

The Durham Recorder.

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

VOL. 71. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY MAY 14, 1890. NO. 20


Boilers of best quality, iron or steel made of two sheets. Engines, Tobacco Factory machinery, Cotton Presses, Saw and Gristmills, Elevators for Factory Warehouses, Stores, and Machinery generally.
W. H. TAPPEY,
SUCCESSOR TO
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvelous 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.

DETECTIVES
Wanted in every County. Shewed that he had under investigation in our Bureau. References not necessary. Particulars from German Detective Bureau Co., 41 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

FOURQUEAN, PRICE CO.
429 East Broad St., Richmond, Va.
SPRING AND SUMMER---1890.

Seasonable Goods and Where To Get Them
OUR GOODS ARE THE FRESHEST.
OUR BARGAINS THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL. OUR HIGH NOVELTIES THE RICHEST.
Having at all times the largest and most complete stock of STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS in the South, we confidently invite your inspection, either in person or by sample orders.
Many attractions in DRESS GOODS, SILKS and VELVETS, LACES, EMBROIDERS, FLOUNCINGS, BLACK GOODS, WHITE GOODS, GENTS' FURNISHINGS AND GLOVES.
Special inducements in Ladies' UNDERWEAR, DRESS TRIMMINGS, FANCY WARES and WORSTEDS of all descriptions.
STAMPING DEPARTMENT fully equipped for all kinds of work.
AGENTS FOR BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.

THE COHEN COMPANY

The largest department house in the South. In itself a World's Fair; representing everything on sale that both useful and ornamental. Sixty-four various departments find a home here under a space covering over a mile of flooring; each being managed under the supervision of the best talent. The house is conducted on the small-profit system, with a strict care for the best and most reliable materials.
The goods are marked in plain figures, and nothing is left undone that is calculated to entitle the buyer to a confidence that is essential to prosperity.
On the main floor will be found the departments of Silks, Worsted Dress Fabrics, Lane Wares, Dress Trimmings, Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Knit Underwear, Domestic Velvets, Corsets, Hosiery, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Umbrellas, Buttons and other small wares, Toilet, White Goods, and everything pertaining to a world's outfit in the dry goods line.



The Basement contains Houseware of every description. Crockery, Glass Ware, Tin Ware, Baby Carriages, Trunks, Sporting Goods, Bicycles and Tricycles etc. etc.
The second floor contains the departments of Millinery, Lace Curtains and Draperies, Ready made Dresses, Carpets, Mattings and other floorings and Brass Ware.
The third floor is a large store room of duplicates.
Orders receive the most prompt attention and every care is taken to please.
11, 13, 15 and 17 E. Broad Street, bet. 1st and Fanston Streets.
RICHMOND, VA.
ap-30.

HARD LUCK.
Her hazel eyes were, O so clear;
Her little self was, O so dear;
Her pouting lips were, O so near;
A saint could not resist her.
Her little fingers lay in mine;
Her golden hair, so soft and fine,
I dallied with. Now be benign
If I confess I kissed her.
I felt her sweet breath fan my cheek;
So happy I, I could not speak;
I wished each second was a week;
Ah! but the time seemed fleeting.
I longed for just one moment's bliss;
For just one clinging, long drawn kiss,
I didn't take it! Reason? This—
I onions had been eating!
—Lawrence American.

NO SHOW.
Joe Beal'd set upon a keg
Down to the grocery store, an throw
One leg right over 'tother leg.
An' swear he'd never had no show;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw,
An' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't git no money from his dad,
The Washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had;
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.
"I've waited twenty year—le's see—
Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarshation streak er luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't had no show!"
Then stuck like mullage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

WHAT LEADING PLANTERS SAY ABOUT SNOWS MODERN TOBACCO BARN AND STICKS.

The Snow Stick Unequaled.
F. M. Rogers, Jr., writing in a late issue of the Florence, S. C., Times, says:
"As before stated, I have tried myself or seen tried nearly all the methods of hanging the leaves—namely, horizontally, which is too tedious; stringing with needle and twine, just as objectionable, besides running the leaves too close together, unless pains are taken to separate each leaf, which kills too much time; next, rubber bands, which is the most expeditious way to fill a barn, but by far in the most objectionable condition to have it, from the fact that you have it pressed tightly together—especially in this the case when the tobacco wilts. There is little chance of heat getting between the leaves at the proper time; you can make no calculation. The circulation of heated air passes up through the openings between the sticks, where it will be felt only the outside leaves; very little going between them, where it is chiefly needed. You are apt to cure it too green or too yellow; even if you should strike it right, it cures a dingy, dull reddish color, rather than the clear yellow which is the aim of every curer to obtain. The stem will be hard to kill out, will have to continue on the leaf too long, and run the risk of further damaging its color and detract from its weight. It is poor economy to save a dollar or so in filling a barn and lose \$30 or \$40 by imperfect curing."
"The Snow Stick I have found satisfactory in every way. Barns can be filled quickly; each leaf is properly spaced; the ventilation is equalized in every way. More tobacco can be successfully cured in one barn than when strung in any other way. I have not space to go into minute explanation of its merits, but suffice it to say that it is the best arrangement on which to hang tobacco within my knowledge. In a word, the Snow Stick is unequalled."

Speaking of the money element that figures so prominently in domestic marriages marrying noblemen, it is only natural that the foreign mails should require plenty of stamps.
An unmixed evil—whisky straight

SETTLED THE DUDE.
An Old Darkey Who Made a Colored Dandy Feel Small.
New York Tribune.
"Dis yer's a mighty col' climate," he said, getteng into a cross seat in an elevated train and piling up a bag, fishing basket and three bundles around him. He was short, stout and good-natured looking, and his face was as black as the messenger of night. The one who sat opposite him was not so dark, and he wore a silk hat and a pair of aggressively yellow gloves.
"I ain't wear no gloves sence las' December," he added, determined to start a conversation. But the other one looked reserved and made no reply. The first speaker looked at the yellow gloves with undisputed envy and added:
"Ain't wear no gloves sence las' December, 'case I been down to Savannah," and he paused to see the effect of the announcement.
"We ain't got no 'caishun to wear gloves en Savannah," he added, dwelling fondly on the "Savannah," and the dignity of the owner of the yellow gloves unbent a little.
"Ain't et hot down en Geowgia dis yer time, Yo' climat' mecks me feel lack malarial chills. I jess come back."
The glory of the tanned gloves seemed to fade; for the man addressed drew his hands as far as possible up his sleeves.
"What yo ben doin, en Geowgia?" he asked, deciding to be neighborly.
"I ben en Savannah fuh my health sence las' December," was the reply in so loud a voice that every one in the car could hear it and at this the gloves were thrust into overcoat pockets and the other man looked abashed, quite meek and respectful.
"Foh de Lawd, yo should see de allegatyures—great big black causes. Dey jess swarm en de canals. Dey mouths is lack a doh when dey open 'em."
"Dey goin' hurt anyone when dey ketch 'em?" asked the other excitedly.
"Goin' hurt yo?" answered the traveler, with pitying contempt.
"Goin' hurt yo? Dey ain't nothin' en dis world a allegatyure lack so much as a culled man. He lack'm same as culled men's lack causes. Ef yo' git dem allegatyures riled den nothin' ain't goin' ter save yo'. He's tal ain't nothin' but a saw, 'n' when he sta't foh yo' he saw yo' leg en two lack dat," and he snapped his finger emphatically.
"No allegatyure ain't tack yo', hee he?"
"Yo' tink I'm cra-a-azy, man? When I see one, I let 'em alone, I ain't pickin' no trouble with dem critters. I got too much sense foh dat. Ef yo' see eny allegatyures yo' jess cut'n run."

The colored man from Savannah was by this time a hero in the eyes of the other man, whose eyes rolled desperately in admiration of his new friend. The bragger, seeing the impression he had created, went on:
"Ef yo' wan' fish, Geowgia's de place. Fish—yo' don't know what fish is en dis country. I ketch 'em by de million," and his eyes took such a great roll that only the whites of them were visible for a full minute.
"I never see sech fish," he went on. "Yo' can't ketch 'em with no chile's hook. He tecks a hook like dis yer," and he pulled a big catfish hook from his overcoat pocket, while his companion looked at it in dumb amazement.

The gentleman from Savannah continued his marvelous tales until the owner of the tanned gloves left the train, bowing with unfixed respect to his new acquaintance and going out with an humble, crestfallen air.
Then the coal-black face broke into a broad smile, which circled the ebony from ear to ear, showing two rows of dazzling teeth. This triumph so carried him away that he broke out with a great, jolly laugh to the whole car:
"No culled dude ain't goin' t' meck dis chile teck back-wata'. Et he don't feel cheap! I ben ove' in Jersey fishin'," and he laughed until he was in danger of choking to death.

"Do you think your sister likes me Tommy?" "Yes. She stood up for you at dinner." "Was anybody saying anything against me?" "No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were a good deal of an ass, but sis got right up and said you wasn't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."
A bar-gain—When the drinks are paid for.

NINETEEN YEARS A PRISONER.
A Frenchman Who Spent All This Time in Slavery.
German.
Recently Christoph Daniel's family and friends in the village of Greisenstein were in a state of great agitation as well as the most heartfelt joy. They had a son who had been wounded at Gravelotte in the war of 1870. The parents had received a certificate of his death, saying that he had died on the 21st of August. To the great joy of parents and friends this death notice has proven false. Lately the parents received a letter from their son Henry in Algiers. This was the very one they thought had died nineteen years before.
Henry Daniel relates in his letter that he had been taken prisoner by the Turks, brought to Africa and given to a plantation owner as a present! There he worked for nineteen years as slave and suffered the most cruel treatment; meat was thrown to him raw, he had no clothing on his body since 1870. He said that he made six attempts to escape, having failed every time. Finally, when the plantation owner was dead and buried, his escape was successful. Three days and three nights he was on his flight until he fell exhausted and tired out.
In the city in which he fell he was cared for and concealed at the time of his writing a letter home by German tradespeople. This had been the first chance he had of sending any notice to his parents. The son heartily begged his parents to have him set free.
The very evening of the receipt of the letter the father informed the circuit officials as well as the Royal Council, whereupon dispatches were sent to Berlin to effect the final release of the poor fellow.

Can This Be True?
Southern in Richmond (Va.) State.
I have heard a good deal of late about the ignorance of children in the public schools about the Confederacy and the great leaders of the Confederacy. I cannot understand how this could be. I am not at all familiar with school methods or the books that are used in the schools, but I cannot imagine how southern teachers would allow the young ideas to shoot in other than the right direction. I mean to say that young ideas ought to grow in the knowledge of historic truth. I heard recently that soon after Jefferson Davis died, one of our public school principals or teachers, a Mr. Bowles, I believe it was, asked all the pupils in a certain room who could tell something about Mr. Davis to hold up the hand. Only one in the whole room held up the hand. And all that that boy or girl could tell was that Jeff Davis "was a general in the Southern Confederacy. Can this state of affairs be true? I am no Bourbon. I believe in the American Union, but I do think it is a shame—a down right shame—that our children are not instructed in this great historic question.
I am glad to see that Mayor Elliyson has offered a prize in the name of the School Board for the best essay on Mr. Davis, who was one of the sublimest characters that the world has ever produced.

Hair on the Free List.
By Paul Pioneer Press.
Who is the woman in the case? Her name is at present withheld from the public, but she lives in Wisconsin. In hurriedly leaving Germany she inadvertently left her hair on the dressing-case, sent over for it by the next steamer, and was obliged to pay a heavy duty on the same. Hence the appearance of her fine Italian hand in the new tariff bill now before Congress, in which human hair is relegated to the free list.

A writer who thinks he is saying a great deal in a plain way remarks:
"Truth has no clothes." Of course, Adam-and-Eve truth before the fall wears no clothes, but if truth was to appear even at a fashionable reception in that style to-day it would certainly attract more attention than it seems to do. The truth is that truth has got more disguises than a costume-seller.
Chestnut bars, like milliners, have fopenings.

DO RIGHT.
The world stretches brightly before you,
A field for you muscle and brain,
And though clouds may often float o'er you,
And often comes tempest and rain,
Be fearless of storms which o'er take you—
Push forward through all like a man—
Good fortune will never forsake you,
If you do as near right as you can.

Straw, 'tis true, can show the way,
Whereto the wind may blow;
But straws do also point the road
The sherry cobblers go.
He was a man of very fine taste,
But he gave truth a fearful tug
When he said he could tell by the sausages' smell
If 'twas made of bull or pug.
Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say before sentence is passed? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. Will you please date my sentence from the time that lank headed, long-winded son of a gun of a lawyer of mine strated to talk?

Europe Has Now Two Stirring Williams.
Chicago Journal.
Buffalo Bill is creating more of a sensation abroad than he ever did among either buffaloes or Indians.
Man's Fighting Propensities.
Reading Telegram.
A man is a great fighter. He will fight for the girl he loves before marriage and then he will fight with her after it.
A Lucky Assignment.
Williamsport Gazette.
John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil King, was a newspaper reporter a quarter of a century ago. Rocky, old boy, we greet you. That Standard oil assignment was a lucky tip.

The Angels Sing for Nothing.
Norristown Herald.
A critic says that Patti "sings 'Home, Sweet Home,' like an angel." We shall have to wait until we get to heaven to hear "Home, Sweet Home," sun as Patti sings it. The angels don't charge five dollars for a reserved seat.
Getting Ready to Star.
Harrisburg Telegraph.
Here's another way for the society actress to advertise herself. One in Syracuse tried to commit suicide, but did not succeed. Of course she didn't. She never intended to. She was after notoriety. She will star.
Two Records.
Cleveland Plain Dealer.
The Democrats have carried every important election since Harrison became President, while the Republicans have succeeded only in defeating the people by stealing two seats in the United States Senate and several seats in the Lower House of Congress.

His Occupation.
Chicago Times.
"Poor woman! Have you no husband to help you earn a living?" "I have a husband, so called, but he is deeply engaged in something else."
"Of what nature?"
"Trusting in Providence."
Shot the Right Way.
Reading Herald.
A Lancaster fellow shot himself because of a quarrel he had with a girl he was courting. It is probably fortunate that he did so. If he had waited until he married the girl he might have settled the quarrel by shooting her.
The Country Editor.
Germanstown Republican.
"He riseth in the morning and knoweth not what a day may bring forth. If he telleth all the news he runneth a great risk of having a tin ear put on him, and if he telleth not the news the people say he n. g. and there is no joy in it. The crafty man cajoleth him into giving him a fifty-cent puff for a five-cent cigar, and fond mothers frown on him if he fails to flatter their freckled-faced broods. And all his ways are ways of woe and his days are full of sorrow. The life insurance man setteth snares for him, and on the whole he hath a deuce of a time."