THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. VII.----NO. 35. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBR 10, 1878. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

Professional Cards.

W. S. ROULHAC,
Attorney at Law
DURHAM, N. C.
Prompt Attention to all Business. 27-ly

S. H. WEBB,
Attorney at Law,
DURHAM, N. C.
Will practice in the Superior Co[illegible] nance, Orange and Person. [illegible] promptly attended to.

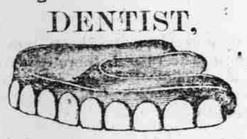
JONE, WATSON [illegible]
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
Will attend Durham every Wednesday, and can be seen at his office in Chapel Hill every other day. 8-tf.

A. W. GRAHAM,
Attorney at Law,
HILLSBORO, N. C.
Will be at Durham every Wednesday, where he can be seen at his office over Strvon'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. 50—tf

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



DURHAM, N. C.
All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office one door west of Smith's 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,
RALLEIGH, N. C.
Refers to the State Medical Society and to the Georgia Medical Society. Oct16-1y.

Miscellaneous.

NATIONAL HOTEL.
ACCOMMODATIONS
Equal to any in the City.
Board, $2 Per Day.
BILLIARD ROOM AND BAR
ATTACHED.
Delightfully situated next to Capitol Square.
C. D. OSBORNE, Proprietor.

BARBER SALOON.
—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—Between Smith's drug store & Marble Yard. 8-tf

JOHN SAUL'S
Catalouge of New, Rare and Beautiful Plants,
Will be ready in February, with a colored plate Many new and beautiful Plants are offered for the first time, with a rich collection of Greenhouse and Hothouse plants; Bedding plants; new and choice Roses; Dahlias. Well grown and at low prices. Free to all my customers, to others 10 cts.—a plain copy free.
JOHN SAUL,
11-tf Washington, D. C.

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—1

YOUR PORTRAIT!
IN CRAYON.
SIZES:
8x10, $4.00, 10x12, $5.00, 11x14, $8.00, 12x16 $10.00, 14x17, $13.00, 18x22, $20.00.
Copies from any kind of small pictures and all finely framed. Why send North when you can have *first-class* crayon work done at home? Send your photograph to
EUGENE L. HARRIS Artist.
21—6m. Chapel Hill, N. C.

HUGHES' ACADEMY.
CLASSICAL AND MATHAMATICAL SCHOOL.
CEDAR GROVE, ORANGE COUNTY, N. C.
The next session of this school will begin on Monday, July 8th. 1878.
TERMS:
Per session of twenty weeks;
Board - - - - $50.00
Tuition - - - - $25.00
For circular address
S. W. HUGHES,
12-tf CedarGrove, N. C.

THE ABIDING ONE.

Some hearts are like a quiet village street,
Few and well known the passers to and fro;
Some like a busy city's market-place,
And countless forms and faces come and go.

Into my life unnumbered steps have trod,
Though brief that life, and nearing now its close,
At first, the forms of phantesies and dreams,
And then the varied tread of friends and foes.

Coming and going—ah! there lay the pang,
That when my heart had blossomed and unlocked
Its wealth to greet the loved familiar step,
It was gone and only echoes mocked.

Listening car. But oh! there came one step,
So soft and slow, which said, "I pass not by,
But stay with thee forever, if thou wilt,
Amid this constant instability."

[illegible]
Love past my graves, love that died for me,
He took my hand and in its gentle strength
I learned the joy of leaning utterly.

Still do the countless footsteps come and go;
Still with a sigh the echoes die away:
But One abides, and fills the solitude
With music and with beauty, night and day.

—*Miss Batchelay, in The Christian.*

Her Lord and Master.

BY M. R. C.

One look at Ethel Sinclair's face, as she sat there in the comfortable cushioned arm chair, would have told you the happiness, the excitement she was experiencing; and one look at Rowland Hart's face, as he stood leaning against the end of the old fashioned wooden mantlepiece, looking at the girl with his heart in his eyes, would have told you the misery and unhappiness he was feeling.

She was a pretty girl, a very pretty girl, with a fresh, delicate bloom on her fair face, and a joyous, healthful sparkle in her blue eyes—eyes that Roland Hart had never seen so bright as to-night—to-night, the last evening he expected to spend with her in the old Barton farmhouse, from which Ethel was to go, on the morrow, out into the gayeties and dissipations of the world whose alluring paths her young feet were yearning to tread.

It hurt him to see how delighted she was at the prospect before her, and yet, despite his heart hurt, he tried to feel how purely natural it was that the girl should long to try her wings in the social atmosphere that would surely be so much more congenial to her, with her beauty, her grace, than the air of her quiet, comfortably dull home—the only home she had ever known, and yet not her own home, for the Bartons were only distant relatives of the Sinclairs, who had taken the little sobbing child from her dead mother's breast, long years ago, and taken her to be their own.

She had been a merry, happy child—a bright, winsome girl—the life and light of the old farmhouse, the idol of her foster parents' hearts; yet, with early maturity there had come to her such longings for another life than the one she had led, such yearnings that would not be dismissed, that when, all of a sudden, some of her father's people came to see her—rich, aristocratic, haughty, who had therefore totally ignored her existence, and who had heard in some miraculous way, of her beauty and attractiveness, and came to her and invited her for the season to their mansion in London—the girl was eager and prompt to accept the invitation, laughing at the idea that the Bartons urged against it, that the Sinclairs had not been her friends when she most needed them.

She carried her point, as she always carried it, in her sweet, persuasive way, and to-night, when Rolar d stood looking at her flushed, anticipative face, was the eve of her departure from home, from him.

He thought, to-night, as he looked back on the past, that he could not remember the time when he had not loved her. Ever since she had come to the farm, fifteen years ago, when she was a baby of two years, and he a lad of twelve, he had been her firm friend, counsellor, protector, admirer, and now lover. While she had cared no more for him year after year, until now it seemed to her there could be no man in all the world so good, so true, as Roland Hart.

Yet no word of love, formally declarative, had ever passed between them.

Roland Hart had been living in deliciously patient expectation of a time to come when he should tell his sweet, saucy girl how precious she was to him, and now, all of a sudden, he learns she was going to leave them all—leave him.

He had come over to the Bartons that night fully determined to tell Ethel his hopes and wishes. He had come, full of eagerness and faith, to find the girl so excited over her departure on the morrow, so little loth to leave him behind, that his confessions were frozen on his lips.

Yet it seemed to him he had never seen her so bewitchingly lovely—with the pink bloom on her cheeks, the smiles on her red lips, the blue sunshine of her eyes. Roland Hart knew that when she came back, if she ever did come back from the allurements of city social life, it would not be as she went—heart-free, care-free, frank, fearless.

"How I wish you were not going!" he said, standing there beside the mantleshelf, looking down on her prettiness. "For your own sake, because you will find out, to your sorrow and disappointment, the hollowness, and falsity, and cruelty of society. That for your sake, Ethel, darling," and his voice thrilled and quickened, "and for my sake—oh, Ethel! what shall I do without you? How can I spare you?"

All the saucy mischievousness suddenly died out of her sunny face before the passion in his eyes. She knew then how positively he loved her, and with the knowledge came an emotion she could not analyze, as being a commingling of delighted pride and satisfaction that he cared for her, and wondering vagueness of self-questioning as to whether she loved him, really, truly, as she thought women should love.

He had come nearer to her in that moment when her eyes dropped swiftly beneath his. He was standing close beside her chair, his hand on her shoulder, watching her expressive face until she lifted it frankly to his.

"I am so glad you will miss me, Roland! I was not sure you would. I am so glad."

"Tell me what to do without you, Ethel! Tell me you love me, to comfort me while you are away. Tell me you will come back to me just as you are to-night?"

The sweet seriousness of her face deepened.

"I dare not tell you so, Roland, because," and the girls face dropped into a low, thrilling tone that made his pulses leap—"because I might not be able to keep my promise, I might—"

He interrupted her, almost fiercely—

"Don't speak of it, then. Only answer me this: Ethel Sinclair, do you love me? Oh, my darling—my own darling—don't say you don't love me! No, no, don't tell me that!"

For he saw her answer, gentle and pitiful, though firm, mirrored on her face.

"I will not have you tell me that! I will wait any time—for all time—to have you come to me at last and say, 'Take me! I belong to you because I love you!'"

Then a little happy smile parted her beautiful red lips, as she felt the quiver of some new, subtele-responsive thrill all long her veins. She sent him one glance. It needed but that one to set his heart athrob.

"I do not think there is any doubt but that I will come back to you."

He stopped suddenly, and almost lifted her from the chair in an eager embrace, kissing her sensitive lips—the first loves kisses ever imprinted there.

"Yes, you will come back to me, my darling, and I will wait—impatient, but trusting."

Later, he went away, all the gloom gone from his face, all the eager lover's delight there instead—went away to begin his period of lonely waiting, while Ethel entered on her fairy dream of happiness, that was enchantment to her, with her exquisite esthetic tastes, her capacity of enjoying the elagancies and luxuries of life.

Amid the tropical warmth and brightness of the society in which the Sinclairs had plunged her, Ethel bloomed like some rare hothouse flower. She brought the precious charms of youth and freshness, and perfect health and, and girlish happiness with her and men raved over her, finding her such a rare tonic, exhilarant to them—such a contrast to the listless girls who envied her joyousness, her untiring interest.

Especially Bertram Barndon watched her, his world-worn heart warming into something nearer a summer glow at sight, and sound, and knowledge of her than ever he had tehught it possible. He had been too petted by women, too favored of the gods, too indulged by fate and fortune, for there to be any source of pleasure left untried by him; so that at forty, handsome still, immensely rich, exceedingdisgusted and surfeited with the world generally, he was nevertheless the catch *par excellence*, the bright, particular star in the heavens matrimonial, to which the eyes of aspirants were invariably directed by anxious guides, philosophers and friends.

At the very first Ethel had been dizzily rapturously happy in the brilliant new life to which she had come. Yet, with all the exquisite happiness, she never [illegible] had entertained [illegible] her soul's silent boast, that the time was coming whe she should go back to him as she had left him, "unspoiled, unspotted from the world."

At the first there was no man who saw but who suffered from her comparison of him with Roland Hart. Then—oh, that was a pitiful day for Ethel Sinclair—this charmer of women's hearts, this fascinating man of society, bowed down at her shrine, gratifying her vanity, pleasing her pride, appealing to her favor, until it seemed to her the night Roland Hart had kissed her and held her to his heart was an episode that had happened to her in another sphere of existence, until the night when Bertram Brandon led her down the aisles of the greenhouse, with the air warm and fragrant about them, the soft music of the fountains playing, the dim lights in the tinted globes shining mellowly on them, that night when he asked her to be his wife—the only woman, he told her, he ever had asked or wanted to ask.

It seemed to her that to refuse would have been the sheerest folly, sheerest madness, so perfectly indispensable had all the dainty luxuries of this butterfly existence come to be to her—the daintier the sweets which this man could give her, and which Roland Hart could not.

I am glad she was true enough to herself, even in [illegible] to give Mr. Brandon not an immediate answer—glad she dared not unhesitatingly take Roland Hart's happiness in one hand and her own in the other, and crush them both.

Because she did not love Bertram Brandon as she loved Roland. Roland was lord and master, and her soul recognized him as such, and she dared not, even in the face of such a magnificent temtation a sassailed her, be so foully false to her woman's heart. So she told Mr. Brandon she had no answer for him; and he, so utterly unused to having hesitation shown him by a woman, enjoyed the sensation it gave him, pressed his suit again and again and—won.

Yes, Ethel was vanquished. Roland Hart was deliberately cast aside—that is, to all intents and purposes; although, when Mr. Brandon put a magnificent ring on her fair finger, Ethel knew her captivity to heartlessly deserved remorse begun. Of course, everybody congratulated her. The *parti* she had made was too desirable not to command envious admiration, and for awhile—a week or so after the announcement of her engagement—Ethel revelled in the fullness of her chalice of triumph, realized to the very widest extent the splendor and glory of the position she had secured by the abandonment of all that was true and womanly in her nature.

But nature and Ethel Sinclair's heart were to have their revenge—a revenge that was quick to come—that came like a wave of desolation over the girl's heart, as the weariness of it all came home to her day by day—the utter weariness of everything, coupled with such heartsick yearnings for what she had delfberately cast away. In these two or three days that this especial feeling was upon her, the sight of Betram Brandon was a horror to her. All her woman's heart was crying out against him and the golden prize he held in his hands—all her soul was in arms for love's and Roland's Hart's sake.

Yet, despite this agony of heart Ethel never once wavered in her opinon or regretted her decision. Love, and Roland Hart must go, because the flesh pots of Egypt had become too dear to her soul to be exchanged for aught else; and love and Roland did go, and away down in the quiet country-side he heard the news that Ethel Sinclair was engaged to a rich gentleman—Ethel, his only one love, the one woman he had trusted—the woman who was to save him against her sisterhood for all time.

He went to her the day he heard of her defection, finding her in the midst of her magnificent luxury, with Betram Brandon's ring dazzling on a finger of the cold trembling hand she extended to him.

He utterly ignored the appealing look in her face as he came into her presence. He went straight up to her, his stern, anxious eyes on her eager, anguished face.

"Ethel, is it true you are engaged to be married?"

[illegible] question that commanded her reply.

"Roland, oh, Roland you must not look at me like that! I——"

He interrupted her in a quiet, intensely masterful way, she remembered so well in him.

"My answer, please! One word will settle everything between you and me. Is it yes, or no?"

She threw her hands out in a helplessly agonized way, and then he saw the gleam of Bertram Brandon's diamond.

A white pain went over his face. There was a quick darkening of his gray eyes, a compression of the firm lips—then he accepted his fate.

"Yes, I understand what you were both afraid and ashamed to admit. You have disgraced your womanhood by accepting a man you care nothing for. You know you love me—you know it Ethel Sinclair. I read it in every glance of your eyes, every turn of your head, every quiver of your hands. I know it, and instead of reproaching you for your faltless falsity to yourself, or begging you to be true to me, to your own heart, I tell you that I thank heaven I am saved from the woman whose principles are so weak, whose ambition is so strong."

He took up his gloves and turned to go. He had not so much as touched her hand, not so much as spoken one word of kindness, and her foolish heart was breaking for love of him.

She sprang after him, grasping his arm, her white, tearless face upraised to his, her voice a passion no man could have heard without believing its truth.

"Roland do you want to kill me! Oh, I do love you—I do, but——"

"But other things vastly better. I hope you will enjoy them to your heart's content."

So he went from her, showing no signs to her of the mad, despairing woe and hot pain of disappointed love that shook him from head to foot—went away, while Ethel stood where he left her, white as the dress she wore, cold as the diamond on her finger, to receive Mr. Bertram Brandon, a moment later, a calm content on his handsome face as he bowed before her.

"I really hope the surprise of today will have no seriously permanent effect on you, Miss Sinclair, since I feel obliged to add to the sensation just experienced by your interview with the gentleman who has just gone out, and which I had the awkwardness to overhear, by declining to become a husband without love."

* * * * * *

Her punishment was bitter—more bitter than at first she thought she could bear but she fought hard against her rebellious heart and won.

Two years passed by, and found her the mistress of a little school in the country. A bronzed, handsome man stood by her side.

The excitement of travel, of change of scene, the memory of her sin, had in vain worked to stamp her image from his heart. It was Roland.

Need we add that another month saw her his bride, and him her lord and master for life, all that miserable time being buried in oblivion.

A Dutchman, in describing a pair of horses he had lost, said: Dey was ferry much alike, specially the off one. Von lookt so much like poth I could not tell together from which, when I went after one I always catch the oder, and I whipped the one most dead because the other kick me.

'Nother storm coming unless we are — * † y, x, p, d, y — ‖. 0. ; : , ! ! ! x x x— Confound the flies! How can a man write and keep both ears and a well-developed bald head comfortable at the same time!—*Rochester Democrat.*

Stirring Address.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

To the Democrats and Conservatives of the Fourth Congressional District:

Your executive Committee congratulate you upon the harmony that prevailed in your deliberations at your late Convention, and upon the fortunate nomination there made. Your manner has been entrusted to safe hands, to one who twice before has led you on to victory, and who will again lead you to victory, if you will only be true to yourselves, to your party, and to your country. Let there be no wavering in your lines, no straggling, no desertions, but with serried ranks and solid columns move on to an assured triumph. Preserve intact your organization. Do not be led astray by, or be made the dupes of, any man whose selfish ambition seeks only his advancement regardless of the intrests of his party or country. Organization is essential to success in any undertaking, especially with a political party. It is of the highest importance just now that you should hold fast to your party organization, and give to your nominee your united support. For the first time in nearly twenty years the Democrats will have a majority in the United States Senate in the next Congress, so that all must see the necessity of retaining our majority in the House of Representatives. No measure of reform or of relief can be adopted without the concurrence of both the House and Senate, for at the last session of Congress, such measures having passed the Democratic House were defeated by the Republican Senate. With a hostile Senate the Democratic House have reduced the appropriations of the general government in the last three years the immense sum of more than eighty-eight millions of dollars—an amount greater than than ten dollars to every voter in the United States! Notwithstanding the opposition of a Republican Senate and President, the Democrats in the House have reduced the expenditures of the Government, and as far as possible relieved the burdens of the people, but opposed and hampered as they have thus been, they have not been able to afford to all the relief desired. However, with the next Congress Democratic in both branches, we may hope at least to obtain that relief and reform so long demanded by an oppressed people. We may then hope to see our country once again prosperous as "in the olden time," and a revival in all kinds of business. And will you now endanger all these longdesired blessings, now within our reach, and lose our majority in the House, by deserting your party and running after strange gods? And yet this majority may depend upon your votes. Will you not thus rally as one man to our nominee, and do your duty in retaining the Democratic majority in Congress? The next House of Representatives may be called upon to elect a President of the United States, for by art, xii, sec. 1, of the Constitution that body has the power to elect in the event that no one has a majority of the electoral votes. So that we cannot overestimate the importance of having a majority in the House of Representatives.

We invite your careful consideration of the platform and resolutions adopted by the Convention and endorsed by its nominee. Is there anything therein to which you object? On the contrary, does not every good and true man heartily approve every principle therein declared? Is there anything therein to which any member of the "National" or "Greenback" party cannot assent? We quote the fourth resolution;

"We demand the retirement of the circulation of the National Banks; the substitution thereof of greenbacks, whose volume should be regulated by the requirements of trade and business, and the repeal of the tax on State Banks. leaving their organization to the will of the people of the different States and explicitly demand the repeal of the Resumption Act."

Can any "Greenbacker" ask for more? Why, then, desert your time honored organization, which has been the glory of the past, is the protection of the present and the hope of the future, and join a new and untried party, composed of the disappointed and disaffected of all parties, with no record in the past and no guarantee for the future? Can you hope to accomplish more, or derive greater benefits from this fleedgling, this mushroom of a party, of a doubtful origin and uncertain aims, than from your own great party, which numbers in its ranks a majority of the Governors of the several States, a majority of the next Senate, and which two years ago elected the President of the United States by a popular majority of more than one-fourth of a million. No, no, fellow Democrats, you cannot. Be not deceived. It is but a snare of the enemy to lead you astray. Defeated by you in open fight, they now seek to sow dissension in your ranks, and thus snatch from your grasp the fruits of your glorious victories. We therefore urge you to stand firm, hold fast to your faith, resist the insidious wiles of the enemy in whatsoever form they approach you, and give to your gallant standard bearer, Joseph J. Davis, your undivided support. He has made you a most efficient Representative in the past. He has served you most faithfully. He not only endorses the resolutions of your Convention, but as your representative he has endeavored to carry out the principles embodied in them. He voted for the remonetization of silver, for the repeal of the Resumption Act, for the repeal of the tax on State Banks, against the contraction of the currency, for a reduction of the tax on tobacco, and for every measure that might afford relief to our oppressed people. His experience has fitted him to serve you more efficiently in the next Congress, and the advancement of your interests demands his re-election.

We call upon the County Executive Committees to perfect their organization, but upon the various township committees do the most important duties devolve, and we especially urge them to discharge their duties to the utmost of their ability. And let every voter consider himself a committee of one, and do his duty.

In conclusion we congratulate the Democrats of the country upon the encouraging signs of the times everywhere, which betoken an increased majority in the next House of Representatives, and we can not believe that the Democrats of this, the Metropolitan District, will desert their brethren, and fail in doing their duty; but that, mindful of their fame and of the great interest involved, they will so acquit themselves in the coming contest, as to be entitled to claim a share in the great victory of November next, and their voices swell the joyous acclaim that shall go up from the hearts of a true and loyal people.

H. A. LONDON, JR.,
Chairman.

Information Wanted.

Will some benign being explain to me:

Why a dog alwuss turns around three times before he lies down?

Why a hoss alwusss gits up from the ground on her hind feet fust?

Why, when a man gits lost in the woods or on the plains, he alwusse walks in a circle?

Why a guse stands fust on one leg and then on tuther?

Why rabbits have short tails and kats have long ones?

Why most of birds build their nests out of different materials?

Why a hen alwuss knows her little ones from another's and why she will hatch out a dozen duck eggs and think they are her own chickens?

Why a bear alwuss klimbs down a tree backwards?

Why a turkey's egg is speckled and a duck's egg blue?

Why an oyster and a clam are the only things that I know ov with animal life that don't have to move out of their places to get a living?

Why a mule's bones are all solid, and their ears are twice as long as a hoss's

Why lightnen never was known to strike a beach tree?

Why males among the feathered race do all the singing?

Why nature will allow one cross between sun animals and then allow no more?

Where all the flies go to when cold weather sets in, and where they all kum from so sudden next summer?

Why a muskrat's tail has no fur on it and a mink's haz?

Why a quail's egg is round, and a hen's egg is pointed?

There is lots of highly eddikated folks who wont believe the book of Genesis bekaus they can't prove it, who kan't answer correctly one of the above questions.—*Gadsden (Ala) Times.*