

The Durham Recorder.

LET HIM WHO HATH NO MERRY FOR THE FIGHT, DEPART.

VOL. 69.

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NO 31

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Of Interest to Ladies.

We will send a FREE SAMPLE of our wonderful powder for 7 major ailments to every lady who wishes to test its efficacy before purchasing. Read name for postage. EARLE REMLEY CO., Box 104, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Hotel and Restaurant

P. J. MURRAY, Prop.

On the American and European plans.

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Special attention to Commercial Travelers.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 5c and \$1 per bottle at R. Blacknall & Son's drug store. d&w

BUG KILLER

Will kill bugs and worms that destroy potato and tomato vines; egg, squash, turnip, beet, onion, cotton and tobacco plants.

Canker worms and caterpillars on ornamental and fruit trees; lice, cut-worms and rose bugs.

Will Kill Bugs and Worms

That Destroy Vegetation of Any Kind.

When used on young plants: Dust through a cloth bag lightly. For cut worms and bugs: Stir into the soil, about an inch deep, around the plants.

—FOR SALE BY—

P. W. VAUGHAN,

Druggist,

Durham, N. C.

Jan. 30.

WHEN SHE DIED.

Oh, when she died, the bloom of flowers
Departed, and Life's smile fell
A languor, dark grew all the hours,
And no more beauty breathed her spell.

When she died!
Oh, when she died, song's voice
Grew faint,
And from her throne joy fled in
tears;
Upon the air was heard grief's
plaint

In tones to haunt all future years,
When she died!

Oh, when she died, the world for
one
Grew desolate as starless night;
Hope no more breathed her benison
And time went by with laggard
plight—
When she died!

POOR FANNY, OR A STORY OF HUMBLE HEARTS.

It was an unlucky day everybody said when Fanny, the upstairs girl at Mrs. Bray's, met Tom Mason and fell in love with him. Tom was a good workman; that is, something; but he had one serious failing, and that was a fondness for a glass once in a while with a friend.

So, in spite of all the warnings she received from here and there, Fanny would marry Tom, and went away with him in a china-silk dress and a bonnet covered with roses, looking as pretty as a wild flower, and in a delicious state of excitement.

Fanny was very happy, and looked prettier than ever, and all went on well for a while. But the man who does not stop drinking to please the girl he loves will never stop for his wife. One night Tom came home very tipsy indeed, and all night Fanny sat by the fire and cried, and in the morning they had their first quarrel.

Tom swore no woman should rule him, and to prove it went on what he called a spree. He drank for days, spent his week's wages, neglected his work, and it being a time when it was easier to lose a place than to get one, loss his.

He blamed himself, but that did no good; he tried for work in vain. His own money was always spent from week to week, and now Fanny drew on her savings. They went also.

Tom was desperate and drank to make himself more hopeful. At last, however, he did obtain work, but his habit had grown too strong for him. He spent his noontime respite in drinking, and going up a long ladder afterward, grew dizzy and fell to the ground and broke his arm.

Groaning and suffering he was taken home, and bit by bit all the furniture was sold or pawned. Fanny, now too delicate to work very hard, took in washing, but finally the landlord could wait no longer for his rent and they were turned out of doors.

Poor Tom was taken to a hospital, and Fanny, who was sheltered by a poor friend, soon found herself the mother of a little baby. When she was well enough to go to see Tom, she found that he had lost his arm—there was no more work for him in this world. So Fanny went to service—a pale, altered woman. Her wages were all needed to pay her baby's board and keep Tom.

She could no longer dress tidily, and her heart was so full that she was cross and testy. The ladies did not like to have their kitchen haunted by a dissipated man, who came only for money, and who reproached his wife because she could not earn more.

Poor Fanny left one place for another, staying long in none. Her baby was often sick, and she grieved that she could not have it with her. No one would have known her for the lively, trim Fanny of the old times.

One day, however, her husband came with some news that seemed good. He had obtained a situation as night watchman, and he proposed that Fanny should hire a room and take in laundry work. Then they could be together—father, mother and little one. Fanny was glad—oh, so glad! It seemed a beginning of better times, though the room was but a shabby one, in a miserable tenement house, furnished with old things from a second-hand store.

The child was brought home. Work was found, and she hung the wet clothes on the long pully lines. Fanny sang the gay old songs again and chirped merrily to her little one.

She gave her husband comfortable meals, kept the poor place clean, and never gadded or gossiped when she had work to do, and for a long while Tom kept sober. He knew that he must lose his place if he did not, and he could do so little now, he had resolved to turn a new leaf. But the resolutions of a drunkard are of no avail.

When the Christmas Eve came, and Fanny, proud of the nice pair of chickens and the mince pie she had bought for the Christmas dinner, opened the door to light him upstairs as usual, she knew by the uneven footfall that he had been drinking. And indeed he had. In all her life she had never seen him so drunk before.

He was simply a madman, and when, unable to restrain her feelings, she reproached him, he struck her a heavy blow.

This much, a neighbor listening on the stairs, had to tell next morning. After that there were strange noises and silence.

At dawn a police officer, patrolling his beat, found lying upon the sidewalk, under the windows of the tenement house in which Fanny lived, the mangled body of an infant. It was plain that it must have been thrown from an upper room. He called assistance, and entered the house. Women flocked upon the landings. They knew the baby for Fanny Wilson's, and pointed to her door. No one answering the order to open, it was broken in, and a horrible sight presented itself. On the floor lay Fanny and her husband with their throats cut. There was no one to tell the tale; but there could be no doubt that Tom Wilson, mad with drink, had killed both wife and child and then committed suicide.

So ended poor Fanny's life. Another warning to all poor girls who trust to the promises of a drunkard, and hope to reform a dissipated man by marrying him.

Baptists Going Ahead.

Rev. A. C. Dixon of Immanuel tabernacle, St. Paul street and North avenue, Sunday morning preached a sermon, taking for his subject, "The Outlook." He said: "There never was a brighter outlook than at present. At the first inauguration of Washington there were 50,000 Baptists; there are now nearly three millions. Then there was one to seventy five of the population; now there is one to every twenty-two. Mr. J. H. Rockefeller has given \$600,000 to a great Baptist university. Capitalists stand ready to endow it with from fifty to twenty million dollars just as soon as they can decide where to locate it—in Chicago, Washington or New York. My only fear is that Baptists will rely too much on higher education, and not enough on God's power.—Baltimore American.

Teachers' Assembly.

Round trip Morehead City tickets will be sold by the R. & D. R. R. from all points in North Carolina to parties desiring to attend Teachers' Assembly at that point, tickets on sale June 15th to 30th good returning until and including July 31st, 1889, at the following very low rates: From Charlotte, \$8.15; Salisbury, \$7.15; Lexington, \$7.05; High Point, \$6.70; Greensboro, \$6.35; Chapel Hill, \$5.65; Durham, \$5.10; Raleigh, \$4.40; Selma, \$3.25; Winston-Salem, \$6.90; Oxford, \$5.90; Henderson, \$6.20, with correspondingly low rates from all other points.

The Teachers' Assembly begins June 19th and closes July 2d. Is there a teacher who will not avail himself of this opportunity to recreate with old and new friends? Don't forget the date. The Atlantic Hotel is ready for you; come on.

The hot summer days creates a longing for the delight of the sea breeze and the surf at Morehead City, where there are no mosquitos, flies nor dust.

Every music teacher in the State is requested to be present at the assembly on June 24th for the purpose of perfecting the organization of the North Carolina Musical Association which was begun at last session. This organization will be of great benefit in securing good positions for the teachers of vocal and instrumental music in our schools. There are

already in the hands of the secretary a number of first class applicants for positions and for teachers of music.

Wake Forest Commencement.

Wake Forest Commencement was quite largely attended and the exercises were very interesting. Many prominent men are present. After prayer by Rev. C. DeRham, President Taylor introduced Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, who made one of the best speeches ever heard in the State. His subject was rather out of the usual line. It was "The late Centennial Celebration at New York and the lessons it teaches, and also hopes and fears of the next century of her national life." His sketch of American liberty which took its rise in far away German forests was masterly. His attack upon trusts and monopolies and co-operations showed that these constitute the greatest dangers to the safety of the Republic.

Gov. Fowle was called on and with great force spoke of the need of public education, and said North Carolina is not doing her duty in that manner. He made a plea for a Training College for women as one of the great needs of the times.

Charles E. Brewer, of Johns Hopkins, has been elected Professor of Chemistry for Wake Forest College, vice Professor Purinton, resigned.

Gen. Jubal A. Early is a favorite with us. We have seen him but do not know him personally. What we admire in the old man is his unflinching devotion to the truth—his noble, manly nature—his love for the South—his belief in the cause for which the South fought. General Early is a man every inch of him. He spoke from his soul the other day at Winchester, Va., when he said:

"As I have said on former occasions, if ever I repudiate, disown or apologize for the cause for which Lee fought and Jackson died, may the lightning of Heaven blast me, and the scorn of all good women and true men by my portion; and again I say that the Confederate who has deserted since the war is infinitely worse than the one who deserted during the war, for the former has gone over to the enemy at no personal risk to himself, and simply from motives of gain, while the latter took his life in his hands, knowing that he would be shot if captured.

Grown Hay.

Quite frequently we see in our exchanges mention in North Carolina and Virginia farmers buying Northern and Western hay to feed their horses and cows, instead of raising hay or fodder on their own farms, and thereby save at least the cost of hauling one way.

Again we would like to get our farmers to make a close calculation, and see if they can make cotton to buy meat, corn, hay, meal, flour, molasses, cloth and shoes, and do the hauling and pay the freight both ways as cheaply and conveniently as they could raise them on their farms.

We are of the opinion that a close calculation will show large advantage in favor of raising them at home, besides the convenience and satisfaction of having a year's supply on hand.

The mind thus relieved of anxious care, would add vigor to the body and hilarity to the spirits, and make life and farming a pleasurable and profitable business.

Prepare at least a few acres where the grass can grow with all its speed and luxuriance, undisturbed by plow or hoe and you soon have hay at your door. It is better to have certain acres let go to grass than to work so hard to kill the grass and buy hay the next Summer.

The water in the Meherrin river this week to have been higher than for years. The country bridge on the road to Boykins was swept away and it was thought that Boone's bridge lower down the river would go. Some damage was done to the abutment of the R. & T. Railroad bridge at the north end and several places of the fill, about a half mile from the river, washed out. No trains have passed over the bridge since Monday and it will probably be several days before they will. The passenger train was caught on this side of the river, and makes a trip to Lewiston daily.—Potomac Patron.

"It is never too late!" should be the brave watchword of every true soldier in the battle of life.

STATE NEWS.

What Our Different Contemporaries Have to Say.

All of the moonshiners arrested last week in Johnston, near the Wake line, were found guilty, and sentenced to merited punishment by Judge Seymour.—Selma Reporter.

The cherry crop of this county is the largest known to our oldest citizens. . . . The seventeen year locust is making the woods ring west of the Blue Ridge.—Newton Enterprise.

The North Carolina boys with one exception, young Wishart, of Col. Rowland's district, failed at the entrance examination for naval cadets, held last week at Annapolis. This shows that primary education in North Carolina is defective. We need better primary instructors.—Mecklenburg Times.

Last week, in Alleghany county, Joe Rolan, a negro, shot David Tompkins, a white man. Since our correspondent informed us of the affair, we hear that Tompkins is dead. We hear also that \$500 reward is offered for the negro's arrest. Alleghany county is being secured from end to the other for him.—Mt. Airy News.

The Supreme Court of North Carolina rendered a decision not long ago, the practical result of which is of great importance to every business man in the State. The decision was that a husband can mortgage his real estate without his wife's signature to the paper, unless that identical piece of property has previously been set aside as his homestead by appraisers.—Lincoln Courier.

Wilson is to have a military company. A number of our citizens met in the court house last week for that purpose, and about thirty names were enrolled. There is admirable material in Wilson for a superb military organization. —Mr. Cutler, of Richmond, Va., has been preaching some very able and powerful sermons during the last few days in the Disciples Church in this place.—Wilson Mirror.

The session of the First Presbyterian church held a meeting yesterday afternoon and elected Rev. Ed Mack, son of Dr. J. B. Mack, to fill Dr. A. W. Miller's place during the latter's tour. Dr. Miller will sail about the middle of next month for a three month's trip to Europe and the Holy Land.—Charlotte Chronicle.

Mr. George P. Cochet has been appointed Travelling Passenger Agent of the Wilmington Seacoast Railroad, and will work up the excursion business this Summer in this and adjoining States. Mr. Cochet is well and favorably known, and has considerable experience in railroad business, and is undoubtedly well qualified for the work.—Wilmington Star.

The people of Raleigh are to be congratulated that no other election is to be held in our city for nearly two years. Now let's bury the hatchet, concentrate all our forces and enthusiasm and put our shoulders to the wheel and we will begin to see our beautiful city go forward. No place in the State has quite so many advantages as our City of Oaks, and it ought to be the pride of every citizen.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Senator Ransom has accepted the invitation to deliver the centennial address at Fayetteville on the 21st of November next. With Jeff Davis to be present and Senator Ransom to speak the centennial will draw a large crowd, as it should. —The degree of LL. D. was conferred by the University upon Rev. William Royal and not upon Rev. William B. Royal as was stated.—Raleigh News and Observer.

Mr. J. P. Edmundson, of Johnston county, told the Chronicle last week that in the sixty-four years of this life he has not spent \$64 for doctor's bills, and that he never ate a pound of meat bought from necessity nor a bushel, except of his own raising, of corn in his life. He bought a load of North Carolina meat to Raleigh on Saturday, and sold it for thirteen cents per pound. This is a record hard to beat. He says that the only need the farmers have is a good system of labor. He has never lost a day's work at home in thirty years.—State Chronicle.

Few have abilities so much needed by the rest of the world as to be cared for on their own terms.

Col. O. H. Dockery volunteered for a foreign minister's post; and now he is offering bounty to enlist as a consul. The Colonel is not the man to desert the Republican party as long as there remains a post vacant. Mrs. Mahala Hoagland, widow of John Hoagland, a Revolutionary soldier, died at her residence in Steel Creek township yesterday a week ago. Mrs. Hoagland was 84 years old.—Charlotte Chronicle.

North Carolina cannot afford to neglect the education of her children. Her honor, no less than the happiness and prosperity of her people, is involved. We have no lamp by which our feet are guided, but the lamp of experience, and the last few years have thrown a flood of light on the educational problem. General education is an imperative demand wherever suffrage is general, and is a State where suffrage is universal, education should be universal.—New Bern Journal.

The High Point and Asheboro Railroad has been completed and the connection between High Point and Asheboro has been formerly made. A traveler just from there reports that he was unable to find a sane man in the place(?) Can we blame them? This century of dreamy sleep has come to an end. The cheerful neigh of the iron horse has awakened up the old town. The fleas that have burrowed in her soil for generations will move on to Troy as \$1,000 per acre is too high priced for them.

HOW STRANGERS ARE RECEIVED IN THE SOUTH.

Notwithstanding the cordial invitation which conventions of representative men in the South have extended to their fellow-citizens in the North and West to come South and become one of us, and the still more reliable authority of the reputable newspapers of the South, yet we are sorry to know that there are many men North, especially in the rural districts, who have doubts about the manner in which they will be received. To all such we wish to say that the South needs immigration. It has millions of unoccupied land, and when the character of the climate and the great variety of profitable crops which her soil will produce are considered, it is the best agricultural country in America. She wants these lands occupied, and invites people to come from other points and buy and cultivate them. If, therefore, our people were governed by no higher motive than selfishness, they would tender a kindly and cordial greeting to all who come. In addition to this, the people of the South are noted for their hospitality and generous treatment of strangers, no matter where they come from. This is one of the Southerners' most striking characteristics. In the South, as everywhere else, men fix their own social status. If a man move into any Northern locality and associate with the low and vicious part of the community, genteel people will have nothing to do with him. If on the other hand he deport himself as a gentleman and seek the association of respectable people, he will be recognized by them. It is the same way in the South. If a man from the North, or anywhere else, come South and associates with the negroes and low down people, he will be presumed to have sought the association which is most congenial to him and be allowed to have his choice in the matter; but, on the contrary, if he deport himself correctly, and does not put himself with disreputable people, he will be fully recognized by the better class and treated with a greater degree of hospitality and cordial friendship than he will find in probably any other part of the world.

Jefferson Davis at Fayetteville.

Mr. Davis' second letter, as published in to-day's Observer, sets aside once for all, all doubt as to his being here on the 21st of November next to participate in the centennial exercises. He will be here. This being the case there are hundreds and thousands of ex Confederate soldiers all over North Carolina—from the mountains to the seashore—whose patriotic hearts yearn to once more gaze upon their dear old chief of long ago, and notwithstanding the "bonnie blue flag" was furled at Appomattox and the Star of the Confederacy went down to sea and shore, the cause for which the sons of Dixie sacrificed their lives upon the altar of the country, will ever remain dear to the hearts of our people.—Fayetteville Observer.