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DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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Durham, N. C., June 21 tf

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LARGE STOCK
and doing all we can to
SUIT OUR CUSTOMERS
IN QUALITY, STYLE AND PRICE.
If you wish to buy Furniture at prices never before heard of in Durham,
COME TO SEE US
BEFORE YOU BUY,
as we charge you nothing for showing our goods. A hint to the wise is sufficient. The well known
THOMAS F. CHEEK
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NOTICE.

The Board of County Commissioners will meet on the second Monday in August next for the purpose of letting the county taxes, which have accrued in 1881, to those who will do the most work on the roads, or to correct any mistakes.
By order of the Board.
W. T. PATTERSON,
July 19, 1881-td Clerk.

AT GRIGGSTOWN.

'Well, well, I wish you'd make haste and decide!' said Mr. Worthington, a trifle testy, to his deliberating wife and daughter.

They were loitering round the breakfast-table in the bright sunshine, discussing the relative merits of fashionable summer resorts—papa, portly pompous, gold-headed; mamma, tall, aristocratic, languid, with some wonderful lace effects of Valenciennes on her faced house dress; Cordelia, a recent edition of mamma, and the beauty of the family.

Mr Worthington, who had worked his way from a country farmhouse to a Madison Square mansion, though proud of his aristocratic wife and daughter, freely resented their annual outlays and was inclined to ill temper accordingly.

'I suggest Newport,' said Miss Worthington, whose emphasis on the pronoun seemed to send the suggestion.

'Or the Catskills,' sighed mamma, reflectively.

'No,' coolly vetoed Cordelia, 'we've done them to often. Now let me see.' And heedless of irate papa's impatience, she fell to meditating. 'What shall we do with Bert?' she questioned carelessly looking up as though Bert were a superfluous piece of furniture, scarcely worth the price of storage.

'Leave her at home with Miss Minx,' said her mother, promptly. 'A child like that should not neglect her studies for amusement.'

As papa stood on the hearth-rug, chanting his gold seals and inwardly fuming, there was the ripple of a light laugh without the oaken doors of the breakfast room; then a quick rush down stairs—the last three cleared with a leap—a rapid turn of the handle, and startling all, flushed, panting, laughing, a slim young figure burst into the room.

'Bertie!'

Mamma's voice was stern with dignified reproof.

'Beg pardon, all! I thought breakfast was over. Hector and I were having a run in the yard, you know. How he barked! Did you hear him, Cordelia? And when I went up stairs there was Hector behind me, and—'

'We are not interested in the exploits of your canine companion,' interrupted her elder sister's smooth tones. 'We were discussing something more important.'

'Oh!' Bertie said, apologetically, feeling slightly crushed, and still standing with her back against the door.

The keen sunshine showed the two faces—Cordelia's regular featured, pale, proud lipped, with light blue eyes, and masses of dim gold hair coiled smoothly behind her head; and Bertie's—wild, and exactly pretty, and infinitely more charming than that of the aristocratic beauty of the family. Her long, thick hair was blown into loose waves by the early morning wind; her eyes were sparkling; her cheeks as pink as wild poppies.

'It shall be Newport,' decided Cordelia, at last.

'Going to Newport?' cried Bertie, then repressible. 'Why don't you go to Griggstown?'

'Griggstown!' scornfully. 'Where is Griggstown?'

And she condescended to look at her younger sister as she said it.

'Why, don't you know—really? It's the place where Cousin Samantha lives. Way out in the country somewhere.'

'What a lucid explanation!' sneeringly. 'Way out in the country somewhere! Well, we do not propose spending the summer in a common farmhouse, with boors for associates—'

'Cordelia!'—the fresh, young voice rang out in indignant reproof—'you ought to be ashamed of yourself! If it is a common farmhouse, it was good enough for papa, and ought to amply be good though for us. Poor! I just wish some of your languid nonentities from the Æsthetic Club were half such thorough gentlemen—that's all!'

'Bravo, Bert! You're your father's daughter, every inch of you!' cried Caleb Worthington's voice, in ringing approval. 'It's the jolliest old place under the sun, if it is a common farmhouse, and I'll take you down there this June. See if I don't!' And, surprised into forgetting his pomposity, he caught his favorite in his arms and gave her a sounding kiss.

'Will you? Do you mean it?'

'Mean it? Best if I don't! But I say, Bert,' as the others uplifted left the room, 'what made you take up the cudgels for the Griggstown boys? Was it—quizzically pinching a warm, velvet cheek—'was it because of the lad I introduced to you down in my office last September? A deuced fine fellow, eh? Were you thinking of him, Miss Diplomacy?'

But, blushing furiously, Bert shook her head with suspiciously emphatic decision, and slipping from her father's arm, ran out of the room.

So, when city aristocrats were crowding to the green gloom of forest solitudes, or the crush and glitter of a fashionable watering-place, the names of Mrs. and Miss Worthington appeared upon the hotel register of the Ocean House, Newport.

And, the same day, Caleb Worthington took a long, glorious holiday, and carried Bertie off to his native town—a straggling, world forgotten little place among the hills.

And in the long, scented summer days that followed, the girl grew to love everything animate and inanimate round Poppy Farm.

One evening she loitered in the great sloping gardens before the verandahed, green shuttered house. Such gardens! Not the painfully regular Dutch diagrams we city folks boast—prim, concise, box-hedged—but whole sheets of color, fragrant, luxuriant, bloomful.

A gentleman passing; young, good-looking, gray clad, paused suddenly outside the low, rustic fence. A moment more, and he had vaulted over and was standing, bareheaded, at Bertie's side.

'Miss Worthington, may I hope I am not forgotten?'

'Mr. Carlyn!'

She held out a little, tanned hand, a hot glow kindling under the big straw gardening-hat.

'I have been absent from Griggstown some time,' he said, looking quizzically at the bright, changeful face under the shadowy hat; 'but Mrs Dent and I are very old friends. So, being terribly lonesome in my visits to Poppy Farm, I intend now to take advantage of the weather and atone for my neglect.'

Somehow, Bertie fell to thinking that night, as she sat in the shadow of the rosy chintz curtains, of Cordelia's last scornful words:

'I suppose you'll have some country admirers in that almost mythical Griggstown, but don't lose your heart, Bertie. They're all the same, these rustic beaux—awkward, blushing, stupid.'

And then she thought of Reuben Carlyn's easy, courteous manner, his quiet, gentlemanly grace.

'And if Mr. Carlyn is a common country farmer, Mr Moon,' said Bertie coolly, apostrophizing the placid, smiling face in the sky above her, 'I—well, I don't really dislike common country farmers, that's all!'

And, three days later, she wrote Cordelia a long, recressed letter, saying she was going to marry a Griggstown boy and live in Griggstown forever.

And Cordelia replied frigidly that they had always known she (Bertie) would disgrace the family.

'You don't mind being a farmer's wife, pet?' Reuben questioned, eagerly.

'Mind? Of course I mind, sir! But when there is no other way of satisfying a troublesome boy—By-the-way, when shall I see the farm?'

'Soon, my darling.'

Caleb Worthington chuckled and laughed as he read Cordelia's letter.

'Pack up, Bertie; we must be home as soon as mamma. Our pleasant holiday is over. Don't look so forlorn, little one—Carlyn's coming up, too.'

It was evening when the trio reached the city. The carriage rolled through the fashionable thoroughfares and stopped before a great stone mansion. Lights gleamed from within, lace curtains fluttered at the windows.

Reuben sprang out and held his hand to Bertie.

Bewildered, she passed, with him, her father following, up the steps and into the long, lighted parlor.

A little, silver haired old lady, in a dark, rustling silk, came briskly forward.

'Welcome, my dear! Don't you know me? I'm Reuben's mother.'

And then, as in a dream, Bertie saw her father shaking hands with the dignitative person in black, and Reuben kissing her heartily.

Then, as Caleb Worthington caught sight of Bertie's bewildered face, he burst into a burst of laughter.

'It is all right, Bert; but what a conspiracy it was, to be sure! Reuben's the son of my old friend, Jim Carlyn. He was badly smitten that day in my office, and got up the romantic notion of winning you for love. He's done it, my girl—he's done it!'

'And aren't you a farmer?'

Reuben laughed, and caught the little, wondering face in his white hands.

'I'm a Griggstown boy, was born and lived there, and own a nice place down there to-day; but this is my only farmhouse, little woman. Are you sorry?'

'And now you've had a glimpse of your domain, hurry up, Bert, for mamma's expecting us at home!' cried Mr. Worthington.

And Bertie laughed—a little, happy, hysterical laugh—and hid her face on her lover's breast.

'Oh, I'm so glad! You naughty papa. Then, womanlike: 'What will Cordelia say?'

But Bertie, so happy in her beautiful home and her husband's royal love, could not hear Cordelia's murmur of rebellious resignation:

'It is kismet! That child to win the catch of the season! It was Griggstown versus Newport! Dear me!'

Rules of Conduct.

Never exaggerate.
Never point at another.
Never betray a confidence.
Never wantonly frighten others.
Never neglect to visit your friends.
Never leave home with unkind words.
Never laugh at the misfortunes of another.
Never give a promise that you do not fulfill.
Never send a present hoping for one in return.
Never speak much of your own performances.
Never pick the teeth or clean the nails in company.
Never make yourself the hero of your story.
Never fail to give a polite answer to a civil question.
Never question a servant or child about family matters.
Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself.
Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.
Never associate with bad company—have good company or none.
Never call attention to the features or form of one present.
Never look over the shoulder of another who is writing.
Never refer to a gift you have made or a favor you have rendered.
Never appear to notice a scar, deformity, or defect of any one present.

'All things come to him who waits,' but a quarter judiciously bestowed on a waiter will hurry the things up a little.

A bald-headed man never dyes.

REMARKS BY MR. TUCKER.

You may notch it on de palin' as a mighty resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo's dat kivers up a man;
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often come across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss.
An' waking in de low grounds, you'd skiver as you go,
Dat the meest shuck may hide the meanest nubbin in a row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender chance for Heben
Dat holds on to his piety but one day out of seben;
Dat talks about de sinners with a heap o' solemn chat,
An' nebber draps a nickle in de missionary hat;
Dat's foremost in de meetin' house for raising allide chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion with his Sunday pantaloons.

I never judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de clothes whar dey come from an' de houses whar dey stay;
For de Bantam chickens awful fond o' roostin pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle ob de sea,
And you finds de smallest 'possum up de biggest kind o' tree.

Horrible Affair.

WINONA, Minn., July 18.—A horrible and blood curdling tragedy was enacted in Eagle Creek Valley, Wis., fourteen miles from Winona, on Sunday morning. Paul Helde, a Swiss emigrant, in a fit of insanity killed his wife and seven children, and then blew out his own brains. A gentleman who was one of the first to visit the scene tells the following story: 'On arriving at the farm-house the first thing that attracted our attention was the mutilated body of a little boy about 7 years old, who was lying on the path with his head split open and a bullet hole in his brains. Passing this, we entered the kitchen and beheld on the floor, surrounded by a pool of blood, the body of the father and husband shot through the neck and head. Near him lay a hatchet covered with blood, an old Swiss revolver, while on a chair were powder and caps. Pushing into the next room, a sickening sight met our gaze. Across the bed lay the mother with her throat cut and a hole in her breast made by the hatchet. By her side lay a headless babe, while on the other side was a little girl in the last stages of death. In the alley two more of the children were found, both mutilated and shot through the head. The barn was next visited, and in the hay-loft was found the two oldest children, boys of 17 and 18, their bodies hacked in many places, and both dying, being shot through the brain. When discovered, all were dead except one girl and the mother. The mother died in half an hour after she was discovered. The child is still alive this afternoon, although recovery is not expected.

The coroner's jury this afternoon returned a verdict that the wife and children came to their death by the hands of the husband and father, and that he committed suicide while laboring under a fit of insanity.

Paul Helde and family arrived from Switzerland three months ago. He purchased a farm, and seemed to be living happily. Lately he became despondent at the prospect of a failure of the crops, and worry over the thought that he paid too much for his land doubtless led him to commit the terrible deed.

Bald-Heads.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull-sure.

It has never been decided what causes bald-heads, but most people think it is dandruff.

A good novel for bald-heads to read—'The Lost Hair.'

What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We meet to part no more.

Motto for a bald-head—Bare and furbare.

However high a position a bald-headed man holds, he will never comb—down in the world.

Advice to bald-headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hat.

You never saw a bald-headed man with a low forehead.

Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

Some bald-men have heirs.

Mistakes.

It is a mistake that the more hours children are at their studies the faster they learn.

That the more a person eats the fatter they get.

That the less is eaten more money saved.

That the more exercise and more water taken the better the health.

That the time is gained by robbing sleep.

That the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

That the poorest room in the house is good enough to live in.

That children have no rights.

That alcoholic liquor is beneficial.

That wit justifies fraud.

That it is right not to pay for your newspaper.

No place, no company, no age, no person is from temptation free. Let no man boast that he is never tempted, let him not be half-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that instant wherein he boasted that he was never tempted at all.

No matter how truthful a man may be through life, he is bound to lie at the point of death.

A Cyclone's Awful Work.

MINNEANAPOLIS, July 17.—A cyclone, terrible in its effects, devastated New Ulm, Minnesota, on Friday, killing several and wounding many of its inhabitants. The city is situated on the right bank of the Minnesota river and on the Wyoma and St. Peter Railroad. It is the county seat of Brown county and has 3,500 inhabitants. It contained a large number of fine buildings, among them two mills, five public schools, two academies, several churches costing from $5,000 to $25,000, and the finest public hall in the northwest. The accounts of the disaster have been delayed because of the prostration of the telegraph wires. Dispatches received to-day say that the cyclone struck the town shortly before five o'clock on Friday afternoon, demolishing over one hundred buildings and killing or wounding upwards of thirty persons. Through other towns in the vicinity were visited by the storm to a greater or less degree of violence the full force of the cyclone vented itself at New Ulm. According to the evidence of eye-witnesses two tornadoes met right over the place and the work of destruction was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned and it seemed to be moving in separate volumes from the north and south.

THE COMING TORNADO.

At 4:30 o'clock black clouds gathered with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific and the wind blew a hurricane while the rain descended in blinding sheets. There was a moment's lull and then the cyclone struck the town, almost destroying it, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. Its effects are almost indescribable. Some houses were struck by lightning; others were lifted up bodily by the violence of the wind, and others were demolished by flying debris from other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were entirely destroyed. Very few escaped uninjured, but many had their roofs blown off or were so badly injured by the wind that they will have to be pulled down and rebuilt. The storm was most destructive in the north end of the city and whole blocks of frame buildings were swept away. Hardly a barn or a stable escaped, and it is estimated that over one hundred horses and cattle have been destroyed. The roof of the Merchant's Hotel was carried blocks through the air and hurled against Mr. Jacob Miller's house, which is completely demolished, but fortunately the Miller family escaped before the crash came. J. G. Randolph, Mayor of the city, estimates the total loss at $500,000, and the lowest estimate is $350,000. Aside from the loss of life the worst feature of the calamity is that none of the property destroyed is insured against accidents of this kind. Many have lost their all. The citizens, however, without exception, met the disaster bravely and even cheerfully, and are taking prompt and decisive steps to repair the damage, though all agree that next to the Indian massacre, it was the most disastrous blow New Ulm has ever received. The streets are filled with the debris of the shattered buildings, and on every side evidences of the wreck are visible. The large two story brick meat market of Mr. Epple was entirely demolished and D. Weschcke's two story brick drug store and residence was leveled to the ground. The Methodist and Lutheran churches, both substantial brick edifices, were swept away, and the steeples of three Roman Catholic churches were blown off and the buildings gutted. One side of the brick dry goods store of Redman & Schram was blown down and the stock is destroyed. The Dakota House, the leading hotel, was partially destroyed. The roof of the court house was lifted bodily into the air, and has not been seen since. The handsome residence of Wm. Rofender, ex-State Treasurer, which stands on a bluff somewhat in the rear of the city, was completely gutted, though all the inmates escaped unhurt. L. Bevenger's furniture store, M. Muller's hardware store, Posser's establishment and F. Baca's machine shop were all destroyed, besides a number of others. A sugar factory and two public school buildings are in ruins and the remaining school house partly demolished.

HAVOC OF THE LIGHTNING.

The lightning struck the depot three times, but made no impression on it. Every livery stable in town has been destroyed. The heaviest individual loss falls on J. Honenstein, who had just completed a brick brewery at a cost of $30,000. The building was entirely destroyed; no insurance. Lightning struck the boiler room of the Empire flouring mill and shattered the building, letting out 20,000 bushels of wheat, which is irreparably damaged. The Eagle flouring mill, which had just been completed, was also badly damaged by the tornado. Vanduzen & Co.'s elevator escaped, though it stood near the Empire mill. A number of buildings struck by lightning caught fire and the town would have been destroyed in this way but for the rain, which descended in torrents. The only lumber yard in the town, owned by Miller & Scherer, was struck simultaneously by lightning and tornado, and has not been seen since. Eye-witnesses state that the scene during and immediately after the storm was fearful to contemplate and beyond the descriptive powers of the most graphic pen. People who were out on the streets at the time were literally blown away and numbers were wounded by flying debris. Whole sections of tin roofing were sent sailing through the air by the fury of the storm and twisted and crumpled up like paper.

A young lady may look upon her lover as a beautiful suitor, while the father considers him a suitable booter.

A Sturdy Centenarian.

Having heard that the people rarely die in the Schooley's Mountain section of New Jersey, a New York *Herald* reporter took a run up there on Saturday. Within a distance of a quarter of a mile from the Heath House there are two colored people, John and Hannah Van Sickle, who give their ages as 106 and 102 years respectively. Mrs. Dixon is ninety-one years old; aunt Peggy and Mary Forrester eighty years, and Peter Vossler and his wife eighty-three and eighty years respectively. The reporter had an interview with the old colored man, who is as straight as an arrow and steps with no unsteady tread. Messrs. Holloway W Hunt and William W. Marsh aver that the old fellow is at least 100 years old. The old darkey, in reply to queries, said: 'I was born a free man, near Somerville, and have resided eighty years on Schooley's Mountain. I am 106 years old and my wife, Hannah, is 102. My daddy bought his freedom, and during the Revolutionary War carted salt from the sea for the British, who were encamped near Somerville. My two brothers are dead. Me and Hannah had ten children, and all are dead except one. I have three grandchildren living and one great grandchild. I work every day for Mr. Holloway, member of the Legislature, and can cradle 1,000 sheaves of wheat every day. I have had more experience in cradling than Hannah, for while she and I have cradled our ten children I have also been cradling in the fields since I was sixteen years old.' And the old man laughed heartily at his joke. 'Was I ever sick? Why, bless the Lord, not since I had an attack of cholera infantum fifty years ago, from eating green apples. Yes, I goes to church every Sunday, but Hannah don't. I tell you those persons who don't go to meeting will have a hard time when they die. Hannah thinks she is as good as the folks who goes to church, but she ain't. I would just as leave die as live, but if the Lord will let me live I will try to serve him the best I can. We have no rest here; every day brings new troubles; you will see to-morrow what you don't see to-day.'

'What do you think of my chances? Am I on the good side or on the bad?' asked a gentleman from the hotel.

'Well, massa, I don't want to hurt your feelings. I trust you will be saved; but if you want to be on the right road you must give liberally to the poor.'

A day or two ago, the old negro took part in a harvesting match against four sturdy farmers, named Wilson Best and his sons, Robert and Joseph, and Wm. Chandler. They took four acres of rye to cradle. Old John took the lead and maintained it throughout. Mr. Michael Shanley, of Newark, was the judge. The guests at the hotel had made up a purse, and when it was presented to the colored veteran he danced a breakdown.

Peculiarities of Great Men.

Aaron Burr always forgot to return a borrowed umbrella.

Charlemagne always pared his corns in the dark of the moon.

Byron never found a button off his shirt without raising a row about it.

Homer was extremely fond of boiled cabbage, which he invariably eat with a fork.

Napoleon could never think to shut a door after him, unless he was mad about something.

Pliny could never write with a lead pencil without first wetting it on the tip of his tongue.

Socrates was exceedingly fond of peanuts, quantities of which he always carried in his pocket.

The Duke of Wellington could never think to wipe his feet on the door-mat, unless his wife reminded him of it.

George Washington was so fond of cats that he would get up in the middle of the night to throw a boot-jack at them.

Shakespeare, when carrying a cod-fish home from the village grocery, would invariably try to conceal it underneath his coat.

When the wife of Gallileo gave him a letter to mail he always carried it round in his pocket three weeks before he ever thought of it again.

Christopher Columbus always paid for his local paper promptly, and being an attentive reader he always found out when new worlds were ripe.

Self-Control.

In some people passion and emotion are never checked, but are allowed to burst out in a blaze whenever they come. Others suppress them by main force, and preserve a callous exterior when there are raging fires within. Others are never excited over anything. Some govern themselves on some subjects, but not on others. Very much can be done by culture to give the will control over the feelings. One of the very best means of culture is the persistent withdrawing of the mind from the subject which produces the emotion, and concentrating it elsewhere. The man or woman who persistently permits the mind to dwell on disagreeable themes only spites him or herself. Children, of course, have less self-control, and parents and teachers must help them to turn their attention from that which excites them to something else; but adults, when they act like children ought to be ashamed of themselves. The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents great waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

The tired man who lies abed in the morning is not attired man.

A corn dodger—A man who avoids wearing tight boots.

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