THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. VII.---NO. 17. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1878. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

Professional Cards.

S. H. WEBB,
Attorney at Law,
DURHAM, N. C.
Will practice in the Superior Courts of Alamance, Orange and Person. All business promptly attended to. 11-1y.

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. 8-tf.

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 at Hillsboro. Claims collected in all parts of the State. 19-1y.

BUMPASS & LUNSFORD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Roxboro, N. C. 35-1y.

JOHN M. MORING, OF CHATHAM, ALFRED M. MORING, OF ORANGE.
MORING & MORING,
Attorneys at Law,
DURHAM, N. C.
All business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention. 30—tf

DR. J. D. DAVIS,
Surgical and Mechanical
DENTIST,

DURHAM, N. C.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office opposite Blacknall' Drug Store. Will remain in Durham until 8th, of May. I will be at my office in Chapel Hill until the 21st, then in Durham for two weeks.

DR. RICHARD H. LEWIS,
(Late Professor of Diseases of the Eye and Ear in the Savannah Medical College.)
PRACTICE LIMITED TO THE
EYE AND EAR.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Refers to the State Medical Society and to the Georgia Medical Society. Oct16-1y.

Miscellaneous.

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Board, $2 Per Day.
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ATTACHED.
Delightfully situated next to Capitol Square.
C. D. OSBORNE, Proprietor.

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—EVERYTHING NEW.—
H. TERRY.
I have recently fitted up my Barber Saloon on Main Street at considerable cost in first class style. Best Razors, best Workmen and everything kept in best style. Dont forget the place—one door west of Rawls'. 8-tf

MATTHEWS' HALL.
I have recently fitted up my Hall in the town of Durham with stage and scenery. It is located in the centre of town and will be rented at reasonable figures.
B. W. MATTHEWS.
—6m.

VICK'S
Illustrated Priced Catalogue.
Seventy-five pages—300 illustrations, with Descriptions of thousands of the best Flowers and Vegetables in the world, and *the way to grow them*—all for Two cent postage stamp. Printed in German and English.
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 50 cents in paper covers; in elegant cloth covers, $1.00.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine,—32 pages, fine illustrations, and Colored Plate in every number. Price, $1.25 a year, Five copies for $5,00. Address,
JAMES VICK, Rochester N.Y.
1-tf.

J. W. REYNOLDS,
Cuckoo, Va.,
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PURE BRED FOWLS AND EGGS.
Correspondence solicited and carefully answered. Address,
J. W. REYNOLDS,
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VALUABLE REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE.
A lot of land 2¼ miles from Durham containing 115 acres on which there is a new cottage residence neatly built, painted and finished up in good style. The land is adapted to the growth of corn, wheat, oats, cotton and especially tobacco. Also an acre lot on which there is a newstore house at the forks of the road 2¼ miles from Durham on the Roxboro road. The tract of land lies a few hundred yards from the store house. For further particulars address
C. B. GREEN, Durham, N. C., nov 13—t

ORNAMENTAL PLANTING,
Of every description, supplied from
KELVIN NURSERY,
Pittsboro, N. C.
All sorts of Evergreens, Shade Trees, Roses, Flowering Shrubs, Greenhouse Plants, promptly furnished, at very low rates. Those wishing to improve their places, are invited to correspond. Flower Seeds by mail 25 packets for $1. Flowering Shrubs by mail 25 cents each, or 5 for $1.
Address for catalogue,
C. B. DENSON,
50-2m. Pittsboro, N. C.

The Offers.

Upon his hemstitched handkerchief
He'd knelt a week ago that day,
And told to Maud the old, old tale
In quite the old, old fashioned way.
And though she thought him "very kind,"
And hoped he wouldn't take it hard,
She didn't love, but for him had
A "very sisterly regard."
Besides, she said, she'd just agreed
To marry old Sir Charles Dubloon;
"'Twas wearing on the nerves to have
Two offers in one afternoon."

—*Hearth and Lampoon.*

An Appeal.

AFTER READING THE ADDRESS OF THE DEM-

I.

Ho, Democrats, the clarion sounds;
Last to the well known call;
'Tis the signal of new victories—
Up, up ye gallants all!
One charge—a last and crowning one—
And then our work is done:
Charge right left and center,
And the citadel is won.

II.

An outraged State and people
Now call you to the strife:
And those who hallow our homes—
Mother, daughter wife
For redress and protection,
For deliverance from shame
On every husband, father, son,
They call on each by name.

III.

Remember ye—who cannot forget—
While memory holds her throne,
The wrongs which ye have suffered,
The injuries ye have borne?
Now blasted be the memory,
And palsied be the tongue,
When the one shall cease to cherish,
And the other tell the wrong?

IV.

Remember ye the shameful days
Of eighteen sixty-eight,
When the vile and ruthless Radical
Had seized upon our State?
And how—by Federal bayonets
While pressed into the ground—
Many alas! of her own sons,
Dealt her a gaping wound?

V.

How carpet-baggers held high rule
With our "brother—nigh,"
And mind, worth, public service
Were put beneath the ban;
And men the people honored—
The humblest and the first—
Were driven from every office
Of profit and of trust?

VI.

And how, in hate, the miscreants tore
Our Constitution down,
While shouting out their triumph to
The chorus of "John Brown":
And how that thing of Canby's
Was thrust down every throat,
When thirty thousand citizens
Were barred the right to vote?

VII.

And how our stately capitol,
Sacred to public good:
When swindlers swarmed—whose aim no law
Of God or man withst od?
And how the honor of the State
Till then without a strain,
Was bought and sold on every mart—
A thing of basest gain?

VIII

And those dark days of seventy-
Remember ye, how through;
All Alamance and Caswell,
There poured a ruffian crew?
How here and there, and everywhere,
They marched in armed bands:
And how our true and truthful men,
They had their false hands?

IX.

How from their homes and families
These men were haled to prison?
Men against whom never charge was made—
Ne'er had accuser risen,
While some—mark well, on freemen!
Both hand and foot were bound;
And some were swung up by the neck,
As scoff and just went round?

X.

How when before our highest court,
These outrages were brought—
That court which once in former days
To love the laws, had taught—
The Judges sat on high to guard
And put in force the law,
Said *then to vindicate men's rights*
Would lead to civil war?

XI.

Yes, blasted be the memory
And palsied be the tongue,
When the one shall cease to cherish
And the other tell the wrong.
Of the party and its leaders,
The wrongs when we condone,
The spirit of our fathers'—
Of freedom will have flown.

XII.

Just Heaven! it was a glorious sight,
When in eighteen seventy-two,
The people rose up in their might
And drove the harpy crew,
Forth from Legislative halls,
Each from his own dark den:
Where we will hold and keep them
If we indeed be men.

XIII.

And in seventy-six, not only here,
But throughout all the South,
From Maryland's northern boundary
To Rio Grande's mouth,
The people rose up as one man
And swept from every place,
Those who so long had wrought them wrong
And ruin and disgrace.

XIV.

Wouldst have our State in honor held?
Her laws made good and wise?
Send good men to th' Assembly—
Men able to advise,
Men one with you, in blood and faith,
Who think and feel with you:
Who when the Radical held rule,
Were to the people true.

XV.

Wouldst have impartial justice
Dispensed from every bench;
That justice which no bribe can lure,
No terrors can make blench;
Which though the world might be in arms,
Would yet maintain the right—
Give us Judges who were with us
When trod down by lawless might.

XVI.

Mother, wife and daughter—
Names of all most dear—
Wouldst shield these from domestic wrong,
And violence and fear;
Wouldst have them live in purity,
And have their homes as pure;
Give us Judges who are of us,
And the reign of right is sure.

XVII.

Then sound again the clarion,
And let the wild notes ring,
Till the seashore and the mountain, back
Its shrillest echoes fling,
In serried ranks, now charge again,
And then our work is done;
Charge as one man, and with one mind,
And the citadel is won.

"Only A Flirtation."

BY M. R. C.

CHAPTER I.

He was one of those men who commanded your admiration, your respect, your liking, and the first time Ethel Dorrington met him she only did what every one did—what more than half the girls did who were introduced to Dr. Walton.

The doctor was undeniably handsome, with a beauty that, while women adored it [illegible] chivalrous as a prince. He was gentle and caressing in his manner and tone to women, and yet no one had ever dreamed of calling him impressionable or susceptible. He was frank, fearless, and decided in his way with men, and still he never had been called self-important or conceited, or in any way offensive.

He was generally conceded to be a gentleman of unusual skill and farsightedness in his profession. He was positively known to enjoy a widespread reputation, and a large, successful practice. He was the centre and soul of the social circle in which he moved when his business admitted of such relaxation, which was not nearly as often as people wished. He was unmarried, well-to-do, kept up a charmingly hospitable establishment, over which his sister presided, and was, about thirty-eight years old.

Do you wonder, then, that Ethel Dorrington fell in love with him almost as soon as she met him?

I have said that Dr. Walton was neither impressionable nor susceptible, and by that I mean - not that he did not ardently admire women—but that he was hardly the one to be falling in love with every pretty, agreeable, fascinating woman he saw. Once or twice in his life he had imagined himself in love, and once had been on the very verge of an engagement, but something happened that made him take more time for consideration, and the result was when he met Ethel Dorrington he was heartwhole and fancy free.

She was a bewitching, winsome girl, not famous for her beauty, but yet better looking than the majority of girls. She dressed well, and suitable to the occasion always. She was a fair acquisition to the society in which she took her place as guest and dearest friend of the Merridens; she played well and sang well, and danced exquisitely. She was intelligent and educated, vivacious without being demonstrative; she knew how to make her lady friends like her and the gentlemen admire her.

And she was betrothed, and had been for a year, to Ernest Halford a young lawyer in her native city.

And she had looked upon Dr. Walton with her beautiful dark eyes, and, before she had been acquainted with him a week was as much in love with him as though there existed no gentleman named Ernest Halford, whose ring she wore.

She had no idea of being false to Ernest Halford—paradoxical and incredible as the idea seems—even when she deliberately removed her engagement ring from her forefinger, and arranged her plan of action towards Dr. Walton, determined in her mind that since every girl petted and courted him in vain, she would adopt an opposite treatment—not in vain.

She did not have the remotest intention of throwing Ernest Halford over, for all she knew she was in love with Dr. Walton, for all she had removed the tell-tale token of possessionship.

She knew in her heart that she was a born flirt, it flirts are born ready made, that her passion for this godlike man, with the face and form of an Apollo, would, in all probability, be transient and that she would eventually settle down to the sober sensible life of content and happiness with dear old Ernest.

What harm would there be if she enjoyed a flirtation with Dr. Walton, this splendid man of whom her cousins, Nettie and Gracie Merriden, had written until she felt she almost knew him? Nettie and Gracie had declared that he was a predestinated bachelor, consequently she could do him no harm. She knew she would eventually marry Ernest, and be a model, demure wife; so, obviously, Dr. Walton would do her no harm. Then why, in the name of all the Cupids, might not her three months' visit to the Merridens be enlivened and brightened by a genuine flirtation with him?

Whether her conscience chided her in vain or not at all, as Ethel argued with herself her reasonings, I cannot say. But I do know that at a social gathering held at Dr. and Miss Walton's elegant home a night or so later she was at her very best, and when the house was quiet and empty of guests again, Dr. Walton caught him- [illegible] ing black silk, who wore cream and cardinal flowers in her dark hair, and at her round white throat, and who had been so charmingly entertaining, and withal, just enough reserved to show she was above the weakness towards him of her companions in general.

And Dr. Walton made up his mind he would cultivate Miss Dorrington's acquaintance further.

CHAPTER II.

Two months of the three that were to constitute Ethel's visit to the Merridens had passed, and Ethel and Dr. Walton had come to be such intimate friends that people nodded and smiled knowingly when their names were spoken, and hints of jealousy and envy began to be darkly spread whenever Miss Dorrington was seen in Dr. Walton's handsome little carriage; and Dr. Walton himself was hourly coming to the conclusion that of all women he ever had seen or known, this one, with her dark, bright eyes, the charmingly witching ways that had slowly developed from pleasant indifference to positive yet ladylike interest, was the fairest, sweetest, best; and whom, heaven helping, he would win and wear so proudly.

And Ethel?

This same sunshiny day, when Dr. Walton was driving his round, dispensing words and deeds of cheer, and comfort and hope, and encouragement, she was sitting in her room, reading a letter the post had just brought her from Ernest, and feeling, as she read it, how soon her delightful triumph here must be ended—feeling, with a strange thrill at her heart, that—perhaps—perhaps she had not done wisely; perhaps—well, she hoped such a glorious fellow as Dr. Walton would not care when she went away for good.

Would not care! Ah, if she had known how his very soul was stirred at the thought of her!

She read Earnest's letter slowly, little blushes surging to her face at intervals.

"If you only knew how I have counted the hours you have been away, my darling, my little dove, and how I am counting the minutes until you return. You shall never go away again, Ethel, without me—do you know that? When I think how near our marriage is—only a few weeks from your return—and that you will never go from me again—oh, Ethel, darling I am tempted to throw down my pen, and rush off to you, and take you in my arms and kiss you over and over, in my great happiness."

"They write your family, your father says, that you are having a splendid time, and the reigning favorite on all sides. I want you to have a good time, dear, and let everyone know what a treasure I possess. Only, darling don't flirt with anyone enough to hurt them, for I know you are as true as steel, loyal and true as you know I am.

"It is just possible that I may come to escort you home, Ethel. If the courts are not in session I will. Think of it. Such a lazy, delicious ride all by ourselves! I will be so good and kind to you, darling, that the three hundred miles shall not be tedious!"

* * * * * *

It would have been impossible for any woman to read Earnest's letter and not realize, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that he loved Ethel Dorrington with all the fervor of his manhood, with all the tenderness of a grand, noble nature, and that true and good himself, he pinned his faith implicitly upon her.

And Ethel realized it with a sensation she could not describe, that was not proud delight that it was so, yet sorrow that she had been playing him false.

"He is a dear, good boy, and I suppose, of course I love him. But——"

But as she looked up through the window and caught a glance from Dr. Walton's eyes as he leaned forward and bowed in passing in his carriage, she wondered again if she had not unwise—aye, worse than unwise—cruel, in that she had now two such men to love her.

For days afterwards Ethel was grave and quiet beyond her wont. For days she delayed the answer to Ernest Halford's letter, and Dr. Walton's quick eyes discerned that, though she persisted in declaring herself the vic- [illegible] the matter, something beyond the power of medical aid.

It was then that Dr. Walton made up his mind to tell her that he loved her—how he had come to regard al other good the gods had given him as nothing if she, too, might not be given him; and only the sight of her eyes, her pale face, her dispirited ways prevented him pouring all his confessions upon her. But he was generous and patient. So he decided that it would be better not to take advantage of her transient mental or physical indisposition.

The days wore on and still Ethel could not end the agonizing conflict that was being fought between hourly strengthening passions for Dr. Walton and hourly increasing almost clamoring demands of conscience to be real and true to her absent, unconscious, trusting lover. She could not bring herself to answer Ernest's tender letter as it deserved, as she knew he confidently expected, and as was her wont to do. So she scribbled a note, begging his forbearance and telling him she was not well, and would write as soon as it was possible for her to do so.

It was just a mere bit of rest to her mind when she had done that, and the sparkle began to come to her eyes and Dr. Walton saw the returning color on her cheek- poor, silly child—for such a short respite.

It was many evenings after this, when Dr. Walton had gone to the Merridens, deliberately decided that he would tell Ethel his hopes, his wishes, and ask her, his own darling one, to promise to crown his life.

He went rather late, knowing she would be alone, for he had sent her a note asking her to refrain from the concert rehersal the Misses Meridens were sure to attend, and the first he knew as the servant admitted him with rather a white, scared face, was that his services was needed in the parlor, for Miss Ethel had fainted.

He found her lying white and deathly on the lounge, with Mrs. Meriden bathing her temples and wrists with ammonia, and a young gentleman standing anxiously, solicitously by—a stranger whom he had never seen—to whom Mrs. Meriden hurriedly introduced him.

"Dr. Walton, Mr. Ernest Halfold.

Mr. Ernest Halfold, Dr. Walton. Oh, doctor, how cold she is! What can be the matter?"

He sat down beside the prostrate girl, as fair as marble as she lay there, her dark lashes sweeping her cheeks, her lips ashen, her form rigid and terse. He looked at her, all his heart in his eyes, as he rendered the professional aid he could, and when she came out of the long, deathly swoon, his eyes were the first object her own saw, his loving, impassioned face.

"My darling! You are better!"

She made a little feeble motion with her hand, which he took, caressing it tenderly between his own as he spoke gently to her.

"What made you faint, my dear child? Were you frightened, or surprised unduly? Do you know of any cause dear?"

Mrs. Meriden looked fidgity.

"Doctor, I think it must be the surprise of seeing Mr. Halford coming in so unexpectedly. He—he—is her engaged husband, you know."

Dr. Walton suddenly dropped the white, limp hand and stood up, confronting the pallid-faced man, who had heard his betrothed wife called "darling" by this handsome, gentlemanly man.

"Do I understand, sir? Miss Dorrington is engaged to you?"

Ernest saw it all at a glance. He read aright the mute, proud suffering on Dr. Walton's white face, and he knew that, if Dr. Walton loved Ethel Dorrington, she loved Dr. Walton.

His voice trembled, despite his grand efforts to speak bravely.

"She is Dr. Walton. My coming to take her home—the surprise I intended should be as delightful as the meeting was to have been to me—has ended as you see."

It was a tableaux worthy of the representation of the ablest painter. The two men face to face with their sad secret. The girl—pity her, pity her, sister, for she was less wicked than weak—lying like a blighted lily before them. Old Mrs. Meriden the mother.

Ethel suddenly struggled up from the couch, white to the very lips, and reached out her hands to Dr. Walton.

"Don't look so at me! I couldn't help loving you! I do love you, I do! Oh, Ernest!"—and she turned passionately towards him—"Ernest, won't you forgive me—won't you release me?"

A smile like a late burst of wintry sunshine at sunset was on his face.

"Oh, yes. I will forgive you. It is so easy to forgive such a wrong as you have done me. Release you that you may go free to your latest lover? Certainly."

The quiet, suppressed passion in his tones made Mrs. Merriden shiver; and Ethel sprang at him, taking his hands.

"Ernest! You look as if you could murder me. You are not forgiving me!"

"You have done more than murder *me*—heaven kows it! But I release you. I will forgive you. Good-bye-all."

He went out so matter-of-factly that in view of circumstances, Mrs. Merriden went after him, almost fearing—she knew not what. But she need not have feared. He mediated no harsh act. He went away to the Hotel, from thence home—but, oh, how differenly from what he had anticipated!

When they two were alone, Ethel sank trembling on the sofa, wondering what Dr. Walton would say - this grand glorious lover, who had whispered "darling" only a moment ago, who had loved her, whom she had won, for whom she had doomed one soul to suffering until heaven in its own time should send relcif.

The silence became unendurable; and at last, in a passion of love and despair, Ethel flung her hands away from her eyes and started up to confront him and plead her own case—tell him not to censure her, for she had done it all for love of him, and surely he would heed that argument, and take her to his heart, and bid her forget her sin in his love.

But she was alone. Dr. Walton had gone without a word without a sign!

And she knew it was a token that the measure she had meted out was measured to her.

She never spoke with or saw him, except at a distance, again; and he goes his way, resolved that woman's love is not for him, and has come out of the fire refined and purified and is more thoughtful, tender and patient than before—if that could be. He is not unhappy, nor lonesome, and only occasionally memories of Ethel's sweet face haunt him.

Ernest Halford has never married. He could not stand the discipline or disappointment as Dr. Walton, with his finer nature did. He is a morose man, who hates womankind and tries to avoid them. He has grown shiftless and cynical, and will be, eventually a wreck of a man.

While Ethel Dorrington, who could not resist the opportunity to flirt a little, is old, faded, and living out her days with the bitter knowledge of the havoc she wrought for time and perhaps eternity.

Girls, heed the lesson. It may be sport while it lasts, but no mortal eye or human hand can measure the infinity of result of "Only a Flirtation."

A Dutchman's Letter.

One of the teachers in a Birmingham public school recieved the other day an excuse written in behalf of a delinquent by the father. It runs in this wise:

"*Mr. Teacher*: Dot poy of mine vos absent de oder day ven he shtaid out. He got one big colt in his neck vot make him much trouble all de vile. Please don't give him some punishment ven he vas late in the morning. He vould got there shust in time every day, but he is not himself to blame, he is got no mother.—She vos dead 10 years ago. I am this poy's parent by his mother before she vos dead."

VEGETINE
For Dropsy.
Central Falls, R. I., Oct. 19, 1877.
DR. H. R. STEVENS:—
It is a pleasure to give my testimony for your valuable medicine. I was sick for a long time with Dropsy, under the doctor's care. He said it was Water between the Heart and Liver. I received no benefit until I commenced taking the Vegetine; in fact, I was growing worse. I had tried many remedies; they did not help me. Vegetine is the medicine for Dropsy. I began to feel better after taking a few bottles I have taken thirty bottles in all. I am perfectly well, never felt better. No one can feel more thankful than I do.
I am, dear sir, gratfully yours,
A. D. WHEELER.

Vegetine.—When the blood becomes diseased, it is a tone of vigor to the whole body.

VEGETINE
For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.
Islesboro, Me., Dec. 28, 1877.
MR. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir,—I had had a cough, for eighteen years when I commenced taking the Vegetine. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it has helped my cough, and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work. Never have found any thing like the Vegetine. I know it is every thing it is represented to be.
MRS. J. A. PENDLETON.

Vegetine is nourishing and strengthing; purifies the blood: regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system; acts directly upon the secretions; and arouses the whole system to action.

VEGETINE
For Sick Headache.
Evansville, Ind., Jan. 1, 1878.
MR. STEVENS:—
Dear Sir.—I have used your Vegetine for Sick Headache, and been greatly benefited thereby. I have every reason to believe it to be a good medicine.
Yours very respectfully,
MRS. JAMES CONNER,
411 Third St.

Headache.—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulating system, of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. Vegetine can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint, Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Billiousness, &c. Try the Vegetine. You will never regret it.

VEGETINE
Doctor's Report.
DR. CHAS M. DUDDENHAUSEN, APOTHECARY,
Evansville, Ind.
The doctor writes: I have a large number of good customers who take Vegetine. They all speak well of it. I know it is a good medicine for the complaints for which it is recommended.
Dec. 27, 1877.
Vegetine is a great panacea for our aged fathers and mothers; for it gives them strength; quiets their nervors, and gives them Nature's sweet sleep.

VEGETINE
Doctor's Report.
H. R. STEVENS, ESQ:—
Dear Sir.—We have been selling your valuable Vegetine for three years, and we find that it gives perfect satisfaction. We believe it to be the best blood purifier now sold.
Very respectfully,
DR. J. E. BROWN & CO.,
Druggists, Uniontown, Ky.

Vegetine has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

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Prepared by
H. R. Stevens. Boston, Mass.
VEGETINE IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
12-4t.

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made on all shipments except perishable articles. To show that we do an extensive business, any game dealer in Philadelphia will tell you we handled more game last season than all other Houses in Philadelphia put together.
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—AND—
GAME.
Send for Price List, Stencil, &c., &c. Reference Cash, or we refer you to Any Responsible House in our City.
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Grave Stones
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Price list and drawings sent free on application.
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48.—tf Yard between Angier's and Smith's.