

# THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY APRIL 9, 1878.

VOL. VII.—NO. 10.

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## Professional Cards.

**S. H. WEBB,**  
Attorney at Law,  
DURHAM, N. C.  
Will practice in the Superior Courts of Ala-  
bama, Orange and Person. All business  
promptly attended to.

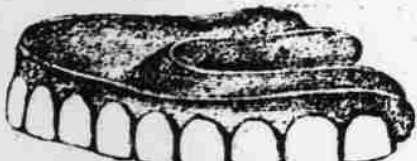
**JONES WATSON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.  
Will attend Durham every Wednesday, and  
can be seen at his office in Chapel Hill every  
other day.

**A. W. GRAHAM,**  
Will be at Durham every Wednesday, where  
he can be seen at his office over Styron's store.  
Office also at Hillsboro. Claims collected in  
parts of the State.

**BUMPASS & LENSEFORD,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
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**JOHN M. MORING, ALFRED M. MORING,**  
OF CHATHAM, OF ORANGE,  
**MORING & MORING,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
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prompt attention.

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Office over Blackwell's City Drug Store.

**D. RICHARD H. LEWIS,**  
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Ear in the Savannah Medical College.)  
PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE  
**EYE AND EAR,**  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
Refers to the State Medical Society and to  
Georgia Medical Society.

Miscellaneous.

## After Many Days.

BY F. R. S.

"And your husband has been dead  
four years?"

"Yes, four years."  
Nothing could be lovelier than An-  
gelique Wharton's pale, pensive profile,  
seen in the twilight.

Hurbert Knox looked at it earnest-  
ly, and Elsie White, a sadness and  
vague fear coming over her happy  
heart, gazed too. She had not known  
but life at Neptune House seemed to  
change her. Her loose, shadowy hair  
and a dress of black velvet made her  
loveliness itself that evening.

"And is it pleasant at Linden Walks?"  
asked Knox.

"Oh, yes," cried Elsie; "it is beauti-  
ful."

But Knox continued to look at Mrs.  
Wharton.

"Elsie has told you," she said, look-  
ing up and meeting his eyes.

After a moment she rose, sighed  
heavily and walked slowly down the  
long veranda.

"My cousin is very handsome—don't  
you think so?" asked little Elsie, wish-  
fully.

Knox was silent for a moment.  
"She is a very handsome woman, no  
doubt."

Something in the cool voice cheered  
Elsie a little. She slipped a warm lit-  
tle hand into her companion's and he  
received and held it tenderly.

"Angelique's health is much better  
than it is at Linden Walks. She is  
very nervous and never likes to be  
alone."

She chatted on merrily now, reas-  
sured by that warm hand-clasp.

"Your cousin is not much like you."  
"No; it is strange that we are of the  
same blood, for Angelique is not at all  
like me."

"Elsie and I go back home next  
week; it is the last of September.  
Pray come and see us at Linden  
Walks."

Elsie, who had not before known  
the time of their departure, listened  
breathlessly for the answer. It came—  
"Thanks! But I am going directly  
to London."

Two rosy lips paled and broke apart.  
"I shall be very closely occupied  
with my new book until Christmas,"  
continued Knox.

"And you will have it finished at  
that time?"

"I intend to."  
"Well, then you will need a vacation.  
I am to have a dinner party at Christ-  
mas," continued Mrs. Wharten, "and  
should be very glad to have you join  
us."

"Thanks again."  
"But will you not come?" asked the  
lady.

Knox stood with his head bent  
and lifted it and cast a little fig-  
gling look at Mrs. Wharton.

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ing up and meeting his eyes.

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like me."

ton did not remember this will.  
Elsie, dear, do you know at Mr.  
Knox has come?"

Elsie was waiting to get her heart  
time to calm its rapid before  
she spoke to Hubert Knox that she  
was at ease and happy as she  
felt the clasp of his hand and  
looked into his face.

Yet Elsie was hardly tiding  
child she had been six years  
She had received still other  
warnings from Angelique Knox  
did not understand. Her

frank gaze thought seemed  
more womanly and less a ch-

But the old, care-free, ling  
days were gone. Knox was and  
preoccupied, and Elsie's re-  
sponse of a shadow which she not  
dispel.

Angelique was so beauti-  
No longer she wore mourning, the  
pale half-tint of widowhood. Lin-  
ner dress, of azure silk, and al-  
luringly handsome. Constantinox  
talked to her.

He was fascinated by this  
woman, so much more his than  
she—foolish, and clinging. Did  
she—dream of love her—the heiress of  
Linden Walks?

"It is a magnificent man-  
sion," he said, as they entered the  
mansion.

Angelique was engaged in  
she went up the stairs.

"Dear, are you engaged?"  
she asked.

"No," answered truthful  
"My love, my love, you must  
be more prudent."

She opened the door of her room.  
Elsie followed her with a drooping  
head.

"I must warn you, my dear child.  
Of course, Mr. Knox admires you very  
much, but men weary of a girl who  
shows her preference as openly as you  
do. If you want to marry Mr. Knox  
—though I say he is poor—you  
must be about so like a

that for the present, to relieve the  
awkwardness of this affair, you would  
like to go home to your father's house."  
She paused.

"By-and-bye you could come back,  
you know, and I would do my best to  
get you well settled in life. What do  
you say?"

"I will go home," answered Elsie  
faintly.

The gathering twilight hid her pal-  
lor and trembling. She could not  
move to leave the room and her cruel  
cousin's presence just then, for the

walls were swimming round and round  
her.

"Mrs. Wharton," said a deep voice,  
"there is a third party to this little  
arrangement."

Looking up, they saw his tall form  
leaning in the doorway.

"I wish now to be known in my  
true character," he said, advancing in-  
to the room. "Please address me no  
longer by my literary name. I am  
Rupert Wharton, the runaway son of  
Israel Wharton; and, madam, to-day  
my suspicions have been verified. My  
father did not die by fair means."

"How dare you thus insult me?"  
cried Angelique, angrily.

"I have the proof!" he cried.

"Proof!" she faltered.

"I am mistaken!" he responded.

There was a thud upon the velvet  
carpet. Elsie lay there senseless.

"My little darling!" and Rupert  
Wharton bent over her.

Angelique escaped from the room.  
That night she left Linden Walks.

In the confusion of finding the mis-  
tress absent, the next morning, Whar-  
ton drew Elsie aside.

"She has gone forever. She has  
fled, and this confirms my belief—  
Elsie, I dreaded to come to Linden  
Walks, which I left six years ago in  
boyish anger. I should not have come  
but for your dear sake. But my father  
never would have cut me off penniless,  
and I should not have come to you  
and blottings

spoke, for three hours and made him-  
self conspicuous. What did he say?  
What revelations came from his lips?  
What formulated wisdom from his  
hoary experience? Nothing of the  
kind. He simply attacked the Admin-  
istration in words less direct, and in  
specifications less plain, than the press  
of his own and the opposite party has  
done, but then he is a U. S. Senator,  
and it seems there is some advantage  
of conspicuousness in that fact alone,  
and since I have heard that a Sena-  
tor is per se a conspic-

I will abandon Senator Howe, and in-  
troduce to the American people some  
humble Senators whom nature and  
notoriety have not endowed with fame.  
The Conklings, Thurmans, Blaines, and  
Lamars, make themselves heard fre-  
quently enough and most of them are  
too vain of hearing of themselves. I  
know only one to whom I think these  
lines would apply:

"That man is great and he alone,  
Who serves a greatness not his own  
For neither praise nor self,  
Content to know, and be unknown;  
Whole in himself."

But I may be prejudiced in his favor,  
and you may be prejudiced against  
him, so I will not mention his name.  
It will be difficult to tell who takes  
precedence among the non-conspicu-  
ous senators, for the men who were  
never heard of, until inscrutable  
luck dumped them, upon the floor of  
the Senate, are numerous. Spencer,  
Conover, Jones of Florida, and Jones  
of Nevada, Dorsey, Mitchell, Burnside,  
Anthony, Butler, Patterson and Davis  
of West Va., are all petty men. That  
scientific system which attributes to  
every human countenance a resem-  
blance to the face of an animal, might  
find another example in that of Sena-  
tor Geo. E. Spencer of Alabama, which  
may be safely compared to the head of  
a hog. The profound sentiments  
which animate great men do  
spire from his  
brow is not

maybe I do it from a sense of patri-  
otic duty. If there is an American  
citizen who can see, without indigna-  
tion, the little impudent un-  
qualified men who have intruded  
themselves into the councils of his  
country, and upon the pages of his  
country's history, so much the worse  
for the American citizen, and what is  
sadder still, so much the worse for  
America. We are righteously indig-  
nant against the shyster that ruins a  
cause, or the quack that kills a pa-  
tient, or the politician who ruins af-  
fairs of a nation, hard bungling char-  
latons who are no more fit for the de-  
licate stupendous work of government,  
than was the rash boy who attempt-  
ed to guide the courses of the sun  
through the pathways of the Universe.

C. A. S.

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