

Dup. Hills 210

# The Durham Recorder.

(J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.)

TRUTH FEARS NO FOE, AND SHUNS NO SCRUTINY.

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New Series—Vol. 1, No. 2—

DURHAM, N. C., JULY 2, 1879.

Old Series, Vol. 59.

**25 DYSPEPSIA 25**

CLERGY & DOCTORS TESTE

Chaplain H. J. H. M. C. College, Va.

Many cases of Dyspepsia which my knowledge is well known to be cured by this medicine. Those who are afflicted with this complaint will find it a relief to take it. The price of a bottle is 25 cents.

Rev. B. F. Woodard, P. E. Va. Conf.

About twelve years I suffered from Dyspepsia. It is highly esteemed, and I have a fair trial. After its use I feel that I have been cured. I am sure I am indebted to this medicine for what health and vitality I now enjoy. I have known many since to be relieved by its use.

Rev. Robert W. Watts, A. M. Va.

I have used the mixture in my family for ten years, and have taken it for a Dyspepsia. It is highly esteemed, and I have a fair trial. After its use I feel that I have been cured. I am sure I am indebted to this medicine for what health and vitality I now enjoy. I have known many since to be relieved by its use.

J. D. Eggleston, M. D. Va.

It is highly esteemed, and I have a fair trial. After its use I feel that I have been cured. I am sure I am indebted to this medicine for what health and vitality I now enjoy. I have known many since to be relieved by its use.

Editor Richmond Christian Advocate.

This remedy is of tried virtue. I have seen Dyspepsia cured completely by it. It seems to be an antidote to our National Disease. The ingredients are well adapted to the dyspeptic. It is well adapted to the dyspeptic.

Rev. S. L. Reed, P. E. Va. Conf.

It is highly esteemed, and I have a fair trial. After its use I feel that I have been cured. I am sure I am indebted to this medicine for what health and vitality I now enjoy. I have known many since to be relieved by its use.

Rev. J. M. Lee, M. D. Va.

I am never without it. It is highly esteemed, and I have a fair trial. After its use I feel that I have been cured. I am sure I am indebted to this medicine for what health and vitality I now enjoy. I have known many since to be relieved by its use.

Rev. J. E. J. Dickson, (Bapt.)

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Rev. Dr. Mangum, Prof. Univ. of N. C.

I concur with Bishop Doeggett in his estimate of the Vest Pocket Cure.

Rev. C. L. Davidson, Balto. Conference.

I have been decidedly improved.

Rev. E. A. Yates, P. E. North Carolina Conf.

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**CONDENSED TIME.**

**NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD.**

TRAIN GOING EAST.

No. 47. No. 48. No. 49.

Date, July 1-79. Daily. Daily. Daily.

Leave Charlotte 7:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Arrive Greensboro 12:30 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m.

Arrive High Point 3:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m.

Arrive Salisbury 6:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

Arrive W. Point 8:30 p.m. 9:30 p.m. 10:30 p.m.

TRAIN GOING WEST.

No. 46. No. 45. No. 44.

Date, July 1-79. Daily. Daily. Daily.

Leave High Point 7:30 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 9:30 a.m.

Arrive Salisbury 12:30 p.m. 1:30 p.m. 2:30 p.m.

Arrive Greensboro 3:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 5:30 p.m.

Arrive Charlotte 6:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 8:30 p.m.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leaves Greensboro daily except Sunday 9:10 p.m.

Arrive Kernersville 10:20 p.m.

Arrive Salisbury 11:30 p.m.

Arrive Greensboro 12:40 a.m.

**THE BURLAR AND THE EDITOR.**

A burglar climbed into my room. Needy and Poor was he. With legs as long as the stem of a broom. A pair of trousers; I'll just freeze to 'em. He chuckled, with fleasish gleam.

He lifted them up from the back of the chair. Lightly they hung on his arm; They were the editor's only pair. Thinner than gossamer every where; Oh, but the 'swees were worn and bare!

All over the room he searched in vain; There was no more to find; There was no sign of a golden grain. No passing drops from a golden rain. Only the wealth of the sleeper's brain. The wealth of the editor's mind.

He turned his back on that happy home. Thoughtfully heeding those parts. Out of the window he cautiously came; He emptied the pockets—a broken comb. A stub of a pencil, a manuscript poem. Answered his searching glance.

Restarted the tears flashed into his eyes; He leaped up against the fence; A look of pitying, noble surprise Softened his face; he stifled his cries. He looked at his swag, and measured its size. Value—about nine cents.

**THE MARSHAL'S STORY.**

A party of us were enjoying our cigars after dinner in one of those hospitable old mansions of France, and fully listening to reminiscences of some of our military friends, when one of the incidents stirred the recollection of the gallant Marshal Pelissier, and he suddenly took upright and remarked:

"I will tell you a story connected with my early African campaign which I cannot so easily and satisfactorily explain. I was at the time only plain Captain Pelissier, and my regiment was stationed not far from Constantine. We had gone through some severe fighting, but following on the submission of Abdel-Kader, a certain amount of inaction had prevailed for some time throughout the army then holding those provinces of Algeria.

The climate, as you know, is insupportable, our duties were by no means arduous, the commissariat was in every way satisfactory, yet, in my regiment—the death-rate had been for some months exceptionally and alarmingly high. This mortality, inexorable to our officers, was no less so to the sergeants in charge. Of organic disease there existed in most of those fatal cases not a trace, and speculation was hard at work among us to divine the cause of that baffled all medical experience and was declining, under our very eyes, one of the finest and most effective regiments in the colony.

You may be sure this speculation took many and diversifying forms in a committee of displeased and eminently practical military men. I spare you these details, and would tell simply, how one afternoon the junior regimental surgeon entered the officers' quarters, and announced the appalling fatal termination of a fresh case. I inquired the name of the patient, and recognized in it that of a young fellow from my own company. My mind was made up that very moment. 'Gentlemen,' I said to my brother officers, 'we have speculated long enough! To action! I will see this young man. If you think, surgeons, there is yet time, if so, accompany me at once to the hospital. We went, and found the young trooper yet alive, perfectly sensible, but thoroughly conscious of his approaching end. I plunged at once into the subject, and extracted him, by all that held dear and sacred, to enable me to any cause or reason, however remote or indirect, which might in his mind be connected with the terrible scourge now devastating our regiments. He seemed to respond with some eagerness to my appeal, mingled as it was with the names of his family and friends.

'Captain,' said he, 'we are bewitched. For the last month I have nightly seen an hour around me the forms and voices of my friends in that distant home of ours. The fascination of those visions, if I may so call the mysterious visitants that haunt my bed, is great, and the ordeal trying. Each repetition of this supernatural scene makes me long for death as a relief and a way of joining in the near future those from whom I am now parted. I would tell you more, but I feel that I am growing feeble. Captain, see Lagache, he will tell you all.'

And in half an hour he died. I saw Lagache that afternoon Corporal Lagache had not been very long in the regiment. Brave, clever and intelligent, he had risen quickly to his present grade and he was in every way a trustworthy and deserving soldier. He had been in Africa some time before joining the army, and, still in early manhood, he had the reserve of manner and the maturity of confidence so readily acquired by those who have much to do with the Arab population. The surgeon was still with me when the corporal, in obedience to my message, presented himself at my quarters.

'Lagache?' I said, 'what do you know about witchcraft and visions, and this terrible mortality striking down our men on all sides? Speak to me frankly.'

Captain, replied the corporal, 'I know in reality very little about such matters; all I can say is this: For some time past I have utilized, at their own request, among our men a power which I acquired, I believe (for I know not when or how it exactly began,) during my stay with the Bedouins of the North. I have shown them scenes from their homeland, and faces from their family circle. In fact, they have seen whatever they wanted to see. Beyond this, I know nothing of the matter, and can, therefore, tell you nothing. Here is my paper, which will show you that since I have been in the regiment my superiors have had no reason to complain of my conduct.'

I examined his record, and, indeed, all was thorough. 'But, Lagache, do you really mean,' said I, 'that you can show people whatever they may wish to see?'

'Yes, captain, I can show any one anything. I will show you whatever you like.'

'Agreed, corporal, but how do you show the Satan?'

'Certainly, captain, but not how. Rather more than a kilometre on the road to El-Kerh yet will find an open sandy plain; there at midnight, I shall await you; if, in a moment, you glance at the surgeon, you will see alone.'

At the mess that evening I made no secret of my interview past and future, with Corporal Lagache, and the comic element which never fails to make its presence felt in gathering of French officers was actually and amusingly developed in the remarks and innuendoes that poured down on me during dinner, all the more, perhaps, because I feel somewhat moody and sensitive.

The marshal paused, and seemed to be connecting memories which lapse of time had in some degree dissociated. His keen eyes seemed to be looking back through the visits of years that led from the Algerian adventures of an obscure infantry captain up to the settled splendor of the much-honored and distinguished marshal of France, the one who had most successfully directed the flight of the victories eagles against the picked troops of the then most formidable European military powers. The pause was but momentary; he resumed: 'Toward midnight I left my quarters, and after a brisk walk in the cool air, found myself at the little plain where this strange interview was to ensue. Lagache was already there, standing quietly with his back to the trunk of a small and leafless tree. He had taken off his coat and kept, and had suspended them, with his belt and sword, on one of its branches.

On seeing me he advanced a dozen paces or so to meet me, with a salute, inquired if I still was of the same mind as when he had seen me last. I replied affirmatively. And he at once drew in the sand with a bit of brushwood a circle of some twenty feet in diameter. He then invited me to enter the circle, and the full beams of the moon, unobscured by a single obstacle, poured down with an almost supernatural brightness on the man and the spot; where we stood. After a few uneasy motions with his right arm he stepped up to me.

'Fardon, captain, but will you permit me to ask you if you have about you any plums left?'

'Why no, corporal, I think not; but, stay—and I caught sight of the end of my watch chain, to which were attached a few little charms—I will, if you like, take off this.'

And so saying, I fastened my watch and chain, and leaving the circle placed them at the feet of the stunted tree, where the corporal had hung his coat and kept. I then entered the circle, and Lagache again began his mysterious passes. His combor combor, its tawny hue rendered still more unnatural by the bright moonlight, was singularly calm and unobtrusive. The measured way of his snowy arm, barred to the shoulder, fascinated the eye; and I thought, meantime, that I saw surging up in the center of the circle a vapory mist which partly veiled the corporal's lower limbs from my sight.

This expectant state lasted for, I should say, a few minutes at most, but they seemed to be a century. The mist grew more dense, the action of the bare arms more determined, and then—well, I have seen during my eventful career death in every form, even the most awful, and heard in every tongue its despairing wail, its agonizing shriek, its hopeless burst of defiant imprecation, but never before or since that midnight scene have I heard anything approaching in concentrated horror, in desperate and unmitigated grief and rage, the yell that rang in a wild crash on my ears; never before or since have I seen, even after the carnage of the most terrible combat, a form so madly stricken, features so warped and transfigured by intense horror, as those of Lagache, as, advancing a step or two toward me, he shrieked in tones of anguish: 'Captain, my wife has betrayed me! and vanished instantaneously and absolutely from my sight.'

I bounded rather than ran back to the barracks; I summoned the guard; I dispatched men on foot and on horseback, to scour the plain and surrounding neighborhood for him. In vain. No trace of the corporal has ever been discovered from that day to this. 'And the jewelry?' inquired a waggish subaltern among the officers, as I told the assembled officers the details of my adventure. True, I had forgotten watch and chain, and, in fact, but the missing Lagache. I rode back with the subaltern and there, at the foot of the tree, lay my watch and chain, and there, on the leafless branch, hung the corporal's coat, kept and sword.

I returned and retired to my room full of perplexed and dismal thoughts. 'What could be the meaning of the man's wild cry, 'Captain I have betrayed me! In vain I turned the mysterious phrase into every groove of thought; no fitting solution came to my mind. At length, ferreted and heated with the excitement of the last few hours, I took off my coat and waistcoat and bared my chest to the cool

wind of early morning pouring in through the little window of my room; and there, hanging from my neck, as it had hung for years, since it was placed there by one dearest to me on earth, I saw a little religious medal, shining brightly in the opal gleam of the Algerian dawn.'

Need I add that the mysterious deaths ceased among us, and that years afterward, at the commencement of the Crimean war, the regiment suspended on the walls of the church at Scutari the sword and the kepi of the lost corporal; and there you may see them now.

**ONE LUCKY BULLET SAVES HUNDREDS OF LIVES.**

In the middle of the night at Borke's Drift, when the Zulus had fired the hospital, a crash was made by a band of the enemy to fire the storehouse, the other building which outlasted the defense. As fast as these Zulus came on with firebrands they were shot down, but one managed to escape the fire and got in close to the wall of the storehouse. The defenders, with their rifles through the loopholes, could not slope their weapons to kill him, and he seemed as if his purpose of firing the thatch on the roof of the house should succeed. Fortunately, a young Corporal of the Army Service Corps named Atwood (although himself of a plan to rid the camp of the Zulu. As luck would have it, there was a small square hole in the wall which had been used as a window, and the Zulu happened to get below this. Atwood, with his carbine, made his way to this hole and pushing out his weapon let it hang pointing to the ground. It was impossible to take aim in his awkward position, so he trusted to fate. The Zulu had by this time stuck a firebrand on the end of his assegai and was in the act of rising up to set fire to the thatch when Atwood, not seeing the Zulu at all, but knowing about his position, fired the carbine with his left hand. The shot probably, in the fact, saved Natal from an invasion of the Zulu at daylight was found at the spot with his skull smashed in and the assegai with the firebrand stuck on the end of it, held tightly in his dead hand.

About two years ago a herd of caribou was driven to Yuma county, Arizona, with the intent to render them serviceable in the territory as beasts of burden. And the expectation formed of them was not realized, they were turned loose by their owners to roam eastward along the Gila river at their own remaining will. They appear to have profited by it. Not only have they thriven as though they had been in their native Africa, but they have bred liberally and seem to have become domesticated to the region. It is thought that the new generation of caribou will be acclimated, and used to the alkaline waters peculiar to that section. The waterless desert of Sonora, contains vast deposits of salt, sulphur, borax and soda, with limestone mineral ones in the mountains. These caribou may yet be employed to advantage in transporting these products for they can go without water, as neither horses nor mules can. As is well known, the inside of their second stomach is lined with cells in which water is stored up and retained, enabling them to endure long drought. It would be singular if the rejected and wandering caribou should yet be found to be the best means of developing the resources of Sonora and the county around about.

The excitement caused by the murder of Mrs. Dr. Hull, of New York, had decreased so with an excess Sunday that the house no longer attracted the gaze of the crowds on the street. The police have been engaged in searching for a colored man named Bristol Francis, the husband of the cook. He is suspected of being implicated in the murder. There were some indications Sunday that the search had been successful. Several police officers who have been prominent in investigating the murder made in a hopeful manner of the capture of the murderer.

MEMPHIS, June 17.—During the trial of John J. O'Brien for the alleged abduction of Miss Lizzie Voss, and while the defendant was testifying as to his innocence of the crime, Miss Lizzie arose from her seat near her counsel and walking towards defendant said: 'You villain, you murdered my father, and now you want to ruin my reputation.' As she ceased speaking she drew a pistol from her dress pocket, but before she could fire she was caught by the deputy sheriff, who wrested it from her hands. Last March Miss Voss's father committed suicide on learning of his daughter's disgrace. The suit now pending is for \$5,000 damages.

A lady told her little son, who was teasing for something to eat, to wait until breakfast. With a tear in his eye, he burst out: 'I feel honestly, sometimes think you're a stepmother.'

A young lover who didn't understand the language of flowers was presented by his adored one with a bunch of the genus poppy. 'Ah,' he mused, after a few minutes' contemplation, 'she refers me to her poppy.' But before he called on her again he consulted a floral dictionary, and when he learned that the poppy is the emblem of stupidity—he well, he didn't call on her again.

'How bats for ladies,' says the New Haven Register—are to be unaccountably generous in size this season—in fact, large enough to furnish snuff for two. How thoughtful the milliners, to be sure.

An old man who had been badly hurt by a railway collision, being advised to sue the company for damages, said, 'Well, no, not for damages. I've got enough of them, but I'll just sue 'em for repairs.'

Connecticut, reports the Detroit Free Press, has one or two men men left, besides the one who died the other day and left all his money to negroes in Africa, while he had a sister in the poor house in his own town.

'The spirit's willful, but the flesh is weak.' It is very often the spirit willful that makes the flesh weak.

A Georgia woman awoke her husband during a storm the other night, and said: 'I do wish you would quit snoring, for I want to hear it thunder.'

**AN OLD ADAGE SUCCESSFULLY CARRIED OUT.**

Pouring oil on troubled waters generally is regarded by sea captains more as a fine sentiment than as a practical hint to be observed in times of danger; but as far back as 1770, a Dutch East Indian trader claimed to have been saved from shipwreck on a treacherous reef, by pouring on the sea a jar of olive oil. Later, another instance is recorded in which a vessel having been wrecked in a hurricane, a cask of lamp oil, which was kept in a small boat, became broken, and so quieted the sea in the immediate vicinity, that most of the crew succeeded in getting to an island near by.

Captain Jarman, of the four-masted ship Komelad, stated to a reporter recently, that although he had long known of the wonderful effects of oil poured upon a rough sea, yet he never had put his knowledge into practice until his last voyage. The subject having been recalled to his mind lately by a little article in one of the seaman's tracts, he decided to test the receipt. He caused to be made two canvas sacks, shaped like a bottle, each having a capacity of about three gallons of oil. These he filled with common lamp oil. Then he, in the middle of the Atlantic, he encountered a violent hurricane with terrific seas, which lasted about twenty hours. The waves broke over the vessel,—then, lowering his oil, he punctured the canvas bags, and caused one to be towed over each quarter. The effect, he said, was magical. The waves, although remaining at the same height, no longer broke over the stern; but for several yards around, where the oil had spread upon the water, there was apparently a calm. The ship was thus relieved from the tremendous shocks of heavy seas breaking over her, and the danger was considerably lessened. Captain Jarman thinks that the use of oil in the case of a ship holed in a storm, would be a very good thing. He says that although this was the first time he had ever tried the experiment, it was not only novel by any means. He had known cases in which vessels had escaped from vessels when it would have been impossible to lower a boat without it being swamped, except that all was thrown over the ship's side, and the sea thus sufficiently calmed to allow the boats to be lowered without danger. He has also seen whaling vessels lying quietly while near by them other vessels were violently tossed about. The whaling vessels were so thoroughly saturated with oil, that the water remained calm about them. He says that the method is so simple, and so inexpensive, that he intends to have oil bags always ready for use hereafter.

A negro preacher described hell as a cold, where the wicked froze to all eternity. Ask why, he said: 'Cause I don't care for dem people nuffin else. Why, if I say hell is warm, some of dem old rheumatic niggers 're wasta' start down dar de very fus' frus.'

The difference between honor and discretion is that honor tells you not to hit a man when he is down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting a man when he isn't down.

A lady not accustomed to raising poultry set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend, coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. 'Fe!' was the reply, 'why, I thought I'd been nursed them.'

A young lover who didn't understand the language of flowers was presented by his adored one with a bunch of the genus poppy. 'Ah,' he mused, after a few minutes' contemplation, 'she refers me to her poppy.' But before he called on her again he consulted a floral dictionary, and when he learned that the poppy is the emblem of stupidity—he well, he didn't call on her again.

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**AN ORTHODOX CHINAMAN.**

Concerning future rewards and punishments, Colorado furnishes the following illustration, which occurred recently in a court in La Veta, where the testimony of a Chinaman was objected to on ground that he did not understand or regard the obligation of an oath. To test him he was interrogated thus:

John, do you know anything about God?'

'No; me no bolly well acquainted with Him.'

'Have you no Joss in China?'

'Oh, yes, gotten heepee Joss.'

'Where do you go when you die?'

'Me go to San Francisco.'

'No you don't understand me. When Chinaman quit wash he all time, and no live any more, where does he go?'

'Oh, yes, me sabe now. If he bolly goodie man, he go uppre sky. If he bolly badde man he go lupper down hell, allee same Melian man.'

The Court was satisfied with this orthodox statement and admitted his testimony.

'What made you quit the East?'

said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. 'I got into trouble by marrying two wives.' 'That was the response.' 'Well, and the other, I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying one wife.'

'And I?' asked a bystander. 'I came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one.'

A sweet temper is to be in household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

It is better to stick to your work than to trust to luck.

Some people suppose, and not without cause, that the sweet buy-and-buy commences immediately after marriage.

A school boy, on being asked who made the Tower of Pisa, leapt up and said: 'Because of the famine in the land.'