THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. IX.----NO. 20. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1880. $1.50 PER ANNUM.

Professional Cards.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
DURHAM, N. C.
Office over store of A. G. Cox & Co.

W. S. ROULHAC,
Attorney at Law
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Attorney at Law,
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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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MORING & MORING
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HILLSBORO, N. C.
Practice in the counties of Orange, Alamance, Guilford, Rockingham, Caswell, Person, Granville and Chatham, and in the State Supreme Court and in the Federal Courts.

A. W. GRAHAM, Hillsboro, N. C. JOHN N. WEBB, Durham, N. C.
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Attorneys at Law,
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Practice in the courts of Orange, Person, Alamance, Chatham, Granville and Wake. Collection of claims a specialty. 25 12 mo.

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DURHAM, N. C.
PRACTICE IN THE STATE AND FEDERAL COURTS.
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(Graduate of the University of Maryland,)
—OFFERS HIS—
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Offers his professional services to the citizens of Durham and country around.
Special attention to diseases of women.
Calls left at City Drug Store or his residence will receive prompt attention. jan3—3m.

ISAAC N. LINK,
Practical
LAND SURVEYOR,
14—3m DURHAM, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

STREET'S NATIONAL HOTEL,
RALEIGH, N. C.
S. R. STREET & SON, Owners and Proprietors.

GASTON HOUSE.
NEW-BERNE, N. C.
S. R. SREET & SON, Proprietors.
The undersigned having purchased the National Hotel property at Raleigh, opened March 15th, 1879, that well known House to the public under their management. They refer to their past management of the Gaston House as a guarantee that the traveling public will find the National, in their hands, up to the standard of a first-class Hotel. The senior Mr. Samuel R. Street, will remain in charge of the Gaston House. The junior, Mr. Wm. J. Street, wil conduct the National Hotel.
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BUT THEY GO ON FOREVER.
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Chickering & Sons largely advanced their prices Feb. 1. Our old contracts expire April 1, and we will fill all orders received before that date at old rates. Our prices now are positively the lowest in America. Order now and save from $45 to $500 on the purchase. Present rates guaranteed only to April 1.
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SOMEBODY'S GRANDPA.

BY MARGUERITE.

The snows of eighty years had shed,
Their whitest flakes on his aged head—
Homeless and friendless, he was weary of life,
Of its sorrows and burdens, and endless strife.
Little cared he for rain or snow
He had no friend, he knew no foe.
Brightest of sunbeam, beauteous her face,
Lightness of motion, girlish her grace—
Like a cloud over the sun, when brilliant in light,
Sorrow crept into her face, just so bright.
Tears bedimmed her bonnie blue eyes,
Toward him she springs, and sweetly cries:
"You are somebody's grandpa, now I know,
Why don't you go home, out of the snow?
I have a grandpa, and he sits in his chair,
And my grandpa, too, has pretty white hair
My grandpa takes me on his knee,
And I hug and kiss him, like this you see."
As toward the child, the old man bent,
She seemed to him, an angel sent
Around his neck, her arms she threw,
And sweetly smiled the eyes of blue
Kiss after kiss, on his lips were pressed
As tenderly he clasped her to his breast—
The tears roll down his sunken cheeks,
In broken and husky voice, he speaks—
"'Tis long years since a kiss I've known,
Why did you kiss me, little one?"
"You are somebody's grandpa, that I know,
For you are poor, and out in the snow
And some little girl would be happy to-day,
If she knew I had kissed you, old and gray—
You looked so lonely, and sick and sad—
Oh! tell me, have I been very bad?
That you cry so hard, and turn away,
Don't you know me? I'm little May?
I kiss all grandpas, because you see,
They don't all have little girls like me—
I love and kiss them every day,
Here's one more kiss from little May."
The sunbeam is gone, but its brightness is shed
On the care-worn face, and snow-white head—
There is joy in his heart, though tears in his eyes,
That he brushes away, as he eagerly cries!
"Methought men had ceased to love each other
Nor still regard each as his brother;
That kindness from the earth had fled,
And left only bitterness in its stead.
But, to-day I have learned that kindness is given,
As the sweetest gift to man from heaven—
Unsullied, unselfish, and sweet at its birth,
But sullied becomes from its contact with earth—
In childhood, the flower of kindness is fair,
In manhood, 'tis marred by the whirlwinds of care.
How tenderly then, should we shield this flower
In prosperity's sunshine, or adversity's shower.
Oh! scatter the seeds of kindness to-day—
A bountiful harvest will surely repay."

STORY OF A DOOR-BELL.

BY ETHELIND RAY.

Her name was Dolly, and she was the prettiest, sauciest, sweetest, the most bewitching, charming, tantalizing little thing in the whole village; some even went so far as to say her equal could not be found in all the world, but it was only her admirers, and she had a great many who were so partial, and as I am not one of them, I will not be so extravagant in my praise.

Dolly had black eyes. Not the great, round, staring sort of black eyes which always give you an unpleasant sensation when turned upon you, as though they were trying to discover what you were thinking about; what you had thought about all your life, and what you intended to think about during the remainder of your days upon this mundane sphere; nor the small, sharp, knowing sort of black eyes which take in everything at a glance, and actually seem to know and answer what you are going to say before you say it; but just the widest, clearest, calmest, the most provoking, mischievous, innocent eyes in all the—there; I had actually cheated myself into the brief, blissful delusion that I was one of her admirers, and was going to use the forbidden expression "in all the world;" but now the delusion has vanished like a beautiful dream, and I will substitute my former expression, "in the whole village."

And, then, her mouth! Was there ever such a mouth? and will there ever be another? It was precisely like a rose-bud! Not like a great, half-blown cabbage rose-bud, but like one of these little, sweet, fragrant, scarlet rose-buds, and somehow it always gave me the impression that a kiss, with its assistance, would be the most blissful thing in all the—village.

Of course Dolly was not all perfection. She had her faults, and some of them were naughty ones. For instance, she had a way of laughing (giggling, as Josh Billings says) when any one sneezed or fell asleep in church; and then all the girls who had big brothers, or one of those most convenient of institutions—a lover—accused her of flirting.

Honest little Dolly often plead guilty to the former accusation, but the latter, and more serious (to the girls) charge, she stoutly denied.

"You are just a flock of silly little geese," she would declare vehemently to her accusers. "I don't flirt at all. I only—that is, I—well, of course I can't help looking at gentlemen, whether they are engaged or not, and if they will persist in paying me compliments, and saying all sorts of nice things, I can't help that either. They have a right to talk, you know, and if they will fall in love with me, why, I can't help that; and that's all there is about it."

But, nevertheless, despite her innocent denials and pretty excuses, Dolly did flirt terribly, and was well aware of that fact, herself. It was as natural for her to flirt as it was for a bird to sing, and so she really could not be blamed, could she?

At the time my story commences, she was actually engaged to three different young men—a doctor, a lawyer and a preacher—and it required the utmost caution, and an alarming display of Dolly's powers of fascination to prevent them from discovering the deception.

One bright June morning she awoke with a sense of weariness, and, as she looked the world square in the face, she thought what a disagreeable and tiresome world it was, and wondered why it could not have been a little pleasanter. Just then her little sister—she always was a nuisance—came rushing in, crying joyfully:

"O, Dolly, do hurry and come down! Cousin Jack has come, and is just dying to see you. If you don't durry, I'm not sure but he'll come right up here!" and the young tormentor disappeared, slamming the door behind her.

Dolly arose and made her toilet with alacrity; fastening a bunch of sweet violets in her hair and on her bosom, for she remembered, with a little thrill of pleasure, that Jack loved violets.

Jack Christian was Dolly's third cousin, and had just returned from a tour in Europe, so Dolly had not seen him for more than a year. "O, Jack, how handsome you are!" she cried as she gave him both hands in greeting. "And how tall you are, and how nice in every way."

"Thank you," said Jack, bowing low with mock humility. "Who would not cross the ocean for such a compliment? But say, Dolly," he added suddenly, "you are the only one in the family that hasn't offered to kiss me—can't you take a hint?"

And then, all in a flash, as Dolly drew back, blushing and confused, it occurred to Jack that his pretty cousin must be about eighteen, and quite a woman, and consequently "that sort of thing was (Jack used slang) slightly out of place."

As for Dolly, she was so happy and delighted over Jack's return that she forgot all about her three troublesome suitors; and when the bell rang, went out to the breakfast room, leaning on her cousin's arm, as gay and merry as a bird in May. But when the mail was brought in and Dolly glanced at the two letters that fell to her lot a sudden frown darkened her brow. She opened one in silence—Cousin Jack watching her all the while—and as she read, an expression in which anger and amusement struggled for the mastery, escaped her lips. It was from her medical admirer, and read as follows:

MY SWEET DOLLY:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I embrace the present opportunity ("I wish he would embrace anything else in the world," muttered Dolly under her breath) to tell you that I shall visit your charming village on Saturday next, and perhaps remain all summer. Ah! sweet Dolly, I think I see your face flushing with pleasure ("nary flush," again muttered Dolly, rebelliously) as you read these lines. I am in haste, so farewell, sweet one, until to-morrow. Yours devotedly,

MAX LAMB.

"Heavens," said Dolly with despairing emphasis. "That's just awful!"

"Dorothy," said mamma Trevor, reprovingly, "how often have I told you not to use slang?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Dolly disconsolately. "I can't help it sometimes."

Then she opened her other letter, and her expression of chagrin changed to one of horror:

MY DEAR DOLLY:—Prepare yourself for good news. Unexpected business requires my presence in your vicinity, and I shall be with you to-morrow. Till then, good-bye

Hastily, but truly, FRANK.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dolly, changing her emphasis, "this is more than awful!"

"Dorothy," said her mother, sternly, "you are getting worse every day. I shall—"

But Dolly waited to hear no more; she shut one eye slyly at Jack, and, without any apologies, they arose simultaneously and left the room together.

"Now, Dolly," said Jack, drawing her hand through his arm as they went down the garden walk, "tell me what these tears mean, and how I can help you."

"You can't help me at all," said Dolly, furtively wiping her eyes; and then, after a good deal of coaxing, she told her story.

Jack was horrified.

"What!" said he, drawing down his eye-brows, "engaged to two at the same time?"

"O, that isn't all," returned Dolly, coolly, "there is another one, and he is worse than all the others because he is a preacher, and, oh, so horribly religious. He says he prays for me every night, the wretch."

"I think you need prayers," said Jack, heartlessly.

"Please don't tease me, Jack," said Dolly, piteously. "I never was in such trouble in all my life. I don't see why God allowed things to turn out in this way."

"Dolly," said Jack, solemnly, "don't be irreverent."

"O, by the way," cried Dolly, going into sudden convulsions of laughter, "you just ought to see my preacher when I say 'heavens' or something like that, before him. He always looks like he had the consumption for a week after such a remark. But Jack," growing serious again, "do tell me how to get out of this scrape."

"Scrape," said Jack, sententiously, "is slang."

"I don't care what it is," said Dolly, pouting. "Oh, Jack, just imagine what papa would say if he knew about these fellows—"

"More slang," interrupted Jack, "but look here; I have just thought of a good way to get rid of them, Dolly, and I'll tell you if you'll promise to give me what remuneration I shall require for my services when it is all over. Will you?"

"I never make promises," said Dolly, provokingly.

"All right," said Jack, coolly taking out his cigar case, "I believe I'll go down town."

"O, Jack, don't—please don't go!" cried Dolly, turning pale. "Stay and tell me what to do and I'll give you anything that—that you wish."

"All right," said Jack, in the tone of a man who is dreaming of Paradise to come. And then he led Dolly over to an arbor all covered with roses, to unfold his plans; and as we are real good folks, without the least degree of curiosity, we will not evesdrop.

Saturday morning dawned clear and cloudless, bearing the promise of a sultry day; but in spite of the warmth and sunshine, Dolly shivered violently every time she glanced out of the window, and when, at last, the door-bell rang out sharp and loud, she bounced clear off her chair in a most undignified and ungraceful fashion. But, before her mother could scold, or Jack could laugh, a servant entered with Dr. Lamb's card.

Slowly but steadily Dolly went down to the drawing-room. Dr. Lamb turned hastily from the window, and would have taken her in his arms, but she gently pushed him away.

"Dr. Lamb," she said, soberly, I have something dreadful to tell you. Papa has failed and I will have to go out as governess. Of course I will release you from our engagement. Here is your ring."

It was all over before she knew it, and Dr. Lamb had murmured a few unintelligible words and had then taken his ring, also his departure.

Dolly, shaking with laughter watched him down the walk, and lo! at the gate he met her young lawyer—Mr. Eaton—and they stood there talking quite a while; and when, at last, they both walked off together Dolly laughed more immoderately than ever. Just then her cousin entered.

"O, Jack," she cried, laughing till the tears rolled down her cheeks, "the doctor told the lawyer, and they have both taken 'French leave;' I've nobody now but the poor little parson—oh, it's too funny!"

But when, in the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Judy called, and Dolly repeated her sorrowful little story, she found, to her surprise, that one of the three had loved her for herself alone.

"My dear little girl," said Mr. Judy, tenderly, "did you think I cared for your money? It is you I love, and you shall be my wife instead of going out as a governess."

And then he kissed her; and Jack, passing the window, looked in and, oh, how he frowned.

"I tell you, Jack," said Dolly, when they were out walking late that evening, "I don't know what to do. That money story won't go down with the preacher, and—oh, Jack, do you see that door-bell—that's the one we used to ring when we were little fellows—I mean little—oh, you know what I mean. Let's ring it now, and then run; will you?"

"All right," said Jack, cheerfully. "I'll sit on the fence and see you ring the bell."

"All right, Jack;" and Dolly crept slily through the gate and up the avenue to Deacon Brown's grand mansion. She reached the door, seized the knocker and turned it violently, and was just turning to fly, when the door opened and Deacon Brown and Mr. Judy appeared at the threshold.

"A thief!" shouted the Deacon, as Dolly fled in the darkness. "Catch her, Judy!"

And away went Mr. Judy after Dolly; his clerical coat-tails streaming behind him. And he did catch her; and dragged her up to Deacon Brown; but when the light fell on her face he uttered a cry of horror.

"Dolly," he gasped, "what does this mean? Why are you here? It is ten o'clock!"

"Yes, I know," said Dolly, recovering her impudence. "I was taking a walk, and thought I would run in and ring the bell just for fun. What are you doing?—preachers should not be out so late at night!"

"Miss Dolly," said Mr. Judy, sternly, "this is too much! If you do not apologize to the Deacon and me, I shall consider our engagement at an end."

"Well," said Dolly, calmly, "I never apologize." And she rushed out of the gate and almost into Jack's arms.

"Well," she said, as they stood at her father's gate a few moments later, "I am rid of them all."

"And now," said Jack, smiling, "I must have my pay."

"What is it?" demanded Dolly, trying to free herself from Jack's encircling arms

"A kiss," whispered Jack, "and a promise that you will never break."

And then—but just there the slowly rising moon passed behind a cloud, and I can't say positively what happened just then down at the little gate.

But when the moon appeared again Dolly was blushing furiously; and a voice, wonderfully like that of Dolly's little sister, called from an upstairs window:

"O, my, how sweet!"

"Done Decently and in Order."

Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One Monday morning the deacon and his wife were alone, and as was his usual custom after breakfast a prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short. He seized his hat and milk-pail and started for the barn. His wife being very deaf did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and snouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened. —*Cleveland Herald.*

Secretary Evarts' request to the committee on appropriations to provide $50,000 for the entertainment of the King of Siam called out this statesmanlike remark from one of its members: "It is just as I expected. Grant has been entertained over there, and has invited everybody to return his visit, expecting the government to pay the expenses, and this is the first of the raft.

Queen Victoria has neither good health nor spirits, and suffers much from violent headaches.

Bill Arp---His Trials and Tribulations.

The days are getting long, but somehow there isent time enough to do what has to be done. I map out so much work for the day, and when night comes I haven't done it. I've got behind and can't catch up. That's bad. Ben Franklin said a man ought to drive his work and not let his work drive him. The wet weather has got us farmers all in a stew. There hasent been but two days in two weeks that we could plow. My corn is not all planted; my garden is in the grass; potato slips are waiting for the patch; the clover is nearly ready for the scythe. If it was only the big things that were pressing I could soon catch up, but there's so many little ones to mix in it takes about half the time to tend to em. I received orders the other day from headquarters to have all the palings white-washed. Then again the flowers have all to be taken out of the pit and benches fixed up for em, and so I had to go to the saw mill for a few planks. The grape arbor had to be latticed and the vines tied up, so I had to go to the creek for canes. It was gently suggested that a large watermelon patch was a great needeessity and it took a whole day to prepare the ground and dig the holes and haul the fertile, as Cobe calls it. Mr. Theodore Smith, related to Mrs. Arp, as how he pulled twenty-two melons from one vine, and the smallest one weighed eighteen pounds; and so I've planted 105 hills, which will make 200 vines and 2,620 melons weighing about 120,000 pounds. That's the hopeful way I figured it all up for her, but I've seen women who had more faith in her husband's works than she has. She was working a button-hole, and remarked that if I raised fifty, she would be agreeably disappointed. In laying out work, these sort of jobs are never counted. Then again there's many an hour lost in waiting on the children, the little chaps. They are always hanging round for something. Everything I do they want to do. They have got little gardens and everything I plant they must plant. I have to tie up their big toes most every day and get splinters out of their fingers and pick em up when they fall down and be sorry a great deal and comfort em. They've got to wading in the spring branch and the maternal ancester thinks a snake has bit em every time they holler. When they get out of sight she imagines some baby thief has come along and stole em like they did Charley Ross, and so I have to drop everything and hunt em up. But they are a world of pleasure, and it does look like the more I do for em the more I love em. They tag around after me most all the time and drive away the blues with their hope and trust and childish philosophy—their innocent unconcern about the future, about politics and pestilence and miracles and suicides. I reckon that a good little child is about the best of all created things, and don't wonder that the Scriptures tell us we must be like em before we can get to heaven. I'm a right good family barber, and was shingling one of their little heads to-day, when somebody came running in and hollered, "the bees are swarming, the bees are swarming, come quick, ring a bell, they are going off." I had been looking out for this every day for a week. Last fall I bought five stands and came home and told my wife I had bought fifty thousand head of live stock, which would have made a sensation, but she didn't believe me, as usual, and went on with her sewing. Well, I had the hive all ready, but the trouble was about getting them down from the tree, for they were about thirty feet up and hanging down from a swinging limb. I used to be a regular squirrel to climb trees, but somehow I've lost the lick and so my twelve-year-old boy undertook the perilous job. He tied a net over his head and went up like a cat, then tied the rope to the limb and threw the other end higher up over another limb and dropped it down to us, and then we sent him up the saw and he cut off the limb and it came down easy and slow on the table and we sprinkled em with sweetened water and brushed them off to the mouth of the hive and just had no trouble at all hardly in getting them housed. Well, I did get popped on the upper rim of my left ear, and in a few minutes it looked like the end of a cow's tongue and hurt like the mischief, but I made no sign, I am always brave about a thing like that. When I was a boy I was the foremost man to attack a yaller jacket's nest with the other boys, and we used to fight until the last armed foe expired and then retire from the field as friendly as conquering heroes after a bloody battle. Bees are a curious institution, a regular science. The common people don't know much about em yet and won't believe it when you tell em. Some of em admit that there is a king bee, but won't have it that he is a she and lays all the eggs. Some folks say the bee system of government is the Creator's type of what human governments ought to be, that is a hereditary kingdom. I reckon that idea would suit General Grant and Fred very well, but if we take it in part we must take it altogether, and that would put Mrs. Grant in office surrounded by a few hundred lazy drones and leave the General and I reddy entirely out of business. You see, dame nature wouldn't trust a male with that much power, but would trust a female, provided she had all the children herself, for a woman never goes back on her offspring. General Grant may get in on a third term and run the concern into monarchy, but I can't see how a working bee can go for him, considering that when we tried him before he and his drones got all the honey. I'm tired of working for them sort of people, ain't you? Yours, BILL ARP.

Starvation is still rife in the west of Ireland.

Something About Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana.

In the Philadelphia *Times* of April 23, we find a very interesting sketch of ex-Governor Hendricks—whose name is prominently mentioned in connection with the nomination for the Presidency—at Cincinnati on 22d of June:

HABITS AND APPEARANCE.

When Mr. Hendricks was Governor of Indiana he lived in good, though not extravagant style, and during the sessions of the Legislature gave frequent public receptions. Since his retirement from office he has given up housekeeping, and, with his wife, boards at the Bates House, in Indianapolis. His rooms are pleasant and at all proper times are open to his friends. He is easy of access, no one ever being denied admission to his parlors who has any claim to his courtesy, and no one visits him or his wife without being made to feel at home. Mr. Hendricks is five feet nine inches high and weighs 185 pounds. His body is compact and strong. His head is large and is moderately covered with sandy hair, freely intermingled with gray. His eyes are gray, his nose large and prominent, and his mouth and chin are shapely and very expressive. His complexion is fair and inclined to freckle. He wears no beard, except a small quantity near the ear. The contour of his face and form denotes strength and solidity, and no judge of physiognomy will ever mistake him for an ordinary man. He may be said to be in the youth of old age, for, whereas his step is as firm and his voice as resonant as that of a man of thirty, he is past the meridian of life. Good habits and a strong constitution are his, and these combined so mix youth and old age that it is impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins.

Such is Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, one of the foremost men in the country.

REMINISCENCE AND ANECDOTE.

The following letter, written by a gentleman who has known Governor Hendricks from childhood and who now lives at the Governor's old home, will be read with interest:

SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 28, 1879.

Thomas A. Hendricks was brought to Shelby county by his parents in the spring of 1822, being then a child two years old. When he reached the proper age he went to school in the winter and in the summer worked on his father's farm. He first attended school in a little school house which stood on the lot where the seminary now is, his teacher being a Mrs. Kent. When his father built on the hill east of town, Thomas drove the oxen which hauled the material. Jerry Weakley says that Thomas was in the habit of walking to and from school. After he left Hanover College he went to a law school in Pennsylvania and when he was through with his studies came home and commenced to practice law. I think he was too young when his father quit the tanning business to have done much work in the tan-yard.

Another gentleman, who knew Governor Hendricks in early life, tells the following anecdote of his first case in court:

"Major Powell and Major Hendricks were neighbors and leading men of their day. Nathan, a son of the former, and Thomas, a son of the latter, grew up together, finished their education about the same time and opened their law offices within a few days of each other. Soon after hanging out their shingles a petty case was to be tried before Esquire Lee, and the young attorneys volunteered to appear in it—one on either side. When the trial came off the 'Squire's office was filled with the friends of the young barristers, anxious to hear their maiden speeches. A lot of apples were procured and held ready to be given to him who won the case. Hendricks won it and received the apples, which he generously divided among his friends."

News Items.

Over three hundred men are employed in the machine-shops of the South Carolina Railroad Company at Charleston. They are able to turn out every kind of work needed on the road, including the building of locomotives and passenger coaches.

Emperor Alexander's son and heir is not much esteemed in Europe. Although well-behaved and religiously disposed he is thought narrow-minded, a sort of Louis XVI.

Mr. Gladstone is not a friend to rigid Sunday laws. He says "the Judaical Sabbatarianism of Scotland is founded neither in the Word of God nor in the general consent of Christendom."

Queen Victoria will not let the Prince and Princes of Wales occupy Windsor Castle during the Ascot races unless a list of their proposed guests is submitted to her, with power to veto.

Ole Bull, now living at Cambridge, Mass., has imported four Norwegian ponies, the only ones in this country, one of which, a handsome stallion, is valued at $2,000, and the others at $1,000 each.

Census Takers.

A circular letter from the Census Department at Washington, furnishes the rates of compensation which will be paid to enumerators at the approaching census, viz: 2½ cents per name, 12½ cents per farm, 15 cents for each establishment returned on the general schedule of manufacture, and 25 cents for each on the special schedule of manufacture. These rates are all subject to the provision of law, that no enumerator shall receive in excess of $4 00, the maximum per diem authorized.

The Bayards.

Ex Senator James A. Bayard, father of the present Senator Thomas F. Bayard, was erroneously reported to have died on Friday night last in the eighty-first year of his age at Wilmington, Del., which was his birthplace. He was of the fourth generation of the Bayards who have flourished in this country with honor for more than two centuries, and who are descended from the family of the Chevalier Bayard. The direct ancestor of the American Bayards was a French Huguenot minister and professor of languages, named Balthazar Bayard, who is said to have escaped from La Rochelle to Holland in a hogshead from the religious persecutions of Richelieu, and who gathered about him in that country a congregation of his fellow-countrymen in exile and served as their pastor until his death. Balthazar Bayard's widow with her three sons accompanied Stuyvesant to America, arriving at New York May 11, 1647. Their descendants were men of note before and during the Revolution. One of them, James Ashton Bayard, began the Senatorial line of his family. He was chosen to Congress in 1796 and served until 1803 as an acknowledged leader of the old Federal party. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1806, and served there until 1813. His son, Richard H. Bayard, was chosen Senator in 1836 and again in 1841, and sent as Minister to Belgium in 1850, and died in Philadelphia in 1868. The third Senator in the line was Richard's brother, James Ashton Bayard, reported dead. He represented Delaware in the Senate from 1851 to 1864, when he resigned, although he had just been elected to serve for a third term. Nevertheless, in 1867, he was appointed by the Governor of Delaware to fill the unexpired term of Senator Riddle, and retiring finally in 1869 was succeeded by his son, Thomas Francis Bayard, in whom the courtesy and integrity of his distinguished father and the political genius of his grandfather are united with the disinterested gallantry and high courage characteristic of all the race.

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Dear Sir—During the year I visited a hundred cases of lung disease. In the lower wards of the city the cases were of a very severe type. It was there my attention was called to Tutt's Expectorant, and I confess my surprise at its wonderful power. During a practice of twenty years, I have never known a medicine to act so promptly, and with such happy effects. It instantly subdued the most violent fits of coughing, and organically cured the disease in a few days. I cheerfully endorse it as the best lung medicine I ever used.
J. FRANCIS HAYWOOD, M. D.
A NEWSPAPER PUB. WRITES.
Office, Evening News, Augusta, Ga.
Dr. TUTT Dear Sir—My little son, was attacked with pneumonia last winter, which left him with a violent cough, that lasted till within a month since, for the cure of which I am indebted to your valuable Expectorant. I had tried most every thing recommended, but none did any good until I used your Expectorant, one bottle of which removed the cough entirely. With many thanks, I am yours truly,
JOHN M. WRIGHT.
Had terrible NIGHT SWEATS.
Memphis, Feb., 11, 1878.
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With great respect, OLIVER RICE.
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Reader, have you caught a cold? Are you unable to raise the phlegm? Have you an irritation in the throat? A sense of oppression on the lungs, with short breath? Do you have a fit of coughing on lying down? A sharp pain now and then in the region of the heart, shoulders and back? If so, our Advice is take at once a dose of Tutt's Expectorant; you will soon be able to raise the phlegm. In an hour repeat the Expectorant, place a hot iron to the feet, take two of Tutt's Pills. You will soon fall into a pleasant sleep and wake up in the morning, cough gone, lungs working freely; easy breathing, and the bowels moving in a natural manner. To prevent a return of these symptoms use the Expectorant several days.
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