

Durham Tobacco Plant.

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SEGARS, TOBACCO AND NUFF.
GARDEN, GRASS, AND FLOWER SEEDS.
Physicians' Prescriptions accurately compounded at all hours. Orders attended with neatness and dispatch.
Sign of the INDIAN

SELECTED STORY. JOHN CADY'S HONESTY.

John Cady was sixteen years old, tall for his age, very thin, with red hair and pale blue eyes, and altogether had a weak and sickly appearance. From the time he could remember, he had lived with his uncle, who was a druggist. Left an orphan at a very early period in life, his kind hearted relative had taken him to raise, and when he was old enough he was set to sweeping the shop and running errands. He increased in altitude so fast that his uncle, who was a short man, was a good deal bothered in making his worn-out pantaloons fit the long legs of the growing youth, but he had an ingenious housekeeper, who discovered the art of making a passable pair of pants out of two old ones. To be sure, the legs did not always harmonize in color, but the difference was so trifling that it was expected John Cady would never be the wiser of it. John, at the age of sixteen, slept in the shop. Perhaps that was the reason the poor fellow's eyeballs were yellowish instead of white, and his complexion anything but that of health.

Every Thursday afternoon his uncle permitted him to have a holiday; the rest of the week he was expected to work with the patience and regularity of a mule in a treadmill, and never complain, even if he went to bed hungry. His uncle managed his house upon a plan so frugal that nothing was wasted that could positively be eaten and digested by man or beast.

Poor John Cady had many heartaches. He used to watch the boys play, but never found time to join in their sports. Gradually he became a quiet, melancholy youth, and grew up with little idea of how he was to make his mark in the world. In the winter months his uncle sent him to night school, and by this means he acquired all the education he ever possessed. But he was honest, strictly so, and notwithstanding the rough lessons he was taught in life, he ever was conscientious in all he did.

Like all boys, he had his dreams. His uncle could not deprive him the pleasure of building air castles, and many such structures John reared while he performed the drudgery of the shop. In various ways, however, he had earned a little money, which he had hoarded up until the sum amounted to about fifteen dollars. This wealth he had acquired in his afternoon holidays, assisting a milkman who lived hard by, and who had taken pity upon the unfortunate youth. By his advice John Cady had demanded a salary from his uncle, who had promised to give him two dollars a week and his board when he should be seventeen years old. John never forgot his friend the milkman for putting him on the road to fortune; and as it wanted eight months of the time when he should receive pay for his services, he looked forward with the eagerness of a child to the coming of the happy day.

It was a clear, cold afternoon in September that John Cady stood at the corner of the street waiting for the cars to take him out to G—town. He had an old maid aunt who lived there, and he occasionally made her a visit. When the car came along, John ensconced himself in a corner seat, and gave himself up to castle building. Pretty soon the car stopped to admit an old gentleman, who took a seat directly alongside our hero. He was a man of some sixty years, dressed in dark brown clothes, the pattern of which went out of fashion about the time John Cady was ushered into life. A heavy gold chain, with an immense cornelian seal, hung on his watch fob, and a white fur hat surmounted his white hairs. No sooner had he taken his seat than he took out a well stuffed pocketbook, and began counting the notes it contained.

Just at this moment John Cady raised his eyes, and coming back to the reality of the world, gazed at the old man with undisguised astonishment. The pocket-book was crammed full, and the notes were hundreds, five hundreds and even thousands. Certainly there must have been \$20,000 in that wallet, and the old gentleman thumbed them over so carelessly that John Cady was sure that he had thousands more at the back of them. He apparently made no more account of his wealth than John did the seventy-five cents stowed away in the corner of his vest pocket. The longer our hero gazed upon the old gentleman, the more uncomfortable he began

to feel in the proximity of a person who could sport with thousands in such a manner.

Apart from the sense he had of the utter incongruity between a man with a pocket full of bank notes, and another with only seventy-five cents, he felt there was a practical danger in sitting so close to exposed wealth. The pocket-book by mistake might get into his pocket, a note might get entangled in one of the buttons of his coat, the old gentleman might conceive he had been robbed, and John might find himself suspected and accused. A shiver passed over him as he thought of these things, and he hastily changed his seat to the opposite side of the car. A poor and hungry looking woman, who was sitting on the other side of the old gentleman, and had been eagerly watching him count his wealth, immediately followed John Cady.

When the old gentleman finished counting his notes, he took a small memorandum book from his pocket and made a note of something, probably the sum total. Then he put the book back in its place, and a few minutes later he examined the pocketbook in his pocket and called it a haste for the car to stop, as he had passed his street. He left the car followed by the hungry looking woman, and John Cady was the only passenger left. He watched the old man across the street until he was lost to view, amid the crowded pavement, and then settled himself for another effort at castle building, when his eyes were attracted by something lying in the straw beneath where the old gentleman had been sitting.

John's heart almost leaped into his mouth; he trembled from head to foot with agitation, and he felt a momentary faintness. It was the old gentleman's pocketbook. John Cady gave a quick look at the conductor. He was gazing in another direction, and with a rapid snatch the precious wallet was in John's possession. A hundred thoughts passed through his mind in rapid succession. What should he do with it? Should he give it up to the conductor? Should he call a policeman? Should he keep it and advertise it, or wait until it was advertised, and then obtain the reward? While these thoughts passed through his mind a sudden impulse seized him to get out, and he sprang from the car.

"Perhaps I can find the old gentleman," he thought, and he forthwith dashed along the street. Pedestrians looked at him as he flew on his way, and no doubt thought he was crazy or in a hurry. Far and wide his eyes wandered to discover the owner of the pocketbook, but the old man was nowhere in sight. After a half hour's fruitless search he happened to cast his eyes across the street, and perceived the old gentleman standing on the pavement examining his pockets, while his face exhibited much dismay. He had discovered his loss.

"I found it—I found it!" cried John, as he dashed up to the old man and extended his treasure. For a moment neither spoke. It was a strange picture, the old man holding his recovered pocketbook, and John Cady, all eagerness and out of breath, from the haste in which he had been running. The old fellow at length opened his arms, and John fell plump into them. The embrace was short, however, for the old gentleman immediately began to count his notes. When he had satisfied himself they were all correct, he spoke:

"Worthy young man?" he exclaimed, "Honest youth—permit me"—and he grasped a handful of notes. Then he paused, as if a new idea had struck him. "No," he ejaculated, "honesty like this can never be rewarded by a few dollars. I can never repay you. Such conduct as yours is not to be measured by money. I shall never forget you. Here," and he presented his card, "come and see me to-morrow at three o'clock. Sharp three o'clock.—Sharp three, remember—I'm precise. Adieu, noble youth, adieu," and the old fellow turned away to hide the emotion which was choking his utterance.

John Cady gazed at the card. It was inscribed Phineas Parsons, N—street, G—town. It was quite clear to John Cady that his fortune was made. Here was an old gentleman evidently of great wealth to whom he had restored a large amount of money. The old man was grateful, there was no mistake about that, for was he not on the point of giving him a hand-

ful of notes by way of reward? He was going to do better, no doubt. He had given him his card and invited him to his house. "Come and see me to-morrow," these words rang in John's ears, and he could think of nothing else. He didn't go and see his aunt that day; he couldn't. His heart was too full of unutterable joy for a common place visit to a relative. He turned back to the city, and went to a cheap restaurant to get his dinner. He hadn't much appetite, however, and he soon was at his castle building again. No, it wasn't castle building this time, it was something tangible. The card of Phineas Parsons told him it.

"He means to make a friend of me," murmured John. "He'll introduce me to his family—to his daughter—ah! that's it, I'm sure that's what he meant. He wishes me for a son-in-law. His daughter must be beautiful—and her name—her name—is May. I have no doubt of it. I always loved the name of May. May Parsons! What a charming name. The old gentleman will join our hands together and say: 'Take her, oh, noble youth! She is mine!'"

John Cady went straight to his home and took twelve dollars from the spot where he had hidden it. He then went to a clothing store and purchased himself a new coat and vest. All the evening he paraded before his little cracked looking glass, and wondered how May Parsons would like his appearance. He slept poorly that night, and awoke at least a dozen times and wondered if it was morning.

He dreamed that he owned a large manufactory; had hundreds of hands in his employ; that he lived in a splendid mansion surrounded by every luxury; that May always stood in the magnificent saloon to welcome him on his return from his business. He dreamed that he had been elected to Congress; that he wanted to make him a candidate for the Presidency. He dreamed that he owned a whole railroad and a half dozen of the gold mines in California; that he built grand churches all over the land and fed the poor by thousands. He awakened with a shiver, for the window was open and it was getting light. It was too soon for the shop to open, but he hurried in his clothes and ran over to his friend, the milkman, and imparted his good news.—His friend shook him by the hand warmly and congratulated him on his good luck.

"I hope uncle will give me this day off," sighed John, "for I must go and see my benefactor." "It attend to that," replied the milkman, "I'll see your uncle for you and explain matters. Leave it all to me." "How good you are," answered John. "Well take milk from you—that is when I marry Mr. Parsons' daughter May. Oh! we'll be good customers indeed we will!" The milkman saw John Cady's uncle and made matters so easy that when he asked for leave it was granted at once, and a half dollar was also placed in the palm of his hand, with injunctions not to spend too much money.

Oh! how wildly John Cady's heart throbbled as he got into the street car and began his journey to G—town. Three o'clock found him standing on Phineas Parsons' doorstep. Was May expecting him? A servant opened the door; John entered. The odor of a fine dinner pervaded the house.—Mr. Parsons was waiting dinner for him. What an excellent man!

Walking into the parlor, which was beautifully furnished, John carelessly threw himself on a cherry colored brocade sofa, and began to build castles. Presently the servant returned. "Are you the boy from Last's, the bootmaker?" she asked. John wanted to brain her on the spot, but he didn't dare do it. "The what?" John cried. The blood flew to his face—he was getting angry. He who had found a fortune and returned it to the owner, been invited to his house to dine, and ultimately to receive his daughter in marriage, was mistaken by a servant for a shoemaker's apprentice! Oh! this was too much for human endurance. Gathering himself up to his full height and extending his long, lank arm, he replied, with threatening accent: "Woman, go and tell your master that it is the gentleman who yesterday found his pocket-book."

Then he threw himself back on the cherry colored brocade sofa, and gazed after the retreating servant with a serene but triumphant expression of countenance.

By degrees the indignation of John Cady became appeased; and when he heard a light footfall on the stair and the rustle of silk, he was sure that May was coming to take him up to her father. Gliding into the room came a young woman with hair as red as his own. Her face was thin and pinched, and she had evidently had the erysipelas infection. Her voice was sharp and weak, and she was "cross-eyed" even if she was robed in silk. "Heavens and earth!" thought poor John; "can this be May Parsons?"

As soon as she eyed John comfortably seated on the sofa, her nose became more inflated, and something like a frown sat upon her brow. "Oh! you are the poor young man who found papa's pocketbook? He is so much obliged to you, and he desires me to give you this." John, who had risen to his feet, mechanically held out his hand; astonishment deprived him of the power of speech. The young lady deposited something in his hand and precipitately left the room. He put his hand to his forehead like one awakened from a strange dream. He never knew how he found himself out of doors; but when he got on the pavement he examined the reward given him by Mr. Parsons' daughter. It was fifty cents in fractional currency. Alas! alas! for the visions of youth; alas! for castles built in air; alas! for the twelve dollars spent in new clothes. John Cady was but human. Humiliation and anger took possession of him; and his face became as red as his hair. He gazed upon the earth and found a small stone. Around this he wrapped the fifty cent note, and tied it with a piece of string which he happened to have in his pocket. Then he took good aim at the upper windows, and the next moment there came a sound of crashing glass, as John Cady bounded away with the speed of a deer.

The poor fellow went back to his drudgery in the shop, and vowed that if he ever found thousands of dollars again he would try and be more rational in his expectations; and should that money belong to Phineas Parsons, well—he wouldn't say what he would do but surely he would have his revenge.

The Plundered States.
We are apt to forget the solemn lessons of the past. As time passes away and we get fatter and fatter from a given transaction the impression becomes dim, and the recollection after while fades completely away. Some of the events we are liable to consider those things that immediately concern us and to be indifferent to those things that are remote or that concern others.

We are possibly liable to forget the vast plundering of the robbers who have preyed upon the Southern people since the close of the war. The figures appear so enormous they actually stagger one's credulity. We are unwilling to believe in the depravity of men, or to think that it is possible for the leaders of any party to have so wasted and stolen the earnings of a poor and suffering people. But we will give the figures, taking the States alphabetically. We give the debt of the Southern States in 1865 and in 1871—'72:

Alabama—Debt in 1865	\$ 5,621,158
Total debt in 1872	19,751,267
Increase under carpet-bag rule	15,229,967
Arkansas—Debt in 1865	4,327,874
Total debt in 1871	19,751,267
Increase under carpet-bag rule	15,229,967
Florida—Debt in 1865	3,379,617
Total debt in 73	16,554,072
Increase under carpet-bag rule	15,154,455
Georgia—Debt in '65	3,754,500
Total debt in '72	38,253,750
Increase under carpet-bag rule	32,912,250
Louisiana—Debt in '65	113,377,990
Total debt in '72	41,844,473
Increase under carpet-bag rule	28,596,474
Mississippi—Debt in '65	952,297
Debt in '71	2,241,216
Increase under carpet-bag rule	1,347,419
N. Carolina—Debt in '68	157,779,167
Debt in '72	34,877,167
Increase under carpet-bag rule	19,157,322

It will be remembered that if the carpet-baggers and their allies in the Legislature of 1868-'69 had not been thwarted in their purposes and plans, and if their wild-cat legislation had been carried into effect, the State debt on January 1, 1871, would have been \$42,000,000. The courts interfered, and the State was saved some \$10,000,000, by declaring appropriations to this amount illegal and void. The Governor declared in 1871 that it was necessary to repudiate a part of the debt. The Legislature of 1868-'69 was so utterly corrupt that to secure legislation money must be paid for it. A director of a railroad testified before a Congressional committee that overtures for the passage of ten millions of bonds in aid of the railroads had been made by the Republican leaders in the Legislature, on the condition that they were to be paid ten million of dollars. This would have given them a nice slice.—Wil. Star.

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

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7—12

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RALEIGH, N. C.
are prepared to furnish **MARBLE TOMBSTONES** OF ALL KINDS, Neatly Carved and Engraved. **ALSO, ALL KINDS OF GRANITE WORK,** SUCH AS Posts, Steps, Sills, Water-Tables, Street and Graveyard Curbstones, &c.
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