

The Durham Recorder.

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

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NO 37

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 cost, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

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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. Blackall & Son's drug store. d&w

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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.

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—FOR SALE BY—
P. W. VAUGHAN,
Druggist,
Durham, N. C.
Jan. 30.

A Poem Without the Letter "E."
John Knave was a man of wondrous might,
And his words ran high and shrill
For bold and stout was his spirit bright,
And strong was his stalwart will!
Kings sought in vain his mind to chain,
And that giant brain to control,
But naught on plain or stormy main
Could daunt that mighty soul.
John would sit and sigh till morning cold,
Its shining lamps put out,
For thoughts untold on his mind
Laid hold.
And brought but pain and doubt,
But light at last on his soul was cast,
Away sank pain and sorrow,
His soul is gay, in a fair to-day,
And looks for a bright to-morrow.
—Unidentified.

True Courts, Or Saved From the Sea.
What a little thing suffices to part a pair of lovers. From Martin, the purser of the sloop-of-war Lion, had quarrelled with Gertrude Wilson because she had asked him to wait a few years until he had a better income to support a wife.
He had refused point-blank, and so they parted; she to sorrow for a lost lover, and he to bewail his hastiness in refusing her request.
Gertrude's health was so broken down by this catastrophe that a year to Australia for her health. On the way home again they encountered much bad weather, and in a gale off the Austral Islands the ship was in danger of being blown onto the hidden reefs.
In the midst of the danger the people on the deck saw a boat approaching from one of the rocky promontories. It contained only one occupant, a bronzed young man, who propelled his boat with a strong arm to the ship. A rope was thrown to him and he was soon on deck.
Gertrude and her aunt, who had hitherto been screened from the young man's gaze by the cabin-house, behind which they stood, now bent forward to look at the new-comer.
He, turning at the same moment, met the full gaze of the girl.
"Frank Martin!" she cried.
"What! Gertrude Wilson here?" he exclaimed, a gleam of pleasure for a moment lighting his blue eyes.
Then a look of sadness fell upon his face, and, bowing slightly, he turned away toward the captain.
"If, as you say, sir, you can save my craft, I think there is no time to lose. I put her in your hands!" cried the skipper.
"Up helm! Square yards!" shouted Martin, in the voice of one accustomed to command.
He was promptly obeyed, and now, with added velocity, the craft was driven on toward the rocks.
Martin quietly waited until she was opposite a certain rock, when his second order came:
"Steady—steady as you go!"
It now seemed as if in a few minutes the ship must be hurled, crashing, on the rock ahead.
But when she was within ten fathoms of it Martin's ringing voice was again heard.
"Keep off, there at the wheel!"
As the helmsman raised the wheel the ship's bow pointed past the rock, so that she now headed directly toward a foaming, tumbling mass of water, not six fathoms off.
"Breakers!" roared the captain to the young man. "You are driving the ship straight upon them!"
And he bounded toward the wheel.
Martin, smiling, caught him by the arm.
"You will spoil all," he said; "Wait."
A few seconds after he spoke the ship plunged through that foaming cauldron of white water, which the skipper had thought was the sure sign of breakers, but which proved to be merely a sort of whirlpool, and dashed safely on.
"Steady, man; steady at the wheel!" shouted Martin.
Swiftly the vessel, rushing past a high rock, glided into the bay, where she was sheltered from the gale.
"Now you can anchor," said Martin.
The skipper gave the order, and the ship was soon lying snugly at

anchor.
"You have saved us!" cried the captain, gratefully, grasping the young man's hand.
"Aye, sir, because a residence of eighteen months on this island has made me familiar with every nook and corner of it."
"Oh, Frank, and have you indeed been living here so long?" said a timid voice at his elbow, after the captain had walked forward.
He turned, to see the tearful, pleading eyes of Gertrude turned up toward his face.
She thought she read encouragement in his loving glance, and, with a faint cry, she fell sobbing and weeping upon his breast.
"So long! so long!" she murmured; "but it has come at last—the meeting I have hoped for!"
"Do you, then, love me so much, after all, Gertrude?"
"God alone knows how much," she replied.
"I am poorer now than I ever was before," he continued. "After I left you, nearly three years ago, I found that I could take no interest in anything. I could only think of the dear girl from whom I had so ruthlessly torn myself away. I was promoted aboard my ship, but that then gave me no pleasure, and finally in my wretchedness, I threw up my commission and came to live all alone on this island, little dreaming it would be the means of my being reunited to the only woman I could ever love."
"Ah, Frank, how happy you make me with those words," she whispered, "for they show you really love me. And now I will tell you something which I could not do three years ago. Ere my uncle died, when I was twelve years old, he left with me a legacy for me of \$20,000. It was so arranged, however, that I could not come into possession of it until I was twenty-one years of age, and not even then if I should marry before that time, in which case it would go to a certain institution. My uncle's reason for making this condition was a strong, deeply-rooted prejudice he had against early marriages. Aware of the condition, and yet having been required to promise my uncle to keep the affair a secret from any person seeking my hand until the time of my wedding should have been absolutely fixed, you can understand why, when you asked me to be your wife so long ago, and I wished to postpone our marriage, that I did not explain matters to you as I am doing now. Your present poverty can make no difference to me, as we'll have \$20,000 to start with, which will insure us against want."

"Noble girl!" said Frank, "how I blame myself for having so misunderstood you—for having imputed mercenary motives to so perfect a character. It is a lesson to me to never again form hasty conclusions."
In due time the lovers arrived home and were married.
Mr. Guthrie's Noble Act.
Charlotte Chronicle.
In connection with the Grissom investigation at Raleigh, there has occurred one thing, at least, that all men will commend, regardless of their opinion of the merits of that case. Hon. William A. Guthrie, of Durham, one of the foremost lawyers of the State was so unfortunate a few years ago as to be a patient in the Asylum at Raleigh, for some months. He was, however, completely and perfectly restored. As the investigation was conducted by Mr. Guthrie became impressed with the fact that it was a duty he owed to the native State and to all parties concerned, to go to Raleigh and testify before the Board of Directors, and tell what he had seen and saw while he was an inmate there. So, without waiting for a subpoena, and overcoming that sensibility which a man necessarily feels in rehearsing his experience in connection with that unfortunate patient in his life, he went to Raleigh and told the Board all he knew pertinent to the case.

Two Ways.
Lawrence American.
He (sentimentally)—How shall I ever leave thee, love?
She (practically)—Well, if you go now you may get out of the dog, but I hear it's coming, and if you don't go now you may go out at the window.

A small boy recently mentioned Pullman as one of the seven sleepers.

THE UNIVERSITY.

THE CAMPUS—A STROLL THROUGH THE HALLS.

New Library Arrangements—The School Law—Its Moral Advantages &c., &c.
CHAPEL HILL, July 22.—Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole State, is the charming elegant simplicity of the grand campus that for nearly one hundred years has been the educational center of North Carolina. The campus is now in all its beauty, the native oaks seem grander and more majestic than usual with their rich and exuberant foliage of green. The old historic poplar, under which it is said, the committee took a lunch and rested, when lecturing the University, still stands, and looks as natural as when I first saw it over thirty years ago. There is a charm about hoary age, say what you will.
A hundred years, a century means much in the history of American progress; but not much in Europe, where they count by centuries more flipperly than we do decades.
So at the last Commencement, they celebrated right grandly the founding out of a century from the chartering of the University of North Carolina.

I have looked on many a campus, but I always thought the campus at Chapel Hill was the most beautiful of any I have ever seen. One sees a more artistic; more like a flower garden, but none, take it all in all, is the equal of the one where, for nearly a century, the students of the University of North Carolina have roamed the masses in the sylvan shade.
If a man wants to study, if there is anything in a boy, and it don't come out of him at Chapel Hill, it is simply because he will not. No place is more inviting for study. The village is very quiet, and moral, and the docket of the Justices of the Peace show that the authorities here are determined to keep the moral atmosphere of the village pure and healthy.
Chapel Hill now, no matter what it might have been in ante-bellum days, is a bad place for those two pests of every college—*unhappy due p* and whisky sellers on the sly. So the village is decidedly moral and brightened, and one of the quietest, coziest places you ever saw, the very beau ideal of a university town of magnificent distances, for it spreads over ground enough for a good city. There is absolutely nothing here to tempt to dissipation in any way. Only an occasional trial before a Justice of the Peace held on the green lawn of the campus under the magnificent oaks, and if counsel are employed and are going to take a tilt, why then the Law School turns out the guard and the villagers go on the grand rounds. This is about the height of Chapel Hill excitement.

Walk up to the college buildings and you are isolated from the world. The village is almost out of sight, and on the other side nearly a third of an acre of primeval forest. It is only the little world of the University that is around you. No better place on this planet for study.
Accompanied by Mr. Wiley T. Patterson, the Bursar, we took a stroll through the halls. They do not offer a more cheerful or more interesting scene than Mr. Patterson, and of course, we had a very warm and a gallant Confederate comrade on our clutches, whose right leg lies buried on the yard fought, but quizzical field of "chary-burg. It has always been a mystery to me why Gen. Lee fought it.
The Phi. and Di Halls are superb, and nearly all available space is low filled with the portraits of distinguished members, among them offe President, two Vice Presidents, four Secretaries of the Navy, a large number of Governors, Chief Justices, Senators, Bishops and others in almost all the vocations of life. Being a Di. of course, I felt most interest in their Hall, and was pleased to see two new and splendid oil portraits that deserve a place there—Hons Kemp P. Battle, and Julian S. Carr. The Di Hall is still draped in mourning for Dr. Charles Phillips.
The new library arrangements place the two Society libraries in either end of Smith Hall, while the center is occupied by the library of the University. It is claimed that the new arrangement is more convenient, but Smith Hall is decidedly

crowded.
The Law School under Hon. John Manning, LL. D. is just what you might expect from a learned, enthusiastic, and energetic professor. There is no better place to read law in North Carolina. The instruction combines recitation, lecture, and moot court, judiciously blended, so as, above all things, to make the students thorough and accurate in the law—the indispensable basis of future success.
The class attending the summer Law School impressed me very forcibly as being a set of decidedly clever fellows, well prepared to enter upon the study of the law, of promising talents, and very gentlemanly demeanor. The villa ers always speak in the highest praise of the present classes. May their future professional career be as bright and brilliant as their student life now argues.
The moral of the law school here is all that can be desired. If a young man does not learn law here, it is his own fault. When tired of the exactions of the "J-alous mistress," the law stud at here can unbend and relax by associations in the college; far better relaxation is the college than the buzz and bustle, and doubtful pleasures offered by a city. There is no better place in the State to study law.

Home, Sweet Home.

Exchange.
There has never been a time in the history of man's civilization when the building of houses received so much attention as now. It is becoming the ambition of every man, no matter what his financial level, to own his own home, and the various forms of co-operative real estate buying and building—the association and the like—have rendered it far more feasible than in past for every man to realize this most laudible desire. The results are marvelous. Neat, tasteful and artistic houses are springing up everywhere. The landlord occupation in many cases is gone. The wage earner, the small business man and professional man are now their own landlords to an extent that would have been deemed impossible thirty, twenty, nay, five years ago. And not the least gratifying feature of this state of affairs is the fact that it causes every man to give attention to the affairs of his own community. He is a tax payer why should he not concern himself with the administration of the government of his town, his village, his city?
Let the good work go on. Let the people of this country become a people of home owners, independent and self-respecting. Nothing can more certainly conduce to the greatness of the country as a whole, nothing will certainly tend to render solid the foundations of peace, public and the institution of the general government.

The Enterprising Press.

Milledgeburg Times.
Don't forget the editor when you have a news item. If your wife whips you, let us know of it and we will set you right before the public. If you have company tell us—if you are not ashamed of your visitors: If a younger arrives at your house and demands food and raiment, buy a quantity's worth of cigars and come a round, and if you are a cash subscriber we will furnish a name for him or her, as circumstances warrant. If you have a social gathering of a few friends bring a pound big cake, six or seven pies and a ham—not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith. You needn't bother to invite us as it may be a little to cool for our wardrobe. We mention these little things because we want the news and we will have it.

There is a husband in Garrett county, W. Va., who only permits his wife to have one pair of shoes at a time, and when he wants her to stay at home he locks the shoes in a trunk.
A bee belonging to a swarm that a Dorsetshire farmer was attempting to have got down the man's throat and stung him, and the throat swelling very rapidly the man died of suffocation.
William Mooney, of West Pike, Potter county, Pa., has a peculiar bend of hair. When a comb approaches every hair in his head stand out straight, and as he wears his hair very long, he is quite a ridiculous sight. On that account he never leaves the house when it is cloudy.

RESOLUTIONS.

ACTION OF CITIZENS OF RALEIGH ON ASYLUM MATTERS.

Resolutions Passed Depreciating the Verdict and Demanding Dr. Grissom's Resignation.
News and Observer.

Mr. Jones, chairman of the committee on resolutions appointed by the meeting of citizens on Monday night, the 22nd inst., read the following resolutions:
WHEREAS, For the past several weeks the Board of Directors of the N. C. Insane Asylum have been in session for the purpose of trying the Superintendent, Dr. Eugene Grissom, upon charges of immorality, cruelty and misappropriation of property; and whereas, the charges were in our estimation sustained; and whereas, the said Grissom by his own testimony in his own behalf deposed to such a state of facts as would, if true, unfit him for the position he now occupies; and whereas, a majority of the board of directors did on Saturday, July 20th, 1889, acquit the said Grissom of the charges preferred against him, contrary, as we think, to the evidence. Now, therefore, we the citizens of Raleigh in mass meeting assembled, Resolved 1st. That we condemn the finding of the majority of the board as unwarranted by the evidence.

Resolved 2nd, That the findings of the board and the retention of the said Grissom as superintendent are, in our opinion, a great blow to said institution, and will, if persisted in, work irreparable injury to our most cherished charity.
Resolved 3rd, That we call upon the law abiding, liberty loving, philanthropic citizens throughout the State to come to the rescue of the afflicted insane now within the walls of said institution, and to this end we request that they join with us in demanding that the Board of Directors require the immediate resignation of Dr. Grissom, and if the Board fail to do so, we do hereby request the Governor of the State to ask such of the board as voted for the acquittal of Dr. Grissom to resign and to use whatever other lawful means in his power, to restore the confidence of the people in the institution.

Resolved 4th, That in as much as this investigation was demanded by the best interests of the institution and of the State, it is the duty of the Board of Directors to pay the expenses thereof out of the funds of the asylum, and to reimburse the prosecutors whatever costs and expenses they may have incurred in their behalf.

Then and Now.

"Love me little: love me long."
Ran the words of an ancient song
Which sought to decrease sorrow,
But that is not the modern way.
It's "Love me fiercely for a day,
I'll be divorced to-morrow."
—Chicago Mail.

Some people eat more than they need so that it "won't go to waste." But that's just what it does go—to waste.

An English club man wagered \$25 that he could stand thirty minutes without moving a muscle out of his side of those required for reparation. At the end of twenty-two minutes he fell over into a fit, and he hasn't moved much to speak of for the last month.

A near-sighted amateur photographer of Lima, took what he thought was a very affecting picture of a young lady kissing a young man in a shaded dell near the town. When he developed the picture it affected him a great deal more than he bargained for, as the young lady proved to be his wife.

Total Visible Supply of Cotton.
New York, July 27.—The total visible supply of cotton for the world is 1,177,963 bales, of which 732,663 bales are American; against 1,198,742 and 824,042 bales, respectively, last year. Receipts at all interior points was 751. Crop in sight 84,552 bales.
Bookkeeping taught in one lesson. Do not lend them.
This is the turning period in the life of the farmer's boy, if there is a grindstone on the place.