

THE DURHAM TOBACCO PLANT

DEMOCRATIC ALWAYS AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES.

VOL. XIV.---NO. 28

DURHAM, N. C., WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1885.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. B. BOONE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
DURHAM, N. C.

Office in Duke's building, next door to
Petersen's office. Practices in Orange and
Person and in the U. S. Court. Aug 20
JOHN M. MORING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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On Main Street, 2nd door below
Church Street. Office always open
and patronage solicited.

JACOB A. LONG, ROBERT STREDEWICK,
LONG & STREDEWICK,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
DURHAM, N. C.

Practice in the County of Durham, Chatham,
Alamance, Orange, Person and Caswell
and Orange. April 30th

W. W. MILLER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
DURHAM, N. C.

Practices in the County of Durham, Chatham,
Alamance, Orange, Person and Caswell
and Orange. April 30th

JAMES B. MARSON,
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Practices in the County of Alamance, Caswell,
Durham, Guilford, Rockingham, Person
and Orange. 1880-81

A. MANGUM,
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Collects and settlement of estates a
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Practices in the County of Alamance, Caswell,
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A PRACTICE OF FIFTEEN YEARS.

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Best references in the State given. All operations
performed in the latest and best style,
and as none but the best material will be used,
warranting entire satisfaction. Charges Moderate.

SHAVING SALOONS.
WRIGHT & MERRICK'S
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
SALOON,
MAIN ST., DURHAM, N. C.

Work done in first-class style. Clean towels
and bay run for every customer. The best
hair tonic for sale. Illustrated papers kept
for the benefit of customers. m2-17

Pomona Hill Nurseries.
Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry
Apricot, Grapevines,
Strawberry, Flowers, &c., &c.

Everything of the hardy class usually kept
in a first-class Nursery.
Correspondence solicited. Descriptive Catalogue
free on application. J. VAN LINDLEY, Proprietor,
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TAKE NOTICE.
All persons are hereby forewarned against
trespassing with gun, dog or otherwise.

TRESPASSING IN ANY MANNER.
Whatever upon the lands of E. C. Geor,
Sarah C. Vickers, M. W. Geor, E. B. Geor,
D. Markham, H. B. Brogdon, S. J. Beas-
ley, J. M. Geor, W. W. Hamlin, D. M.
Geor, J. J. Cheek, J. T. Davis and E. C.
Geor guardian of Edgar Cheek. All per-
sons trespassing upon the above lands
will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law without compromise.
Sept. 1st, 1885. 12ms.

MOTHERS
ARE YOU
TROUBLED
BE CURED
Bradfield's
Female
Regulator!

It is a special remedy for all diseases pertaining
to the womb, and any intelligent woman
falling of the womb and other diseases com-
bined of sixteen years standing, and I really
believe a cure entirely, for which please
accept my heartfelt thanks and most profuse
gratitude. I know your medicine saved my
life, so you see I cannot speak too highly in
the future. I have recommended it to several
of my friends who are suffering as I was.
Yours very respectfully,
Mrs. W. E. STEBBINS.

Our Treatise on the "Health and Happiness
of Women" mailed free.
BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

A Jealous Bridegroom.

I am, if you will allow me to introduce myself, your humble servant Mr. Pelham Palmer. I am perhaps of a jealous disposition by nature, but who can help his nature? I deeply sympathize with Othello whenever I read the play of that fame which Shakespeare has given to the world.

I say I am jealous by nature, but I have conquered myself, I deeply sympathize, as I said, with Othello, but I am quite sure that if that most unhappy colored gentleman had partially smothered Desdemona, and she had been brought to and had been able to explain about the suspicious circumstances connected with her pocket handkerchief, everything might have been all right, and Othello very happy.

However, this is growing into a story; let me continue my story. I was forty when I made up my mind to marry. I had never thought myself handsome, but having amassed a fortune, and having decided to settle down as a married man, I was lucky enough to find the affection of the fairest of her sex, Miss Phoebe Pearl, and having offered myself to her, was accepted.

I had previously interviewed her father who approved of our union, and I had gone through the courting phase and was really married.

The carriages were rolling up on my way to Mr. Pearl's door, while the crowd of little girls, boys, nuns, rymads and beggars collected on the pavement, uttered loud o's and a-h's whenever more than usually gorgeous trains swept the dust from the stripe carpet spread upon the front door step and vanished under the fringe of the awning.

I was uncomfortable, as bridegrooms always are when making part of their wedding show; but I expected to be very happy when I got my wife to myself, and after the lunch, or dinner, or breakfast—I really don't know what my respected mother-in-law called the feast—we were going off to spend a month at Paris and get acquainted.

Even in that Hedeon hour I was aware that we were not well acquainted yet. However, I knew I was a good sort of fellow and had the greatest confidence in Phoebe. In fact, I had just repeated this to myself, when I went to the door and found the door, and I saw Phoebe's own maid exchange a glance with my wife as she slipped a pink envelope into her pocket.

It was a very foolish idea, I know, but I took it into my head that the letter had something in it that my newly-wedded Phoebe wished to keep from me. I flattered myself that I was a good reader of the expression of the human countenance, and that is what I thought I saw in the glances those girls exchanged. However, I really wanted to kick myself for harboring the thought.

But afterwards, when the congratulations were over and we were going down to dinner, I saw Jane, under pretense of adjusting her mistress' dress, slip this pink envelope into the white satin lace trimmed pocket that was pinned by a bunch of orange-blossoms to her belt. And I saw Phoebe dart a warning look at me. This time I was sure, and a memory of certain beaux who had caused me pain in their time did creep into my mind.

To be sure, Phoebe was mine, but she should not have any secrets from me. I was older than she was, not handsome, and very well off, and well, I felt that some of those other men had been young, and fascinating, and poor—and girls had married for money—and could I do? Make a scene before the wedding party? Get into the papers, perhaps?

"No," I said to myself, "I'll have my say, but I won't disgrace myself publicly." I put the fragment into my pocket-book.

Jane had been the children's nursery-maid. I had promoted her to Phoebe's own waiting-maid, and she was to go with us. There she was already, and I thought of all the diabolical maids in French books as I looked at her.

We got into a carriage and rattled furiously away toward the station, for we were late. Phoebe was in tears—"at leaving home," she said. I made no attempt to console her. I sat stiffly on my seat, with a hand on each knee, Jane's round little bullets of eyes staring hard at me, as though she saw something was the matter.

My heart burst, and my head ached; I wonder I was not seized with apoplexy, being of such a full habit. We got into the train at last, and Phoebe looked at me in her dove-like way, as I stood beside her, looking Heaven only knows how.

"You mustn't be angry with me. It's so hard to leave mamma," she said pleadingly. "I won't cry any more."

"You are at liberty to cry as much as you like, madame," I said. "I should think that you would feel like shedding many bitter tears."

"Hope I've not hurt you, my dear," she said.

Square Rights.

The other day, during a conversation about the justice of Western courts, a little old man, with a waxy face, said: "Gentlemen, it is all right to criticize the courteous judge of the West, for as a rule a man criticizes a man to which he knows least about. Some time ago I was arranged before a court on a charge of killing a man."

"Did you kill him?" asked one of the company.

"Of course I killed him; but hold on—I was standing on a railway platform, when a tall, fine-looking fellow came up, looked earnest at me, and thrust his hand behind his back. I was a bit suspicious, and I saw he was carrying a pistol, and I only reached for his handkerchief."

"Well, I said, 'do you think I ought to keep a letter directed to me?'"

"You prevaricate," said I.

"If that's French for steal, I don't," said Jane.

"You gave it to her steal," said I.

"Well, she said I was not to let you see it," said Jane.

"I know the contents of that letter," said I.

"There now," said Jane, "I told her you'd find out. But you don't mind, do you? It's a great deal commoner than you'd think, and she's only got two. Some young ladies have a whole lot."

"Two!" I gasped. "Unhappy girl! I only know of one."

"Why, I've got four," said Jane, "and I'd tell anybody."

"Hardened young woman!" said I.

"But I am no longer deceived—that is one comfort. I will send that woman back to her parents with you."

Jane stared at me.

"You're a crazy, Mr. Palmer," she said. "So much better-looking and younger as she is than you, now, and you've got a whole upper set, I believe. So there now!" She stopped and laughed. "I believe you're a misled somebody," she said. "You don't think that letter was from one of my missus's of a beau?"

"I have read a portion of the letter," I said fiercely. "I have it here."

Colored Poker.

My father concerns the descendants of Ham, possibly members of the Thompson set of Poker club. After a stilted argument over the pastboards, two of them decided to have it out, and so bet heavily, that adverb was construed by them, that adverb was inevitable result, as call was the puer.

"Watcha got?"

"Two par," was the proud, terse response.

"Two par, heah," said Hannibal, "jacks up," uttered Scipio in reply.

"Jacks heah," said Hannibal, "a tantalizing smile."

"Trays next," was Scipio's blue declaration.

"Trays heah," mumbled Hannibal, as his face opened in a grin.

"Ace," he said Scipio, as he thumped the table convulsively.

"Ace next heah," and Hannibal was in danger of falling from his chair in a ecstasy of delight.

"Holy Moses," shrieked Scipio, as he turned up the white of his eyes.

"Holy Moses heah," and Hannibal stretched forth a hand to divide the pot.

An Irishman Elected Jefferson.

Sir—I have been somewhat amused while reading in the newspapers the discussion raised by Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, over the election of President Jefferson, in noticing that the name of the man to whom credit is due for that result is carefully omitted.

In 1746 a male child was born to the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, who, at the age of 13, managed to reach this country, where he had to sell himself to service to pay for his transportation. He served in the first war against England, settled in Vermont, founded the town of Fairhaven in that State, where he built mill and fouries, manufactured paper from basswood and established a newspaper. He became a member of the Legislature, Judge and a Representative in Congress from Vermont. He established the first printing press in Keatsville, transporting the type on horseback across the mountains, and became a member of the Legislature and a Representative in Congress from that State for eight years. He built canals for the second war against England, and sank his fortune in that particular undertaking, and was afterward elected first delegate to Congress from Arkansas. He was the most conspicuous victim of the Alien and Sedition law, for the abolition of which he had been such conspicuous service. It was while in prison at Vergennes under this law that he was elected to Congress, and it was to this Irish lad—Matthew Lyon, from Wicklow, that the election of Jefferson was justly due, as it was by his vote that the State of Vermont was given to this illustrious signer of the Declaration.

I notice in this morning's Sun that Prof. Tyndall, who has given magnificent endowments to three of our American colleges, is put down as a "distinguished Englishman." He is an Irishman, and a native of the county Carlow. The English conspiracy to slander Ireland and rob her of her honors justly due to her, seems to be working charmingly just now, particularly in this country.—N. Y. Sun.

W. E. BOSSON.

Well Enough Protected.

"Say, boss," he began, as he halted a policeman, "dar a s, much law in Detroit dat poe' folks like me can't keep track of all of it. An dar any law 'bout fish escapes?"

"There is an ordinance, why?"

"Wall, dar's Julius Cesar Rankum libs up my way. No use talkin', but he's swart. He's a sort of a lawyer 'n' speaker and deacon shun together. He knows more'n a minit dan I do in all day, but I can't swallow all he says 'bout fish escapes."

"What does he say?"

"Says Ize got to put 'em on my cabin or be gobbled by de law."

"How high is your cabin?"

"One story."

"What good would fire-escapes do on such a house?"

"Dat's what I kept to tell 'em, but de deasil dat I'd hev to put 'em on, I war to put on one fur 'em 'de of woman, an' de edler free fur de six chil'en."

"I guess you needn't worry over the matter," said the officer as he moved on.

"Dat's what I tle de ole winder I reckon if we leave free winder him-dan two doors open all night, and put an ole mattress on de ground, under de front window, we am bound to get outer dat cabin 'fore anyb'ny am roasted. Much obliged, sah. I'll get a load of sawdust an' put under de winder as a fur'er precaution, an' I'll drill de family on takin' a scoot when de ball rings fish, but I don't go in fur fish escapes—no, sah."

—Detroit Free Press.

The Washington monument has had strange visitors since its erection. A gaunt and hungry cat climbed to the top; five rats have made the ascent to get the crumbs from the workmen's lunches; wasps built their nests and pigeons roost at night 434 feet above the habitation of man.

Wool Carding Machine.

See that little old man coming along there?" said a well-known fifth street policeman yesterday.

"Yes. What is he looking for?" inquired an Equivocal reporter.

"He is what is called a 'finder'—goes about looking for lost jewelry, money, etc., and turning it up when a reward is offered for its return."

"Who is he?"

"Why, don't you know him?" ejaculated the policeman, apparently somewhat surprised. "That's 'Monkey' Todd, one of the best known characters in the city. He was at one time worth his little \$300,000, and in less than three years blew it in against 'em' and gay women. Some men in this town made good fortunes bleesing him. I saw him lose \$13,000 in one night several years ago at a gambling house on Fifth street. He was trying to find the limit. I don't like to say the game was a braze, but it looked very much like it."

"Is he an old resident for this city?"

"No. He came here from Virginia, where his folks still live. They are people of wealth, but he never got out of them. You see, he married a girl out of one of the houses of 'gilt edge' in this city, and was a terward ashamed to go home, even when he had lost every cent of his money. Many of the boys about town would like to assist him, but you bet he'll take nothing from any of them, and, although I now know that he was bleid for all his money, he never squeals. He's a man of nerve—prond as a peacock."

"How does he live?"

"Oh, Mike Coughlin, the well known saloon man, looks after him. He sleeps in Mike's cellar. Just think of that! Once worth \$300,000, and everything he could wish for, an' now such weather as this, sleeping in a cellar."

"That is rather rough."

"He started old Homer up in good style once—opened a bank for him and gave him a good-sized back lot; but Homer wouldn't pay for anything but silk umbrellas, canes and jewelry, and of course never made anything I will never forget one circumstance that showed his utter inappreciation of the worth of money. 2904, 5th Alloway, and several others strolled into Harding's restaurant on night to get supper. Todd had a package under his arm, which he gave Harding to keep for him until next day. It was something done up in an old newspaper. Harding thought it was washing, and threw it down upon the floor behind the counter, where it was knocked about and tossed around considerably. The next day Todd called for the package. They had some trouble finding it. One of the night waiters had thrown it in the cupboard underneath the steps. At last they found it, however, and when Todd loosened the wrapper you ought to see our eyes bulge out. That package only contained \$15,000 in gold every day bank notes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Best Rolls.

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Wanted!

A young man who is willing to work with a small capital to take an interest in a business thoroughly established and paying a good profit. Address 1517 Easton St. No. 21.

Notice to Tax Payers.

The Board of County Commissioners of Durham County will meet at the court house in Durham on the 20th inst. (Monday) July 14, for the purpose of levying the tax list of said county. All persons who are liable for the payment of taxes on real estate, and who have not paid the same, are notified to bring their taxes in to the collector of said county, to wit: J. H. HIGDON, at the court house, on or before the 20th inst. (Monday) July 14, 1885. J. H. HIGDON, Collector.

Notice to Pleasure and Health Seekers!

The Ocean View Hotel, at Beaufort, N. C.