

THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLAN

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. IX.---NO. 24.

DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1880.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

Professional Cards.

ROBERT E. CARL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Durham, N. C.
Office over store of A. G. Cox & Co.

W. S. ROULHAQ,
Attorney at Law,
Durham, N. C.
Room of Attention to all Business. 27 1/2

S. H. WEBB,
Attorney at Law,
OAKS, N. C.
Will practice in the Superior Courts of Alamance, Orange and Person. All business promptly attended to. 11 1/2

P. M. BRIGGS,
Attorney at Law,
Durham, N. C.
Special attention given to the Collection of Claims in any part of the State. 17-12th

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 1/2

N. LUNSFORD,
Attorney at Law,
Durham, N. C.
Doctors, N. C. 31 1/2

J. J. MORING & MORING,
Attorneys at Law,
Durham, N. C.
All business entrusted to them will receive prompt attention. 50 1/2

JAMES A. DAVIS,
Attorney at Law,
PLAT RIVER, ORANGE COUNTY, N. C.
Will practice in the courts of Orange, Person, Caswell and Granville. Collection of claims a specialty. 25 1/2

A. W. GRAHAM, JOHN N. WEBB,
Attorneys at Law,
Durham, N. C.
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THE PRESS AND THE PLOW.

We envy not the princely man,
In city or in town,
Who handles silver and pumpkin vines
T'gainst the hill of doom.
We care not for his marble halls,
Nor yet his hoards of gold.
We would not own his solid heart
For all his wealth twice told.

For all his wealth twice told,
We are the favored ones of earth,
We breathe the pure air each morn,
We sow, we reap the golden grain,
We gather in the corn.
We toil we live on what we earn,
And more than twice we do.

We hear of stinging millions round,
And gladly feel them too,
The lawyer lives on princely fees,
He drags a weary life,
He never knows a peaceful hour,
A mark-hunt thrives his yardstick ever,
Browses haggard at his stool,
He's not the man God meant him for;
Why don't he till the soil?

The doctor plods through storm and rain
To dot his patient's will;
When dead and gone, he plods again,
To dot the page his noble soul;
The planter, bless his noble soul!
He grasps the mighty earth,
And stamps it on our daily sheets
To cheer the laborer's heart.

We sing the honor of the plow,
And honor to the press,
Too noble instruments of toil,
Each with a noble purpose,
The bolt, the nerve of the fast axe,
The wealth of human kind,
One tills the over-fertile earth,
The other tills the mind.

LIFE FOR LIFE.

You have sent for me, Madame.
The time and place are strangely
close, but I have obeyed your summons,
and await your further commands.

A bright harvest moon shown full
upon Oscar Redcliffe's face, as, with
his handsome head erect, his straight
young figure draws to its full height,
he fastened his keen dark eyes upon
the shrinking figure at his side.

At that moment eleven strokes from
the village clock sounded on the still
air, while in the distance through the
trees glimmered the light from Mac-
dame's balcony.

"Oscar," she said, in low, trembling
tones, "is it this you answer me?
Have you no word of pity for me?
Or, lacking pity, not one of sympathy
with my misfortune? Do you not
appreciate all that I do and dare in
meeting you here to-night—my hus-
band's jealous anger, the discovery of
the truth—the world's uncompro-
mising scorn? Why have I sent for you
to tell you that I have you think less
of me than I am?"

"Explanations are not necessary to
me, Madame. Are you aware that I
have broken an engagement with my
bride, to obey your summons this evening?"

"Betrothed"—even in the moonlight
the man saw the sudden pallor which
marked cheek and lip as the woman
at his side gasped out the word.

"Betrothed," she repeated, after a
moment's pause, "and one? Have
you then indeed so forgotten? Oh,
you shame! Oh, humiliation! And I
sent for you to ask you to forgive, when
already you had learned to forget."

"Nay, Madame; calm yourself!
Partially to this I acceded so readily
to your commands. Surely as the
Baroness de Riviere—do I properly
emphasize the title?—the fact of my
forgiveness can weigh for little."

"Oscar, hush! Do not bury me
under the weight of your scorn. I
did marry an old man for his gold,
but it was at my father's bidding, and
to save him from dishonor. The
man's face softened as he
hoped my husband had given me the
name. But I could not resist the
temptation when I heard you had re-
turned, after a year's absence, to
home, to see you, look once more into
your face, and hear from your own
lips the precious assurance of your
forgiveness, but I cannot—I cannot!"

The man's face softened as he
looked at her. "Do you own me, your
betrothed, nothing?"

"My own," he said, clasping her
close in his embrace, "do not make
my task impossible. Give me the
assurance of your trust, your faith,
then leave me to my conscience."

One moment she looked into the
dark eyes, whose passionate tenderness
dwelt upon her, then answered bravely:
"As you will, then. My faith, my
trust, are yours forever!"

"Can it be," she thought, as, with
eyes which burned yet shed no tears,
she watched him from her couch,
"that the woman who once loved me
knows of this secret that keeps him
shut? Yet I have said that I must
trust him. Ay, so I will, but I must
trust to her, and ask her, if in her power,
to unlock his silence."

It was a young, a lovely face which
looked at her with such imploring eyes
into that of the older, more beautiful one of
the Baroness, summoned from her hus-
band's bedside.

"Oscar Redcliffe is accused of murder,
you tell me, and this rumor has
not reached me here? You say you
know his fate in my hands? You are
right, and you are right, but, oh, how
am I without bringing worse than
death upon myself, by his acquittal?"

"At such a price would he desire it?"
"Madame," the young girl an-
swered, "you surely loved him once,
when you were his betrothed, though
I have heard the story of how cruelly
you have treated him, let the memory of
the past love plead with you now, and
add to it my agony."

"Child, leave me! Let me think,
plaid, do something to unravel this
horrible web!"

The day of the trial dawned clear
and bright. The sun mocked with
its warm rays the crowded court room.

One witness after another was ex-
amined, until the name of the Baron-
ess de Riviere started all present.

"I am a witness by my own desire,"
she began in low, clear tones, since
alone can save this man from death.
He came into the park that night, to
white hand by my request. Once we
had been lovers. I loved him still.
I knew that I had wronged him, and
my heart yearned for one forgiving
word. It was wrong, I know. Have
I not met my punishment? We met,
he told me he was betrothed to an-
other—that he had long since learned
to forgive in forgiveness. I should
have rejoiced at this, but I did not. I
could not. Wretched, I left him to
return to my duty, never to see him
more, when suddenly my husband ap-
peared before me. He had followed
me from the house, and had heard all
of my conversation with the girl. He
"think you I want the entire vessel,
the lovely face, the exquisite form,
when your heart has ever been an-
other's? I will give back the free-
dom you so crave; but remember,
you, whom I loved so well, are my
murderers."

"With these words—oh, spare me—
he drew a pistol, placed it to his
head, and fired. I screamed and
fled. Oscar, hearing the shot, sprang
to his side; but he is innocent, and I
am guilty. My husband is dead!"

Whiter and whiter had grown the
ghostly lips which told the tale, and
at the words, the beautiful head
dropped low.

The excitement had proved more
than the slight frame could bear.
The heart fluttered and was forever
still. Madame had gone for judg-
ment to a higher and more merciful
Judge.

But in the long years of happiness,
Marjorie and Oscar have since known
their hands never fail in bringing
flowers to the grave of her who sin-
ner for her love's sake, and who redeemed
her sin by giving up her life for his.

A Boy, a Woman, and a Cow.

It is now over a hundred years
since an American philosopher, pro-
fessing to be a philosopher, cultivated
man afraid of a cow? and yet no one
has ever succeeded in giving a satis-
factory answer. There is once in a
while a woman who doesn't seem to
have the slightest fear, even when
passing a cow with one horn
twisted out of shape, and following
her, she says, "Why is a cow? What
she kicks the dog, cuffs the children,
jaws her husband and knows how to
sharpen a butcher-knife for her use.
The real woman has a mortal
terror of cows, and the cow seems
to have an antipathy for her."

"I was as he had foreseen. In the
garbled room the fatal ques-
tion Blaine's sweet, pink, and
glance in the distant corner where
she sat, seemed to say, "For my sake,
at whatever cost, tell the truth."
A week had passed since that hor-
rible night. The Baron still lingered
unconscious, and with little hope
of his recovery. Rumor was slow
to assign a motive for the deed.
Jealousy of the man who had won the
prize he had failed in securing, his
own noble name, his untarnished
youth, were swallowed up in the
frightful suspicion which engulged
him, and as he stood in the pres-
ence of his dock, faces which had ever
smiled upon him were now turned away.

"I can only plead my innocence,"
he said, when called upon—"I can only
swear no man among you is more
guiltless than I. But of how I
spent the last hour, the secret is my
own—mine for eternity! Gentlemen,
unless there be some other way to
establish my innocence, you must be-
lieve me guilty."

As he was remanded back to his
cell, after the preliminary examina-
tion, he was held for trial, he found
himself in the ante-room to the
face whose pleading he had seemed
so heartlessly to resist.

"Oscar," she implored, "do you
know that my life and happiness are
at stake with yours? Shall some
false statement of honor keep your
lips closed, nothing?"

"My own," he said, clasping her
close in his embrace, "do not make
my task impossible. Give me the
assurance of your trust, your faith,
then leave me to my conscience."

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the lovely face, the exquisite form,
when your heart has ever been an-
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dom you so crave; but remember,
you, whom I loved so well, are my
murderers."

What an image of peace and rest
The peace, and the pulpit quailed and fell,
Whisper and say, "Alas! we are dead."
Here may stand the rest it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this noble heritage,
And seems to enter with its little hands
The rugged gray stones, as a child that stands
Casting the wrinkles of his age,
You cross the threshold, and dim an small
In the space that serves for the shelter of
folk.

The narrow aisle, the bare white wall,
The pews, and the pulpit quailed and fell,
Whisper and say, "Alas! we are dead."
Here may stand the rest it craves.

Herbert's Chapel at Benetton.
The same questions as those that
the face and Pastor, bent in one,
And said with a splendor, as of the sun,
That body and body without.

That noble wall of stone without
That makes the building small and great,
Not so well light shining round about,
And the dead look, as if they were
And the love that stronger is than that.

Were a pilgrim in search of peace,
More than a Bishop's church,
When I prize this place of rest and release
From further longing and further search.

Here would I stay and let the world
With its distant thunder roar and roll;
Storms do not read the salt that is foiled,
Nor like a dead leaf, tossed and whirled,
In the eddy of wind, is the anchored soul.

The Republican Platform.

The platform adopted at Chicago
stands in the main, of dead issues
and of glittering generalities. It af-
fords but another illustration of the
old adage about judging by deeds,
not words, and that the tree is best
known by its fruits. The Baltimore
convention well says that there is
some similarity in the situation of
public affairs, unless the issues to be
dealt with, are of a similar character,
it is useless for any political party to
rely upon its past history as its sole
or even its chief claim to public con-
fidence in the future. It is not as
well founded as its claims upon the ser-
vices and fame of statesmen and
patriots who are dead and gone, and
bespeak for the living who are united
the same measure of trust. Parties,
which are but organizations of men,
change as only with the men who
compose them, and with the circum-
stances under which they are called to
act. Especially true is this of the
Republican party, which came into
power upon issues which it claims
to have definitely settled never
to be raised, and which ought
to be forgotten. It is not fair to
impute that Mr. Pierpont, who
is the platform which is presented to
the convention on Saturday, and
which the convention adopted, makes
it the chief boast of the Republican
party that it suppressed the rebellion
and abolished slavery.

"Unless it be shown that there is
an opposition party in the country
which is in favor of renewing the re-
bellion and re-establishing slavery, it
is difficult to see what these two facts
have to do with the issues to be de-
cided at the polls in November next.
In connection with this very boast
will not escape the attention of the
country, the fact that the platform
of the party which is presented to
upon having put down, never would
have heard its head but for the ac-
cession to power of this same Republican
party as a sectional party, pledged to
a policy which a large portion of its
countrymen denounce as in the first
instance a violation of its constitu-
tional duties."

"The boast about transforming the
Union from a republic founded upon
slavery into one in which slavery is
prohibited, and converting four mil-
lions of human beings from the con-
dition of slaves into citizens, may be legiti-
mate, but, at the same time, will be
found difficult to reconcile with the
solemn assurances of the Republican
party prior to 1860, and even after
that time, that if it was
no part of its purpose, or policy, to
disturb the institution of slavery as it
existed within the States. The war,
it was claimed, was a war solely for
the preservation of the Union, and as
such it received the ardent support of
thousands of Northern Democrats,
who, in the council, and in the
front steps of a strange house,
there to remain until her husband
could be summoned by telephone to
come and act as a body-guard."

"I'd just like to be a woman," mused
the boy as he sat down to punish his
mouth-guards no more. "I'd carry
a bowie-knife down the back of my
coat, and the first cow that tried to
look me would see that ere knife
playing mumbly-peg around her
vicious heart-strings."

Ex-Governor Holden was appren-
ticed to printing, in Milton, under Joe
Holdery. The house still stands
where he learned the art. He was
ambitious and industrious, and one of
his favorite expressions, as he worked
the press, and Ned Howard was the
roller boy, was "Roll up, Ed, roll up,
I just begin to smell my blood." The
venerable J. B. Cowardin, of the
Richmond Dispatch, was an apprentice
at the same time with Holden in
Lynchburg, and began the art there—
Baltimore Times.

There were 29 deaths at Raleigh in
May. For the first five months in
1880, 94.

OLD ST. DAVID'S AT RADNOR.

What an image of peace and rest
The peace, and the pulpit quailed and fell,
Whisper and say, "Alas! we are dead."
Here may stand the rest it craves.

See how the ivy climbs and expands
Over this noble heritage,
And seems to enter with its little hands
The rugged gray stones, as a child that stands
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roller boy, was "Roll up, Ed, roll up,
I just begin to smell my blood." The
venerable J. B. Cowardin, of the
Richmond Dispatch, was an apprentice
at the same time with Holden in
Lynchburg, and began the art there—
Baltimore Times.

There were 29 deaths at Raleigh in
May. For the first five months in
1880, 94.

treary, but it is scarcely likely to be
received with much enthusiasm on the
Pacific coast. Polygamy is denounced,
and upon the ground that slavery has
perished in the States, it is declared
that its twin barbarity must be ab-
olished in the Territories. The logical
conclusion is not apparent, and we
fail to see why bigamy in the States
should not be denounced equally with
polygamy in the Territories. The
bigamy between bigamy and polygamy
is at least more apparent than that
which is assumed between Mormonism
(a New York and Illinois emanation)
and African slavery. However,
as no great party has yet arisen in
favor of polygamy, this portion of the
platform is not important. The ar-
gument of the Democratic party,
with which the platform concludes, as
an advice-seeking and spoils party,
was seriously supplemented by the only
discussion in the convention to which
the platform gave rise. A Massa-
chusetts delegate, named as an individ-
ual a piece of solid, wholesome civil
service reform doctrine, which it ap-
pears had been twice rejected by the
committee which framed the platform.
A Texas delegate, Mr. Flannigan, ob-
jected with great candor that he and
all his fellow delegates, as far as he
knew, were seeking after office, and
didn't wish any difficulties interposed
in the shape of civil service reform.
Finally the amendment was adopted
with the essential feature left out,
in the omission of the clause declaring
that except in the case of offices
through which the distinctive policy
of the party in power had to be
worked out, the tenure of office should
be good behavior. This principle, of
course, is the very corner-stone of
civil service reform, and its omission
is simply an evasion of the amendment.
From all this it may be reasonably
inferred that so far as the thrust for
office and the pursuit of spoils are
concerned, there is not much room to
choose between one political party
and another, and no occasion for the
Republican pot to call the Demo-
cratic little black."

Food for the Bears.

The other day a lady, accompanied
by her son, a very small boy, boarded
a train at Little Rock. The woman
had a careworn expression, hanging
over her face like a tattered veil,
and many of the rapid questions asked
by the boy were answered by unconscious
sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like
a baby, ain't he, pointing to a bald-
headed man sitting just in front of
him?"

"Hush," said the woman.

"Why must I hush?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's he bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair
on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Sometimes, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence the boy ex-
claimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that
man's head!"

"If you don't hush I'll whip you
when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look
at 'em light; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man putting
aside a newspaper and looking around.
"What's the matter with that young
hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered
out something, and attempted to
smother the fly's hair.

"Snuff, two flies, three flies," said
the boy innocently, following with his
eyes a basket of oranges carried by
the newboy.

"Here, you young hedge-hog," said
the bald-headed man, "if you don't
hush I'll conduct you out of the train."

"The poor woman, not knowing
what else to do, boxed the boy's ears
and then gave him an orange to keep
him from crying."

"Ma, have I got red marks on my
head?"

"I'll slap you again if you don't
hush."

"Mister," said the boy, "does it
hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if
you'll keep quiet I'll give you a quar-
ter."

The boy promised and the money
was paid over.

The man took up his paper and re-
sumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money,"
said the boy. "When I get bald-
headed I'm going to give boys money.
Mister, have all bald-headed men got
money?"

The annoyed man threw down his
paper, arose and exclaimed: "Madam,
hereafter when you travel leave that
young gorilla at home. Hitherto I
always thought that the old prophet
was very cruel for calling the she
bears to kill children for making sport
of his head, but now I am forced to
believe that he did a Christian act.
If your boy had been in the crowd, he
would have died first. If I can't find
another seat on this train, I'll ride on
the cow-catcher rather than remain
in here."

"The bald-headed man is gone,"
said the boy, and the woman leaned
back and blew a tired sigh from her
lips.

Charlotte Press: There is but little
doubt that Mr. Murchison, of Wil-
mington, will be president of the Car-
olina Central Railway, and Col. John-
ston superintendent.

Asbury Courier: The sentiment