THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

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SALE OF LAND.

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By virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Orange county, to me directed in the above entitled action, I will sell to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Hillsboro, at 1 o'clock p. m., on Monday, October 3, 1881, a tract of land in Durham county, on the waters of Little River, adjoining the lands of Dr. James F. Cain, Wm. S. Terry, Geo. W. Tilley and others, containing one hundred and forty acres, being the land on which the late James T. Terry lived and died.

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August 28, 1881-6w Commissioner.

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HIS BONNIE BRIDE.

In spite of the different attitudes which Reginald Somers assumed as he leaned against one of the rose-garland pillars of his princely residence, he was mentally by no means indifferent to the sight upon which his eyes rested.

He saw a tall, graceful figure in the prime of perfect womanhood talking with his mother, where they stood beside him upon the white piazza beneath the refreshing shade of matted rose vines, and in spite of himself his mind reverted to that wretched day, five years ago, when he had asked proud, beautiful Gertrude Howard to love him, and even then he should hear her laugh and tell him he was only a poor boy, and when she married she must marry a man worth his weight in gold.

And she added:

"But we will always be friends, won't we, Reginald?"

But he had gone away in helpless despair and had not answered her.

Now he was worth his weight in gold, more too; to-day they had met for the first time in five long years, and he had learned that she remained Miss Howard still.

He knew he could have her now for asking.

Would he ask her? Did he care for her still?

Even as the queries presented themselves, Gertrude Howard turned to him and her loving face flushed as his grave gray eyes rested upon her.

"Your dreams are realized, are they not, Reginald?" she said, with an enchanting smile.

"Yes, Miss Howard," was the reply, "mine has indeed been an awakening to a golden reality."

"Miss Howard!" she murmured; "have you forgotten that my name is Gertrude?"

"Certainly not, but—"

"But what? Are we to meet as strangers?"

"I hope not."

She lowered her voice and came closer to him.

"You are not offended that I drove over here without an invitation?"

"Had I known that you were in the neighborhood I should certainly have taken the liberty of calling on you," he said.

In spite of the courtesy of the remark Gertrude Howard bit her lip with annoyance; she had seen enough of the world to know that there was no admiration left in this man for her; but she was not discouraged, he had loved her once; she was sure that she should be able so as to play her cards that he would love her again—and if he did, he should never go away in despair as he did before.

At this moment all awkwardness was put to flight as the rider alighted lightly over the balustrade and paused at Somers's side.

"I say, Reg, he whispered, Lucy Lynn is—"

His words were cut short as he caught sight of Miss Howard, who at once extended him a cordial smile.

"Can this be Dick?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Reginald Somers, "this is my brother. I wonder that remember him. He was almost a baby when you saw him last."

"Well, Dick, what's up now? what about Miss Lynn?"

"She's reading down by the brook!" replied Dick, slyly.

His brother laughed.

"Astounding information!" he said, "come, Miss Howard; permit me to show you the grounds. We shall have tea soon and shall insist upon keeping you here."

It was the very opportunity for which Gertrude Howard had longed and prayed, and she had no idea of missing it.

She laid one dainty hand upon Somer's arm and together they sauntered down the path, through a garden that was a wilderness of blooming beauty, and entered a romantic promenade, shaded by stately larches that fringed the margin of a gently flowing stream.

Gertrude H[illegible] dropped. Surely he must have [illegible] to this lovely spot to tell her her love had suffered no decline as his his heart was waiting for her still!

This bewitching reverie, however, was ruthlessly put to flight by a sudden rustle in the path before them, and the apparition of a fair girl in fluttering muslin, with bronze brown hair and sweet, trusting hazel eyes.

The girl seemed startled and inclined to fly until Somers, dropping his companion's arm, advanced and took her hand.

"Don't go, Lucy," he said, in that tone which Gertrude remembered so well; "this is an old friend of mine. Miss Howard—Miss Lynn.

The two women bowed, Lucy in her timid, drooping way; Gertrude with her dark eyes fixed searchingly upon the girl.

Then she glanced suddenly at Reginald and read the undisguised admiration that sat upon his face.

"I'll sound this thing and find out how far it has gone," she mentally ejaculated; then turning to Somers she said, sweetly: "How stupid of me! It is chilly here and I have left my wrap in the carriage."

"Permit me to get it," he said courteously.

When he had vanished up the shaded path, Miss Howard opened the skirmish with:

"Come, Miss Lynn, let us walk on slowly. We must become well acquainted, for I—I expect to see a good deal of you by-and-by."

Lucy Lynn glanced at her companion quickly.

"You are coming here to live?" she inquired.

Miss Howard blushed and lowered her eyes.

"I expect to, yes."

They walked on in silence, Miss Howard allowing her eyes to rest upon the eddying stream in lazy thoughtlessness, apparently unconscious of the fixed gaze her companion had placed upon her.

All at once Lucy said:

"Are you coming to stay with Mr. Somers?"

"Why, of course," was the musical reply; "we are the oldest possible friends, and—and Reginald and I are—"

She paused in apparent confusion. Though pallid as the [illegible] wore in her bosom, Lucy commanded her emotion [illegible] say:

"Well, please go on [illegible] you were saying—"

Gertrude Howard stooped and picked up a fern leaf.

"Dear me," she laughed nervously, "I fear I was saying what I have no right to—yet. Reginald and I were sweethearts once; we are friends now."

"Is that an engagement ring on your finger?" Lucy breathed, pointing to the dainty hand which held the fern.

"This diamond?" asked Miss Howard, slyly.

"Yes."

"It is an engagement ring. He is observing you are."

"And you are engaged?"

"Yess."

"To him?"

Gertrude Howard looked for the first time into the pallid face of the girl; the dilated eyes and quivering lips told their secret.

Her brief answer was swiftly, almost fiercely delivered.

"Yes."

A footstep grated upon the path behind them and Reginald Somers appeared; at the same instant there was a crashing in the shrubbery and Dick suddenly bounded upon the path.

"Reg," he cried, mischievously, "congratulate Miss Howard. She's engaged."

"You see Miss Howard back to the house," was his brother's somewhat stern command; "I will follow with Miss Lynn."

He did not follow immediately, for Gertrudes Howard walked with a rapid, nervous step.

When they were fairly out of sight, he turned to his little companion, the love-light shining in his eyes.

"Lucy, little Lucy," he murmured, "Let me know my fate. I can bear the suspense no longer."

To his surprise, she shuddered and drew away from him.

"Hush," she said, "I have respected you always, Mr. Somers, and I would not willingly part with it, but I know all."

"Know—what?" he cried in a bewildered way.

"Miss H[illegible] was here. She told me so."

"Lucy, it is a falsehood! I confess I loved that girl once, but that was years ago and she laughed me to scorn because I was poor. Since that time my love for her died and was buried and have forgotten where the grave is. Lucy, will you not make this the happiest day of my life and permit me to have my revenge upon that woman who would gladly have blasted your happiness.

For answer, she placed her little hand upon his arm and together they returned to the house.

In the meantime Miss Howard had ordered her carriage and was saying her adieux with most unceremonious haste, when the lovers appeared.

"Miss Howard," Reginald said, laying a detaining hand upon the carriage door, "do not go before Lucy and I have congratulated you; nor until you have congratulated us. Nothing could have been happier than that we should have been engaged at the same time."

"Nothing!" returned Miss Howard, huskily, and gave the word of command to her coachman.

Gazing after the retreating carriage, Dick soliloquized:

"George, though, she's game to the heel."

But his brother did not hear the remark, for at that moment he was introducing pretty Lucy Lynn to his mother, her new capacity of sister.

A Remarkable Feat.

A remarkable feat can be performed by any person who will take the trouble to ascend the mountain which separates the towns of Pownall, Vt., and Petersburg in this county. On the top of this mountain there is a stone which marks the spot where the States of Vermont, Massachusetts and New York come together. A person standing on the top of the stone could step out only in three States at a time, but in three States at the same time, during the time when the prohibition law was not a dead letter in Vermont and Massachusetts, the people of those States who resided along the York State line were in the habit of crossing over on this side to purchase their alcoholic beverages. An enterprising resident of Petersburg, to meet the wants of his neighbors across the mountains, leased a small strip of ground from the owners of the land which cornered at the place spoken of, and erected a three cornered shanty in it, the stone being in the center of the building. He then put up a bar in the shape of a triangle, one side of which was in Vermont, another in Massachusetts and the third in the State of New York. At an expense he took out a license in each State, but laid in a supply of liquor which he sold by tank or jugful, according to the law. The fact that he was violating the laws of the commonwealth of the Old Bay State was reported to the authorities in due time, and a constable armed with a warrant and a pair of handcuffs was sent out from Williamstown to arrest him. When the officer arrived at the shanty he found a number of the residents of Massachusetts standing at the bar on the side of the line, treating each other in true Yankee style. The constable stepped up to the bar and, pulling out his legal document, hurriedly read the contents to the dispenser of corn-juice, and added:

"I arrest you in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts and by virtue of this warrant."

The bar-tender, pointing to the corner stone which stood inside the center, laughed in the face of the New England peace preserver and replied:

"That's all very fine, old man; but it tells me that your warrant does not reach a man in the State of Vermont, and I call your attention to the official certificate that I'm out of your jurisdiction."

A few days after the bar-tender received an official visit from a Vermont constable armed with a warrant for his arrest for selling liquor in that State. But the same tactics were employed as on the occasion of the first visit, and the Massachusetts constable, after the capture of the den keeper, left for home. The Vermont officer appeared at the mountain top in disguise, and stationed about the shanty waiting for a chance, drinking now and then with those who came in to replenish their jugs. About noon the Massachusetts constable arrived, and proceeded to again read his warrant and reach over the bar for his man. The latter stepped into the Vermont corner of his domicile, and just as he did so, he was seized by the constable from that State, but while the latter was pulling out his warrant and handcuffs the New Yorker broke away from him and got over into the State of New York, where he was beyond the jurisdiction of both. After a time, however, it came to the knowledge of the authorities on this side of the line that the man was selling liquor without a license and a warrant was obtained for his arrest for violating the laws of the great Empire State.

When the Petersburg constable appeared upon the scene he found that the man had removed his stock to the Vermont side of his house and was retailing drinks to the State of Massachusetts. Of course the officer was powerless to go across the line to arrest him, and he again escaped. The affair was the talk of the country for miles around, but finally the officers of the three States moved upon the shanty at one and the same time, and the defiant rum-seller was now in hot water. He carried out the "joke" to the end, however, for getting on top of the stone which stands partly in the three States, he shouted: "Come on and divide me into three parts, but I'll make it hot for him that takes the two-thirds of me that don't belong to him!" He had, however, taken too large a quantity of his own medicine to enable him to preserve his equilibrium on top of the stone, and while still defying the constables he fell off and rolled over into the State of Massachusetts, where he was secured by the officer from that State and taken to Williams-town in triumph. The other two constables concluded that the laws was partly in the State of Vermont and partly in the State of New York, and they made an equal division, confiscating one-half of the liquor made in the name of his State.—*Troy Telegram.*

A husband of a very fashionable and talkative wife was out walking, a few days ago, with his little girl, when he met a friend, who admired the child very much. "It is a beautiful child," said the friend, "and looks very much like its mother—particularly about the mouth." "Maybe so" responded the husband-father; "but I have never seen her mouth at rest long enough to tell what it looks like."

A pretty girl out West told her beau that she was a mind-reader. "You don't say so!" he exclaimed. "Yes," said she, "you have it in mind to ask me to be your wife, but you are just a little scared at the idea." The wedding cards are out

Never try to go to sleep with an old coat for a pillow. There is no such thing as getting a nap on it.

The Mule and the Bees.

A writer with some of the literary traits of the "Doestick's" of a quarter century ago, composed a comical "epic," a column long, in the *Californian*, describing the woful defeat and sad end of a bad mule, who kicked everything, and finally died kicking bees. The following extract will do:

The mule, which had wandered up close to a large bee-hive, got stung. His eyes lighted up as if that was just what he was looking for. He turned on the bee-hive and took aim. He kicked. In ten seconds the only piece of bee-hive I could see was about the size a man feels when he has told a joke that falls on the company like a piece of sad news. This piece was in the air. It was being kicked at.

The bees swarmed. They swarmed a good deal. They lit on that mule earnestly. After he had kicked the last piece of bee-hive so high that he couldn't reach it any more he stopped to reflect.

I had never thought [illegible] I never saw anything equal it. He was enveloped in a dense fog of earnestness and bees, and filled with enthusiasm and stings. The more he kicked the higher he rose from the ground. I may have been mistaken, for I was somewhat excited and very much delighted, but that mule seemed to rise as high as the tops of the pepper trees. He would open and shut himself like a frog swimming. Sometimes, when he was in mid-air, he would look like he was flying.

He finally got so he did not rise clear of the ground, but he continued to kick with both feet for half an hour, next with first one foot and then the other for another half hour, then with his right foot every few minutes, the intervals growing longer and longer, until he finally was still. His head drooped, his lip hung lower and lower. The bees stung on. He looked as if he thought a team, sneaking advantage had been taken of him.

I retired from the scene. Early the next morning I returned. The sun came slowly up from behind the eastern hills. The light foliage of the pepper trees trembled with his morning caress. His golden kiss fell upon the opening roses. A bee could be seen flying hither, another thither. The mule lay near the scene of yesterday's struggle. Peace had come to him. He was dead. Too much kicking against nothing.

Does Her Own Work.

Does her own work; does she? What of it? Is it any disgrace? Is she any less a true woman, less worthy of respect than she who sits in [illegible] parlor the other day, who, speaking of a newly-wedded wife, said, sneeringly: "She does not even work!" The words and the tone of contempt in which they were uttered, betrayed a narrow, ignoble mind, better fitted for any place than a country whose institutions rest on honored labor as one of the chief corner-stones. They evinced a false idea of the true basis of society, of the true womanhood of genuine nobility. They showed the detestable spirit of caste or rank, which a certain class are trying to establish—a caste whose sole foundation is money, which is the weakest kind of rank known to civilization. Mind, manners, morals, all that enters into a good character, are of no account with these social snobs. Position in their stilted ranks is bought with gold, and every additional dollar is another round in the ladder by which elevation is gained in their esteem and society.

A Hero Facing Death.

John Wise, a laborer in the employ of the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad, was killed at the company's tunnel at West Point, on the night of September 3d. While he was excavating for the new tunnel he was partly buried beneath a landslide. His fellow laborers went to his aid and were digging him out, when, looking up, he saw that more of the tunnel was about to fall. Observing the danger that threatened his rescuers, the hero shouted: "You can't save me, boys, run to save yourselves." His order was obeyed. An instant later, while covering his face with his hands and awaiting his fate, he was buried beneath the falling mass of earth. The body was dug out and taken to Hoboken, where his family resides. Such instances of heroism in the face of death deserve to be preserved on imperishable tablets.

Army Worms.

Said Angelina, suddenly breaking the oppressive silence: "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was such a strange one that Theodore's surprise caused him to look right at Angelina, for the first time in his life. Why did she ask that, he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she toyed with her fan; "only the papers say they eat every green thing wherever they go."

A New Dye.

"What are you doing there, Jane?"

"Why, pa, I'm going to dye my doll's dress red."

"But what have you to dye it with?"

"Beer, pa."

"Beer? who told you beer would dye red?"

"Ma said it was beer which reddened your nose and—"

"Here, Sarah Lavinia, take this child to bed."

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

The Goat.

The goat is a native of the vacant lots about the city, and there are lots of them.

The goat is omnivorous. He will goat anything that he sees, and will seize anything that he may goat.

His principal food, however, is playbill. He is very fond of letters.

Let us honor him for his love of bill letters.

The gentleman goat is called Billy, but he is a Billy that no policeman can handle.

The lady goats are called Nanny. This is the ewe-Nanny-mous name.

The young goat is called a kid. Kids are on hand the year round.

The goat is generous to a fault. He presents a couple of horns to everybody he sees.

In the matter of mere cash the Cashmere goat is the most famous.

Goats are fond of the outskirts of large cities; also hoop-skirts.

The goat wears a beard. It is called the goatee. Beards are confined to the he goats.

The goat is noted for his bunting, but never flags.

The goat is one of the signs of the zodiac, signifying that he has a propensity to knock things sky-high.

He never gets high himself. That is to say, never gets over the b-a-a-a.

Shakspeare understood the spontaneity of the goat when he said, stand not upon the order of your going, but goat once."

The goat is a wide-awake animal. He is never caught napping, notwithstanding the many cases of kidnapping you may have read about.

For many years the goat was the only butter known.

Goats have to get on a high rock and sun themselves. Give them a chance and they will always seek a sunny climb.

The god Pan was a sort of half-goat. All goats do not pan out as he did.

Bill Arp's View of Life.

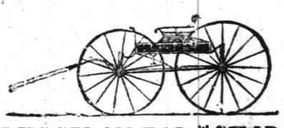
We had a good, old-fashioned country dance last night, and don't feel any worse this morning for it. We had young people and middle aged people, and old people, and these of us who didn't trip on the light fantastic toe sat in the broad piazza and talked and looked on and enjoyed ourselves all the same as we used to do when the gush and vigor of youth were upon us. What a blessed thing it is that kind nature takes away our desire for frolic as we grow older, and begin to wear the sere and yellow leaf. I don't care to dance now that the spring in my extremities is gone and there's lead in my shoes, and I don't lament that old age is creeping on me. One of these is to look on and see other people happy. Enjoy your day, whether it be in youth or old age; enjoy every day, make most of it; get all out of life you can. It won't pay to always be hankering after something or grieving over troubles that haven't come, and may never come. I know people who let the dark side of life cheat 'em out of every day's happiness, who ponder and fret over little troubles until they swell up like dried apples and get to be big ones, and they can't eat or sleep in any peace.

Life to them is a grindstone, and the grit of it is always cutting away little by little until there's nothing left. Enjoy the day; get some good out of it even if it's nothing but contentment for good health and being out of jail. An old gentleman of three score years and ten was here last night—came five miles just to see the young people happy—and he was bright as the full moon, and it was a pleasure to see him and listen to him discourse upon life and how to live and how to farm, and so on. He's seen trouble enough, goodness knows, but he never took it to heart or surrendered his manhood.

A Spider's Balloon.

If you anchor a pole in a body of water, leaving the pole above the surface, and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit marvelous intelligence by his plans of escape. At first he will spin a web several inches long, and hang to one end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure, but the spider is not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all the points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do, but he fastens it to a guy-rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle while it is made fast and tests to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of bearing him away. He often finds he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it all apart, and constructs it on a larger and better plan. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap the guy rope, and sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined.

"Patrick," said the priest, "how much hay did you steal?" "Well, I may as well confess to your Riverence for the whole stack, for I'm going after the balance to-night."

LOOK!

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