

The Durham Recorder.

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

VOL. 71.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1890.

NO. 16

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ON HIS WAY HOME. ENTOMBED FOR THIRTY YEARS.

Pardoned at Last by Governor Hill and Now Going Back to His Old Home Over the Seas.

[New York Journal]

"Will you tell me the charge for a first-class passage to Liverpool?"

It was in the office of the White Star Line yesterday. The speaker was a man who did not appear old in feature, yet whose hair was silvered. He was plainly but neatly dressed in brown clothing, and seemed like an intelligent mechanic upon a holiday.

"I am going to Ireland to meet friends whom I have not seen for nearly forty years," said this old young man.

"Been hard at work all those years I suppose?" commented a bystander. The answer came with a quiet smile: "I have been in prison for thirty-one years."

This remark excited the curiosity of a Journal reporter, and to him the old man told his story.

His name is P. E. Brady. Born in Ireland, he went to Liverpool at an early age, and soon afterward, like many of his countrymen, he sought his fortune in America, taking up his residence in Albany. In the year 1858, while he was a mere boy, he and a companion entered a tobacco shop and robbed it.

Brady had worn a fur cap of peculiar shape. This cap led to his identification and arrest. He refused to disclose the name of his companion, notwithstanding bribes and threats. To this day the identity of the second thief has remained a secret locked in Brady's breast. He even now refuses to name his companion, but the Journal reporter learned that the latter was for many years a member of the Assembly and is one of the most prominent politicians in Central New York.

Charged with burglary in the third degree, Brady was sentenced to three years and six months in Clinton Prison, his imprisonment beginning in November, 1858.

For two years and seven months he was known as one of the most quiet men in the prison, and was a favorite with the keepers. Secretly he chafed against the bars and walls and entered into a plot to escape, the plot being led by a convict named James Sewell, of Troy. Sewell struck down Wright, the keeper, and away the seven convicts stole.

For two days the men lay in the cover of underbrush, shuddering as they heard the sounds of the searching parties. They were without food, yet none dared venture forth in search of it. A party of searchers pounced upon them in their hiding place, and, without a struggle, they returned to the prison, where they were at once chained down in solitary cells.

Wright was dead. The blow had killed him, and they were looked upon as his murderers. Sewell's confession did not save his companions. One by one they were brought to trial as accessories to the murder and were convicted, the chief witnesses against them being three renegade conspirators, who swore that the killing was prearranged. The first conviction took place in July, 1861, the court convening at Pittsburg. Brady came to the bar in February, 1862. He was convicted of murder in the first degree, and the sentence pronounced was that he should spend one year in State's prison at hard labor and then should be hanged.

The law providing this strange form of punishment had been lobbied through the Legislature by Hadley, of Albany, a well-known lawyer and politician. He knew before its passage that the law would be declared unconstitutional, and for that reason secured its enactment, as he wished to save the life of a client, Mrs. Harton, who had been convicted of the murder of her husband. His purpose was successful and Mrs. Harton's life was spared. Hadley was killed afterward by a man named John Hughes, whom he had defrauded.

The law being pronounced unconstitutional, no official attempted to carry out the sentence, and P. E. Brady lay under sentence of death for ten years and seven months, expecting that at any hour the sheriff would enter his cell to read the warrant of death.

In November, 1872, Governor Hoffman commuted his sentence to imprisonment for life. He was almost a cripple, his right leg being practically useless, for he had car-

ried during five years of torture a ball and chain weighing forty-five pounds. It was riveted about his ankle and wore day and night, not being removed even at bedtime.

He had a friend in the world outside. H. O. Wells now a well known evangelist, who was in the years 1858-59 a fellow prisoner of Brady, remembered some kindnesses that had been done him by the latter, and was active in securing his release.

For years his efforts were without success, but early last year he enlisted the aid of Smith M. Weed, of Plattsburg, and Don M. Dickinson, of Detroit, of which city Wells is a resident. Their influence proved potent, and on September 4 last Brady was pardoned by Gov. Hill. He has since been earning enough to take him home.

Why Loose Buyers are Paying Nearly as Much for Bad as Good Crops.

Clarksville (Conn.) Leaf Chronicle.

An esteemed Christian County farmer, writing to the Leaf-Chronicle on the tobacco situation, throws out the following hint on the idea of "grow less Tobacco and make it better," that we doubt not has much to do with the production year after year of big crops of inferior stuff in the exclusion of the better grades of Tobacco. He says: "We know that the farmers of Montgomery, Christian and Logan counties are producers of fine Tobacco, and it discourages us when in my neighborhood, and I suppose it is the same elsewhere, we see the loose buyers offer for the meannest within one cent of what they pay for the best crops in the neighborhood. One of my neighbors had a fine crop which he sold, tied in small hands and delivered in your city in pricing order for \$5.25. An other neighbor who had a crop, as mean as old scratch, nearly three-fourths Lugs, that he sold, tied in large hands and in soft order, for \$4.65. I know of numerous crops as mean as could be that sold for four cents, nearly as much as the best brought."

"This does not apply to the purchases of any one man alone, but to all of them. So long as the loose buyers do not make any distinction between the poor and the good crops, the farmers don't care about raising fine Tobacco."

It is true, as our esteemed correspondent says, buyers have not made as much difference in the quality of Tobacco this season as the situation would warrant, but there is a cause for that, and the buyers are or will be the sufferers in the matter. This is the case of the laborer who entered the Lord's vineyard at the eleventh hour and received as much wages as the man who toiled all the day from early morn for stipulated pay.

There are certain loose Dealers who are fine judges of Tobacco, and are on the lookout all the while for the best crops. They enter the field early, paying from seven to ten cents for the best crops. These figures were above the views of the majority of buyers and they held off until the fine crops were generally all sold. Then it developed that the average yield was not so large as first estimated. This fact and the high figures for first sales put considerable back bone in the farmers, and those having inferior crops hold up for stiff prices, and dealers having already arranged for a year's business, were stimulated to advance their views, taking first sales as a basis for operations. The general speculation in Tobacco is a very uncertain business, and buyers lose as often as they make by it. Prices are generally fixed by buyers who work on large foreign orders for fine goods, who know precisely what they are doing, while others buying for the general market take such figures for their guide, basing their judgment on the supply and the profitable advance.

There is no question that the farmers of this section have been over-cropping themselves with Tobacco to the neglect of other things, and with all of their efforts to make a crop of fine Tobacco last year, the product is nearly, or quite half Lugs, and unless prices materially advance, loose dealers will have a hard time getting out.

Oxford day: The Odd Fellows are getting matters in shape for the erection of their splendid new building this summer.

Newbern Journal: Good oysters are very scarce. The weather has on so warm that the goose is about looked for the luscious bivalve.

A NEGRO SCOUNDREL COM-MITS BURGLARY AND ATTEMPS RAPE.

Brought Here and Lodged in Jail.

Greensboro Patriot.

Last Thursday night Allen Nelson, colored, broke into the house of William Huffines, in Rockingham county, and, making his way upstairs into the bed room of Miss Martha Randolph, attempted to commit rape upon her. The young lady screamed and, succeeding in breaking away from him, ran to the room occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Huffines. The negro followed her and attempted to kill her, but Mr. Huffines defended her. She jumped from a window and escaped to a neighbor's. The negro fled and as soon as daylight came, Mr. Huffines and his neighbors started in pursuit.

Nelson was found concealed under a house in the neighborhood, was captured and carried to Reidsville. That night he was brought here and lodged in jail.

Nelson has a number of aliases and is a depraved and notorious character. He has already been tried for his life and has served in the penitentiary for stealing. It is said that he escaped from the convict force employed on the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley. He was employed on the farm of Mr. Huffines, who is said to be one of the most prominent farmers in Rockingham and lives a few miles from Reidsville. Miss Randolph is about sixteen years old and lives with Mr. Huffines.

Talk of lynching the negro was strong in Reidsville and it was thought here, that a crowd would come up Saturday night and string him up. So far, however, no demonstration has been made. We are told that the wretch lives in mortal terror expecting every night to be lynched.

He has committed two crimes, burglary, which is a capital crime and assault with intent to rape, the penalty for which is the penitentiary, and the courts will doubtless put him where he can do no more harm.

A Preacher on Apprentices.

New York Star.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, is a devoted student of political economy. Speaking of the methods of the many trades organizations, Dr. MacArthur said yesterday:

"Among the immigrants landing in this country are many skilled mechanics, who come to find employment here. It is true that they are far more desirable than an idle and shiftless class of newcomers. They earn their way, and their labor will add to the country's wealth. But are they not coming here to do work which might be done by Americans? Their work is in demand. Why? Because of the policy of excluding American boys from the trades. Too many labor organizations have held to this policy. I think it must prove suicidal in the end. Whenever there is a demand for a certain class of labor here that demand will be supplied. If the young men born and raised in our own land are not afforded the opportunities to acquire the necessary skill, then will the work be taken up by foreigners. The principal is unpatriotic. No more healthy condition can exist in this country than that in which the youth are trained up to make good use of their hands, to acquire a knowledge that will insure them the ability to honestly earn a livelihood. The rising generation should be encouraged in trade-learning rather than otherwise. Let us arouse no prejudice against the honest foreigner who comes to our shores to earn a living, but America should first supply her own needs, so far as she has the material, and our own boys must not do the common labor or become paupers while strangers come to perform skilled labor. It must be a source of profound regret to every thinking American that the good old system of apprenticeship has been abolished. Manual-training schools are very beneficent institutions and should be encouraged, but their capacities are necessarily limited. The wisest and most patriotic thing that labor organizations could do would be to rescind the obnoxious regulations which shut out our boys from becoming skilled artisans."

Hillsboro Observer: Mr. A. W. Cole, of Cedar Grove township, called to see us Tuesday. He says he has been feeding crows with corn soaked in strychnine. He saw one crow pick up eighteen grains of corn, and then fly about one hundred and sixty yards and fall dead. Up to this time he had killed about twenty crows. Corn, soaked in strychnine, Mr. Cole says is sure death to crows.

Oxford Ledger: One of our Berea boys you may score him as candidate for the Legislature and as some of your correspondents are selecting candidates we will say that we want Mr. J. N. Fuller of Berea for the higher branch of the Legislature. He is one of the few men who can be trusted; he has ever proven himself the friend of the poor and he is the right man in every particular and he has but one fault—a confirmed old bachelor.

Franklin Times: Irish potatoes are coming up in the gardens, and a neighbor informs us that the bugs have been sitting in the cracks of the fence for two weeks waiting for the potato tops to peep out.

"Yesterday, To-day and Eorever.

(Statesville Landmark.)

I saw in the last issue of your valuable paper a quotation from the Durham Globe in reply to an enquiry as to "how is old Hillsboro?" In answer said the speaker, "I think Hillsboro holds on to her first principle better than any town in my knowledge, for," said he, "if Cornwallis should come back he would know her," or words to that effect. No change! Now I am so glad she don't change. A man or a fellow will often go back to his old home and see great changes, especially after many years—may 43, as in my case. Some stranger will meet you and say to you in the way to get better acquainted, "Well, sir, you used to live here, I understand. Well, a great change since your day you discover." You'll say, "yes." But I am glad no one says that at Hillsboro; but you look round and see the same old familiar surroundings and you feel at home. Boys, if there are any others of you out from the old home that gave us birth, let's meet, as 'tis spring time now and the stick weed will soon be knee high; and oh! to go in washing once more in old Eno, where 40, 50, 60 years ago we used to stay on its banks almost all day.

And now, Mr. Editor, 'twon't do to call the roll of the then boys, for they are not there; most of them have crossed the river. Yes, dear old home, all these years I've never forgotten you. Old and unchanged as you are, hold on; be yourself, for there is in history more grand manhood there and about there than any other town in the State can boast. I still long to see the place of my birth and the first 20 years of my life—old Hillsboro!

T. C. ANDERSON.

QUEER MARRAGES.

A Congregational Pastor Gives Some of His Experiences.

Boston Herald.

The Rev. W. G. Wade, a congregational pastor in Western Maine, has been telling some stories about queer marriages. He says: "I once married a couple where the young man seemed good and honest, but not very quick-witted. The girl was bright and smart, but proved fickle and false, for she soon tired of her husband, who came back to know if I could unmarry him. Of another couple that I was called upon to unite a few years ago the groom was 74 and the bride 19. He had given her \$10,000 before he became her consort. His children (middle aged people) and neighbors showed their disapproval of the matter by indulging in a serenade of such gigantic proportions that the din caused people miles away to think that the world was coming to an end. Twelve horse-fiddles, with cannon and tin fish horns, seemed to shake the earth. One couple presented themselves to be married and, in answer to the question, 'Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?' he would break in with, 'Why, of course; I would proceed, to care for in sickness and in health' when the groom would answer again, 'Sartin, sartin; I'm all right. I'll doctor her up if she gets sick.' The bride huddled him to keep quiet, when he turned to her with the question, 'Hey, Polly, what you want? When I finally got them married the fellow said: 'Well parson, what's the damages?' and learning that it lay with him to fix the price he rewarded me with 75 cents and the promise of a bag of potatoes in the fall. I still have the promise."

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GENERAL R. E. LEE.

UNVAILING THE STATUE IN RICHMOND MAY 29.

The Likeness is Said to Be Perfect, and everything About the Statue is True to Life.

Time has past on and the North as well as the South recognizes the fact that a nation's welfare rest in men like the lamented Lee. Lee fought to break up what he knew would be a corrupt government—a government that would run roughshod over the liberties of the people. It has proved true; the carpet-bagger was put forward as the chief element in Southern politics. But now the North and the South have fell back into the condition of the contented with all political rights guaranteed.

The Raleigh Christian Sun says: Col. Burgwyn, who was sent to Paris to inspect Mercie's Statue of Gen. R. E. Lee, which is to be unveiled in Richmond May 29 says the statue is "splendid, splendid." The likeness is perfect, and every thing about the statue is true to life. The sword the General carries is an exact representation of the original. His boots rest in the stirrups, entering very slight. It weighs about 8 tons and was cast in 8 sections. Col. Burgwyn invited the sculptor to be present at the unveiling.

From a circular received last week we print the following:

The Railroad lines to Richmond will probably agree to grant a rate of about one cent for each mile travelled, to all visiting organizations and individuals. As soon as arranged, definite information will be given.

Shelter will be furnished for all visiting organizations. Meals have been arranged for with responsible restaurants, to be furnished at twenty-five cents each. Camps or organizations owning tents and camp equipage, desiring to form an encampment, will give notice, that the necessary space may be provided and arrangements made. It is necessary that notice shall be given to the Secretary of the Committee, as early as possible, of your intention to be present—certainly not later than the 15th of May.

Give the following information in your notice: Date and hour when you will arrive here; number of officers and number of men for whom quarters will be required. This information is absolutely necessary, so that there may be no delay in quartering you on arrival.

LT. COL. A. G. EVANS, Chair'm.
CAPT. THOMAS ELLETT, Sec'y.

Wilmington Star: John Evans, of this city, who went out with a party of exodusters last November to Washington County, Miss., returned home last night and gives a deplorable account of the sufferings of the colored people who went from this State to Mississippi. Evans was with a party of thirty who were on a raft that was wrecked on Bogue river last Friday near the Sunflower river, when twelve of the party were washed off and drowned. The others were saved by means of a skiff attached to the raft. All of the drowned were from this city, and six of them were members of Evans' family—his wife, Donah, two daughters, Rachel and Emma, and three sons, Benjamin, Gilmore and William. Two members of Henderson Myer's family—his wife and grand-daughter—were also drowned. Besides these, were Isaiah Boston's wife; Susan Weston, her daughter Hester, and her son John Henry; all of Wilmington.

The party were on the raft about twenty-four hours, and had drifted sixty miles in that time. They were on Jonas Goodman's plantation, on Bogue Creek, and were driven from their homes by the overflow.

Evans says that hundreds of our people are in that county, and many have been drowned; the sufferings of the survivors are truly distressing. Besides himself, only one member of Evans' family was saved—an infant about a year old—with which he swam out when the raft was wrecked. Vicksburg, he says, is full of refugees; many colored people from North Carolina being among the number. All are anxious to return but have no means to do so.