THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. X.—NO. 46. DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1881. $1.50 PER ANNUM

SILVER LININGS.

There is no life so sad
But that some hope may enter;
No heart so altogether bad
But good may in it centre.

There is no night so long
That sunbeams may not scatter;
No storm so loud and strong
That God's will cannot shatter.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

SCENE THE FIRST.

IN THE BANKING-HOUSE.

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD BARTON PRESENTS HIMSELF.

As recalling a remarkable incident presumably long forgotten, it was natural enough that the interview should leave a [illegible] impression upon Mr. Chappell's mind. It was natural, also, that the thoughts which it engendered should be of a melancholy nature. To be suddenly wrested from the realities of the present to the contemplation of a time in the dim past, when life was at its fairest, and when the pulses were quickened by hopeful anticipation, is something of a shock to a man. Great philosophy or strong faith is required to enable one to turn such shocks to profitable account. Mr. Chappell was neither a philosopher nor a [illegible]. He was simply a man who had worked and [illegible] for his family, who had married [illegible] and who was now [illegible] in the world. He was [illegible] and had [illegible] in the business [illegible] Chappell, Chappell & Chappell. This in brief was the position of affairs at the opening of this [illegible].

On Mr. Chappell's writing-table was a more recent edition of the *Times* than that which had passed over his breakfast-table at home. He looked through the paper for fresh items of news, and [illegible] one which he read [illegible]:

"[illegible] Roman.—Certain rumors with reference to the safety of an ship [illegible] been flying about the city during the last day or two. Upon inquiry we find there is not the slightest foundation for them. The vessel is not yet due at her destination, and there is no cause for alarm in the circumstance that she has not been spoken with. The rumors have most probably been circulated by insurance speculators; it is difficult otherwise to account for them. The cargo of the Golden Mariner is exceptionally valuable, but that is not a reasonable ground for fears regarding the safety of the vessel, which is one of the finest now afloat."

Mr. Chappell read these lines with [illegible] satisfaction, and a sigh of relief escaped him as he laid the paper aside.

"Certainly there is no cause for fear," he mused, "notwithstanding Mr. Armstrong's anxious inquiries. This morning promises to be a fortunate one."

There was still one letter unopened, and he turned his attention to it. His sparkling eyes proved the truth of the adage that it never rains but it pours.

"At last!" he exclaimed. "From Mr. Wakefield. An invitation to stand for Burlingham; Conservative representative not expected to live many hours. Sharp work—but Wakefield is a shrewd man, always takes time by the forelock. It must be done; it will cost money, but the chance must not be lost. Wakefield is a safe man, too; his judgment is sound. I will consult Mrs. Chappell. Member of Parliament for Burlingham!"

He leaned back in his chair, and indulged in pleasant anticipation, with a smile on his lips. For a second time this morning, he did not hear a knock at his door. There was but slight excuse for his not hearing it, for the knock was a loud one; there was something cheerful and bustling in the sound. It was not repeated. The door was opened, and a young gentleman entered, and it was not until he was made to the room, and was speaking, that Mr Chappell was aware of the intruder.

"I expect you did not hear my knock," said the intruder, in a brisk, confident tone, "so I took the liberty—"

"It is a liberty, sir," interrupted Mr. Chappell, haughtily. "You should have spoken to the attendant outside."

"No one there, I assure you; but if it is a liberty, I'll say good morning, and go away. First, though—are you Mr. Chappell?"

"I am, sir. And you?"

"My name is Richard Barton. I left a letter—"

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Chappell, rising in haste, and cordially holding out his hand, "a thousand thousand pardons! I am delighted to see you—delighted to see you!"

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD BARTON BEGINS TO MAKE FRIENDS.

"Welcome to London, my dear sir, welcome to London!" continued Mr. Chappell, before his visitor had time to utter another word. "I am ashamed to have given you so much trouble."

"Don't mention it," said Richard Barton, seeming, at a loss to know what trouble was referred to. "No trouble, I assure you."

"Pray sit down. A thousand welcomes. Mrs. Chappell will be charmed to know you—charmed."

He gazed at his visitor with such an expression as might come to one whose cup of happiness was filled to the brim. Richard Barton was delighted with his reception, and shook the banker's hand cordially again and again. The entrance of this young man was like a puff of fresh country air in a place which had been pent up for years. There was nothing of city life about him—neither craft, nor despondency, nor care. His sun-browned, handsome face sparkled with pleasurable excitement; his clear, outspoken, brown eyes beamed with honesty—nature dwelt in them. His features were emphatically laughing features. He had a trick of looking pleasant, which was natural to him. His was a face which women and children would trust instinctively.

"Well, now," he said, "this is hearty of you; I like you."

"That is right, my dear sir," rejoined Mr. Chappell, with a frank smile; "we want you to like us. We'll make you like us more before we've done with you."

"Why," exclaimed Richard Barton, "until this morning I was beginning to think that I had traveled sixteen thousand miles over the sea to be frozen into an icle of conventional politeness, and to have every drop of cordiality squeezed clean out of me. Tell me—do you see anything strange in my manner?"

"On the contrary, my dear sir, on the contrary."

"Then what on earth makes people stare at me so? I go into a shop to purchase something, and directly I make a remark to the shop-man, the other persons in the shop turn and stare at me. If I smile at them, they shrug their shoulders and turn away again. I look pleasantly at a man in the crowd, with an idea that he would like me to do so, and he scowls ferociously at me in return. I tread upon a gentleman's toe by accident, and when I apologize to him he swears at me. The uncivilized bears! And I was led to expect something so different; I was told that the people here were most polished, and that it was I who would be found to be rough and uncivilized. 'You must be on your best behavior,' said a friend to me over the water; 'you must mind your p's and q's.' I have had one or two experiences, though, for I have delayed rather in delivering my letter of introduction to [illegible]. I wanted to taste the sensation of being in a great city where there were hundreds of thousands of people, and where your very name was not known. Would you like to hear one of my pleasant experiences!"

"I shall be delighted."

"Well—Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing for the life of me, when I think of it. I've had my pocket picked."

Mr. Chappell could not exactly understand what pleasure there could be in this reminiscence; but as he was anxious to please and conciliate his visitor, he smiled, as if he really saw in it.

"The cleverest trick," continued Richard Barton. "I was walking along the Strand quite comfortably, when a gentleman tapped me on the shoulder. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'but this is your handkerchief, I believe.' It was mine, and I took it from him somewhat abruptly. 'A young rascal,' he said, not noticing my rudeness, 'was picking it from your pocket when I snatched it from his hand. He made off at once. These common pickpockets know how to make good use of their heels.' He raised his hat, and almost before I had time to thank him and apologize, he turned down a street, and I lost sight of him. I was sorry for it, for I felt that I had behaved uncivilly. Then comes a policeman—By-the-way, did you ever see a London policeman smile?"

"I have never remarked it."

"They do smile sometimes, I suppose, when nobody's looking. Well, then comes a policeman, and points to my watch-chain. It was hanging loose. I clapped my hand to my waist-coat pocket, to find that my watch was gone. The clever rascal—quite a gentleman, I assure you—had first taken my handkerchief from my pocket, and while he handed it back to me, stole my watch. Sharp trick, wasn't it? Upon my word, I've almost made up my mind if I meet him again, to make him a present of the chain."

"Certainly," thought Mr. Chappell, when he heard the adventure related as a pleasant experience, "this young gentleman is an oddity, and requires a friend."

"You have had other pleasant adventures, you say," he observed with a slight cough.

"Not adventures — experiences." But here Richard Barton blushed, and said, "Ah, well, perhaps I had better not tell you. You will only laugh at me. You won't? It's only a face."

"A face!"

"There! I ought not to have spoken of it. Why not, though? There is no harm in it. It was a face I saw in a theatre."

"A girl's face, of course," observed Mr. Chappell, with an indulgent smile.

"Yes, a girl's face, fair and beautiful.

"Dangerous places, the theatres—filled with sirens. Beware of them."

"This one is no siren," said Richard Barton, in a soft tone, "in the sense that you mean. She is as good as she is beautiful; I am sure of it. You will understand me better when I tell you that I lost my mother when I was very young, and that I have but a dim, sweet remembrance of her face. This girl's face resembles hers. That is all. I hope you will not think me foolish for mentioning so trivial a circumstance."

"Think you foolish, my dear sir!" exclaimed Mr. Chappell, with ready sympathy, pressing his visitor's hand warmly. "Your sentiments do you honor. As a father, I am proud to hear them from the lips of a young man."

"Thank you," said Richard Barton, simply and quietly; "I am glad you did not laugh at me."

Mr. Chappell changed the subject. "Then you begin to like London, after all?"

"I am not quite sure. There are a great many people in it, but they are all strangers. Do you ever find it lonely?"

"Lonely! Why, the streets are crowded! Where you come from—"

"Ah, where I come from the streets, compared to your London streets, are deserted. Yet here I walk among the crowd, and feel lonely, devilish lonely. Where I come from it is, 'How are you, Dick?' 'Good day, Barton.' 'Fine morning, old boy!' and I receive the grip of a friend's hand every hundred yards—hands with hearts in them, mind you. But here nobody gives anybody a pleasant look; everybody looks upon every other body as an interloper, as something to be hustled about and pushed aside; everybody is in every other body's way. Why, to me the very houses seem to be jealous of their neighbors, and to be poking their elbows into each other's sibs. I am glad to be here, though. I wanted to look with my own eyes upon St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey, and Hampton Court, and the Crystal Palace, and all the other wonders, so that I might be able to see the theatres and the great actors I've read so much about. I would give much for the privilege of shaking by the hand some great authors whom I could name, and for the opportunity of thanking them for the many hours they have made pleasant for me. I want to see if they are like their works. But they must be, they must be; they could not write else. Do you know any of them, sir?"

"Yes, and so will you when you mix in society." (Mr. Chappell had it on his lips to say, "You will find them very ordinary persons, after all;" but he thought it wiser not to attempt to dispel the young man's illusions. He had a feeling of both admiration and contempt for his visitor's freshness.) "Mrs. Chappell will be most happy to study your wishes in this respect. You will come to my house to-morrow evening to dinner—a few friends after—a little music—quite a simple affair. My wife will be delighted; she has a passion for celebrities, and I dare say one or two lions will drop in in the course of the evening. Then my son Frederick will show you about; he knows every inch of London. I shall not wonder to hear you say, after a little while, that it is the only city in the world worth living in."

"I am sure I am quite ready to think so; it has brightened considerably since I have been in this room. Now, what do you think I came to London for?"

Somewhat surprised at the question, after the young man's enthusiastic outburst, Mr. Chappell replied, "To see its wonders, and to enjoy life as a young man of means should do."

"No," said Richard Barton, with a different kind of earnestness; there were both sorrow and sternness in his tones now. "Notwithstanding what I have said, it is doubtful whether I should have crossed the seas, but for one other settled and specific purpose. Born in the colonies, and living the free life many men lead there, I think I should have been content there to live and die. It is only Englishmen who yearn for England, and it is right they should. Four-fifths of those who are now in the colonies speak of the Old Country as home, simply for the reason that they were born here, and thousands look forward to the time when they will be able to return. This feeling is growing weaker, certainly, every year, and is not shared in at all by us who were born in the fair South. We taste pleasures that you in crowded cities do not dream of. No; I have come to England to perform a task in which justice made a slight mistake; but a mistake which blighted the hopes of a life. When I send in my card to the person I am in search of, it will not be embellished with the figures of Venus and Bacchus. In the performance of my task I may ask for your assistance."

"You may depend upon it, my dear sir," said Mr. Chappell, cheerfully; "you may depend upon it."

"Thank you. In the mean time, as I do not wish my money to lie idle, I shall be glad to take your advice in the matter of investments."

"I shall be most happy to give it," replied Mr. Chappell, rubbing his hands.

While these last words were being exchanged, a short dialogue was taking place outside the door. Frederick Chappell, Mr. Chappell's eldest son, had sauntered into the hall, and before entering the room, paused to exchange a few words with Trail. Mr. Frederick justified the confidence which the young clerks of the bank placed in him in the matter of dress. He was the very pink of fashion, a model of ease and elegance. A handsome young gentleman also, with fair hair scrupulously arranged, and the skin as white and smooth as a lady's. Somewhat of a contrast to the young gentleman now closeted with his father; Richard Barton had brown hair and an embrowned skin, and was nothing of a dandy.

"My father in, Trail?" asked the young exquisite.

"Yes, sir."

A shadow expressive of disappointment passed into the young man's face.

"There's a gentleman with him, sir," proceeded Trail; "a singular gentleman—very singular. From foreign parts, I believe."

This being a matter of small importance to Frederick Chappell, he made no comment on it. With his hand upon the handle of the door, he was about to enter the room, but paused to say carelessly:

"You delivered my letter?"

To the young lady, Miss Laura, sir—Oh, yes."

"Did you see the young lady herself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was there any answer to the letter?"

These questions were put in a tone of utter indifference.

"The young lady seemed surprised, sir, but she said she would come."

"Very good. Seemed surprised? What else did she say, then?"

"Nothing else, sir. I [illegible]"

Frederick Chappell nodded, and again was on the point of entering the room; but although he made a show of turning the handle, it remained motionless within his hand.

"Oh, by-the-way, Trail," said Frederick Chappell, as though about to say something of little importance which had accidently escaped him, "if she happens to call when my father is in, you will say that he is busy. If I am in, you will admit her. You understand?"

Trail's understanding being strengthened through his palm by contact with a piece of silver, he replied that he understood, and added that the young lady had said she might be a few minutes late, as she had a long rehearsal to go through. Then Frederick Chappell turned the handle of the door and entered the room.

"Ah, here is my son," said the banker. "Let me introduce you to each other. Frederick, this is Mr. Richard Barton, just arrived from the colonies, with a pocketful of money, and in sad need of a friend to pioneer him through the mysterious labyrinths of London life. I want you youngsters to be friends."

The young men shook hands.

"With such an introduction," said Frederick, with a light laugh, "I shall be very happy to be Mr. Barton's guide, philosopher and friend."

"That's right, that's right," said the banker, briskly. "Mr. Barton is quite a stranger in London, unused to London ways and manners, which are somewhat strange to him. You must show him about, Fred."

"I shall be very happy to do so," replied Frederick, airily. "What do you say? Shall I be your courier? A kind of index, to which you shall refer in all your difficulties? You must provide me with a proper uniform."

"No, no," cried Richard Barton, laughing, "a friend in real, right-down earnest. That's what I want, and shall be glad of."

"It's a bargain, then. If I am to be your mentor, I should dub you Telemachus."

"Let me see," observed Richard Barton, with a certain air of thoughtfulness upon him. "Telemachus was advised to go to Sparta to seek information of his father. Well, I shall want assistance. We are friends, then." This with a cordial look toward Frederick Chappell. "It is a bargain."

"Though," observed Frederick, "you have no need to desire friends while your pockets are lined with gold. That guarantees you a welcome everywhere. Friends will fly to you like iron to a magnet, and will stick to you as close while the attraction lasts."

"That is true in many senses," said Richard Barton, somewhat sententiously; "it is the way of the world, I know."

"There's no danger of Mr. Barton losing his attraction," said the banker, entering into the humor of the conversation; "he has too much of it."

"Can't have, dad. I wish I were in his place. Look." With an air of comical distress, he pulled out the lining of an empty pocket, and extended it for observation between two fingers. "For the credit of my name you might give me some money, dad. If I were to be searched it would be a lasting disgrace to the house, for I haven't a shilling."

"You forget," interposed Richard Barton, that I have a pocketful."

"No, I don't. I'll borrow of you by-and-by."

At which all the gentlemen laughed in concert. Mr. Chappell, senior, sat down and wrote a check, and gave it to his son, saying good-humoredly:

"Here, you extravagant scamp."

"Thank you, dad. Now my mind is easy. If all fathers were like you, and all sons like me, what a happy world this would be!"

"For the sons," replied the banker, dryly. "You lads can amuse yourselves, I have no doubt. I have business elsewhere. Help me on with my coat, Fred. Good-day, Mr. Barton. You will excuse me. Do not forget to come to-morrow evening. Make my house your home while you are here. We dine at six, and you will always find a knife and fork ready."

And with these and other words as cordial, Mr. Chappell, senior, shaking hands with Richard Barton, and bestowing upon him many a kindly look, took his departure, and hailing a cab, was whirled in the direction of the Stock Exchange.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Brave Colored Man.

From Capt. Sam. Webb we learn the particulars of a marvellous affair last week, near Oaks, in Alamance. Logan Kirkpatrick, colored, went down into a well 56 feet deep. It was full of foul air, and he instantly wilted. The alarm was given, and his father rushed upon the scene so frantic that he had to be held by main force until a rope could be tied around his waist, with arms and legs clasped around a cross beam near the bottom of the well. The unfortunate youth had clutched the beam as he was losing consciousness, and his limbs had stiffened until it seemed impossible to detach them. In a few seconds the father shouted to be drawn up, as he was fainting. The rope broke! But he had time to wrap the end around his wrist, and was drawn out, perfectly senseless, hanging limp, by one arm.

Meantime another colored man named Turrentine had been making efforts. He went down, and was hauled up senseless. After recovering he went down again and made a strenuous effort to dislodge Kirkpatrick, but was hauled up senseless. By this time hundreds of persons from the neighborhood were gathered around the well mouth. A large bucket full of lighted pine splints was lowered into the well, but was extinguished by the gas ere it got half-way down.

Again Turrentine made the effort, and again he failed! Many brave men were there, but the negro's pertinacious courage could be discounted by no man. When restored once more he made one more effort, and this time brought up the body of his black comrade. A corpse? So it seemed; for had he not been five hours in that foul abyss? But there were intelligent physicians present, who proceeded to burn the senseless negro along the soles of his feet. At length he moaned and finally returned to consciousness.

Taken altogether the rescue was the most noteworthy within our recollection, and is creditable to the African race.—*Farmer and Mechanic.*

A Strange Death.

Yesterday afternoon about 3 o'clock, a remarkable accident happened on the Columbia and Greenville Railroad near Frost's mill. A colored man was quietly walking along the track toward Columbia with an axe on his shoulder. Something lying on the rail met his eye, and upon examination, it was found to be a dynamite danger protector which had been placed there as a warning to an approaching train. Being familiar with its explosive qualities, he thought to have some fun, and struck the torpedo a sharp blow with the blunt part of the axe. An instantaneous explosion occurred, and the axe, repelled by the concussion, rebounded with terrific force, the sharp edge striking the unfortunate man in the neck, inflicting a ghastly wound, from which blood spouted copiously. The wounded man died from loss of blood in a few minutes.—*Columbia Register.*

No head nor tail to it—A circle.