THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. X.----NO. 41. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1881. $1.50 PER ANNUM

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LIFE IN A MENAGERIE.

Scars from the teeth and claws of tigers, lions and hyenas mark the face, head and hands of William H. Winner, the trainer of wild beasts, who is now in Barnum's employ. For sixteen years Winner has lived night and day with the wild beasts he has been training, and the familiarity with danger, which led him at times to be careless in the presence of the beasts, has resulted in the marks that he will bear to his grave. In 1866, while he stood talking to a friend too near a lion's cage in this city, the lion reached his paw through the bars and brought it down with terrible force upon his head. The animal's claws tore up the flesh and left a deep scar upon his forehead. Some years ago, in St. Louis, Winner leaned his hand against the bars of a cage containing hyenas, and while he stood explaining the habits of these animals to some visitors, one hyena snapped off his little finger and devoured it.

"It is easier to tame a lion than a tiger," says Mr. Winner. "They respond better to kindness. There is no animal equal to the tiger. It is the genuine king among beasts, for it is not only more ferocious than the lion, but comparatively stronger. Of four lions that Barnum has in the cage with his show, two were born in captivity. Sydney, the one who escaped some years ago, is named after his birthplace, Sydney, Australia. The lioness, which has two whelps now, is considered most valuable property, as she is one of the few lionesses which raise their young in captivity."

"But many whelps are born in this country?"

"True enough; but they starve to death, as their mothers refuse to suckle them."

"Is there any difference in ferocity between males and females among wild beasts?"

"In all animals of the cat species the females are more vicious and dangerous than the males."

"Have you trained any new animals lately?"

"Yes, there's Beecher, the Poonah bear, a very funny animal, unlike any other bear I ever saw. It stands on its hind legs and gesticulates like a speaker. It has a number of amusing tricks, but it was easily taught."

"How is the baby elephant?"

"It weighed 960 pounds last June, and I guess it weighs over a thousand now. It weighed 213½ pounds upon its birth in Philadelphia on March 10, 1880, and when it was three months old it weighed 235 pounds. We are now watching to see how long before its mother weans it. We expect that it will be between two and three years if it is not taken from her."

"What food does it eat?"

Hebe, its mother—by the way, one of the best trick elephants in the world—is teaching it to eat. The mother picks out the hay for the baby, which minces at it. But what do you think is the baby's favorite drink? Being a native American, you think it is gin cocktail, but it is not."

"What then?"

"Why, circus lemonade. It will suck lemonade all day up in its trunk."

Mr. H. H. Copeland is the keeper of Barnum's twenty elephants. He says that while most animals will respond to kindness, the elephant is controlled by fear, and he thinks there is no such thing as affection for its keeper with an elephant. Sometimes, after patient training, when they seem to have been mastered so that they understand every command and obey it like a man, they become all at once sulky and obstinate. In one of these fits it takes terrible punishment to master them. It is necessary to chain their feet, join the chains to a rope, run the rope through a block and tackle, hitch another elephant to the end, and throw the refractory beast. When they are thrown they have to be punished with prods until they yield. Chief is the ugliest elephant Barnum has got. At East Saginaw two years ago Chief broke out of the line of the street parade and started after a countryman who was passing in a two horse wagon. The elephant bellowed and lifted his trunk and steadily chased the man for three miles. He caught up with the wagon, which he overturned into a ditch, and was about to do further mischief when he was captured. Chief rebels every time he has to go into a car, and he has to be prodded with a steel point before he moves. Albert is another elephant that has the sulks. At Ottawa last month all of the elephants were turned into the river to bathe, and while Albert was in the water he was seized with the sulks. When his keepers came about him he seized one with his trunk and came very near drowning him. Juno, one of the best trained of the elephants, after a recent performance in the ring, to take revenge upon Professor Arstingall, one of the ring-masters, squirted a pailful of dirty water over his spotless linen from her trunk. To punish her a steel prod was run into her hind leg until she roared with pain.

R. H. Dockrill, the horse-trainer, who is the husband of Mme. Elise Dockrill, the bareback rider, relates that a few years ago, when he was with a circus near Basle, in Switzerland, one of the elephants became mad, and breaking away, began to tear up everything within its reach. No one dared capture it, and its mad career was stopped only when a cannon was loaded with grapeshot and fired into its body.

A curious noise was heard in the cage occupied by the seven anacondas and the two boa constrictors in Barnum's menagerie early one morning recently, and the keepers who were aroused witnessed a magnificent fight. The anacondas had joined forces against the two boas, but the latter conquered. When the smallest of the anacondas was killed the largest boa covered it with slime and swallowed it bodily. The other snake was severed and divided between the boas. The nine snakes were fed the day before on fourteen live chickens, and the boas, which had not been fed for two months, had their appetites whetted to voracity. When the snake charmer entered the boas attempted to coil about him, but he kept them from encircling his throat and separated them from the anacondas.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Oatmeal Porridge.

Clean, aromatic, coarse dry meal must be got from the shop where they know what is good in the way of oatmeal. The meal must be stored as carefully as tea in a covered dry jar, so that neither must, mice nor beetles can defile it. The saucepan must be the pink of cleanliness, and must not have been used for anything other than milk and bread stuffs. Saucepans in which potatoes, greens or meat have been cooked are never pure enough for milk and bread stuffs. With such materials, the making of delicious porridge is easy, but without them it is impossible. Bearing in mind the principle on which bread stuffs and milk are to be combined, we perceive that the meal must be cooked in water. Therefore, having clean boiling water in the saucepan, we take a small teacupful of meal (two to three ounces) for each pint of water in the saucepan. Draw the saucepan of boiling water off the fire and then sift in the meal through the fingers. The meal must be sifted into the water so as to be evenly spread over the surface, and to sink free from lumps. Then push the saucepan fully on the fire and boil briskly for a minute or two, so as to thoroughly mix the meal up with the water before it begins to thicken. Next boil slowly for three or four quarters of an hour, according to the meal. Care must be taken that the porridge is kept just on the move, and it must be stirred, if necessary, so as not to burn, and not to get lumpy. Smoke and soot must be carefully kept from contaminating it. The porridge is now cooked so far that all the starch-granules are fully burst, and the meal is properly disintegrated. Now pour out the porridge like a thin custard into a vegetable dish, and leave it to cool uncovered. If successful, the porridge on cooling will set or gelatinize; a brownish skin forms over the surface, and as this contracts, the porridge separates all round from the dish at its edge. It becomes a soft tremulous jelly, perfectly cooked, sweet in flavor, uniform in consistence, and free from contamination by dirty saucepans, by burning, or by the defilement of soot or smoke. It should be eaten at the end of breakfast with cold milk, and it makes a most excellent supper.

A saucerful of porridge put into a good red dish is neither a supper, or a finish to a breakfast, which is fit for a king. It is the food on which any man can do anything of which he is capable in the way of labor, mental or physical. For growing children, and youths who are stunted in height or unsound in structure, this is exactly the food that is wanted. It is like brick and mortar for the growing frames of infants, school-children and over-grown youths. For nursing mothers it is equally valuable, supplying them with the earthy phosphates and other materials out of which good milk is made, without drawing upon the mother's own structures, as is often exemplified by the rapid softening and decay of teeth of women who nurse their children largely upon meat and upon beer.

Grass Fired by a Meteor.

At about 9:45 o'clock on Wednesday night last, while Mr. Frank Harbauer was sitting on the porch at the rear of his residence on Adams street, between Fourth and Fifth, he observed a "ball of fire" fall to the earth but a few yards from him, and strike in the yard back of Shepherd's furniture repairing shop. He described it as resembling in appearance an electric light, and it came with a rushing kind of noise, something like a skyrocket. There was no report when it struck, and it left no substance that could be seen. It set the dry grass on fire, however, and this Mr. Harbauer and Mr. Shepherd extinguished with water. A reporter of the *Register* was shown the burned spot yesterday. It is probable that if Mr. Harbauer had not witnessed the fall of the meteor a conflagration would have followed, as the grass burned up to a wooden sidewalk; fire from this would have communicated with the fence, and from the fence would have spread to wooden buildings near it.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

"Did you never," she said to him, as they were walking home in the moonlight, "feel the wild desire, the unutterable longing, the yearning, the reaching after the unattainable?" And he said he felt that way most every day. He was trying his best to raise a moustache, but to save his life he couldn't.

He went to the back door and there he saw his garden, the pride of his waking hours and the subject of his dreams, looking like an editor's office. He sat down on the doorstep and said: "Of all the words of tongue and pen, the saddest are these, I keep a hen."

"Down in front!" said two or three young ladies who sat behind Smythekins at a concert. And as his moustache was just starting, he thought they meant something personal, and blushed.

It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stains and all, with the stove and a servant girl thrown in, oft-times.

Rye Center—A toper's nose.

Two Pictures.

Many years ago an Italian artist, while wandering through the streets of his native city, saw a little boy whose countenance bore a beauty so wondrously pure that, in contemplating it, he forgot the troubles and anxieties thrust upon him by pecuniary embarrassments.

"How I should like to portray those features," soliloquized the artist. "Will you come to my studio, my little lad? I should like so much to paint your picture."

Most willingly the boy accompanied the painter, and soon enjoyed the pretty sight of another little lad—his second self—smiling down upon him from the artist's easel.

The painter often sank his every thought in contemplation of the lovely picture. When the bitterness of life made him weary of living, he needed but to lift his eyes to the beautiful picture that graced the wall of his studio, and its look of innocence and hope would drive the shadows of despair from out his heart and fill it with happiness. Many were the offers to buy the portrait of the lovely child; but the artist, though often in want, steadfastly refused to sell "his guardian angel," as he called him.

Years passed. Many times as he sat and gazed upon the blooming beauty of the face before him, the artist questioned himself as to the probable fate of the pretty child. "I would like to see him once again; would like to see how he looks." He would say to himself, "I wonder if I would know him? Has he grown to be a man, good and true, or a knave—a ne'er do-well; or does he dwell in heaven?" And, as once again the artist sauntered through the streets of his beautiful town, he came upon a youth whose features bore the stamp of vices so terrible, of a degradation so low, and an expression so diabolical, that its sight caused him to hem his steps. What a picture! "How I should like to sketch those features as a contrasting piece to the beautiful, pure innocence of the boy I portrayed years ago," said the artist to himself.

The youth, having noticed the interest with which the artist scanned him, begged for money, for he was both a beggar and a thief.

"Come with me to my studio; let me paint your portrait, and I will pay you what you may demand."

The youth followed the artist. When the sketch had been completed, and he had hidden in his pockets the coins the artist gave him, the beggar turned to go. As his gaze fell upon the picture of the little boy he started as if stung by a serpent; while his eyes seemed riveted on the painting, he appeared to choke his utterance. He pointed to the picture, and, throwing himself down on his knees, he wept and wailed aloud.

"Man, man, what ails you?" asked the astonished painter.

"But twenty years ago you bid me come to you, as now, and then, as now, you portrayed me; see—yonder face was then—mine own! and now? You see me a wreck—a ruin—a human being, so degraded that all the pure, the good, will turn their faces in disgust!"

The astonished artist could hardly credit the testimony of his senses.

"But tell me, man, whence this terrible change?"

The youth told his sad story: An only son and of great beauty; his parents spoiled him; bad companions taught him their vices; brothels and gambling dens became his home, until he had lost his all, and then—unable, or, rather, unwilling to work, and, as yet, ashamed to beg, he began to steal; caught in the act, he was thrown into prison; and then he went on to tell how each bad act appeared to contain the germ of another—appeared to create the desire; aye, the necessity to commit another and a worse one.

His story, as told by himself, sounded terrible and brought tears to the painter's eyes. He adjured the youth to give up his felonious career, and offered his assistance in so doing. His kind endeavors came too late; sickness, the consequence of vice and dissipation, threw the unhappy youth upon a bed of pain. He died before he had an opportunity to prove the sincerity of his repentance.

The artist placed his portrait by the side of that beautiful boy; and when his patrons asked him why he put so terrible a face beside another of such wondrous beauty, he answered, sadly: "Between yon demon and yon angel, there are but twenty years of vice."

A Marvelous Murder.

We learn through a credible source of the commission of a diabolical murder in Watauga county on Wednesday night last. A gentleman was traveling through the county collecting money, and stopping at the house of a lady, desired to deposit a sum of money with her, the amount of which we are not informed. At first she refused, but yielding to the persuasion of two ladies who were present she finally consented, and the gentleman went on his way. Mistrusting something from the persuasive zeal manifested by the two unknown ladies, he resolved to return. On entering the house he was shown to his room up stairs, and he retired without asking for the money entrusted to the lady's keeping. During the night he was aroused by the screams of a woman. Hurriedly he ran down stairs to her rescue, if possible, but was met at the foot of the stairway by two men, whom he instantly shot, recognizing them as robbers. On investigation it was found that they were the same ladies that were there in the evening, who influenced the money deposit, attired in gentlemen's clothing, and who had, in their evil design, murdered this inoffensive lady to obtain the money in her possession.—*Hickory Press.*

A Miner's Experience.

He was on his way home from Leadville. He had on a ragged old summer suit, a bad hat, and he had been taking his meals thirty hours apart to make his money carry him through.

"Yes; I like the country out that way," he replied to the query. "The climate is good, the scenery is fine, and some of the people are honest as needs be. The trouble is knowing how to take the bad ones."

"I should think that would be easy."

"Yes, it looks that way; but I had some experience. I am the original diskiverer of the richest mine around Leadville. Yes, I am the very man, though you couldn't think it to look at these clothes."

"Then you don't own it now?"

"Not a bit of it."

"How is that?"

"Well, I was looking around the hills and found signs. I collected some specimens for assay, staked off a claim and went off to the assayers. It was two days before he let me know that I had struck the richest ore that he had ever assayed and then hurried back to my claim. Hang my buttons if it hadn't been jumped."

"How?"

"Why a gang of sharpers had found the spot and built up a pole shanty and hung out the sign of the First Baptist church over the door. True as shooting they had, and the law out there is that no man can sink a shaft within 200 feet of a church building. They saw me coming, and when I got there they were holding a revival. There was six of them, and they got up one after the other and told how wicked they had been and how sorry they were, and—would you believe it?—they had the cheek to ask me to lead off in singing. I went to law, but they beat me. Three days after came the verdict, the First Baptist church had burned down, and before the ashes were cold the congregation were developing a mine worth $3,000,000. You see I didn't know how to take them."

"Was there any particular way to take them?"

"You bet there was. I ought to have opened on the revival with a Winchester rifle and given the coroner $50 for a verdict that they came to their death from too much religion."

General Grant's Lion Hunt.

It has just leaked out that while General Grant was traveling in Asia he expressed a desire to get a shot at a lion. Not wishing to expose him to danger the natives secured a [illegible] hunt. When the beast was sighted the General was all excitement, and, crawling up to a favorable position, he began to blaze away at the animal with no perceptible effect. After firing about twenty shots he began to get mad, and, taking off his coat, he settled down for a regular siege. Fearing his wrath when he discovered the ruse, the attendants endeavored to induce him to give up the attempt to kill the beast, telling him that it bore a charmed life and that he possibly could not injure it. He told them to go to thunder; that he was after blood and was going to have it. After a vain fusilade of half an hour he rose to his feet, gnashing his teeth with rage, threw his suspenders off his shoulders, rolled up his sleeves and grabbed his rifle by the barrel, so he could use it as a club. The attendants again begged him to desist, but he politely though forcibly informed them that he would have that cuss or leave his honored remains strewn promiscuously all through that jungle; and with a cry of "I'll fight it out on this lion if it takes all summer!" he rushed upon the beast, and with one well-directed blow, laid it over on its side. Then he chased the native attendants for six miles, but being acquainted with the country, they got away from him in safety.

Sweet-Minded Women.

So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her, that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in season of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort—one soothing touch of her kindly hands works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister, does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one full of grief with his own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

The seat of knowledge is in the head; of wisdom in the heart. We are sure to judge wrong if we do not feel right.

Who says it's unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

Nothing like it ever happened before—an elephant's tail.

Out of temper—A bad knife.

Afraid of Work.

No, my dear young man, this "journey of life" does not lie all the way through verdant valleys and flowery meadows. The way is not thronged with generous-hearted friends and rich uncles ready to die and leave you their money.

It is not always bright with the sunlight of pleasure. You will not find a bed of roses to recline on every time you are weary. Don't expect it, or you will very likely be disappointed. You will find that about the time the path gets past the school house, it switches off into some rather rough country. You will very probably find some rough hills to climb and some deep gullies to cross. The briars will tear your nice clothes and the stones will wear out your fine boots, and you will have blistered heels and stones bruises in plenty before you get through.

You will find storms, too—storms that will snatch you bald-headed, as like as not, or powder your hair with the white dust of the highway.

There is only one way to avoid all this. That is to sit down, a whining beggar by the wayside, despised and self-despising. But if you are going through, you must brace yourself up for hard climbing. You will find plenty of roses by the way, but they grow among thorns, and if you would gather them you must not be afraid of a few scratches. There are plenty of pure springs and cool fountains, too, but they flow from the mountain side and you must climb to them.

All the fruits worth having are near the top of the trees. You can have your game suppers and your quail on toast, too, but the game is wild, and the birds roost high, and you can't put salt on their tails to catch them. You can have all this, we say, but just as like as not when you get it you'll have no teeth to chew it with, so you mustn't build too much on that.

Yes, young man, the glaciers of life are hard to climb and you'll never make the trip without a guide. The name of the guide is "Work." Tie yourself to him, young man, and he'll pull you through all right. He is rough and rugged, as all mountaineers are, but don't be afraid of him on that account. Don't despise his homely garments. He is a brave, true-hearted fellow, who has led thousands safely through, and will do the same for you, if you trust him.

Brother Gardner on Bringing up Boys.

"If I had a boy to bring up I wouldn't bring him up too softly," began Brother Gardner, as Samuel [illegible] were kissed an' petted an' stuffed wid sweet cake and cried ober. As young men dey had nuffin' to do but spend money, dress like monkeys, loaf on de streets an' look down on honest labor. As men dey am a failure. People who doan' hate 'em an' avoid 'em feel to pity 'em, an' dat's just as bad. When I see a man whom eberybody dislikes I realize dat he was brung up on de goody-good plan as a boy.

"If I had a boy I'd rub him agin de world. I'd put responsibility on his shoulders. If he got sugar he'd airn it. If he got time for loafin' it would be only arter his work was done. If he was ugly or obstinate I'd tan it outer him instead of buyin' him off. If you want to make a selfish man, humor de whims of a boy. If you want to make a coward forbid your boy to defend his rights. I teach my boy dat all boys had rights, and dat while he had no business to trample on de rights of oder boys, no boy had de privilege of takin' him by de nose. Las' night an old man libin' up my way was turned out doors by his boy. He has been tryin' de goody-goody plan on dat youth fur de las' twenty y'ars, and dis am de legitimate result. He didn't want him to work, kase work is hard. He didn't want him to dress plain, fur fear people would look down on him. De boy am today a loafer, neither grateful ter what has bin done in de pas' nor carin' for what happens in the fucher. Ten y'ars ago he was cried ober, run arter an' coaxed an' bought off, an' his mudder libed to see him a loafer an' his fadder has foun' him a ingrate.

Who was Driving.

A father and his little son were once driving along a familiar road with a gentle horse. To gratify the child his father placed the reins in his hands, but at the same time, unseen, retaining a hold on them.

As they drove on, they saw approaching them, at terrific speed, a runaway team. The danger was great and imminent. But the father guided his horse so that a collision was avoided, and the danger escaped.

When all was over, the little son looked up to his father, and with choked utterance said, "I thought I was driving, but I wasn't, was I, papa?"

So, often, does the child of God, when some peril has been escaped, or some deliverance has been granted in ways unforeseen and unthought of, have occasion to say, "Father, I thought I was driving, but I wasn't."

We are told that Mexican women get to look old at thirty. That's just like American women. Every American woman who tells you her age is thirty looks very old.

A love (k) not.—She: "I do wish him near, because I love him, father." He: "Because you love him near, I do wish him father."

A little learning, in a doctor, is a dangerous thing, to the patient.

A man is known by the company he keeps out of.

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