

# THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT.

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. X.—NO. 50.

DURHAM, N. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1881.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

### Professional Cards.

**D. S. COOK, M. D.**  
**Practicing Physicians.**  
Office in Sikes & Geer building, next door to Sheriff's office.

**JAMES B. MASON,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
CHARLES HILL, N. C.

**W. S. BOUTWELL,**  
**Attorneys at Law,**  
DURHAM, N. C.

**ROBERT C. STUDDICK,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
DURHAM, N. C.

**N. LUNSFORD,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
ROXBORO, N. C.

**P. M. BRIGGS,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
DURHAM, N. C.

**S. H. WEBB,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
OAKS, N. C.

**ROBERT E. CARL,**  
**Attorney and Counsellor at Law,**  
DURHAM, N. C.

**JONES WATSON,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
HILLSBORO, N. C.

**JOHN W. GRAHAM,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
HILLSBORO, N. C.

**A. W. GRAHAM,**  
**Attorney at Law,**  
HILLSBORO, N. C.

**DR. L. B. HENDERSON,**  
**DENTIST,**  
DURHAM, N. C.

**PIANOS AND ORGANS**  
**GRAND SPECIAL HOLIDAY SALE.**

For Christmas, 1881, make yourself and family happy by the gift of a Piano or Organ, that will fill your home with music, not only for a day, but for a life.

**THE PASTILLE**  
**FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY**

A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Discharges, Nervous Debility, and all the various symptoms of the same.

**HARRIS REMEDY CO., M.F. DRUGS, MO.**  
Market 6th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

### LOVE'S VICTORY.

SCENE THE FIRST.  
IN THE BANKING-HOUSE.

CHAPTER VIII.  
AN UNWARRANTABLE DEPRESSION AND A WARRANTABLE EXPLANATION.

The persons who play their parts in this story are but little, if at all, removed from the common run of men and women. Of wonderful characters the world has but few; you can count them upon your fingers, and the chances are that, if you met one of these rare birds in society, and conversed with him, you would be woefully disappointed. Very seldom is it that pearls are distilled from the tongue—such pearls as have been known to drop from the tongue of a man like that.

The passions and emotions which animate the characters in this story, and direct their words and actions, are also of the common order, therefore it is unlikely that you will have the pleasure of reading in these pages any records of amazing adventures or hair-breadth escapes. Here and there a surprise may occur or an unexpected turn may be given to the incidents, but of these the author can not claim to be the inventor; they are but the natural outcome of the ordinary passions and emotions referred to, which in their workings are surely sufficient for any literary craftsman. There is no need even in a story of city life, such as this is, to encroach upon the land of romance. The chess-board of the commonest lives presents strange and startling variations, and the old stories are being played over and over again, every day in the year—with constantly new effect, because the actors in them are new. Romance glows in courts and narrow streets, and those who gaze from a superior standpoint upon the common scenes from which they are removed, see not the mediate lights and shades which make up the sum of the lives of the dwellers therein. A strong light and a deep shadow they have the power to discern, and these, presented in an airy, attractive fashion, are alluring to a mass of readers who do not desire their authors to be too much in earnest. To them, earnestness, apart from the serious occupation of life—to wit, the making of money—is a bugbear; and business men out of business hours avoid it as, if they had the power, they would avoid a nightmare.

We require our dramatists and writers of fiction to amuse us, they say; we do not wish to be bored with an overabundance of earnestness. They may be simple, if they please; they may tinkle us with a mystery; but they must not make our heads ache with their earnestness. We have enough of that in our offices; we want sedatives in our leisure.

Notwithstanding which remonstrance, they are sometimes deluded into swallowing sugar-coated pills. And it is to be noted that many stories, simple in their construction, are found to contain tragic elements. Simplicity, I know, is out of vogue, and yet how often do we, who, for the most part, live artificial lives, and poison life's best and brightest leaves with fashion's follies—how often do we tire out men and women sigh for that simplicity which we turn so religiously from our doors! There, we say when we are wearied with tasteless words, there is true happiness unalloyed. With few wants and fewer cares, that one from the country, with the roses in her cheeks, with sunlight dancing in her eyes, tastes the sweetest sweets of life, and enjoys them. They pelt not on her tongue; daisies and sweet-smelling flowers are strewn among her days, and she gathers joy and gladness from them.

For it is always in the country, and from the country, that simplicity is said to live and spring. I myself have grown to believe that in crowded cities, where we knock each other down as we hurry along, where we push and squeeze with merciless disregard of our neighbor's ribs, there is no room for simplicity, and that only in the country does it find a dwelling-place.

How often have we heard that God made the country, and man the town! In plays, the country maiden is brought to the fevered city, and the sweet, modest primrose is invariably transformed into the gaudy, flaunting sunflower. Before you were thought of, this view of simplicity was preached and believed in. Being in a variable mood, I should begin to waver in my belief if I were to ask myself if this view is true; for the subject is many-sided, and presents different aspects from different points of view. In this age of selfishly influenced action, the mental faculty is put to base uses, prostrated, degraded, as it were. I belong to such and such an order,

therefore I believe that a certain thing is true; you belong to such and such an order, therefore you believe that this same thing is false. I am working for such and such an end, therefore I see clearly that this is white; you are working for such and such an end, therefore you see clearly that it is black. This man is high-minded, noble, virtuous, I say; he is mean-souled, base, vicious, you say. What you hold to be sacred, I despise; what I admire, you condemn. And in the main our judgments are influenced, not by calm considerations of the circumstances, but by our selfish aims and passions.

With a liking for new faces, he was attracted one night, as he lounged in the stalls of his favorite theatre, by a pretty girl who played a small part with grace and effect. Going behind the scenes, he learned that she was new to the stage, and had only played for a few nights. The stage manager said he thought she would develop into a good actress. It was sufficient for Frederick Chappell that she was young and pretty, and he paid court to her. His attentions were at first received with politeness, and even with gratitude, as it seemed to him, but when he became bolder in his words, he met with a check which hurt his pride. As is the way of men under such circumstances, her indifference warmed his passion, and he became more ardent toward her. But he never advanced a step in her affections. He offered her presents; she refused them. He threw flowers to her upon the stage, and she allowed them to lie at her feet. When they were brought to her to the side-scenes, she received them with coldness, and invariably left them in the theatre. He made various attempts to discover where she lived, and every attempt was repulsed. He thought of her more than he would have cared to own, for nothing but mortification had resulted from his pursuit of her.

There was no doubt that he was widely enamored of her; he committed many extravagances in his mad infatuation, and without any idea that he was disgracing his madhouse by so doing (so lax were his morals), he wrote her a letter which made her tremble with shame. It was returned to him torn to pieces, and without a word in reply.

For most men these continued defeats would have been sufficient, and they might have been sufficient for Frederick Chappell but for one singular feature. In the midst of all her abhorrence of him, she yet forced herself to be civil to him, and evinced a distinct desire not to anger him too deeply. She appeared, indeed, to be in some way afraid of him, and never betrayed her feelings toward him to any of her professional acquaintances. He took pains to make himself acquainted with this strange feature in their intercourse, and as the cogitations of such like young gentlemen are invariably flattering to themselves, he construed her behavior in a way which would have dismayed her had she suspected it. During all this time she was rising steadily in her profession, and really bade fair to make her mark. The construction he placed upon her conduct was this: "She is playing with me; she has no real dislike for me; or she would show it to others; whereas she carefully avoids saying an ill word of me lest it should come to my ears, and cause me to cease my attentions. Artful young creature!" He did not credit her with any true womanly feeling of modesty and virtue.

Perhaps, however, it will be more correct to say that he never gave this phase of the matter a thought. She was an actress; that was enough for him, and he arrived at his own conclusions from that simple circumstance. "I will repay her in her own coin," he thought; and he did not speak to her for a week. This appeared to cause her infinite content, and although during this week he went nearly every night behind the scenes, and flirted with others to arouse her jealousy, she never once spoke to him, never once looked toward him. She could not more effectively have fed his passion. Every comparison he made between her and other young ladies of his acquaintance was in her favor; she was well educated, and a lady in her manners, although it was no secret that she had adopted the stage purely for the sake of money. He resumed his old tactics, and was received with even greater coldness. "I do not bid high enough," he thought; and in the ardor of his pursuit, he bought her a very costly present—nothing less than a brooch and ear-rings of diamonds.

In this offering on the altar of his passion he sacrificed a hundred guineas. He wrote a sentimental letter, and left that and the case containing the jewels with the door-keeper,

who was in his pay, with instructions that they should be given to the young lady when she was alone. He argued that, if only from womanly curiosity, she would be certain to open the case; and he felt assured that she would be won by the magnificence of the offering. The door-keeper was faithful to the instructions given him, and when Frederick in the course of the night strolled into the theatre with an expression of calm satisfaction on his face—as if one who came to receive his wages and look, and perhaps words, of regard which had hitherto been held from him—the jewel-case, and the letter had not been opened, nor the costly case taken out of its covering. Frederick, in a fit of indignation and revenge, sent a messenger to the door-keeper to offer her the tokens; she asked who had left them, and refused to touch them until she learned; and when she heard the name of Frederick Chappell, she simply desired that they should be returned to him. Within a few days of this rejection he heard that she was about to leave the theatre.

According to the way in which he argued out the matter with himself, it became almost a point of honor with him not to relinquish his pursuit of the girl who had so infuriated him; his passion was now stronger than ever; she grew daily more beautiful and more graceful in his eyes, and he was ready to commit any extravagance for her. He was certain, if he could obtain an interview with her, that she would at last listen to him; and he trusted to his good looks, his position in society, and his money, to do the rest. Excited into this belief, he committed the indiscretion of sending her a note by Trail, in handwriting slightly disguised, asking her to call at the bank, on a matter of importance, at a time when he was aware that his father would be absent. He had scarcely an idea as to what he should say to her; he acted on the impulse of passion, without looking to the end; he wished to see her, and speak with her privately—that was all.

This was precisely the position of affairs when Trail opened the door, and whispered to Frederick Chappell: "The young lady, sir—Miss Laura."

Two Woocers.

A young lady who was the recipient of attention from two young men equally eligible, in point of good looks, social position and financial solidity, and entertaining similar feelings of friendship for both, was in a quandary as to which to choose, should they propose. A friend to whom she confided her difficulty suggested that she put both to some test to prove the strength of their affection. She took the advice, and to the first who avowed his affections said:

"You tell me that you love me. How do I know that you are sincere? What would you do to show your love?"

"Anything," replied the ardent lover, who had a spice of romance in his disposition, "anything; I would go to the world's end for you; I would endure any suffering for you; I would die for you if necessary."

Such ardent protestations brought the blushes to her cheeks and a thrill of happiness to her heart as she thought that certainly no one could love her more fondly than he did. She asked, however, for a little delay before giving him an answer to his suit. Meantime the other proposed and she questioned him in like manner to the first.

"Well," said he, "I'll tell you what I would do to show my love for you. If you marry me you shall have good clothes to wear. I will see that you are always the owner of a handsome seal skin saccap, and that your hats or bonnets are always in fashion, and I will be a faithful, loving husband to you."

"But wouldn't you go to the world's end for me, or die for me, or any of that sort of thing, you know?" she asked, as she toyed with his coat buttons.

"I don't want to go to the world's end," he replied; "I've got a nice, good paying business in Boston, and as for dying for you, I'd rather live with you."

"Well," said she, as visions of seal skin saccap, fashionable bonnets, etc., flashed before her mind, "I guess you can speak to that."

The practical wooer is the man for the times.

George Espenshied is again at his old business. If you want a good shave, hair-cut or shampoo, call on Espenshied, next door to Tatum.

Bergins in furniture can be secured by B. L. Duke & Co., Main street, Durham, N. C.

Fresh Pies, daily at Burgess.

### Durham and the Conference.

It turned out just as we expected—we mean the late Conference at Durham. Durham was herself in every sense of the word. Able to entertain a Conference? If it had been twice as large as it was, Durham would have done it. It was said that the reason Gen. Taylor won the battle of Buena Vista was that he did not know when he was whipped. He did not find it out till after the battle was over and the enemy routed. Durham did not find out that the Conference was a big thing till it was over and gone.

The reason was that everything was arranged for it so that there was little friction. The turkey, chickens, geese were all in trim, and ready at a moment's notice for any amount of duty. The directories, gotten up after the most approved style, were distributed everywhere. In fact, without the tediousness of specifying, let us just say that everything, so far as we had occasion to observe or enquire, was in apple-pie order. We left Durham with the impression that, with the Durham people to help him, Brother Cunningham can get up as good a Conference as any man we ever saw try.

We do not propose to write about those great tobacco warehouses and manufactories, and those unceasingly steam whistles, which, it is said, alarm the people in the neighboring States; nor do we propose to take up our time discussing those overburdened tables, which showed almost no sign of shrinkage when we left; nor will we mention a peculiarity of another kind which impressed us everywhere.

New towns are generally crude and coarse—more or less wanting in culture, manners and taste. On the other hand Durham is remarkable for its culture, manners and taste. There is an air of refinement about every residence which impresses you that you are not among a people of sordid groveling habits, mere mammon-worshippers, who love and admire and desire nothing except what can be transmuted into gold. The esthetic class peace with the practical, the ideal with the real. What we shall eat, what we shall drink, and where vital shall we be clothed is not the only thing that receives special attention or draws forth large expenditures. Literature, music, flowers and art, are laid under contribution to make home attractive, and to minister to the wants of the mind. And first and foremost in thought and purpose is the church with its appointed means of moral and spiritual improvement. It would be hard to find, at least in North Carolina, a town so young as Durham, which has expended so much in church building, and to such purpose. The new Methodist church, in which the Conference held its sessions, is a model of neatness and taste—indeed we ought to have said elegance. Such a people are bound to prosper, and we love to see them increase in riches and influence. The Methodist preacher ought not to desire anything better in the way of an appointment than to have his lot cast at Durham for four years.

Even in that spacious building we noticed that the Conference room was very much crowded, many who ought to have been concerned did not know, half the time, what was going on. Everything was hurried and pushed. Many matters of importance received little or no attention—not that anybody was to blame for neglecting anything, but just because it could not be otherwise.

The question of dividing the Conference was mentioned, but not considered. There was no time to give it consideration. Of course those who desired that it should have consideration are expected to be content and quiet about it, for there was no time to consider it. Necessity knows no law, no matter whom it pinches. For our own part, we are more in favor of division than ever, because we see and feel more and more the need of it. We believe that the interests of Methodism in North Carolina demand a division, and for that reason, and that alone, we are in favor of it. While we continue so to believe we shall agitate and advocate the measure. It may not be the most popular thing, but we conceive it to be the right thing, and that settles the question with us.—*Methodist Advance.*

On hand and to arrive 3,000 bushels of horses for sale; also the best stock and new plantations, buggies and carriages for hire. If you want a nice turnout and pleasant ride, call on McCown & Osborne.

M. A. Angier & Son will save you some money on boots and shoes, hardware, crockery and fancy groceries.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Holidays and then the Committees.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]  
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 13.  
But little legislative work will be done until after the Christmas holidays. The formation of the House Committees proceeds very slowly, and they will not be announced until after the recess.

Until within the last three days, we have had no real winter weather in Washington. There has not been a sign of snow, and there is little wonder that the city is attracting visitors from all parts of the country. The festive season, and promises to be a brilliant one. The number of delegates already received at the different hotels and boarding houses, to say nothing of fashionable West End houses rented for the season, is unprecedented. Within the last ten years, men of wealth and leisure have bought and built in Washington. They are not here except in the winter, but when Congress assembles, extravagant and erring spirits from all parts of the Union lie them hither to this winter dizziness and pandemonium—as you like it. When will it stop! The fashion is increasing. The city is growing. Growing without manufactures, commerce or trade. Growing on the money spent by wealthy residents, transient guests, but chiefly from the enormous disbursements of the government. No city in the world, I think, has become great under such circumstances. All other capitals of first-class nations have had different sources of prosperity. Paris has always been the headquarters of a gigantic military establishment. London has been the depot of the world's commerce. Washington is but a petty village, when compared with other great capitals. But she is larger and more promising than were any of them at her age, and she is brought into quicker contact with broader and richer areas than have supplied the sinews of the great cities of the old world.

When we know the intimate, subtle circulation of manners, art, architecture and laws, the growth of the capital of a great country, its adornment, and its sanitary purification, are subjects in which every intelligent citizen must be concerned. Athens, Rome and Paris have successively dominated the world, through influences more enduring than military conquest. Rome subdued her barbarian conquerors by forces gentler but mightier than the sword, and in this new era, and in half-developed hemisphere, the political centre of the single great power has a mission beyond anything enacted in the executive, legislative or judicial departments of the government. Washington must either be removed from the swamps or the swamps must be removed from Washington. To do either will be a greater work than the fabled tasks of Hercules combined. To remove the swamps will cost, perhaps, five millions. To remove the Capital will cost a hundred millions.

"Do you love me?" "Yes," she answered, "better than anything else in the world. It's a beautiful night for a moonlight drive." A moonlight drive would cost at least three dollars, and as he agitated seventeen cents in his trousers pocket he surveyed the lunar orb with a knowing gaze, and remarked: "I should be so happy to take you, but it's a wet moon, and you know you are so liable to catch cold, dear." The next morning the disappointed maiden observed to her mother: "Charles and I have quit. He knows a heap about the weather, but he's a perfect ignoramus about me."

A rather seedy-looking customer came into a restaurant on Austin avenue and said to the proprietor: "What do you ask for nicely cooked beefsteak, well done, with onions?" "Twenty-five cents," and the grumpy "Nothing." "You don't? That's liberal. How much do you charge for the bread?" "We throw in the bread free." "Is the bread good?" "It is." "So you throw in the bread and gravy?" "Certainly." "Then bring me some bread and gravy. It's not healthy to eat meat in summer."

TUTT'S PILLS  
INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.  
THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.  
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.  
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a distention to exertion of any kind, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Disturbed Sleep, Yellow Skin, Headache, Irritability of sight, highly colored Urine.  
IF THESE WARNING SIGNS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.  
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted for the relief of the above symptoms, and cause the Liver to perform its natural functions, and cause the Blood to be purified, and the System to be brought back to its normal condition. They are sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, J. C. Tuttle, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.  
GRAY HAIR OF WHATEVER COLOR OR GROWTH, can be changed to a Glossy Black, by the use of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously, and does not require the use of any other preparation. It is sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, J. C. Tuttle, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

M. A. Angier & Son will save you some money on boots and shoes, hardware, crockery and fancy groceries.

### Business Cards.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years' experience. Patents obtained through us are valid in the UNITED STATES, CANADA, CUBA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, ITALY, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY, SWITZERLAND, BELGIUM, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, DENMARK, NORWAY, SWEDEN, RUSSIA, GREECE, TURKEY, JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, SINGAPORE, HONG KONG, PHILIPPINES, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH AFRICA, and all other countries. We also act as Agents for the sale of Patents, and as Counselors in all matters relating to the same. Our office is at No. 100 Broadway, New York.

DR. BUTTS' DISPENSARY  
Treat all Chronic Diseases, and adopt a new and original system of medicine, called "The Butts' Dispensary." It is a natural, safe, and reliable remedy, and is sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, Dr. J. C. Butts, New York.

FOURTSZ'S  
No Horse will die of Colic, Hoof or Legg Pain, if Fourtsz's Compound is used. It is a natural, safe, and reliable remedy, and is sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, Dr. J. C. Fourtsz, New York.

DURHAM COUNTY, SUPERIOR COURT.  
John M. Woods vs. Paul Proctor and others.  
In this case it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Henry Proctor, James Proctor, John Proctor, Robert Proctor, Paul Proctor and the heirs-at-law of Parthenia Davis, are non-resident defendants in the County of Durham, and have an interest to be effected by this action, which, upon motion of C. E. Parrish, attorney for the plaintiff, is ordered that publication be made for the absent and non-resident defendants in the Town of Durham, N. C., by the publication of this notice in the Durham Standard, a newspaper published in the Town of Durham, for six consecutive weeks, commencing the said publication on the 13th day of December, 1881, and answer the said complaint filed, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in his complaint.  
J. J. FERRELL, Clerk Superior Court.  
Dec. 13, 1881-6w

LIVERY STABLE.

AMPLE ACCOMMODATIONS  
I have recently added a number of fine Horses, Phaetons, Buggies, and Carriages, and am prepared to furnish first-class accommodations to all. Prompt attention and charges moderate.  
A. A. SEARS,  
Durham, N. C.

C. H. JEWELLIN,  
—FASHIONABLE—  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
DURHAM, N. C.

KEEP IN STOCK A FINE ASSORTMENT OF GOODS, CONSISTING OF  
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, MELTONS AND  
WOOLENS, BOTH FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC,  
(No longer imitation goods, but genuine stock)  
WHICH HE WILL MAKE UP IN THE  
MOST FASHIONABLE STYLES,  
GOOD FITS and LOWEST PRICES.

WHEN KING COTTON  
WHITENS THE FIELDS.  
McSMITH MUSIC HOUSE,  
Branch of Ludden & Bates,  
PRICES AND TERMS EXACTLY THE SAME.  
"KEEP IN DE MIDDLE OF DE ROBE."  
—AND READ—  
McSMITH'S SPECIAL SUMMER OFFER

CASH PRIZES and 3 MONTHS' CREDIT.  
500 Prizes will be given away on Monday, Dec. 20, 1881, for that many copies of our new and cheap Little Cash Down and Balance when Cotton comes in.  
Lowest cash prices, payable \$10 cash on an Order, \$25 cash on a Piano, and the balance in three months without interest. This offer expires October 31. Buy now and buy as cheap as you can next fall with cash in your hand.  
This is neither "Pie" nor "Tally," but Good old Boy and Hominy.  
Write to me for a little reading matter and be happy.  
No Order from this House and save time, freight and money. Address—  
H. McSMITH,  
Charlotte, N. C.  
July 19-6m

TUTT'S PILLS  
INDORSED BY PHYSICIANS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE AFFLICTED EVERYWHERE.  
THE GREATEST MEDICAL TRIUMPH OF THE AGE.  
SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.  
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a distention to exertion of any kind, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Disturbed Sleep, Yellow Skin, Headache, Irritability of sight, highly colored Urine.  
IF THESE WARNING SIGNS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.  
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted for the relief of the above symptoms, and cause the Liver to perform its natural functions, and cause the Blood to be purified, and the System to be brought back to its normal condition. They are sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, J. C. Tuttle, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.  
GRAY HAIR OF WHATEVER COLOR OR GROWTH, can be changed to a Glossy Black, by the use of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously, and does not require the use of any other preparation. It is sold by all Druggists, and by the Proprietor, J. C. Tuttle, Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

M. A. Angier & Son will save you some money on boots and shoes, hardware, crockery and fancy groceries.