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Col A B Andrews

The Durham Recorder.

E. C. HACKNEY AND JOS. J. MACKAY, EDITORS & PROPRIETORS. | LET HIM WHO HATH NO NERVE FOR THE FIGHT, DEPART. | $1 50 PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 63. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1883. NO 37.

DURHAM DIRECTORY.

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BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. C. Durham, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Sunday School at 9:30 Sunday morning.

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MASONIC.

DURHAM LODGE, No. 352, A. F. A. M.—Meets second Tuesday night in each month. W. L. Wall, W. M.; James Southgate, Secretary.

DURHAM CHAPTER, No. 48, R. A. M.—Meets third Tuesday night in each month J. L. Markham, High Priest; James Southgate, Secretary.

DURHAM COUNCIL, No. 7, R. S. M.—Meets first Tuesday night. B. Walker, Thrice Illustrious Master; James Southgate, Recorder.

DURHAM COMMANDERY—KNIGHTS TEMPLARS.—Meets first Monday night in each month. J. S. Carr, Eminent Commander; James Southgate, Recorder.

The above orders meet in the Masonic Hall, corner of Main and Depot street.

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NOTICE.

Sealed proposals with plans and specifications for building Jail will be received by the board of county commissioners for Durham county until the 15th day of May 1884. Bids not to exceed $7,000.

April 16th 1884. J. C. WILKERSON. Clerk B. C. C.

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POETRY.

(Written for the RECORDER.

THE RAIN—IMPROMPTU.

BY HIRAM V. PAUL.

It rains, it rains! Let all the earth rejoice;
Proclaim the news with happy heart and voice!
Let fervent praises in euphonious anthems rise,
And festive song usurp the throne of dreary sighs.

Behold the tiny buds that erst drooped in despair,
Lift up their heads and breathe sweet insence on the air!
Their tinted leaflets ope' to hail th' auspicious hour
And catch the sweet elixir of the gentle, welcome shower.

The plow-boy whistles to the merry, singing birds,
And nimbly capering o'er the blooming verdant hills
That lift their graceful crests o'er lympid, dancing rills,
Brings home at twilight hour the shy, unwilling herds
From pastures green—charmed into life again
Thro' pining nature's panacea, the rain, the healing rain!

All nature smiles; the drooping buds re-ope';
The farmer's heart burns with new life and joy and hope,
As on his parched fields of dying fruit and grain
Our loving Father sends the long-stayed, copious rain;
And as the showers descend his honest, manly face
Beams with a brighter smile and more ennobling grace.

Oh in the hovels where but little light is shed,
And where the poor implore, "give us our daily bread,"
The killing drought has cast a cold and sombre gloom,
And Hope's frail buds, in vain, are striving to rebloom;
But angels whisper that our cry
Chimes thro' Supernal Realms on high,
And then the heavens ope'
To bless our honest toil
With gentle show'rs that impart
New life to nature's yearning heart,
And vigor to the soil.

The fires upon the cabin hearth
Their wonton cheer regain
As blessed show'rs baptize the earth
And kiss the window-pane!

Then sing, O earth! let every bosom thrill—
The God of Jacob hears and loves his people still!

Durham, N. C., June 7th,, 1883.

Curly's Stage-Ride.

"Mamma," said Curly, as he rolled over in bed and opened his eyes, "mamma," do you suppose I shall have any more adventures to-day."

"Not to the extent of getting lost and keeping me awake all night again, I hope," said his mother.

"We camped out, and it was jolly, and—hungry," said Curly, with a yawn. "Is it getting up time?"

"It is for us; but it is only four o'clock in the morning," said mamma.

That seemed indeed very early, as she drew up the curtain, and Curly saw the soft gray twilight, and heard the birds chirping and twittering in their nests.

"It seems as if vey were all excited 'bout something, said Curly, as he pulled on his stockings. 'Maybe vey don't like our getting up."

"I think the birdies always chirp and twitter, even on mornings when my little boy is not taking a remarkable journey," said Mrs. Ross. "Perhaps he is more excited than they are."

"Hm!" said Curly, tossing his head. "Vey're only birds; I'm a *boy*!"

But breakfast of nice oatmeal and milk, beefsteak and bread, soon made Curly forget everything but hunger, and he had hardly eaten the last crumb when the coach whirled up to the door, and all the party made haste to get seats in it.

Curly clambered up on the top of the coach, where Uncle Tom was already perched; but the little boy was to sit beside his own papa, and be taken care of by him, so mamma said she knew he was safe.

"Don't be frightened, mamma dear,' said Curly, looking down, as she took a seat inside; "vese coaches never tip over, and if you want anything, you just speak to me."

"Your ma has a sight of comfort in your taking care of her, don't she?" said the driver, by whom Curly was sitting

"She ought to; I'm her only boy, and if I didn't be good shouldn't I be shameful?" answered Curly, gravely, not inclined to be laughed at for his devotion to his mother.

That was a ride worth having, in the early morning. The sun came shining up, making rosy clouds along the east; the air was cool and sweet; the four horses raced along as if the heavy coach was a feather behind them; and once,—O, joy!—the driver put the reins in Curly's hands, and let him hold them all the way up a long hill.

"I like a boy that stands up for his ma," said the driver, kindly. You just hold on to that, and don't be laughed out of it when you're older."

"I couldn't be laughed out of loving her, forever and ever," said Curly. "May I really drive? How splendid!"

Away sped the horses, and Curly's cheeks glowed and his eyes shone. How happy he was!

"Did you always be a driver?" he asked, presently.

"Almost since I was a boy," said the man. "Want to hear about my first ride?"

"Yes, please," said Curly.

"I was but a young chap,—only fourteen,—and my cousin was a driver over this road. He took me with him, sometimes, and let me drive a little up hill, but I never had any real work with it. Well, one day Jack (that was his name) got off to walk a little, and let me keep the reins. When I had got pretty far ahead of him, some hens flew cackling and squawking over the fence right under the horses' noses. That frightened the leaders: they ran, and first I knew all four were running."

"What did you do?" cried Curly.

"Just held on and pulled. I couldn't stop them, but I could keep them in the road, and I did. They went over the road like lightning, for five miles, and then I made out to pull them up at the house where we always stopped for dinner. My arms were lame enough, and Jack ran all the way after, expecting to find us upset somewhere; but I tell you I was a proud youngster."

"Wasn't your mother proud, too?" asked little Curly. "I fink you did be like a hero, not to be afraid and let go. I wish we went always in your coach."

But the end of the ride had to come at last, and as they reached the boat, the driver said,—

"Good luck to you, mother-boy. Don't forget how you drove four horses for me.

"No," said Curly; "and I fank you, too. Be a good man, and I'll come again some time."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Bad Boy Quits Work.

"Why are you not working at the livery stable?" the grocery man asked the bad boy. "You haven't been discharged have you?" And the grocery man laid a little lump of concentrated lye that looked like maple sugar, on a cake of sugar that had been broken, knowing the boy would nibble it.

"No, sir; I was not discharged, but when a livery man lends me a kicking horse to take my girl out riding, that settled it. I asked the boss if I couldn't have a quiet horse that would drive himself if I wound the lines around the whip, and he let me have one he said would go all day without driving. You know how it is, when a fellow takes a girl out riding he don't want his mind occupied holding lines. Well, I got my girl in, and we went out on the Whitefish Bay road, and it was just before dark, and we rode along under the trees, and I wound the lines around the whip, and put one arm around my girl, and patted her under the chin with my other hand, and her mouth looked so good, blue eyes looked up at me and twinkled as much as to dare me to kiss her, and I was all of a tremble, and then my hand wandered around by her ear and I drew her head up to me and gave her a smack. Say, that was no kind of a horse to give to a young fellow to take a girl out riding. Just as I smacked her I felt as though the buggy had been struck with a pile driver, and when I looked at the horse he was running away and kicking the buggy, and the lines were dragging on the ground. I was scared, I tell you. I wanted to jump out, but my girl threw her arms arms my neck and screamed and and said we would die together, and just as we were going to die, the buggy struck a fence and the horse broke loose and went off, leaving us in the buggy, tumbled down by the dash-board, but we were not hurt. The old horse stopped and went to chewing grass, and he looked up at me as though he wanted to say "philopene.' I tried to catch him, but he wouldn't catch, and then we waited till dark and walked home, and I told the livery man what I though of such treatment, and he said if I had attended to my driving and not kissed the girl I would have been all right. He said I ought to have told him I wanted a horse that would not shy at kissing, but how did I know I was going to get up courage to kiss her? A livery man ought to take it for granted that when a young fellow goes out with a girl he is going to kiss her, and give him a horse according. But I quit him at once. I won't work for a man that hasn't got sense. Gosh! What kink of maple sugar is that? Jerusalem! Whew, give me some water. Oh, my, it is taking the skin off my mouth."

The grocery man got him some water and seemed sorry that the boy had taken the lump of concentrated lye by mistake, and when the boy went out the grocery man ponded his hands on his knees and laughed, and presently he went out in front of the store and found a sign, "Fresh letis, been picked more'n month, tuffer'n tripe."—*Peck's Sun.*

"You said, Mr. Jones, that your umbrella had a strait handle?" I thought it did, but since it vanished I am quite certain it ended with a hook."

The Scum of Meanness.

[Cor. Wilson Advance.]

When the announcement was recently made that Ex-President Davis was out of danger some editor in the North-West, dipped the pen of falsehood into the ink of black malignity, and stated that "Jeff Davis had the luck of getting out of danger." We wonder if that fellow ever read of a certain historic battlefield in Mexico, when the bravery and the devotion and the magnificent soldier-qualities of Jeff Davis recovered and saved the field which had been given up by the ignominious flight of a panic-stricken Indiania regiment. Let him turn to that page of history, which is lit up with the glory-light of Southern valor and perhaps he will not be so eager to cast animadversions upon the bravery of a man, who has always worn in the button-hole of his character the pure white ribbon of an indomitable courage.

Pertinent to the above, we quote a question from our esteemed contemporary the "Star," and the above dirty fling of scum is, we think, an answer. The "Star" asks "can it be true that there are Northern papers mean enough to say that they hope that the present illness of Jefferson Davis is his last?" Yes, we have seen it so stated, and we believe it to be true. Vice had always been at enmity with virtue; expediency has always despised statesmanship;—cowardice is always trying to fling the mud of detraction upon the brilliant escutcheon of bravery, and there are narrow-minded, low down, hell-chosen wretches who will always hug to their bosoms and nurse with malignant fondness the dirty off springs of the fouldest conceptions that ever degraded human character. But thank heaven these flings hurt not the invulnerable character of Jefferson Davis. He is a high above their reach. Like some grand, towering mountain, which lifts its pure, snow-capped head to the skies, and stands glistening in the sunlight above, unconscious of the fogs and vapors and clouds which settle around its base, so does Jefferson Davis stands upon the granite-structure of an unshaken record, and looms lustrously upwards in the glory of a work faithfully and conscientiously done. The noble eagle, when in his grand flight heavenward, looks through the blue-veiled sky into the home of the sun, is not further removed from the worms, which drag their slimy length through miry swamps than is Jefferson Davis from those law drivelers in the dust of depravity, who would dare stain his reputation with the filth of their own vile natures. But we desist. The distance between the maligner and maligner is too great for contrast. Comparison staggers, for we are called upon to gaze upon Hyperion, and then stoop and look with disgust upon a Satyr. B.

Unstinted Liberality.

Mr. Bennett of the Herald is the subject of this bit of club gossip:—On New Year's Day he arrived at the Union Club toward night, having made many calls. He sat down in a chair, and, observing that some members of the club were presenting Peter the venerable porter of the club, with five dollar bills as New Year's presents, he called him over, and fishing down into one of his pockets brought up a bill.

'Peter, my friend,' he said, without looking at the bill, 'take that.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Peter, his eyes glistening at the sight of a twenty dollar bill.

Bennett gazed at him for a second, and said sleepily, 'Wait, Peter,' and diving down into his pocket brought up another bill.

'Take that, Peter.,

This performance ment on for fully five minutes. Every time that the astonished Peter attempted to retire he was called back, and the presentation of every kind of a bill from one to fifty dollars went on to the amusement of the spectators. When no more bills came forth Bennett stopped and went away. Peter asked some of the members what he had best do with his hat full of money. He was advised to ask Mr. Bennett the next time he came whether he had not given him by mitsake more than he had intended. So the next day when Bennett appeared Petet said to him:

'Mr. Bennett, I think you gave me more of a New Year's present than you had intended last night.'

Bennet looked at him for a few seconds, not having the glimmer of an idea of how much he had given, or whether he had given any thing at all.

'How much did I give you, Peter?'

'Eight hundred dollars, sir.'

The position was a delicate one, but not so much so to a man with an income of a million a year, as to an ordinary mortal. 'That was the amount I intended for you, Peter,' said Bennett, without a sign of annoyance.—*Home Journal.*

Speaking of a prominent politician, one of his friends remarked:—"Yes, sir; I have known him for twenty years. He is as pure as snow and as chaste as ice."

"I don't know much about his parity," said a second party, "but you can just gamble on it that he is chased worse than any man in town. Why, I have chased him for a five-pound account he owes me for the lst year myself."

Blessed is the man who marries an orphan, for he shall be exempt from the ravages of the mother-in-law malarial.

Military Ingenuity.

"I never will forgive the Confederate Government," said Col. Warrick, when asked to relate a war reminiscence. "I started out with a ripe determination of doing everything in my power for the cause, but men who had more authority than I had, pulled against me, and consequently I stepped aside. They even went so far as to court-martial me. Now, if there is anything in military life that takes away a man's appetite, it is to be court-martialed. It is pretty bad in civil life to be tried before a Justice of the Peace, but that isn't anything to compare with a court-martial, and especially when he knows full well that he has done nothing to merit such severe handling."

"Why were you court-martialed, Cononel?' asked one of the company.

"For the simple discharge of my duty. Just about the time it behooved the Confederacy to make every edge cut that it could, I was sent into a community to press guns, and to draft and arm every available man. Well, I went to work and discharged the duty in accordance with my construction of the order. At one place we seized a large number of double-barrel shot guns. In examining them we found many that were damaged so greatly that only one barrel could be used. I told my men not to throw them aside, but to keep them—they would come in handy. In this community there were a great many saw mills and family feuds, and consequently there were a great many one-legged men. One day I issued an order that all the one-legged men to be found within a radius of twenty-five miles, should be brought into camp. The order was strictly obeyed, and within two weeks we had seventy-five cripples. Forming them in line one day, I ordered the disabled shot guns to be brought out. When I took up a gun whose right barrel was useless, I would give it to a man who had lost the use of his right leg, and so on until the seventy-five men were armed. This was strictly appropriate, for we had no other use for the crippled guns, and the country certainly had no other use for the crippled men. I took great pride in this crippled company. I wanted it to make a name; I wanted each man to feel proud of himself. They elected as Captain, a tall fellow who lost his leg while rafting logs. We presented him, attended by disabled ceremony with a broken sword and double-barreled pistol with one hammer gone. It would have tickled you to death to have seen them on dress parade parade, and their quick-time would have made Napoleon pull off his hat and grin. Well, pretty soon I had occasion to use them. The enemy came upon me unexpectedly, and the hurry insident upon such occasions, I placed the one-legged company in the warmest part of the field. The battle lasted several hours and was a drawn fight. My one-legged company suffered greatly. The Captain's leg was shattered by a ball, and during the fight he sent an orderly into the woods to make him another leg. Other members of the company were similarly served, and, sir, the amount of splinters on the battle-field was simply astonishing. The enemy had fired low, and three out of six wooden legs were disabled. Before complete repairs could be made, my General came along, and not being able to understand why so much kindling wood should be scattered over a battle-field, asked the reason. I explained, expecting him to compliment me on my ingenuity, but the unappreciative fellow had me court-martialed. I left the service, and during the remaining time of the war I aided the cause by capturing mules from the Union men, and burning cotton that might have fallen into the possession of the enemy."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Look Out.

It is evident that there is a gang of scoundrels roaming through the country whose object is arson, robbery and outrages. The city of Richmond has recently suffered to an alarming extent. several houses of the most respectable people having been entered and robbed in open daylight. The recent fires in Lynchburg and Raleigh, are thought to be the work of those desperate villians who seek amid the excitement on such occasions to prey upon their victims. We have no doubt that the gang are well organized and have their plans so perfected as to defy the ordinary system of police. Small towns and villages afford them good opportunities as they are usually without such police regulations as tend to render them secure. We think it would be well for our people to be on their guard, and, it is the duty of our town authorities to watch closely any suspicious individuals who may be lurking in our vicinity. It is said that the rascals use all sorts of schemes to carry out their points. In some instances they enter houses as pedlars, or approach them as tramps. In other cases they enter towns as organ grinders, &c. Of course we do not advocate the idea of interrupting any person who is pursuing an honest calling for a living, but the firesides of our people are too sacred to be put to any unneccessary risk. "An ounce" of prevention is better than a pound of cure, and, our people cannot be too cautious. There is a spirit of lawlessness abroad which must be checked or else the foundations of all society will be upset.—*North State.*

The Boston Traveler (Rep.) says the Kentucky Democrats have straddled the tariff question. The Traveler has straddled the truth again.

Entomology in Jewelry.

Sad case, that of Tompkins, which was sympathetically whispered about among his friends yesterday and gained the tribute of a sigh from all who heard it. He is a person of somewhat convivial practices and had been out to the West Indies all winter, where, as report goes, he had a time which for once seemed too jolly. When he started for home he didn't feel well at all, but he had hopes that the sea voyage would bring him around all right, and in fact when he reached New York he felt a great deal better. On arriving in Boston he met a friend, with whom he drank to his happy return, and then started out for a stroll. Presently they encountered a young woman who had a hideous cast-iron spider fastened on her cloak and Tompkins' friend noticed that he shot an uneasy glance at it. Soon after they met a second, who had a frightfully loathsome beetle in the lace at her throat, and presently a third, about whose hat was twined a lizard a foot and a half long. Tompkins' trepidation visibly increased at these unwholesome sights, but he shook it off as well as he could and had about recovered himself, when he broke out into a scream: "Look at the snake on that woman's ankle who is getting into the horse car! Great Cæsar! I've got 'em again!" and rushed for a doc. In the ignorance born of his protracted exile he did not know that the prevailing feminine taste is toward reptiles and noxious insects, which they not only wear upon their outer garments, but utilize in the embroideries upon their hosiery.

A Strange Story.

The Strathmore family is one of the oldest in Scotland, and its head has been an earl ever since 1423. A correspondent of the *Mail and Express* writes that for four generations there has been a mystery at Glamis castle which no one has ever been able to fathom. Some said it was a ghost, others a mysterious hidden treasure; but rumors of a more or less uncanny nature floated round the country and have done so for about ninety-three years. Four earls of Strathmore have seated themselves in ancestral state at Westminister, and yet all the while the real earl, the oldest of the family, was alive, hidden in the vast old feudal palace at Glamis. He died only last year, aged ninety two years, and he was a monster. He stood eight feet in height. His head and the upper part of his body resembled that of a toad. His skin was marked with black splotches, and his hands were webbed. He could not speak or hear, but his eyes were bright but wild. He never showed signs of reason, and in order to avoid legal difficulties this horror was hidden in a building erected on purpose. His jailers were paid handsome annuities to keep silent. As each earl succeeded to the estate he was taken to see this terrific creature, and it is said that one of these gentlemen almost lost his reason in beholding the loathsome and gigantic horror. Last year the poor wretch died and the secret has come out, owing to difficulties concerning the disposal of the remains.

Western North Carolina Railroad.

The directors of the Western North Carolina Railroad held a meeting in Salisbury last week for the purpose of filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. R. McMurdy. As a result of the meeting, Mr. J. W. Daniel was elected auditor, and Mr. W. A. Turk was elected assistant general passenger and freight agent, to take charge about June 15th. The schedule on the Western North Carolina Railroad has been changed as follows: The train going west leaves Salisbury at 12:10 a. m., arriving at Warm Springs at 12:10 p. m. The train going east leaves Warm Springs at 3:35 p. m., and arrives at Salisbury at 2:40 a. m., making close connection with the R. & D. Railroad both ways, and at Warm Springs with the E. T. V. & G. Railroad.—*Asheville Citizen.*

A Youthful Villian.

About 8 o'clock Tuesday evening officers were sent in search of one Dick Flinner, a molatto boy about 15 years of age, and who has lately been employed in Sercer's barber-shop. The charge preferred against him is rape, and his victim is a little colored girl, about 10 years of age. He was promptly arrested and lodged in jail. It appears that late in the afternoon of Tuesday Flinner enticed the girl with promises of selling for her some strawberries which she had brought to town off the street, to a back lot, and into a stable lot, where he proceeded to carry out his beastly purpose. The girl gave the alarm, but her screams were either too faint or given too late to attract attention before the young villain had succeeded in committing his hellish deed. Upon the approach of parties who had heard the girls scream, young Flinner fled, but, as above stated, was soon after captured and placed in jail.—*Asheville Citizen.*

Two Brooklyn brothers who married the same woman are trying to send the poor thing to the penitentiary for bigamy.

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