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count which my father had declined to pay, as he firmly believed it to be a gross overcharge; but facts went against him, and he was ordered to pay. My father vowed that he would do no such thing. He called the judgment "iniquitous and one-sided," and ultimately expressed his d termination to emulate dear old Mr. Pickwick and go to prison if necessary, rather than to submit to such an injustice.

"But, father," I ask in an awe-struck tone, "what will they do if you don't pay? Shall we all have to go to ed!"

"No, my dear," replies my father calming down -"not exactly. The Court will issue what is called an 'ex ecution,' and try to put a man in possession; but I think I shall prove more than a match for a County Court bai liff." Father smiles while saving this. as if the latter person were a very contemptible and insignificant thing.

"Execution!" "Man in possession! What do they mean? I am afraid to Office opposite Blacknall' Drug Store. Will remain in Durhan until 8th, of May. I will be at ask my father, he looks so cross, so I go on quietly with my work, waiting until the frown shall have left his

"Mary." at last exclaimed my father, "I have to go to Bardmoor to-morrow, and I was thinking that it might be a wise thing to consult young Barton; he has just come from a large office in London to help his uncle. I don't is against me. The hourid little dog know much about him, but old Barton has always been considered a good lawyer, and perhaps the nephew may be following in his uncle's steps. A any rate, I will make the attempt, and Equal to any in the City. see if he can't save me from this atrocious swindle. I wrote yesterday, asking him to call here, if passing, as I wanted to see him about those leas- pleasant cheesful voice exclaim; "there es; but I suppose he has been too busy, or perhaps my letter has not

My father does not volunteer any more information, so I wish him "good night," and retire to rest, to dream of executions at Newgate, and that the murderers expiating their crimes are

the "men in possession." The next morning on coming down 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.

The breakfast I find that my father has started by the early train for Bard-moor, and has left positive orders that during his absence the gate is to be left locked and no one admitted

"But tell me why, Jane?" I ask our old cook, who has been with us longer than I can remember, and to whom the orders have been given.

"To keep out the bailiffs, miss, re-Catalonge of New, Rare and plies Jane. "Not that it will be any brown eyes looking at me with an good, for they are as sharp as needles, amused twinkle. and nothing can keep 'em out if they've a mind to get in."

"What is an 'execution,' or a 'man know what to say to him." in possession "I ask. "Did you ever

the road, where he lav as if he was too outside.

chair. 'Thankee, I will,' grinned touches the the chair. I'm the man in pos- gate. on, says he, and pulls the warrant out of his pocket 'so fork out, my

And so Ja lonsness of mon in possession antil I them as something more than more After the breakfast-things have been removed I performed my usual household dutiesfor I have been papa's housekeeper since de ir mamma died-and then, taking a book with me, I go to the veranda to have a quiet read before luncheon. The reading has not advanced very far when I am startled by an agonised yelping and barking, just out

side the gate. "I am sure that's Tiny's bark." say to myself. "She must have crept under the gate and is now fighting with some other dog. Naughty, quarrelso be little thing! She will be kill-

Starting from my seat, I seized the key of the gate and a large gardenbroom which happens to be standing near, and heedless of "executions" and "men in possession," I opened the gate my poor little Tiny in the grip of a most disreputable-looking cur. My ef forts to part them are at first fruitless: but at last, after one or two vigorous punches with the broom, I succeeded. Tiny is rescued, but at my expense, for the angry cur directs his wrath against me. Terribly atraid I turned to run, but my opponent is too quick. He seizes hold of my dress and shakes it as if it were a rat. A gentleman rushes forward, and with one or two smart raps of his stick, drives the dog away. I snatch up Tiny and make a start for the garden before the attack is renewed. Fate, however has torn my dress, and, of course I must put my foot through the hole and awkwardly stumble. A strong arm, outstretched in time, just saves me from measuring my length in the

"Don't be frightened." I hear a is no danger. The little dog has beat-

"Bow-wow-wow!" yelps the little monster in contradiction, as executing back of the neck-which unexpected fellow should be a horrible bailiff." attack so alarms the animal that it sufbe ignominiously expelled from the garden and the gate closed upon it.

"Oh, thank you!" I hurriedly exclaimed. "I hope you are not hurt?" For the first time I look at my preserver, and meet a pair of merry

"Stupid fellow!" I say to myself. "I wish he would not stare so, I don't

To add to my discomfort, I feel my

cheeks getting crimson-I have such iss, and that was quite a tiresome habit of blushing-and miliff is the man in pos- truant lock of hair will keep blowing session, and when he or his men get about my forehead. I wish that he into a house they sell all the furniture was a little awkward or bashful. I al and everything they can lay their ways have plenty of self-possession PURE BRED FOWLS AND EGGS. hands on and that is what they call when talking to a shy person; their more than any bailiff can stand. diffidence gives me courage. I push "But, Jane," I argue, "if we keep the hair from my forehead with an ed spot at one end of the grounds and ly an imitation one; and then I confusthe doors locked, how can they get impatient hand, and, raising my eyes far from the road. It has been allow- edly mutter something about people to his as he is assuring me that he is ed to run wild on account of its pict- liking to see such things. "Lor, miss," answers Jane, "you quite unhurt, I catch a glimpse of a uresqueness. A broad, fussy stream A lot of hard 21/2 miles from Durham contain-ing 115 acres on which there is a new cottage they want to get into a house very partially worked its way out of his or seven feet, making a terrible noise, with an outside view; I deresay it is much they will disguise themselves pocket. All at once it flashed across and widening into a small lake on the full of earwigs and spiders, very unlike play-actors do. I remember when my mind -the "man in possession!" bank of which stands a mock ruin cov- pleasant creatures to have tumbling my uncle John had the bailiffs in. He He must be a bailiff, and I have let ered with ivy. It consists of a solita- about one- don't you think so?" had kept them out for night three weeks, him in, and papa will come back to ry tower with two or three narrow nov 13-t when one day an old cart broke down find his home devoid of furniture- slits for windows, and rejoices in the inst outside his door, and the driver everything seized. I have no doubt name of Keep. I remember with joy "Oh, ves! I am terribly afraid of them

much hurt to move. Uncle had a kind "I am very much obliged to you"-I I creep out softly through the con- ways prevented from gardening, unheart, so he ran into the road and try to say it winningly, but fear and helped the driver on his feet. "Oh! indignation drove all softness from my groans the man. "Come in and rest a voice—"I won't trouble you any longheart, so he ran into the road and try to say it winningly, but fear and servatory, locking the door after me, less William is here to get them for bit, says uncle, 'and let's see where er." I continue. "I am not at all afraid." myself and the flower garden, where I idly: "but I suppose I must wait until you are hurt; and with that he helps And I hasten to the gate to open hear my victim walking. In a breathless I can find William;" and I try the ef-I have ther agh bard berkshire pigs, important birm to limp into the bouse. Sit down it for his departure; but that wretch state of excitement I reach the Keep. fect of a little sigh.

I have ther agh bard berkshire pigs, important birm to limp into the bouse. Sit down it for his departure; but that wretch state of excitement I reach the Keep. fect of a little sigh.

I push the door open and enter. Ugh! Success! My fish nibbles! Now to not mind his chaff, but I think it is too

impudent bailiff actually smiles; I sup- the stool, but compassion is overcome. pose I must have looked very funny. "No." I say to myself "out you must no notice of my discomfiture.

ing some papers from his pocket, he through the key hole.

him. I have come some distance. It at me enquiringly; but I make no re- amused look. I am too much nonsponse, so he continues-"With your plused to reply.

certain that he must be a bailiff. card, which I firmly believed to be

and with a stiff inclination of my head, out a crowbar," he remarks. I hurry into the house in a great state and force his way in.

I fasten the door, and peep out of the side window. There he stands where I left him. He is actually light ing a cigar- What impudence! I feel a trifle softened as my nose informs me that the cigar is a good one. like the aroma of a good cigar about the place. It makes it so masculine I am obliged to admit to myself that if this one is a specimen of his class, bai. liffs must be very handsome men. How well his shooting-suit fits him! so neat in pattern and color-a quiet a cautious side-movement, he renews gray, the pattern so small as to be althe attack. There is nothing for it most invisible-not a gigantic check but to run; and run I do, not stopping like walking window panes. He takes till I reach the other side of the gar- off his 'deer stalker' to shade the fuse den gate, the little dog at full speed from the wind, and I notice that he after me. But my deliverer is equal has beautiful brown hair, very thick to the occasion. He makes a rapid and curly. "What a pity" I sigh to plunge, and seizes the dog by the myself, "that such a fine looking

fers itself, without a snap or bite, to that the stroll about the grounds is ing my look, he remarksonly pretence. No, he must be concealing some ruse by which to gain an entrance in the house. I resolve to prevent him. "Is not a woman a match in resource and wit for any man?" I commence cogitating over all kinds of plans until I give my self a headache. I am just about to confess that I am defeated, when the idea so long fought for comes. I see it all in a moment.

The game is my own, if I have nerve enough to take me through it, and I think I have. "I will lure aim to the Wilderness,' and lock him up until father comes home! He will most likely bring young Mr. Barton with him. and then we shall all be right." I heart thumps so that I wonder he does think that a real lawyer will prove not hear it.

The "Wilderness" is a wild, desertwas thrown off his seat and fell into that he has plenty assistants waiting that it has a stout oak door with a and papa will make me keep my gar

very strong lock. C. B. GREEN.
Durbam, N. C. Home, and uncle brings out his own waiting outside, and as soon as my hand What a nasty, damp, miserable place land him!

w-wow:wow!" it is-like a dungeon in some old case old rascal, plumping his ugly self it yelps, spring agely at the tle! There is nothing inside but a spade And without waiting for my per- on calling him. Out in the dark we go. and a ral e and an old garden tool these mission, the unfortunate bailiff braves, I linger behind, hoping that my father I jump back with a start, and the I carefully remove I hesitate over the earwigs and spiders and enters will arrive at the ruin before I do

> Seing my look of annovance, he takes go! If he is tired, he must sit on the will find them in the recess behind the under his arm and makes me kerp ground. You would be too handy as door!" "Pardon me," he says politely rais- a battering-ram,"-and I throw it out behave so much like a gentleman -"is lock. This nearly foils me-it is so not this Holmfield, Mr. Morton's place? stiff that I can hardly turn it I am at "Yes," I replied, with a much dig- a loss what to do, when I catch sight Poor Jane's with are nearly scarce nity as I can scrape together "this of a small bottle of oil and a feather away when I relate to her my ad but papa is out, and I do not know seize them. "Just the thing!" I cry. when he will be back, so I do not The bottle is very dirty and sticky. think it will be any good for but I am too excited to heed such petyou to wait. Perhaps you had better ty discomforts, so I pull out the feather and begin to oil the lock I make withstanding that it is early in the af-I wait, hoping that he will go. But myself in an awful mess, and it is such ternoon, close and fasten the shutters great effort I manage to turn the key

"Oh, you nasty, tiresome thing!" "I shall be very sorry to miss seeing ery passionately stamping the ground "Who-I or the lock?" And turnis about legal business. I think he ing round, I beheld my victim regardhas been expecting me;" and he looks ing me with a slightly astonished, vet

amuse myself very well strolling without waiting for my permission. I torture myself with all kinds of horand rush into the road, there to see round these nice gardens, if you the bottle and feather are taken from rible thoughts, but at last the hands will allow me to do so. But may me, and my voluntary assistant, heed- of the clock point to half past five! He hand you my card?" and he takes less of the dirty moss covered step, is must be here soon; so I go to my bed-I persistently refuse to see it, for I feel the lock as if he had been a locksmith. I see him coming, and then I rush to

reference to papa's expecting him and without speaking, while I stand by cautiously whisper to himthe legal business have removed my confusedly trying to think of some last doubt. Notwithstanding his po- means by which I can trap my game. liteness, I determined not to take the There is the prison, and there is the prisoner: but how is he to be put inwhat Jane described as the warrant. side it? "What a strong lock this is "As you please," I answered curtly, I should not care to be behind it with-

of terror lest he should hurry after me to cry for vexation. I wish that I was can get in. as strong as an elephant, so that I might push him in notens relens.

that he vainly tries to conceal

his impertinence. Afterwards, when when I assure him that the bailiff I see my self in the glass, my wonder looked "quite like a gentleman" is removed -- my dress, all tumbled and creased, is smudged all down the front with green moss and rust, while across my forehead is a great dirty streak of oil. I suppose I must have used my greasy hand as an impromptu hair brush, without thinking of the improvement I was adding to my beauty. My voluntary assistant stoops to clean his hands, and, as he is wiping them on his handkerchief, I notice a very handsome antique ring on father continues, as he reflectively sips But what am I to do? I feel sure the little finger of his right hand. See-

has been in our family for generations. It is very much admired by connois-

I decline to look at it, coldly observ ng that I am not an antiquary; and I smile to myself at the idea of a bailiff talking of "generations," as if he had had an ancestry. He turns away as if to the garden. "Now or never!" I say to myself; and with a rapidly beating heart I begin-

"Ahem! Would you not like to go inside our ruin?'-I try to speak in an insinuating tone, while my stupid

"Is it really a ruin?" he asks.

I am obliged to admit that it is on-

"Thank you all the same," he says,

', Yes," I slowly assent, auding quickly as I am seized with a likely idea, dening tools in there, so that I am al-

the trap.

ing his hat and I wonder to myself after the spade and rake. My next door, turn the key with a desperate in which my prisoner will be found. how it is that a bailiff can look and proceeding is to carefully examine the wrench, and, covering my ears with He rings the changes on suicide and my hands, I fly like a hunted deer to- melancholy madness. The ruin is at wards the house.

hunt in couples, and that there is sure to be another lurking about the place. So, to prevent a surprise, we carefully lock and boit all the doors, and notno, he hesitates; and then, slowly tak- slow work getting the oil into the lock to all the windows on the ground and give the door a feeble push. I

> o'clock-four o'clock-no father! If ground, and my cheeks are on fire, he does not catch the four o'clock express from Bardmoor, he will not reach home till seven.

Another hour before he can arrive I try to read, but cannot settle my permission I will wait for him. I can | "Can I assist you?" he inquires; and ideas. It is equally useless to work. on his knees busily working away at room window, andiwatch the road till He works on quietly for a little time the door, and opening it on the chain

> "Be careful, father, and when I open the door come in as quickly as you can; but look round first to see if any onelis watching, as the bailiffs are here and have been trying to get in.

I cautiously unbook the chain, and open the door so gingerly that father I answer nothing, but I am ready has to give it quite a push before he

"Oh, dad dad," I cry as I kiss him, "I am so glad you are come back! Iv'e "I think you will find it allright had such an awful fright. The bailiff now. It is a little stiff, but you will has been here, and would have got inbe able to turn it;" and, rising from to the house but that I was too clever his knees, the victim faces me with a for him." And I clap my hands, and grave face, which all at ouce breaks laugh gleefully, as I relate to my fainto an irrepessible smile of amusement ther the exciting events of the day; and he calls me ; his brave little girl,' I flush angrily at what I consider and "a heroine." but only laughs

> "Well, dear," my father begins, as we sit down to dinner, "I saw old Mr. Barton, and he has advised me to pay, and settle the matter at once-in fact be candidly told me that he thought I was wrong-so after dinner we will release your friend. . I dare say some thing warm for his inside and some golden ointment for the palm of his hand will soon put matters right Old Barton is ageing very much," my his wine. "He was very pleased to see

me. I had quite a long chat with him. "I am rather proud of this ring; it He says that his nephew, whom he inpocket somewhere."

And, after searching for some time, tightly, my father pulls out from a packet of papers a small-sized carte-de-visite when I locked you up?" I ask as we which he hands to me. I take it from carry our skates to the ruin. him and look at it. One glance i

"Oh, dad, dad, the bailiff!"

that is not Mr. Barton's likeness! You er I give an answer, but in a moment are only joking, I know you are!" and he has drawn me to him: I pillow my I look at him piteously.

do you mean? Whose likeness do you imagine it to be?"-

up in the ruin!" "Whew!" whistles my father. That's it, is it? Here's a pretty kettle of fish! You've locked up the young lawyer from London! Gentlemanly bailiff, indeed! Action for false im-

lady—quite a heroine!' fires off his jokes at my expense. I do stylish and prompt manner,
JOHN S. MESLEY,
CHA'S. H. LEWELLIN, bad that he should make me go with 18-46

"Can't I act as William's substitute?" bim to release mp prisoner, as be insists Alas, he has no such intention, for, "Thank you!" I cry excitedly, "You calling me to him, he places my had pace with him, while he indulges un Hastily following him, I pull to the dismal forebodings as to the condition last reached. The delicate aroma of a ar which salutes our u a-

Holmfield, Mr. Morton's place; standing on a little ledge. I joyfully ures She d c'ares that builifis always the prisoner's being totally destitute of comfort. My father pushes me towards the door.

"Open it, girl!" he says with me'odramatic stermess.

I am trembling all over, but with a feel the door pulled open. I dure How slowly the time passes! Three not look. My eyes are cast to the as in a scarcely audible voice I say :

"I am sorry, Mr. Barton. I did not mean to -- I took you for a -a -- " It is too much. I brenk down, and ignominously bursting into tears, ran to my father and bury my face on his.

"There, there, my girl!" cries my lather soothingly. He holds me to him and softly patting me with one han !. he turns to Mr Barton and says, "We must ask your forgiveness, Mr. Barton: and I am sure you will give it when I explain how my little girl has made a great mistake. In fact she took on for a County Court bailiff!"-and my father explains everything to him.

When he had finished, I raise my head and, looking shyly at Mr. Bart in.

"I am soary. I do not know how I could have made such a mistake. It was so foolish; but I was so frighten-

It would be useless to relate the many kind things Mr. Barton said. He made so many excuses for me; and was so kind and good-natured, that by the time he nad reached the house had recovered my selfposession sufficiently to be able to laugh at an amusing aneedote he related to us.

Fortunately dinner had not advanced very far when I discovered my mistake. We made a merry party that night. My father brought out some of his chevished port that only saw the light on great occasions; and he insisted on Mr. Barton staying all night, and the next morning in saying "Good bye" gave him a pressing invitation to come and see us very often I think I am justified in believing that, my prisoner had created a very favorable impression on that admentine structure—a father's heart.

Three months later. A sharp winter has set in, and the stream is still The lake is frozen over, and I am sitting on the bank while Mr. Burton is assistends to succeed him, is very clever ting me to remove my skates. I have He is a fine-looking fellow, I should been receiving my first lesson in skaseurs:" and he holds it out to me for say, judging fron his plotograph. His ting. It was so pleasant! I was not uncle gave me one. I've got it in my at all afraid My teacher's arm, was so strong, and he held my hands, so

"Do you remember the affernoon

"Remember!" he cries, looking me sufficient. I dash it from me, and full in the face. "I should think I dot burying my face in my hands, I cry It was the happiest day of my life." Stupid little goose that I am, I begin to tremble, and my foolish cheeks "Where, where, girl?" asks my fa- flash the tell-tale color. The skates ther, springing from his seat and up- fall to the ground as my hands are setting his wine as he looks eagerly quickly grasped and my prisoner about the room, as if expecting an am- makes me captive. I try to release buscade of county court myrmidons. myself, but my efforts cease as my cap-"Oh, what shall I do?" I exclaim tor, in almost breathless words, tells "Tell me, I implore you, father, that me he loves me. I do not know whethhead on his breast, his arms are around "Joking, girl!" he repeats. "What me, and I know that I am his and head is minel

"Hey-day!" exclaims a voice in his "The bailiff's-the man I've locked father appears on the scene. "What does this mean?"

"Only the man in possession!" retilies Mr. Barton, grasping my fathers out-

DISSOLUTION lady—quite a heroine!"

basement, under Wilkerson's Warehouse, and is the authorized party to close up the business.

My father's eyes twinkle merrily as he

Tailoring business, in the most fashionable

Durham, N. C. May 27 1878