

# Durham Tobacco Plant.

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No. 6

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### FIND A WAY, OR MAKE IT.

BY MARY E. LAMBERT.  
 Ambition sleeps, laid, in your brain,  
 Bright hopes may soon awake it—  
 You see the goal, but fear a path,  
 Then find a way, or make it.

To get the coconut's rich meat,  
 The shell is hard—yes break it;  
 The fragrant leaf its odor holds  
 Until you bruise or shake it.

Enterdren is the path you choose—  
 You may be wise to take it;  
 But look ahead, all danger see,  
 And then you may escape it.

A mountain, far too steep to climb!  
 Well, then, don't try and do it;  
 You may be able to go around,  
 Or patiently dig through it.

A fence, you say, but ne'er a gate?  
 What can you do? you wonder.  
 Just scale the wall; mount, if you can,  
 And if you can't, crawl under!

Your way is muddy? Wait a while,  
 Let winds and sunshine dry it;  
 Still wait not for another rain,  
 To see some comrade try it.

A river deep, you cannot swim!  
 No steamer there, you know it!  
 Well, if there is no other way,  
 Build your own boat, and row it.

Nay, lad, we know the way is hard—  
 Down hill, and up steep mountain;  
 And oft you'll drink from muddy stream,  
 For want of some clear fountain.

Go down, and you'll have many a kick,  
 Go up, and some will push you;  
 But who your way, and praise will come  
 From those who tried to crush you.

False promise is but a phosphorus gleam,  
 For fame we oft mistake it;  
 Still, for a while it lights our way,  
 Until we overtake it.

Don't hide your talent through a fear,  
 But bravely go and stake it.  
 Wear out, don't rust—to reach your goal,  
 Lad, find a way, or make it.

**One Life's Service.**  
 BY ANNA SHIELDS.  
 "They also serve who only stand and wait."

I have said it over and over again,  
 Taking into my heart, so long tortured,  
 So long peaceful, all the comfort the  
 words contain. Have I also served,  
 in twenty years of waiting, at first no rest-  
 less, and important, and afterwards full  
 of a hope not born of this world, that I  
 could bear my cross patiently.

Twenty years! They have been kind  
 to me today, and told me frankly that  
 I shall soon have the eternal rest that  
 has long been my only hope. He is  
 sobs over me as if some great sorrow  
 had come, instead of the joy it seems to  
 me. But while I softly whisper words  
 of comfort to her, I know she will soon  
 become reconciled to her loss, not for-  
 getting her old friend and godmother,  
 but thinking of her only as a memory.

For Elsie is but eighteen, and there is a  
 love in her young heart the strongest  
 and truest that comes to a woman's  
 life.

I was eighteen when I, too, loved,  
 and was well beloved. My suitor was a  
 gentleman of whom my father only  
 knew that he was the son of an old  
 friend, who, years before, had gone to  
 South America, and a modest fortune  
 in the sugar and coffee trade.

When the son, Randall Wilard, came  
 to New York, orphaned and wealthy, he  
 brought a letter to my father, and I papa  
 invited him at once to make us a visit  
 at our home on the Hudson—Locust  
 Grove.

Young as he was then—probably  
 twenty-four or five—Randall Wilard  
 had the restless, unsatisfied expression  
 of one who has borne sorrow, and borne  
 it impatiently, resentfully. He was sub-  
 ject to fits of abstraction, to sudden  
 starts, to random answers made to tri-  
 fling questions.

"I at case," mamma called him, "and  
 yet he was never awkward, never want-  
 ing in the gentle courtesies of true re-  
 finement."

To me, just from boarding-school,  
 with my head full of Byron and Shil-  
 ley, he was a veritable hero. I was more  
 of a child than even my eighteen years  
 warranted, having been in very delicate  
 health always, and consequently greatly  
 petted. My education had been con-  
 ducted at home with misters, under my  
 dear mother's own guidance, excepting  
 one year at a finishing school in New  
 York.

From there I had just returned in  
 June for the summer vacation, when my  
 father invited Randall Wilard to be our  
 guest.

of prying gentleness towards him, that  
 seemed a wonderful comfort. From  
 treating me with the stately courtesy he  
 observed to all ladies, he guided easily  
 and gradually into friendship, and had  
 pet names for me, all more or less de-  
 scribing comfort.

He had been our guest for six weeks  
 when he asked me to be his wife and  
 then I knew I loved him. Ah! how I  
 loved him! Even now, looking back  
 over the long years that have passed,  
 my heart gives a quick trembling mem-  
 ory to that love of my girlhood.

Father was delighted. His own  
 wealth was too great for Randall's for-  
 tune to be of much moment to him, but  
 the son of his old friend was a most  
 welcome suitor to his daughter.

Wedding preparations went forward  
 without much attention from Randall or  
 myself. We preferred to sit upon the  
 wide porch and weave romantic visions  
 of future happiness. He told me much  
 of his travels in Europe, where he spent  
 three years after his father died, and  
 often the gloom would deepen on his  
 face as he spoke, until I rested my  
 hand in his, and he would start to smile  
 and say:

"We will revisit all the old spots,  
 Helena, my little comforter!"  
 One day I ventured to ask what was  
 the past sorrow I confided, but he only  
 said, very gently:

"As it is past, let it die!"  
 And after that I asked no more.

Our wedding day was set for Norem-  
 ber, and we were expecting Aunt Julia  
 home for the ceremony. She was my  
 mother's sister, and had gone to Italy  
 for pulmonary trouble. There she had  
 married a wealthy New York merchant,  
 a widower with one daughter, but I had  
 never seen this new cousin, and Aunt  
 Julia being a bad correspondent I did  
 not know her first name, her second  
 being Smith.

But mother had a letter describing  
 her as very beautiful, tall, Juno like, and  
 dark.

"You must at least select your wed-  
 ding dress," she said to me. "Randall  
 is going to New York on Wednesday,  
 and will not return till the wedding day.  
 I will ask him to be our escort, and papa  
 will bring us home at dinner time."

I consulted, and early Wednesday  
 morning we started for the city. Oh,  
 that day! That last, last day girl-  
 hood, of happiness, of life! Every in-  
 cident stands out in my memory with  
 the clearness of a painting. I forgot  
 nothing.

Randall kept with us, spite of my  
 blushing protestations, aided in the  
 selection of the rich creamy silk I was  
 to wear, the flowers for my wreath, the ex-  
 quisite lace veil. Randall escorted us to  
 a restaurant where we had luncheon,  
 and I can recall all the pleasant chat  
 that filled every moment.

At the depot he left us in father's  
 care, and I felt his lingering hand  
 pressure as he whispered:

"They are cruel to exile me, but when  
 I come next time there will be no more  
 parting."

And I believe him, and answered,  
 softly:

"I shall be glad, Randall."

We were nearly at the end of our  
 short journey, when there was a crash,  
 a confused sound of breaking, and I felt  
 something that seemed grinding my leg  
 to powder.

For weeks I knew no more. When  
 consciousness returned I was in my own  
 room, with mother watching me. I  
 looked stupidly at her heavy black dress,  
 and tried to move.

I cannot—I cannot even now write  
 of that wakening to the fact that I was  
 fatherless, crippled, disfigured!

It was so bitter—so bitter! I could  
 weep now for that poor child lying there  
 helpless, with all her girlhood crushed  
 out of her. Father was killed instantly;  
 I was horribly mangled, both legs hav-  
 ing to be amputated, and my face terri-  
 bly cut and bruised, but mother escaped  
 uninjured. How she mourned that she  
 had only two minutes before given me  
 her seat I could never tell.

But into my numb despair came a joy  
 unutterable when Randall knelt beside  
 me and bade me live for his sake. I  
 was far too feeble to realize the sacrifi-  
 ce the words implied, could only feel the  
 deep, deep delight of his presence, his  
 love.

As I became stronger, with a hope of  
 one day moving about on crutches, Ran-  
 dall would still talk of our marriage.

We were both wealthy, and I need never  
 lift my hand to work, so he persuaded  
 me I was dearer to him, cradled as I  
 was, than any other ever could be.

It was a misty future, but a comfort-  
 ing present. Every day I was partly  
 dressed, litted to an easy chair, a billi-  
 ant shawl was thrown over my lap, and  
 becoming white wraps about me.

I had my hair twisted into curls, and  
 Randall would kiss my disfigured face  
 and tell me the beauty it held for him  
 it could never lose.

Was I idiotic to believe this? It may  
 have been, but, oh! how tender he was.  
 Every day he sent me flowers, books  
 rare fruits, pretty tokens of watchful  
 love.

My wedding having been so terribly  
 interrupted, Aunt Julia Smith had not  
 appeared at Locust Grove, though we  
 knew she was in New York. But in  
 February she wrote, offering us a visit,  
 and mother gladly welcomed her. She  
 came into my room, followed by a beau-  
 tiful girl, older than myself. Randall  
 was beside me, and looking from the  
 face of Lenore Smith to the face of my  
 betrothed, I knew they held a past to-  
 gether in painful memory—I knew it!

They were quick courteous, acknowl-  
 edging a past acquaintance, of which  
 Aunt Julia evidently knew nothing, but  
 they spoke but little to each other.

I, watching them keenly, laughed  
 presently at my first suspicion. There  
 was absolutely nothing upon which to  
 build my theory, and yet could not quite  
 shake it off. It was a week later when  
 there came out one of the son's sunshiny  
 days that cheat us into hoping for an  
 early spring, and mother, for the first  
 time, wheeled my chair out of my room  
 into a sitting-room across the hall, where  
 the sunshine lay upon the windows. Put-  
 ting me close in the deep window recess,  
 she laughingly complied with my request  
 to drop the heavy curtains beyond me,  
 and let me enjoy alone the sight of the  
 out door world.

I was dreamily enjoying it when I  
 heard Randall's voice in the room.

"At least, you owe me an explana-  
 tion," he said.

And then the voice of Lenore Smith,  
 cold but gentle, answered him.

"It is useless to recall the past," she  
 said. "My father's heart was set upon  
 my wedding my cousin, and he only in-  
 tended to anticipate a truth which he  
 told you I was engaged to him."

"Then you never meant to play me  
 false, to encourage my love only to cast  
 it off?"

"Never! In simple justice to myself,  
 I must deny that charge. I loved you!"  
 "And you come to me, free, too late!"  
 Oh, the mourning agony of the strain-  
 ed voice! My heart grew cold to hear  
 it.

"Too late!" Lenore repeated; "you  
 cannot add to the burden of that young,  
 stricken life any pain it would cost her  
 to know you false, Randall; dear friend,  
 be true, be brave!"

"Do not fear for me," he said. "Even  
 for the precious treasure of your love, I  
 would not add one feather weight to  
 Helena's sorrow. She loves me. Have  
 your deal with me as I am faithful to  
 her."

Then with a firm hand I parted the  
 curtains, and they saw me. A deadly  
 pallor came upon both faces as if detect-  
 ed in some guilty conspiracy; but I—  
 I could smile!

"Lenore!" I said, and she came to my  
 side instantly. "Lenore, I have never  
 ones intended to accept the sacrifice  
 of Randall's life. His tender care of  
 his crippled love has been very sweet to  
 me, but I did not dream I was taking  
 his heart from one more worthy."

"Even I will not let you say that,"  
 said Randall.

"But you must," I persisted; "you  
 will be my friend, my brother, I hope,  
 through my life—my husband never!"  
 "You cannot throw me off!"  
 "But I can and will. Here and now  
 I vow as solemnly as ever devoted wor-  
 ed to a patron saint that I will never  
 marry you! Please, please," I whis-  
 pered to Lenore, "take him away, and call  
 my mother!"

She saw that I could bear no more,  
 and obeyed me. But when mother came  
 I was insensible. Out of the deep swoon  
 I wakened to a long, depressing illness,  
 suffering intensely, mentally and phys-  
 ically. But I would not see Ran-  
 dall—I dared not trust my own resolution  
 against his generous pleading. Lenore  
 helped to nurse me back to life again.

and I learned to love her with a true  
 sisterly love.

They were kind in this, that when they  
 were married, a whole year later, they  
 went away and traveled many months,  
 often writing, but coming no more to  
 Locust Grove till my wee namesake,  
 their eldest born, was nearly a year  
 old.

I have borne down all the misery of  
 that long past time, I have gathered  
 about this room, I have never left for  
 twenty years, true friends—many who  
 look to me for advice, and more materi-  
 al aid—many who come only to rest a  
 little from the heat and toil of the day,  
 in my quiet abode.

My dear mother, who is now white-  
 haired and wrinkled, had been my con-  
 stant companion in all the years I have  
 been a prisoner here, and my godchild,  
 Helena, little Elsie, has been the very  
 sunshine of my life.

But there is no earthly love that is  
 strong enough to make me grieve at the  
 prospect of the coming separation. Ran-  
 dall and Lenore have been to see me, to  
 bid me farewell.

Elsie will stay here till the last part-  
 ing from each comes to release me. Mo-  
 ther, my faithful nurse, never leaves  
 me.

And so, all sorrows conquered, all  
 earthly ties gently loosened, all suffering  
 gone, I can calmly face the approach  
 of death, clasping to my heart the precious  
 words of comfort:

"They also serve who only stand and  
 wait."

**MY OWN STORY.**  
 "We've been married just a twelve  
 months, come next Friday, haven't we  
 Jennie?"

"Just twelve months, John!"  
 He was standing in the doorway, my  
 handsome young husband, his dinner  
 basket on his arm, his honest eyes all  
 aglow with love and delight.

"Just a twelve months, and now I've  
 got a baby as well as a wife. Oh, Jen-  
 nie's girlie, I'm the happiest man alive—  
 go here and kiss me before I go, and  
 tell me what you will live me to give  
 you on the anniversary of our wedding  
 day."

"What's the use, John," I said, as  
 I received the kiss; "you know you  
 haven't an extra shilling to spare."  
 "So I do; but we'll play at make-  
 believe, as it were. What would you  
 like to have provided you could have  
 it? Speak out, girlie!"

"I laughed and left to thinking.  
 "Let me see. There is so many  
 things I want John, his hand to decide;  
 but I think I'll take that pattern of  
 brown silk that we looked at the other  
 day at Wilson's."

"All right; and what for baby?"  
 "Oh, a christening robe, of course."  
 "My husband's brown eyes danced.  
 "Poor Jennie," he said, "I'm afraid  
 you'll not get'em, unless we keep up  
 our game of make-believe. By-and-by;  
 take good care of Blossom." And with  
 a kiss of us both he was gone.

I got baby to sleep and fell to work  
 cleaning my kitchen and baking my  
 tarts. We could not afford keeping a  
 servant, John's wages being small and  
 I had all the house work on my hands,  
 but I did not mind it at all, I love my  
 husband, and he loved me, and a hap-  
 pier couple did not live.

In the midst of my busy work in  
 comes Mrs. Dorcas Dent, an old friend  
 of my mother's.

An old maid, too, was Miss Dorcas,  
 a great sufferer at matrimony and at man-  
 kind in general.

"So you're here at it, Jennie!" she  
 said, sitting down and throwing back  
 her bonnet strings, "a dragging yourself  
 to death, and that child on your hands,  
 too?—Such a trim, handsome lass as you  
 used to be, and look to you now! A poor,  
 fagged old soul! What a fool you was  
 to marry Jennie! Weren't you, now?"  
 "No, indeed, Miss Dorcas; I'd do the  
 same thing over again to-morrow."

"Pah! Such simptoms as you  
 lasses are? Well, you'll open your  
 eyes to the truth soon enough. A work-  
 ing your hands to the bone and spoiling  
 your good looks, as if any man that  
 ever had breathed was worth it. I say  
 why don't John keep you a hired girl?"  
 "Can't he? May be not. Has to  
 squander too much on his own pleasure,  
 does he?"

"No, indeed," I answered indignantly.  
 "He never squandered a single penny."

Miss Dorcas shook her ample sides  
 with sarcastic laughter.

"Never squandered a penny!" she re-  
 peated; "and never stays out  
 o' nights, and goes gallivanting round  
 the town with other women, and ye  
 a sitting of home a darning his stockings?  
 Don't tell me about'em, Jennie—tho' so  
 good husbands—I know'em. I haven't  
 got two eyes for nothing. Didn't I see  
 John one night before last, walking  
 down town and another woman beside  
 him?"

"John?" I gasped, "my John? Oh  
 you must be mistaken."

"I never mistake." "Twas your  
 John."  
 "And who was the woman?"  
 "Can't tell—didn't see her face."

When John came home to supper I  
 determined to ask him; but a feeling  
 of shame kept me silent while we were  
 at the table, and the minute he was  
 done he arose and took down his hat.

"Why, John," I asked, "are you  
 going out again? And it is raining,  
 too."

"So it is, but I must go to-night  
 Jennie."  
 "What for, John?"  
 His eyes fell and he turned from me  
 in evident confusion.

"Well—you see, don't ask me, Jennie,  
 I've promised to go, that's all; but I  
 shan't have to go again, maybe."

My foolish, jealous heart rose into my  
 throat, and I stood hurt and silent.

John kissed me, and kissed baby in  
 her crib. Then he took off his coat  
 and threw it on the chair.

"If you don't feel too tired, little  
 wife, you might fasten in that shawl  
 'till I'll wear my thick coat to-night."

He was gone; and after clearing  
 away our small table, I sat down to  
 think, and soon made myself miserably  
 enough. At last I thought of John's  
 coat and picked it up to mend it. It  
 was his best coat, which he had only  
 worn for common wear a few days be-  
 fore. In brushing off the dust, I heard  
 a rustle of paper in the breast pocket.

Is there a wife loyal enough unfein-  
 ous enough, to refrain from prying into  
 the secrets of her husband's pockets when  
 she has a chance?

I drew the rustling paper forth. It  
 was a note—dainty, throes cornered  
 affair, with a rose bud on the seal.

I looked at the direction, John Day-  
 ton, my own husband's name written in  
 fine feminine character.

A sharp pang pierced my heart, a  
 mist dimmed my eyes. What woman  
 is this who dared to write to my hus-  
 band? I must know. I had a right to  
 know. I tore open the tiny sheet.

MY DEAREST JOHN:—Do not fail to  
 come to night, I am alone, and shall  
 look for you—

I could not read another word—A  
 blindness like that of death filled my  
 eyes, a faint, horrible sickness  
 crept over me. Miss Dorcas had told  
 me the truth. John was untrue to me.  
 And I had loved him so!

I crushed the fatal note into my  
 pocket and caught my shawl and hat.  
 Come, baby, I sobbed, driven out of  
 my senses for a minute by my terrible  
 pain, we will go. When he comes he  
 shall find us gone.

I gathered up the little one, and  
 wrapped her in a heavy shawl; then  
 we left our cheerful fireside, and set  
 forth through the pelting rain.

at the bottom of the tin sheet caught  
 my eye for the first time. I grew hot  
 with shame from head to foot. The  
 letter was my own, written to John by  
 my own hand in the days of our court-  
 ship. I fell upon mother's bosom and  
 burst into tears.

"Come, Jennie, gather up the child,  
 and I'll go home with you," said my  
 father. "Now don't you feel cheap?"  
 I did not; I only felt supremely  
 happy. Home we trudged through the  
 dark and rain. John met us at the  
 door.

"Why here you are, Jennie," he  
 cried. "You've given