

**THE TOBACCO PLANT**  
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# Tobacco Plant.

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Vol. IV.

DURHAM, N. C., APRIL 21, 1875.

No. 11

**The Popular Creed—Dimes and Dollars.**

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes. If a man's down give him a thrust— Trample the beggar into the dust! Presumptuous poverty is quite appalling— Knock him over! kick him for falling! If a man's up, oh! lift him higher! Your soul's for sale, and he's the buyer—

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes! I know a bold and honest man, Who strives to live on the Christian plan, But poor he is, and poor will be, A scorned and hated wretch he is; At home he meeteth a starving wife, Abroad he leadeth a leper's life, They struggle against fearful odds Who will not bow to the people's god!

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes! I know a poor but worthy youth, Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth But the maiden will break her vow with ease, For a wooer cometh whose charms are these: A hollow heart and an empty head, A nose well tinged with brandy red, A soul well trained in villainy's school— But cash, sweet cash— he knoweth the rule

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes! So get ye wealth no matter how! "No questions asked" of the rich, I trow Steal by night and steal by day, (Doing it all in a legal way) Join the church, and never forsake her

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes! Learn to cheat and insult your Maker; Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool, But don't be poor, remember the rule

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes! An empty pocket is the worst of crimes! "What do you mean?" cried Madge. "Our house is as clean as yours; I mend my husband's clothes, and cook his dinner as carefully as any woman in the parish, and yet he never stays at home of an evening, while yours sits here by your cheerful fire night after night as happy as can be."

"As happy as can be on earth," said her friend, gravely; "yes, and shall I tell you the secret of it, Madge?" "I wish you would," said Madge, with a deep sigh; "it is misery to live as I do now."

"Well then," said Janet, speaking distinctly and slowly, "I let my husband see that I love him still, and that I learn every day to love him more. Love is the chain that binds him to his home. The world may call it folly, but the world is not my lawgiver."

"And do you really think," exclaimed Madge, in surprise, "that husbands care for that sort of thing?"

"For love, do you mean?" asked Janet.

"Yes, they don't feel at all as we do, Janet, and it don't take many years of married life to make them think of a wife as a sort of maid-of-all-work."

"A libel, Madge," said Mrs. Matson, laughing; "I won't allow you to sit in William's chair and talk so."

"No, because your husband is different, and values his wife's love, while John cares for me only as his house-keeper."

"I don't think that," said Janet, "although I know that he said to my husband the other day that courting time was the happiest of a man's life. I know John did not alter his opinion, but he went away thinking of his court-

ing time as a joy too great to be exceeded."

"Don't follow," cried Madge, smiling through her teeth, "I do believe he was very happy then. I remember I used to listen for his steps as I sat with my dear mother by the fire, longing for the happiness of seeing him."

"Just so," said Janet; "do you feel like that now?"

"Madge hesitated. "Well, no, not exactly." "And why not?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Madge, "married people give up that sort of thing."

"Love do you mean?" asked Janet.

"No, but what people call being sentimental," said Mrs. Matson.

"Longing to see your husband is a proper sentiment," replied Janet.

"But some people are ridiculously foolish before others," reasoned Madge.

"That proves they want sense. I am not likely to approve of that, as William would soon tell you; all I want is that wives should let their husbands know that they are loved."

"But men are so vain," said Madge, "that it is dangerous to show them much attention."

Her friend looked up.

"Oh, Madge, what are you saying? Have you then married with the notion that it is not good for John to believe you love him?"

"No, but it is not wise to show that you care too much for them."

"Say I and him; do not talk of husbands in general, but of yours in particular."

"He thinks quite enough of himself already, I assure you."

"My dear Madge," said Janet, smiling, "would it do you any harm to receive a little more attention from your husband?"

"Of course not. I wish he'd try," said Mrs. Harley laughing at the idea.

"Then you don't think enough of yourself already? And nothing would make you vain, I suppose?"

Madge colored, and all the more when she perceived that William Matson had come in quietly, and was now standing behind Janet's chair. This, of course, put an end to the conversation. Madge retired to her own home, to think of Janet's words and to confess secretly that they were wise.

Hours passed before John Harley returned home. He was a man of good abilities, and well-to-do in the world; and having married Madge because he truly loved her, he had expected to have a happy home. But partly because he was reserved and sensitive, and partly because Madge feared to make him vain, they had grown very cold toward each other, so cold that John began to think the ale-house a more comfortable place than his own fireside.

That night the rain fell in torrents, the winds howled, and it was not until the midnight hour had arrived that Harley left the public house and hastened toward his cottage. He was wet through when he at length crossed the threshold; he was, as he gruffly muttered, "used to that," but he was not "used" to the tone and look with which his wife drew near to welcome him, nor to find dry clothes by a crackling fire, and slippers on the hearth; nor to hear no reproach for late hours, and dirty footmarks as he sat in his arm-chair. Some change had come to Madge he was very sure. She wore a dress he had bought her years ago, with a neat linen collar around the neck, and had a cap, trimmed with white ribbons, on her head.

"You're smart, Madge," he exclaimed, at last, when he had stared at her for some little time in silence. "Who has been here worth dressing for to-night?"

"No one until you came," said Madge half laughing.

"If nonsense; you didn't dress for me!" cried John.

"You won't believe it, perhaps, but I did. I have been talking with Mrs. Matson this evening, and she gave me some very good advice. So now, John, what would you like to have for your supper?"

John, who was wont to steal to the shelf at night and content himself with anything he could find, thought Madge's offer too excellent to be refused, and

very soon a large bowl of chocolate was steaming on the table. Then his wife sat down, for a wicker, by his side, and talked a little, and listened, and looked pleased, when at last, as if he could not help it, he said:

"Dear old Madge."

That was enough; her elbow somehow found its way then to the arm of his great chair, and she sat quietly looking at the fire. After awhile John spoke again:

"Madge, dear, do you remember the old days when we used to sit side by side in your mother's kitchen?"

"Yes."

"I was a younger man then, Madge, and as they told me, handsome; now I am growing older, plainer, duller. Then you—you loved me; do you love me still?"

She looked up in his face, and her eyes answered him. It was like going back to the old days to feel his arm around her as her head lay on his shoulder, and to hear once again the kind words meant for her ears alone.

She never once asked if this would make him "vain." She knew, as if by instinct, that it was making him a wiser, a more thoughtful, more earnest-hearted man. And when, after a happy silence, he took down the big Bible, and read a chapter, as he had been wont to read to her mother in former times, she bowed her head and prayed.

Yes, prayed for strength to fulfill every duty in the future, for blessings on her husband evermore.

She prayed—and not in vain.

Washington Special to the Chicago Times.

**MULLEN AND HIS MEN.**

**A Heavy Haul of Counterfeiters in Virginia, on the Tennessee Line—Final Success of an Eight Years Hunt.**

Within the last few years one of the most important hauls of counterfeiters in the history of the secret service has been made. For years, in the mountains of the Blue Ridge, in the locality where the three States of Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee come together there have been one of the most lawless gangs that have ever infested any locality in the country. The peculiar topography of the country is too well adapted to the growth and immunity of lawless gangs. The country is thinly settled, is covered with tangled forests and mountain recesses, which have afforded, in times past, the best of hiding places for breakers of the law. The secret service has long been at work trying to run down the counterfeiters, who have for so long done a most thriving business, undisturbed.

The counterfeiters have been engaged only in the manufacture of counterfeit gold and silver coins. These counterfeiters have been so long undisturbed that they have all of them acquired wealth. Nearly every man arrested is a landed proprietor, and well-to-do in the world. A special agent of the secret service has been down this country for the last three months, acting with the counterfeiters, buying money from them and living among them as one of them. During this time that he has been there he has gathered the information upon which all the arrests have been made. He has forwarded, from time to time, information to the secret service bureau here, which indicated that he was making most flattering progress in inaugurating himself into the confidence of the counterfeiters.

Last week he completed his work. He had all of the operators spotted, to the number of some twenty odd men. The secret-service department here then sent seven picked men down to Abingdon, Va., the place from which the raid was started. Here some sixty deputy marshals were sworn in, mounted, and were divided into seven squads, with a secret-service man at the head of each squad. They left Abingdon last Friday night, the 26th of March, and set out for a seventy-five mile tour through the heavily-wooded, mountainous region where the counterfeiters were located. They arrested in all some twenty men within a radius of about 100 miles. They experienced some resistance in making arrests, but the descent was so sudden and the plans so well laid that

the counterfeiters were taken completely off their guard, and therefore fell comparatively easy victims.

The grand prize of the hunt was captured Sunday night. The chief of the gang, Jack Mullen, a noted desperado, has long defied all power to trace him down to arrest him. He was found in a solitary cabin in Wise county, Va. His cabin was surrounded late Sunday evening and he was taken in bed. Mullen is a powerful, athletic devil, and before a hand could be laid upon him he had crawled out of bed, seized a chair, and attempted to club his way through the crowd of deputies to a case where his arms were concealed. He inflicted nearly fatal injuries upon one of his captors before he was finally taken. Mullen was then ironed and taken in with the rest of the prisoners. He is a very wealthy man, owns 7,000 acres of land in that vicinity, and has been for a long time a terror to all law-abiding citizens in that locality. He was a bushwhacker during the war, in the rebel service, and was one of the most blood-thirsty and reckless of the mountain guerrilla forces. He has been very sullen and ugly since his arrest, and requires close watching to prevent his attempting his escape. His capture is one of the most direct blows at coin-counterfeiting that has been made for years. He has had one of the strongest gangs of counterfeiters, whose membership embraced men supposed to be respectable, and all men of property.

In the list of counterfeiters of his gang arrested is one Methodist preacher by the name of Corn. He was a thrifty parson, who eked out his ministerial salary by keeping a country store, where he also dealt in counterfeit coin. His congregation declines to stand by him in his present troubles, and although he is upon the ragged edge of despair since his arrest, he does not contemplate the publication of any statements explaining the cruel combination of circumstances that have conspired to put this special agent of the Lord for the salvation of souls in the attitude of a queer. A hotel keeper by the name of Burt Anderson is also among the prominent ones on the list. There are three or four men who have not yet been arrested, but they are so surrounded that their capture is only a question of time.

Fears are entertained for the safety of special agent Conant, who has been among the counterfeiters for the past three months, working up the case. He was sent out alone, to bring in the most prominent counterfeit next to Jack Mullen. Conant was to persuade the counterfeiters to come into some rendezvous, where the deputies could pounce upon him. No word has since been heard from Conant, and fears are entertained that he has been foully dealt with. He is not so far from means of communication that he couldn't find some way of sending in a message. He left Abingdon on Friday last, and has not been heard from since.

The people in that section of the country are greatly rejoiced over these arrests. The United States District Attorney for the western district of West Virginia, W. S. Carly, says that this raid upon the counterfeiters of that locality is worth \$50,000 to that section of country, at least. A species of terrorism has been for a long time exercised over the law-abiding citizens, and these arrests afford them immeasurable relief.

**A Beautiful Reply.**

In visiting the poor families in a retired part of the town, to find scholars for the Sunday school, a gentleman found a little girl, only six years old trying to read her New Testament. She was a member of the school, and very fond of it; and though quite young, was a good scholar. She wanted a hymn book, and the gentleman promised to get her one, if she would learn to read the fifth and sixth chapters of Matthew in a fortnight. She did so; and when she read the few verses of the chapter where it is said by our Saviour, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," &c., the gentleman asked her which of the blessings here pronounced she would like to have for herself. She paused a little, and then replied, "I would rather be pure in heart." The gentleman asked her why she preferred this. This little one said, if she was only good she should have all the rest.

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