

The Durham Recorder.

Stat. Libray

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IT SINGETH LOW IN EVERY HEART.

It singeth low in every heart, We hear it each and all; A song of those who answer not, However we may call, They throng the silence of the breast; We see them as of yore The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet— Who walk with us no more. 'Tis hard to take the burden up When these have laid it down; They brightened all the joys of life, They softened every frown. But oh! 'tis good to think of them (When we are troubled sore; Thanks be to God that such have been, Although they are no more! More homelike seems the vast unknown Since they have entered there; To follow them were not so hard Wherever they may fare. They cannot be where God is not, On any sea or shore. What'er betides, Thy love abides, Our God, forever more!

A STRANGE FATE.

Or Jessie's Two Lovers.

There were two men who admired her, and Jessie Rue was twenty-three, and, as her uncle said, it was time for her to choose. There were times that she fancied Dr. Manly more than Ashley Honeywell, and other times when the latter's handsome face had more interest and influence in her thoughts.

What decided her to give up the doctor was the fact that he was very attentive to one of his patients, an invalid girl, to whom he brought flowers every day.

Soon after this discovery Jessie became engaged to Honeywell, and every preparation was made for an early marriage. The doctor still called on her nearly every day, but it was to get flowers from her conservatory, which she had placed at his disposal.

One day a little boy came running toward her from the street. He was in search of the doctor, he said, because Miss Gwendoline was very ill, mentioning the name of the doctor's favorite patient.

Jessie lost no time in hastening herself to the invalid's home in the hope of being of some assistance until Dr. Manly was found.

She was soon in the presence of the poor girl, who had been suffering terribly.

"You have come," said the girl, "I am so glad—so glad. They came this morning. I saw both of them. You don't know, perhaps. Mother smiled, father looked stern; but they will forgive me after a while. They are both dead; but they came; I saw them."

"In a dream?" asked Jessie. "No," said Gwendoline. "Their spirits came. Think how strange that was. You know I was engaged to my cousin, Dr. Manly?"

"No," said Jessie, "I did not know."

"I was," said Gwendoline, "but I jilted him. He was not handsome. He was very grave and older than I, and I liked Ashley—Ashley Honeywell—and one night I ran away. Oh, it was years ago. I am five and twenty now; I was seventeen then, and my father died of it, and my mother—oh, I was a wicked girl."

"We went to Italy. He married me, with a ring. He said it was a true marriage. I believed it; but one day he told me it was no marriage at all. He was in love with an Italian woman—a singer. I spoke of it, and of myself as a wife, to whom he should be true. Then he said I was not his wife. He said I was a fool to believe that a ring and a vow between us two could make me one, and I ran away. I hid on a steamer coming to America. I was starved and frozen when they found me. I had this cough. They were good to me, and brought me here. But my parents were dead, and the only one who knew me was the man I had jilted—my cousin, Dr. Oliver Manly.

"Oh, how strange it was! What a heart he has! He brought me here to old Hannah, a servant of

ours once. He has been the kindest friend to me. I told mother so. She smiled. She was in white, with eyes like an angel's. You are like an angel. What is your name?"

"Jessie," replied the other girl, softly.

"You don't know Ashley Honeywell?" asked the girl. "You do not know him. He is far away, I suppose; far over the sea. You never knew him."

"I know him now," said Jessie softly.

"Yes, because I have told you," said Gwendoline. "I left him, but I never forgot him. So beautiful! Such eyes! All women love him."

Jessie bent her head upon the pale hand she held, and tears fell.

"Don't cry for me," said Gwendoline. "I am going very soon—to Heaven—to my mother. I shall pray there that some good girl will love Cousin Oliver—some beautiful woman—like you."

She ceased speaking and a soft smile crept over her face.

"Mother!" she said. "Mother!"

The sound of wheels filled the cottage room. The doctor's gig was coming. He was there.

That evening Jessie stood alone with Ashley Honeywell and drew his engagement ring from her finger and gave it to him.

"Why?" he asked.

"I have met Gwendoline," she said. "To-day I saw her die. Do I need say more, Mr. Honeywell?"

"You believe her story?" he asked.

"I do, indeed," she answered.

"And you intend to look for a man who shall have no little foibles to regret before you make your choice?" said he. "You will search long."

She turned from him with contempt and he left her.

Down in the garden some one moved to and fro. It was Dr. Manly. He was gathering white chrysanthemums, the last flowers of the garden. Jessie went to his side. Without a word she began to help him. They were the last flowers he would ever gather for Gwendoline's sake. They were strewn in her coffin, and she slept in their midst with that soft smile upon her face; and Jessie seemed to hear again those words:

"I will pray that some good woman may love Cousin Oliver and make him happy," and she seemed to hear them years afterward when she had long been Dr. Manly's wife.

Never Too Late to Wed.

Ashville Citizen.

He came into the register's office with a buoyant step and a five-dollar bill yesterday afternoon, and whispered into Stokely's ear that he wanted the strongest license that could be bought with Uncle Samuel's light-weighted legal tender. He said he had floated down Life's billowy stream for sixty winters and almost as many summers—single, alone and forlorn; but now that he was getting along pretty close to the shank of the afternoon of his earthly existence, he had concluded to take unto himself a helpmeet and companion to keep him company to the toll-gate at the end. He said that his fair innamorata had also run through with sixty summers, and like him, had concluded that there was nothing on earth to be more desired at this particular time than a regular old-fashioned, old time honeymoon, yum-yum! Stokely got down the register, filled up the blank with the names of "John Surratt to Caroline Sealy," endorsed it on the back, busted the aged bridegroom's V into five pieces, kept three and gave the rest back.

The a. b. said something about "licenses come mighty high, but we must have 'em," and shot out of the door with a smile on his face that was worth a new dollar to see.

John (who clerks in corset store, with his arm around his girl)—Is that too tight, angel mine?

Angel Mine—Oh, John, don't talk shop.—Washington Critic.

Many a woman becomes some man's better half merely for a change of quarters.—Terre Haute Express.

BALD MOUNTAIN.

Mysterious Mutterings and Moonshiners' Tricks. Apostolic Guide.

Rey. N. B. Cobb, who recently made a trip to the western part of North Carolina among the mountains writes a letter to "Charity and Children" in which speaks of Bald Mountain and "Moonshiners" in this language: "While the green trees add much to the beauty of the scenery in Summer they obstruct some of the finest views of the grand old rocks and icy precipices which you get in Winter. The turnpike road winds along the banks of Reedy Patch Creek till it flows into Broad River and then down the Broad till you get out of the mountains through an immense rocky gateway with the famous Old Bald Mountain on one side and Chimney Rock Mountain on the other. Bald Mountain you know, is the mountain which several years ago created such a sensation of roaring and shaking and smoking and making the people believe he was going to turn into a volcano. The people of Rutherford County now say that the smoke and roaring were manufactured by some moonshiners who had illicit stills in the mountains. They touched off several kegs of powder in the crevices of the mountains to frighten away the internal revenue officers. They also touched off more powder when a professor and some students from Wofford College, S. C., came up to inquire what was the matter with the mountain, and turned them aside from the scientific exploration. It is said to think that men should use these grand and awe-inspiring works of God as hiding places for unlawful and wicked business. No one with a soul in him, it seems to me, can gaze on this grand masonry of God without having his thoughts lifted to higher and better things than making money by unlawful stilling. And yet just above one of the most beautiful waterfalls in the Reedy Patch Gap is a whisky still, which my companion in travel told me was largely patronized by the mountaineers around it, and the first Baptist Church I visited after coming down the mountains had nine of its members arraigned for getting drunk or using profane language."

The Former Judge Ruffin.

Hillsboro Review.

A veteran farmer of old Orange, who lives near Hillsboro, was at Presbytery here last week. Speaking of the late Judge Ruffin the father of Col. Tom Ruffin, he said he was a great and good man. "Just after our war," said he, "I was hard put to live, had nothing to eat and nothing to make it with. I do not know how the notion struck me, but I walked right into Judge Ruffin's law office in Hillsboro, he was sitting in company with Gov. Graham, Paul Cameron, and other prominent gentlemen, but looking him in the face I addressed myself to him and told him I was forced to do something to get something to eat and thought I could make arrangements to haul him ten cords of wood, if he would take it. At once he told me to bring the wood, and as I left he followed me out and asked me if I had any seed to plant I told him not one. "Come with me," said he, and to take me to a store and gave me an abundance of seed of every kind, enough to last me years, the best seed only ran out last year. I hauled him the wood making five loads a day at two dollars a load and then he told me to continue hauling until he told me to stop. I do not know what I should have done if it had not been for the old Judge, he gave me a start." How true of such men that "their works do follow them."

Kentuckian—Colonel Corkscrew, I've found a philanthropic mission at last. You know whisky is said to be the bar to the Indian's civilization. Colonel Corkscrew—Well, what has that to do with your mission? Kentuckian—Everything. I propose to make the rounds of the reservations and drink all the infernal stuff myself.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The "confidence lay" is to winningly speak, The "lay" of the tramp is to beg, The "lay" of the thief is the "Jimmy" or "sneak," The "lay" of the hen is the egg.

COL. INGERSOLL ON DEATH.

His Touching Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. M. H. Fiske.

At the funeral of Mrs. Mary H. Fiske, journalist, dramatist and author, and a skeptic, at the Scottish Rite Hall, New York, some time ago, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll delivered an address in a low voice, surcharged with emotion, which became stronger as he proceeded. The auditors leaned forward in their seats to listen as the orator spoke these words:

"In the presence of the two great mysteries, life and death, we have gathered to say a few words of comfort, of love and affection."

"In this presence let us speak of the charity, the generosity, the goodness of the dead. Only flowers should be brought to the casket. In life's last pillow there should be no thorns."

"Mary Fiske was a life in herself. She patterned after none. She was a genius, and put hers all in all she did."

"She cared nothing for roads, nothing for beaten paths, nothing for the footsteps of others. She went across the fields, through the woods, over crags and by the winding stream."

"She wrote lines that leaped with laughter and words that were wet with tears. She gave us quaint thoughts and sayings filled with the nimble spirit of wit."

"Her heart went out to all the wretched in this weary world, and yet she seemed as joyous as though grave and death were naught but words. She wept when others wept, but in her own misfortunes found the star of hope."

"She cared for the to-morrow of others, but not for her own. She lived for to-day."

"Some hearts are like a waveless pool, satisfied to reflect the image of a wondrous star; but hers was filled with emotions, light, sunshine, and storm."

"She longed for freedom. Every limitation was a prisoner's cell, rules and regulations were shackles, and forms were made for serfs and slaves."

"She gave her utmost. She praised all generous deeds, applauded the struggling, and even those who failed."

"She pitied the poor, the forsaken and the friendless. No one could fall below her pity. No one could wonder beyond the circumference of her sympathy. To her there were no outcasts. They were victims. She knew that the dwellers in palaces and penitentiaries might change places without adding to the injustice of the world. She knew that circumstance determined character; that the lowest of the race were once children as pure as light and whose cheeks were dimpled with innocent life. She thought of the roads they had traveled, of the thorns that had bruised their feet, of the deserts they had crossed."

"Instead of words of scorn she gave an eager hand of help. No one applied to her in vain. She listened to the stories of all, and all she had she gave. A god could do no more. The destitute and suffering turned naturally to her, the muffled and helpless sought her open door, and the helpless put their hands in hers. Her heart was as open as the gates of day. She shed kindness as the sun sheds light."

"If all her deeds were flowers, the air would be filled with perfume. If all her charities should change to melodies a symphony would fill the skies."

"Mary Fiske had within her brain the divine fire called genius, and in her heart the touch of nature that

makes the whole world kin.

"A little while ago a babe was found—one that had been abandoned by its mother—left as a legacy to chance. The warm heart of Mary Fiske was touched. She took the babe, held it lovingly to her breast and made the child her own."

"We pray, Mother Nature, that thou wilt take this woman and hold her as tenderly in thine arms as she held and pressed against her generous and throbbing heart the abandoned babe. We can ask no more."

"In this presence let us remember our faults, our frailties, and the generous helpful, self-denying, loving Mary H. Fiske."

Don't Survive.

Suppose you have been unfortunate. Suppose the world has used you shabbily and been blind to your desert. What then? Don't indulge in self commiseration. Don't snivel. Irrigating the wilderness of the Past with tears won't make it blossom. Time, like a stout steed, is bearing you swiftly along the road of life. Don't turn the wrong way in the saddle and gaze with tristful visage over the cupper. Make the best of the remainder of journey, be it long or short. There may, for aught you know, be prosperity and happiness ahead worth all your "might have beens."

Men who make a royal start in life sometimes die in such squalid obscurity that it would be impossible to find their graves. Many a king has become a miserable fugitive, and men of means, if history speaks sooth, have become kings. It is not worth while to cite examples of good beginnings that have led to bad endings, or of unpromising beginnings that have been the precursors of brilliant success. They are as plenty as blackberries. The world's annals are full of them, and you may find them in the newspapers every day. Let the Past teach and toughen. Let your might have beens strengthen you for your very best. This is all they are good for. When you do glance along the rearward track, let it be to regard with a keen eye the places where you stumbled, and to congratulate yourself on the experience which will enable you to avoid such slips in the future. In circumstances, without any fault of your own, have been against you, is that any reason why you should whimper?

"Let the dead Past bury its dead."

The Present and the Future are worth all the days gone by, and remember that the only way to secure either an agreeable past or a happy future is to use the present wisely and well. Therefore, however you may have been sicked and cuffed by Fate so far, take Captain Cutler's advice: "Chin up and stand by." Master minds, from their unsuccessful battles with circumstances, sometimes earn, in the end, how to shape them and compel them to their purposes.

Village Postmaster—Wife, I've been removed.

"You don't tell me. I rather thought that Clarkson might overlook you."

"Overlook me! A Democrat drawing \$12 a year. Not much! The G. O. P. is too hungry and thirsty for that."—Chicago Herald.

Doctor—Yes, you have a tremendous fever. Burning thirst, I supposed?

Patient—Yes, terrific.

Doctor—Ah, I'll send you round something to relieve that.

Patient—Never mind about the thirst, doctor. You look after the fever, I'll attend to the thirst myself.

He—"Will you marry me?" She—"Wait a minute. (Exit. Reappearing with a shot-gun.) Hold up your hands! Higher yet! I am sorry to say, Mr. Brown, that I can only be a sister to you. You must pardon my seemingly rude conduct, but so many young women are getting killed nowadays by rejected suitors that I thought a little precaution would not be out of place."

Jones—"Say, how much did Packard clear by that last speculation of his?" Smith—"Cleared out all his relatives and most of his friends, and now he has cleared the town."