

G. D. Lambly

THE TOBACCO PLANT, Democratic Always And Under all Circumstances

Durham Tobacco Plant

THE TOBACCO PLANT

OUR ADVERTISING RATES ARE LOW AND CIRCULATION LARGE

Advertising Rates

Table with advertising rates: One Square one insertion... \$1.00, One Square two insertions... 2.50, etc.

Published every Tuesday at the low price of \$1.50 a year, 75 cts. for six months.

DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 24, 1877.

No. XXIV

Durham Lodge, E. D. F. A. M. The second and fourth Tuesday night in each month.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

S. H. WEBB, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will practice in the Superior Courts of all the counties...

JONES WATSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will attend Durham every Wednesday...

A. W. GRAHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Will be at Durham every Wednesday...

B. H. HARRIS, PHYSICIAN. Practices family, eye, ear, nose and throat...

D. M. GIBSON, PHYSICIAN. Practices family, eye, ear, nose and throat...

D. M. GIBSON, SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL DENTIST.

JOHN M. McNEEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Practices in the Superior and Inferior Courts...

MISCELLANEOUS. OREGAN REFRIGERATORS, PIANOS, ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT FREE.

OSBORN HOUSE, CORNER WILMINGTON & DAVIS ST. RALEIGH, N. C.

S. H. WEBB & CO. INSURANCE AGENTS. Offer their services to the citizens of Orange and adjoining counties.

THE CROSS AND THE CENT. A volume of thrilling interest by the eminent historian H. P. Stoddard.

NOTICE. Any person wishing to rent a Blacksmith shop and a full set of tools...

SELECTED STORY

Milly's Mistake.

Slowly along the quiet country road, just as the sun was sinking, came Milly Clare and Mr. Annesley from their evening ride.

"Where have you been, Milly?" repeated her father, laughingly, "that you did not think it so late as nine o'clock?"

"I must be gone, Milly, now," he said standing beside her at the window; "I must be gone now. But to-morrow I shall seek you again; and we shall have our evening ride together."

"That letter John gave me just now—I wonder what can be in it?" she said to herself.

And going to a small table beside the window at which she had lately stood, she took up a letter lying there.

heard her father's step below—heard him going from room to room, and finally calling: "Milly, my darling, where are you?"

"Where have you been, Milly?" repeated her father, laughingly, "that you did not think it so late as nine o'clock?"

"I must be gone, Milly, now," he said standing beside her at the window; "I must be gone now. But to-morrow I shall seek you again; and we shall have our evening ride together."

"That letter John gave me just now—I wonder what can be in it?" she said to herself.

And going to a small table beside the window at which she had lately stood, she took up a letter lying there.

holding Mr. Annesley, as she did so, standing at a distant window, looking out upon the lawn. He turned toward her.

"Where have you been, Milly?" repeated her father, laughingly, "that you did not think it so late as nine o'clock?"

"I must be gone, Milly, now," he said standing beside her at the window; "I must be gone now. But to-morrow I shall seek you again; and we shall have our evening ride together."

"That letter John gave me just now—I wonder what can be in it?" she said to herself.

And going to a small table beside the window at which she had lately stood, she took up a letter lying there.

WAS MARSHAL NEY SHOT?

An Authority who says not, but that he came to America.

N. C. employed this old man, Mr. P. S. Ney, to teach the languages to his sons, at Oak Hill Academy, and my first recollection of him was seeing him come to the Post-office at Houstenville for his mail matter.

He was a man a little under six feet in height, not much fleshy, but muscular, and we weighed about two hundred pounds.

He has narrated to me his famous retreat from Moscow amid the snows and across the rivers upon ice; how the ice bridge gave way under his army, and drowned many of them; how they perished from hunger and cold; how the Cossacks hung upon his rear and banks cutting off his men and slaughtering those who from cold and exhaustion struggled and lay down in the snow to die; how he marched on foot with his men, and finally brought up the rear guard of a few hundred men, and how Napoleon embraced him, and called him "the bravest of the brave."

Sixty years have elapsed since the reported execution of Marshal Ney, and history records it as a fact. Nevertheless, at the risk of being considered credulous and easily deceived, I will give you a brief account of the life of a man who was known for over thirty years in South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia as P. S. Ney (Peter Stuart Ney), and with whom I was intimately acquainted and associated for a good many years, and I do not hesitate to say, in my opinion, was the veritable Marshal Ney.

Wanted—every one to be free from Pimples, Blisters, Bails, etc., which can be done by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

He was a man a little under six feet in height, not much fleshy, but muscular, and we weighed about two hundred pounds.

He has narrated to me his famous retreat from Moscow amid the snows and across the rivers upon ice; how the ice bridge gave way under his army, and drowned many of them; how they perished from hunger and cold; how the Cossacks hung upon his rear and banks cutting off his men and slaughtering those who from cold and exhaustion struggled and lay down in the snow to die; how he marched on foot with his men, and finally brought up the rear guard of a few hundred men, and how Napoleon embraced him, and called him "the bravest of the brave."

Sixty years have elapsed since the reported execution of Marshal Ney, and history records it as a fact. Nevertheless, at the risk of being considered credulous and easily deceived, I will give you a brief account of the life of a man who was known for over thirty years in South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia as P. S. Ney (Peter Stuart Ney), and with whom I was intimately acquainted and associated for a good many years, and I do not hesitate to say, in my opinion, was the veritable Marshal Ney.

Wanted—every one to be free from Pimples, Blisters, Bails, etc., which can be done by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

He was a man a little under six feet in height, not much fleshy, but muscular, and we weighed about two hundred pounds.

Wanted—every one to be free from Pimples, Blisters, Bails, etc., which can be done by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

At Charleston, January, 1817. He says he noticed, after sailing, a man whose appearance struck him very forcibly as some one he ought to know.

He was a man a little under six feet in height, not much fleshy, but muscular, and we weighed about two hundred pounds.

Sixty years have elapsed since the reported execution of Marshal Ney, and history records it as a fact. Nevertheless, at the risk of being considered credulous and easily deceived, I will give you a brief account of the life of a man who was known for over thirty years in South Carolina, North Carolina and Virginia as P. S. Ney (Peter Stuart Ney), and with whom I was intimately acquainted and associated for a good many years, and I do not hesitate to say, in my opinion, was the veritable Marshal Ney.

Wanted—every one to be free from Pimples, Blisters, Bails, etc., which can be done by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

He was a man a little under six feet in height, not much fleshy, but muscular, and we weighed about two hundred pounds.

Wanted—every one to be free from Pimples, Blisters, Bails, etc., which can be done by purifying the blood with Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.