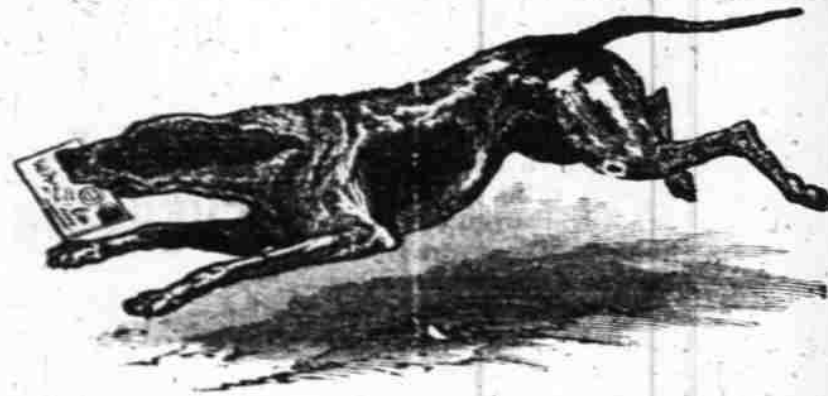


Banner Warehouse, WHO STOLED THAT DOG?



DURHAM, North Carolina.

TO MY FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

I return to you my many thanks for your patronage during my short experience in the Warehouse business while I was of the firm of Lea & Lockhart...

The quality of tobacco this year is very inferior as you well know, but the prices paid has been uniformly higher than I have ever known them on this market.

Many of the patrons of the Durham market are carrying their tobacco to other markets without consulting their best interest, which would be to bring it here.

The advantages and facilities for handling your crop is better than it has ever been. Capital is pouring in from every quarter.

The largest Smoking Tobacco Factory in the United States is located here, and many others are striving to be second if not first on the list.

Let your wagon and drive to the Banner Warehouse where you will get good treatment and high prices, and when you see big advertisements about quantity and prices...

YOUR FRIEND, J. S. LOCKHART.

Established 1878.

EUGENE MOREHEAD, GARRARD S. WATT, Durham, N. C. Baltimore, Md.

EUGENE MOREHEAD & CO BANKERS, Durham, N. C.

TRANSACT A BANKING BUSINESS IN ITS FULL SCOPE AND IMPORT AMPLIFIED. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. SIX PER CENT ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Wm. MORGAN, W. W. AVERY, W. W. PATTERSON, R. H. BLOUNT, H. L. DURHAM, Asst. CASHIER, TELLER, BOOK KEEPERS, CORRESPONDING CLERK.

Advertisement for Blackwell's Durham Tobacco, featuring a dog logo and text: 'GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO', 'BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO', 'HONEST, POPULAR, UNIFORM, RELIABLE, SATISFACTORY', 'SMOKING TOBACCO', 'EVER PUT UPON THE MARKET'.

Prince Omeroh. ROMANTIC EXPERIENCE OF A PRINCELY SLAVE—A STRANGE STORY OF THE OLD PLANTATION DAYS.

On a high bluff overlooking the Cape Fear River was the country seat of Governor Owen—Owen Hill. In the rear of the house were miles of aromatic, health-bearing pine forests, whose dark forms at this season of the year were covered with a profusion of the fragrant yellow jessamine.

The walls of his cell, so the captain of the steamer related, were covered with strange characters, traced in charcoal or chalk, which no scholar in Fayetteville could decipher.

The boatman's story made such an impression on both Governor Owen and his brother, General Owen, who lived on the opposite bank in a home almost as beautiful as Owen Hill, that they determined to go with the talkative captain and see this singular...

The Governor Owen ordered that the prince should be made comfortable in a few weeks, and that he should be allowed to see his friends and family. He was to be treated as a guest, and not as a prisoner.

Uncle Moro was forty years old when Governor Owen bought him. He lived at Owen Hill for forty-nine years. When he died, as was the case during his life, his remains were buried in the family grave.

He was baptized by the pastor of the Presbyterian church in Fayetteville, and became a member of that church. His membership was afterward transferred to the First Presbyterian Church of Wilmington, N. C., of which church he died a communicant.

The Editor of a Local Paper.

If any position, demands genius, and will be satisfied with nothing short of it, it is the position of editor of a local paper.

In the first place, he must know everybody's peculiarities, and be cognizant of all their faults and failings, and the faults and failings of their grandfathers, and grandmothers, and cousins, and aunts, and mothers-in-law.

When Jones kills a hog weighing four hundred and fifty, that must be chronicled; and when Brown dispatches another weighing four hundred and sixty, that must be put in type; and so on through the list of other big porkers in town.

When there is a wedding, the local paper must publish a list of salt-collars and butter-dishes, and soup-ladles, and photograph albums, bestowed by the loving friends; and if he does the thing up in good style, and remarks feelingly on the beauty of the bride, he will be rewarded with a slice of spiced brick-bat, frosted with hard-lead, yeasted wedding cake; and if he eats it, he will need to take a box of pills, and two or three bottles of kassarah, before he is well over it.

The local editor must never indulge in personalities. He must pass lightly over the fact that John Jenkins, was arrested for drunkenness; and he must not call to the fact that Deacon Peoples, who gives so much for the support of religion, made his money by light weight and measures.

It must not contain typographical errors. It must print all the poetry sent by all the aspiring young poets, and that he at least two murders, three divorces, and one suicide, in each number, or the paper will be thrown down as flat and stale.

The local editor has a hard row to hoe, and if he is neutral in politics and religion, is still harder. But let him brace up and do his best, everybody knows that if fame does not come to him so soon as he expects, fortune is on the way to him if he waits long enough for it to reach him.

A dispatch from St. Louis, Mo., says: L. A. Phillips, one of the jurors who tried the Berner case in Cincinnati, was interviewed by a reporter. He says he came to establish a man's head and clean him up. He says that he will probably remain in the city for some time.

As a rule there is seldom any good reason to complain of rudeness or neglect on the part of conductors on passenger trains, and particularly those of the Richmond and Danville system. These gentlemen are usually polite and attentive especially to ladies who are traveling without an escort.

A boy found a woman's switch in the opera house and returned it to her. "Thank you, my little man," said the lady; "you are an honest boy." "Oh, no, I'm not so very honest; but I know what I am." What are you, then? "A hair restorer," replied the man addressed.

Statements' Wives

A Washington letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal says: "It was in order to limit the space which loafers of a most objectionable character used daily to fill in the House gallery, Representatives decided to set apart certain portions of the gallery to be reserved for those who had cards of admission thereto, given them by the members. One gallery is exclusively for the families of Representatives, or those whom they and their wives regard as such.

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Lynched in Indiana

VINCENNES, Ind., June 24.—One week ago Oliver Canfield saw Mollie Ghorkin, a sweetheart who had discarded him, standing at the gate in front of the house where she was living. "Mollie," he said, "I want to speak a word to you." Mollie stepped toward him. He put his arm around her neck with an show of affection, but immediately began shouting. He then fled, leaving Mollie lying with several pistol balls in her body.

Canfield was soon captured and lodged in jail here. Mollie Ghorkin lingered until yesterday, unconscious, and then died. Canfield was taken into the room where she was lying on Sunday. When he left the room he said to the police that he was sorry that he had not finished her, and that he would like to finish her there and then.

The popular feeling against him grew more intense all the while. At 1 o'clock this morning a band of men 300 strong, well organized, armed, and masked with white handkerchiefs, made their appearance at the jail. No efforts were made to resist them by the jail officers or the police. Their work had been fully planned beforehand, and they were well provided with cold chisels, crow-bars and sledge hammers.

In less than half an hour the jail door had been forced and Canfield taken from his cell. Outside the jail the mob fled off with their prisoner toward Dalbon & Montgomery's lumber yard, but Canfield begged the mob to let him die as near as possible to the place where he had been committed. Accordingly he was taken out to a telegraph pole in front of the house where Mollie's body was lying.

He acted coolly, and said that he had prepared as well as he could for death. He said he was not sorry for killing Mollie, and he would do it again. He confessed to have shot his sweetheart because of a quarrel over money. He felt that he had deserved his punishment, and only desired that his body be given to his mother.

Meantime the rope, one end of which was around his neck, had been thrown over the cross arm of the telegraph pole. Canfield had been pincioned and blindfolded and at a signal his body was pulled up ten feet in the air and left there. He died of suffocation with hardly a struggle. Officer Heidenrich, who had followed the party, was warned away before the final act.

Before leaving the spot the crowd pinned a note on the body warning the coroner not to cut it down until noon. All which has been out to see it. The white handkerchief tied over the face conceals the distorted features. Everybody approves the lynching. The Sheriff says that Canfield was a dead beat and had been taken from jail. He had not eaten a mouthful for three days.

What Change Will It Here. You may think, my friend, living here as you do, engaged in the daily vocations which you follow—you may think that government has very little to do with the growth and prosperity of your town. To such a happy entertained such a notion, I beg to say that they are making a great mistake. Do you know what the most cowardly thing in the world?

Cowards are not much thought of in any community; people always love a brave man. I want to say—and I think you will admit what I say to be true—that the most cowardly thing in the world is money. Money hides itself at the least approach of danger.

I hope, my friends, that all of you have some money; I would be glad to know that all of you had much. If you have one thousand or five thousand or ten thousand dollars looked up at home, and you know that a robber was coming there to steal your money, I can tell you exactly what you would do; you would take your money and hide it. When the army marched through this country, I was not here, but I know what the people did; they took their little silver, and their jewelry, and dugged into the earth and hid it, and then they went home to meet the enemy. Men will risk their own lives and the lives of their wives and children when they won't risk their money; and I draw this illustration to enforce this idea: that you can only have permanent and continued prosperity in the State and in communities by having healthy good laws. Let the present administration be changed and fall upon the shoulders of bad men, and you will see money retreating; men will begin to hide it; its circulation will almost cease; all these interests will be affected. So let the government in the future remain as at the present, upon the shoulders of good and honest men.

Not Unrewarded. It seems that Mr. Dossey Battle, who has been advocating the belling of dogs, has not been unrewarded for his labor. The Southern says: Last week a prolific canine took up her abode under Mr. Battle's house, and in a day or two presented him with fourteen pretty puppies. They are all living, and at the time of going to press, both mother and offspring are doing well. Mr. Battle is happy. There can be no doubt that she recognized in Dossey a friend and protector. She went to him to have her loved ones bled, and when Dossey's direful operation, "the Dog must go," goes into operation, she will not be like Rachel of olden time mourning for her young because they were not.

Dying Wor is

It is well—Washington. I will sleep now—Hyron. Kiss me, Hardy—No son. Head of the army—Napoleon. Don't give up the ship—Lawrence. Let the lights enter—Goethe. Into the hands of Lord—Tasso. Independence forever—Adams. The artery ceases to beat—Halley. Is this your fidelity?—Hera. Give Droyros a chair.—Lord Ches-terfield. It is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams. God preserve the emperor.—Lafitte. A dying man does nothing well.—Franklin. Not poor Nelly starves—Charles II. What is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Beaufort. "All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth. It matters little how the bugle blows.—Sir Walter Raleigh. Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—Alfieri. I feel as if I were to be myself again.—Sir Walter Scott. Let me die to the sound of delicious music.—Mirabeau. I have loved God, my father and liberty.—Mme. de Staël. Be serious.—Grotius. It is small, very small indeed, (clapping her neck.)—Anne Bolvon. I pray you see me safe up, and for and for my coming down let me shift for myself, ascending the scaffold.—Sir Thomas Moore. Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—Burns. I resign my soul to God—and my daughter to my country.—Thomas Jefferson. I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more.—Harrison. I have endeavored to do my duty.—Taylour. You spoke of a refreshment, my Emilia; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother. Let me hear once more those notes which have so long been my solacement and delight.—Mozart. G-d bless you, my dear.—Dr. Johnson. He bless you, my dear, who you Dora?—Wordsworth. Now it is come.—John Knox. Dying, grand.—Hood. How grand these rays; they seem to beckon earth to heaven. (The sun was shining brilliantly into the room in which he was lying.)—Humboldt. Stand here by me in the light, so I may see you as I die.—Gov. Louis Alfred Vieljeux, to his wife. A woman's language.

The bill to create a Bureau of Labor Statistics, which recently passed the House with only nineteen dissenting votes, is a specimen of rank idiom-magium in legislation. There is already an official machinery running and capable of doing the work which is proposed to be done by this project. A branch of the Agricultural Department is constantly employed in similar work.

The bill substantially creates new offices for the advantage of politicians. Like other measures which have been created at Washington to multiply patronage and to reward partisans, this scheme starts out with a plausible grant of money. But in a year or two it would become costly fixed on the Treasury, with no reasonable prospect of being abolished. Any proposition to repeal it would be met with the false cry that the laboring interest along with it to be proscribed, while all other interests were protected.

These are wise and wholesome words. They should be cherished by the advocates of simple and honest Government. There are bad friends of labor who seek to pack new taxes on its back.

In 1840 Mr. Miles Brady, of Shiloh township, came down to Stateville to see the log cabin procession start to Salisbury to the great fair on the day of July mass meeting. While in town that day he bought of Mr. George Berner, who was then merchandising here a scythe, which he has used every year since, and which is yet in good condition. He ground it every other day, and though now 44 years old, it did as good work as it ever did. It has worn out several grain cradles. —Sedwille Landmark.

The amount contributed to college and university education in the United States during the past ten years is \$35,622,000, and since 1847 the total amount given has not been less than \$50,000,000.