

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 trade of our manufactures has largely increased, and while Durham has sold more tobacco this year up to this time than has ever been sold any previous year...

Consult your best interest and "self preservation" which is the first law of nature, and carry your tobacco to market where there is a local demand for it.

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. I hope you will pardon the illusion that I make just here, as I do not say it boastfully, but there has been reports circulating designed to effect our interest, and done for that purpose, that our market is financially weaker than it has been for years.

We have banking facilities that are not to be found in any other part of North Carolina according to the business done here. Our estimated worth is from two million dollars. We have two manufacturing concerns worth in successful operation...

Load 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 tell them Lockhart did not open his house until the 16th of February but when the year 1884 closes he will be at the head of the list in pounds, and averages if not he will be near enough to brush the dust off the man that is in front of him.

Come to Lockhart's warehouse and he will show you that he does his blowing on the floor. A hotel proprietor once said to a patron of his house who wanted him to advertise that puff was better on the table than they were in newspapers. The money in your pockets is better than so much blowing in circulars. Load your wagon and never stop until you get under Lockhart's shed at the Banner Warehouse.

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.

AMPLE MONEY, AMPLIFIED FACILITIES, 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', 'Is the Most 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.

From Farmer and Mechanic.

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 perfume of these flowers is sweeter than the orange blossoms or magnolia, and the boatman on the river could detect the delicious odors for many a mile after he had passed Owen Hill.

To this retreat Governor John Owen, of North Carolina, used to come when worried with political cares. This old home was the favored resort of his wife and children, and here they insisted on remaining as much as possible. While Governor Owen was at Owen Hill the general and gossipy captain of the Fayetteville steamer that plied between Fayetteville and Wilmington would stop his boat at the landing at Owen Hill and tell the Governor the news of the two towns. In this way Governor Owen heard of a runaway slave who had been caught near Fayetteville, lurking in the woods. The fugitive could not speak one word of English; but spoke fluently, and with graceful gesture, a language no one could understand. He was placed in jail to await developments, and the discovery of his master.

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 negro who waited on him in jail as well as the astounded jailor, had carried the news of this strange creature into the town, and clergymen, teachers, lawyers and judges had tried in vain to read the writing on the wall. Something in the man's bearing made the jailor treat him with consideration, and the negro servants looked upon him as a "conjurer." His hair was straight. His features and form were as perfect as those of an Apollo Belvidere.

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 creature.

They should have made their first visit to the man's cell, for the negro Governor Owen ordered that the man should be made perfectly comfortable in a few weeks, and should be sent to the States. Omeroh had escaped from a cruel overseer near Charleston, S. C. He had been taken prisoner by negroes off the coast of Africa and sold to white traders. A Charleston planter had purchased him from these traders and sent him to his cotton plantation. The overseer was a coarse, brutal, ignorant man and threatened to strike Omeroh. This was too much for the high-spirited Arabian, who, as he was afterward ascertained, was 40 years old, and had been a hereditary prince of the Foulah tribe in Arabia. Being fleet footed, tall and strong he succeeded in escaping to North Carolina. Here he was arrested, and I have a dim recollection of hearing that the sheik who was too much for the high-spirited Arabian, was the deputy of Governor Owen in the meantime Governor Owen had become so much interested in Omeroh—and the interest seemed to be mutual, for the poor captive was instinctively drawn towards the courteous gentleman who treated him so kindly—that when the Charlestonian came to claim his property, Governor Owen paid him about \$900 or \$1,000, and became Omeroh's master. Willingly he went with Gov. Owen to Owen Hill. He was allowed to wander at will, and a neat cabin was furnished him. Here was patiently taught to speak English, and told his own story to his noble-hearted master. Omeroh was a devout Mohammedan. Under the careful tutelage of Gov. and Gen. Owen and the Presbyterian clergy, who were always at home at Owen Hill, he became a Christian. The English idioms puzzled him, and he asked Gov. Owen to get him a Bible in his own tongue. This request Gov. Owen complied with at considerable expense and trouble. After Omeroh's death this Bible in Arabic was presented to the library of Davidson College, where it can now be seen, bearing the marks of Uncle Moro's constant use. "Uncle Moro" was the name by which he was addressed by the children of the family.

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. Soon after he became a Presbyterian Governor Owen offered him his freedom. Omeroh declined it. He said he had a wife and child in Arabia, who had forgotten him, and his tribe by going to them. He was installed head butler at Owen Hill. Often he would sit on the broad verandah of the house and let the children climb on his knees, while he would tell them strange stories of his native Arabia. He carried the keys of Owen Hill and never betrayed a single trust. He was honest and faithful always. I remember a striking photograph of him, which one of his young mistresses preserves with great care. This lady, though her hair is prematurely gray, and her beautiful dark eyes dimmed with tears, becomes handsome again in her animation when she speaks of "dear old saint, Uncle Moro." She has sent me records of Uncle Moro, which I copy. The following was written by a friend of her family in 1859, in which year Uncle Moro died.

"Uncle Moro is now well stricken in years, being according to his own account eighty-nine years. He was born in Western Africa upon the banks of the Senegal River. He belonged to the tribe of Foulahs, but from which of the various nations inhabited by this people he came it is difficult to ascertain. There is no doubt, however, that he is the remarkable of his tribe ever brought to this country, and is now perhaps the only one of his nation living in the United States. One of the same was sent back to Africa as early as 1733 by Oglethorpe, another was removed and sent to Liberia in 1828; besides these, not more than two Foulahs were known in 1855 within the limits of the Southern States. Uncle Moro soon learned that Governor and General Owen would protect him in every way. Years after Uncle Moro's death a member of the family received the following from a devout missionary:

"Did I ever tell you how the Lord carried out the desire of good old Uncle Moro's heart, and made him the means of sending the Bible to his tribe in Africa? Not, here it is: The interest taken in the good man led to a desire to reach his people with the gospel. The American Bible Society, through Governor Owen, left orders at Liberia and along the coast that whenever traders appeared from this people at the coast they should be given a message, home that 'the words of Moses and Jesus' would be sent to them if they wished it. For many years this message was sent, with no answer. During the sixteen or eighteen years previous to 1864 the information was frequently repeated, with the same want of result. At this time Messrs. Smith & Van Dyke, at Beirut, were preparing a new translation of the Bible. It should be made in the Arabic, and in a few weeks appeared in Arabic. Omeroh had escaped from a cruel overseer near Charleston, S. C. He had been taken prisoner by negroes off the coast of Africa and sold to white traders. A Charleston planter had purchased him from these traders and sent him to his cotton plantation. The overseer was a coarse, brutal, ignorant man and threatened to strike Omeroh. This was too much for the high-spirited Arabian, who, as he was afterward ascertained, was 40 years old, and had been a hereditary prince of the Foulah tribe in Arabia. Being fleet footed, tall and strong he succeeded in escaping to North Carolina. Here he was arrested, and I have a dim recollection of hearing that the sheik who was too much for the high-spirited Arabian, was the deputy of Governor Owen in the meantime Governor Owen had become so much interested in Omeroh—and the interest seemed to be mutual, for the poor captive was instinctively drawn towards the courteous gentleman who treated him so kindly—that when the Charlestonian came to claim his property, Governor Owen paid him about \$900 or \$1,000, and became Omeroh's master. Willingly he went with Gov. Owen to Owen Hill. He was allowed to wander at will, and a neat cabin was furnished him. Here was patiently taught to speak English, and told his own story to his noble-hearted master. Omeroh was a devout Mohammedan. Under the careful tutelage of Gov. and Gen. Owen and the Presbyterian clergy, who were always at home at Owen Hill, he became a Christian. The English idioms puzzled him, and he asked Gov. Owen to get him a Bible in his own tongue. This request Gov. Owen complied with at considerable expense and trouble. After Omeroh's death this Bible in Arabic was presented to the library of Davidson College, where it can now be seen, bearing the marks of Uncle Moro's constant use. "Uncle Moro" was the name by which he was addressed by the children of the family.

Life-About a Brewery. A Newton, N. J., brewer has sued a New Jersey judge for libel. The judge, in a temperance speech, is claimed to have said that he had seen a dead rat in one of the brewer's beer vats. He asked the brewer if he would not throw the brewing away. The beer man replied: "Oh, no, my customers will never know there was a rat in the beer." It is also claimed that the judge stated that chemicals detrimental to health were used in manufacturing beer, and that the men employed at the brewery washed their feet in the vats.

"Les take a drink," said a drunken man, leaning up against a lamp-post. "I cannot accept your proposition, replied the man addressed.

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 else he will be liable to get something into his paper, that will hurt somebody's feelings.

He must print everything sent by an old subscriber. If a man subscribes for his paper, he claims a right to give his views on hen raising, and pig-killing, and theology, and the moral aspect of dancing—no matter if he cannot spell pig correctly, and does not know of a single case where some beautiful young lady dropped dead in a ball-room.

The local editor is expected to give every man, and every man's business, a gratuitous puff. If Mr. A. is painting his house it must be mentioned in the paper; and if Mrs. B. has a calling in blossom she wants the momentous fact set before the public in printers ink, headed with capitals.

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 young Jenkins, was arrested for drunkenness; and he must call to the fact that Deacon Peoples, who gives so much for the support of religion, made his money by light weight and measures.

He must always be ready to give pieces of his paper to his friends to send to their friends. He must not be afraid of asking anything, of anybody acquainted with invents a new-fangled nutmeg-grater and wants it advertised. He must not charge more than one cent and fifty cents a year for his subscribers. He must omit bills as he is afraid he might not get his pay.

Every issue of his paper must suit everybody. It must contain all the news, and must omit nothing fresh, and must be at least two columns long, and one suicide, in each number, or the paper will be thrown down as flat and stale. No life in it. So stupid!

It must not contain typographical errors. It must print all the poetry sent by all the aspiring young poets, and must be at least two columns long, and one suicide, in each number, or the paper will be thrown down as flat and stale. No life in it. So stupid!

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. For there is no surer way to become a millionaire than to publish a local paper.—Cham Augustus in Saturday Night.

A Berner Jurymen. 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 brand of hard and cleaning agents, and that he will probably remain in Cincinnati. He says that the jurors believed that Berner was forced by threats to aid in the murder of Kirk, and that they refused to believe the alleged confession, because they were satisfied it was obtained by bulldozing and starvation methods. He did not know the Berner family at all, but he wanted the young man sent up for life. Seven jurors voted for acquittal on the first ballot, but he held out for murder in the second degree. It was represented that unless they agreed they could be kept locked up thirty-three days, and their room was small and poorly ventilated, and on Monday morning, sick himself and hearing of sickness in his family, he weakened and compromised on a twenty years' verdict.

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. One Representative said, at the time it was decided to reserve this gallery, that it was done so that the members could know exactly in what part of the gallery their wives were likely to be, so they would know which way to dodge if they wished to avoid their gaze. Some ladies become much absorbed in watching the fate of the bills in which their husbands take an especial interest, and their faces show their chagrin or triumph in the course of the debate. One of them, whose husband been suffering severely with bronchitis when he was forced to go to the house to look after a bill of great importance in his district, used to go there daily while there was a prospect for the bill coming up, and carried a box of quinine pills, and regularly sent from her seat in the "members' gallery," an affectionate note and a dose of medicine to her husband on the floor of the house when the time came for him to take it. Thus she strove to brave him up for the contest in the same spirit as Spartan wives equipped their husbands for war. The day his bill was voted down she had waited for several hours with satchel containing the pill-box in hand, and as soon as the vote was announced, which was against her husband, she rose indignantly, picked up the medicine and went home with lessened faith in its bracing effects.

The wives, of course, do not fail to watch from the gallery the demeanor of their respective husbands in their seats below, especially when cards are brought in to the latter. One lady will say to another: "There goes a card to your husband; wonder if it is a lady or gentleman wants to see how long he stays, and then you'll know whether it was a man or a woman. There he comes in again, so it must have been a man who was waiting for him; he'd have stayed longer if it had been a woman, certainly."

While some of the incidents in this gallery are highly amusing, others are often very annoying. For instance, lately a loving wife, who was not much acquainted with her husband's business, happened to be present, and was evidently unaware of her presence, when she said to the speaker: "I think you are talking, and yet never has anything to say."

An all-night session of the United States House of Representatives, especially when it is occasioned by a discussion which requires either political party to muster its full strength and causes a "call of the house" to be ordered, and the sergeant-at-arms to be instructed to bring in absentees, always has some ludicrous features outside the hall, as well as some productive of annoyance to the families of members of the house, as much as to the members themselves. During such a night session, the wife of one of the colored Representatives was left alone in the member's gallery until a late hour, all other occupants of that gallery having left at an early part of the night. She could not go home alone, and her husband, who was on the floor of the house, was locked in so he could not leave to take her home. It is the custom as soon as a call of the house is ordered to lock all doors of exit or entrance to legislative hall, not only to prevent those members who are within from going away without permission of the house, but also to prevent those absent without leave getting in except in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, who has the orders to arrest them and bring them to make their excuses at the bar of the house. It was not until the colored representative succeeded in obtaining the formal leave of the house to go home with his wife and he promised to return as soon as he had done so that he could join her in the gallery and accompany her to their residence.

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. We are sorry, therefore, to have to record a single exception to the rule, but it is our duty to do so. On the night of Monday the 2nd of June a lady with a little child was treated with shameful neglect, not to say rudeness, by the conductor on the Richmond and Danville train between Greensboro and Salisbury, in which she suffered great inconvenience.

The case has been brought to the attention of the authorities for the benefit of the traveling public in the future. A conductor who cannot treat a lady politely does not come up to the standard of Southern civility, and must either change or be changed.—Exchange.

"Dig him out! Dig him out!" said the wife of the man who got buried by a dog, "he's well, he's got at least six dollars in his pocket."

Lynched in Indiana. VINNEN, 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 was 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, crowbars 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 was murdered was committed. Accordingly he was taken 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 he died. 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 set out to see it. The white handkerchiefs tied over the face conceals the distorted features. Everybody approves the lynching. The Sheriff says that Canfield was shot dead before he was taken from jail. He had not eaten a mouthful for three days.

Dying Wor is

It is well—Washington. I will sleep now—Huron. 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.—Lafayette. A dying man does nothing well.—Franklin. Not poor Nelly starve—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 man. 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'll bless you, is that you Dora?—Wordsworth. Now it is come.—John Knox. Dying, dying.—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.)—Humbolt. Stand here by me in the light, so I may see you as I die.—Gov. Louis Alfred Wolff, to his wife.

What Change Will D. 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. As such have 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 time of going to the shoulders of good and honest men.—Governor Jarvis at Durham.

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, that when Dossey's direful edict, "the Dog must go," goes into operation, she will not be prosed both mother and offspring are doing well. Mr. Battle is happy.

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.