESIGN, A SPECIALTY.  
THE UNRIVALLED PATENT DOUBLE  
BEARING WATER WHEELS FOR TURBINES  
ADDRESS: E. COLLE & SONS,  
SEASIDE, CALIFORNIA.**

**Pianos! Pianos!**  
**AUGUST DOEPP**  
Dealer in Pianos and Organs; Re-  
spectfully announces that he can furnish  
the public with strictly first-class  
Pianos and Organs of standard make, cheap-  
er than any one else. Purchasers will  
therefore find it to their advantage to con-  
sult him, before deciding to buy.  
Catalogues furnished  
on Application  
Dr. Doepp is also agent for the largest  
Pipe Organ Company in America, prices  
twenty-five per cent lower than any other  
make.  
**Pianos & Organs  
TUNED IN THE  
MOST THOROUGH MANNER  
and repairs of the most extensive char-  
acter undertaken and entire satisfaction  
guaranteed.  
A SPECIALTY  
is made of supplying all Pianos with new  
actions.  
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE  
Reverend Clergy  
Applications by mail will receive prompt  
attention. Address  
**AUGUST DOEPP**  
10— P. O. B. 3 RALEIGH N. C.**

**WHILE THE IRON'S HOT**  
I HAVE FOR SALE  
valuable tract of land containing 277 acres  
in a fine state of cultivation, situated 3 miles  
east of Hillsboro, N. C., rich and produc-  
tive, 60 acres in grass, 20 in Wheat, 16 in  
oats, 60 in woodland. A good dwelling and  
all necessary out houses, a good dairy well  
fitted up for the manufacture of cheese, 14  
cows most of them giving from 3 to 5 gallons  
of milk per day, 2 good horses, two-horse  
wagon and farming utensils generally, the  
present crop of corn will be sold with it.  
It has on it a good mill site on an Enn river,  
on which the land has  
**GOOD WATER,  
GOOD NEIGHBORS,  
GOOD CHURCHES,  
GOOD SCHOOLS,**  
and convenient to a saw and grist mill, four  
dry and cutting machines, and within three  
miles to R. R. Depot at Hillsboro. Apply  
to the undersigned soon or you will miss a  
bargain. I MEAN TO SELL. I have for  
sale also 5 houses and lots in the Western  
part of Durham, N. C., which I will sell at  
low figures. Houses new and well furnished  
with good water. It is not necessary to  
describe further. If you want good prop-  
erty at low figures come to see me, I mean  
to sell. Title good.  
**JOHN D. WILCOX**  
LAND AGENT  
DURHAM, N. C.  
June 2nd, 1876.

**National Hotel**  
Terms \$2.50 per day.  
Delightfully Situated next to Capital Sq.  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
**A NEW HOUSE.**  
Fine Rooms, Well Furnished and fit-  
ted up in best style. Bath-rooms and  
Water-closets on each floor.  
Billiard Saloon in Basement.  
C. S. BROWN, Prop'r  
J. W. KERR, Clerk.

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

Our market, the largest manufacturing market in the  
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PERS and FILLERS.  
So don't be afraid of glutting the Durham market. Bring your Tobacco to  
OUR WAREHOUSE,  
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 rais-  
ing 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 To-  
bacco Fertilizers and Peruvian Guanos, at cost, low freights added, having made  
arrangements to get the best from first-hand  
**GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS for both  
man and beast.**  
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I have a sawmill five miles south of  
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STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS,  
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SHAFTING, PULLEYS AND HANGERS  
OF EVERY DESIGN, A SPECIALTY.  
THE UNRIVALLED PATENT DOUBLE  
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It has on it a good mill site on an Enn river,  
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**GOOD WATER,  
GOOD NEIGHBORS,  
GOOD CHURCHES,  
GOOD SCHOOLS,**  
and convenient to a saw and grist mill, four  
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to the undersigned soon or you will miss a  
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**JOHN D. WILCOX**  
LAND AGENT  
DURHAM, N. C.  
June 2nd, 1876.