

# The Durham Recorder.

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

VOL. 71.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY JUNE 11, 1890.

NO. 24

**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 multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y.

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—Wonderful inventions; and never more wonderful are they than at the present time. Durhams can butter their own bread without the aid of the folly of a machine. The most important part is getting the bread! But lo! The Scientific American says a machine has recently been invented for buttering bread. It is used in connection with a patent bread cutter, and is intended for use in prisons, work houses and other reformatory institutions. There is a cylindrical shaped brush which is fed with butter, and lays a thin layer on the bread as comes from the cutter. The machine can be worked by hand, or electricity, and has a capacity of cutting and buttering seven hundred and fifty loaves an hour. The savings of butter and bread, and the decrease in the quantity of crumbs is said to be very large.

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429 East Broad St., Richmond, Va.

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Seasonable OUR GOODS ARE THE FRESHEST.  
Goods. **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 WAHES, and WORSTEDS of all descriptions.  
STAMPING DEPARTMENT fully equipped for all kinds of work.  
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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 house to a confidence that is essential to prosperity.  
On the main floor will be found the departments of Silks, Worsted Dress Fabrics, Laces, 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.  
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**RICHMOND, VA.**

**RATHER DIE THAN LIE.**  
Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph  
Perhaps the three people who committed suicide in this vicinity in the last two days did not want to answer the census questions.

**STANLEY'S GREAT PERIL.**  
Look Haven Express  
If Henry M. Stanley survives the programme of banquets stretching before him, he need not fear the perils of another African trip.

**DOESN'T LIKE THE SHEARS.**  
Scranton Truth  
A newspaper with several holes in it makes it all the more interesting to the inquiring student. He will lie awake nights wondering what was in the hole.

**THE FARMERS' REVOLT.**  
Manchester Union  
The Illinois farmer would reach the end they seek much quicker by supporting the people's party, as represented in Congress by the Tariff Reform Democracy, as the efforts of all opponents of the Republican party would thus be solidified; but the step they now take is an important one, and in the end must lead to the downfall of the common enemy. When the farmers of the West and Northwest refuse to be longer fooled, the downfall of the McKinley idea is assured.

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in the beautiful, growing manufacturing town of

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THE COMING IRON CITY OF VIRGINIA.

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A Fine Field for Investment.

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Pumate Plant	1,000,000
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West Buena Vista Company	100,000
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SECY and TREASURER  
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**DEAF**  
HARRISON & HALL, 111 W. 10th St., New York, N. Y.

**TRAMP'S PARADISE.**  
THE HAVEN OF REST PROVIDED BY A NEW JERSEY FARMER--IN THE GERMAN'S BARN.

An Eccentric and Charitable Man Who Gives Shelter and Comfort to the Wanderers of the Land.  
Philadelphia Times.

In Camden county, not far from Delair, in Morrisville, lives a plain old German farmer, blessed with a big farm and abundance of this world's goods. His hospitality to the homeless and homeless wanderers of the world call tramps is known from Maine to New Orleans and from ocean to ocean. On the Beckenbach place is a big barn. In this barn, in winter and in summer and on any day of the year, whether it be Christmas, New Year or the Fourth of July, can be found women with children in their arms, a shiftless fisherman with a ragged suit on him and a shillelagh in his hands, or some sturdy and homeless German outcast; perhaps, with a trunk on his shoulder trudging over from the railway station to the Beckenbach barn, which, by some fine freemasonry among the tramps of America, is known as a "Saint's Rest" for the homeless wanderer a thousand miles away seeking rest or idleness, or, it may be, a day's work with "Pilgrim school and scallop shell."  
If the stranger sits on the porch of any one of the farm houses on the main road leading to Morrisville he will be greeted at any hour of the day with the inquiry:

LOOKING FOR BECKENBACH.  
"Is this the way to Beckenbach's barn?"

And you can tell with your eyes shut that the inquirer, be he a man or a woman, is seeking a temporary refuge under the eaves of Beckenbach's barn.

Now it will be a frowsy looking woman, with a dragged skirt, half a bonnet and an old shawl, in one corner of which is wrapped a baby not old enough to walk or talk. If it is a warm day she may sit down on the grass, after getting her bearings and distances to the barn, with her back up against a tree, and she may pause long enough to take a nap, with her head hanging over one shoulder, while her prattling babe, unconscious of its shabby personal surroundings, crawls through the high grass or plucks, with tiny fingers, the daisy-down-dillies which dot the green sward like day stars.

Next it may be a great hulking German, with a military air, as if he had fought with Von Moltke, or in better days taken a "schooner" with Bismarck. This man wears high topped boots, with a great box like a sailor's chest, which is strapped on his shoulders, and the Teutonic traveler with a big pipe in his mouth pauses long enough to say: "Vere vos dot Beckenbach's barn." There will be a score or more along to-day, looking like Falstaff's ragged regiment, all kings and queens in shreds, tatters and patches. And it is a substantial fact that a tramp in Texas made an engagement in mid-winter with a fellow nomad at El Paso, saying: "Yah! Jacob, I meet you again when dose peas all must be pick'd down by dot Brickenbach barn in Jersey." And when the voice of the turtle dove was heard in the land, the two tramps drank bottled beer together in Beckenbach's barn after an honest day's toil in the greengrow German's pea patch at Morrisville.

PICKING PEAS AND TOMATOES.

Most of these pictureque tramps allege that they are seeking work. Some of them are, and none go away empty handed from the honest German's plantation who are willing to do a fair day's work for good wages. They begin by picking peas. Beckenbach's barn is a sort of agricultural exchange when the Delair farmers come to get field hands, male and female, for the busy season. After the pea season is over they struggle through the strawberry flurry only to tackle the tomato vines which yield the nomad workers a financial harvest of no mean measure. Then come the red raspberry, the cultivated blackberry, cherries and currants down to peach season, citrons, canteloupes and watermelons and when Jack Frost comes the colony of tramps thin out and seek a softer climate and milder skies.

THE TRAMP KING.  
There is a boss even among tramps. Spanish Dic his boss of the Beckenbach barn. Dr Dunbar Hylton says

that Spanish Dic is descended from a Spanish hidalgo, with a bar sinister. He speaks six languages, and was once an impressario in Jenny Lind's time at Castle Garden, but has now descended to be a boss among the pea-pickers on the old German's farm. There are traces of dignity and erudition in the way Hidalgo Dick issues his orders in a strawberry patch.

Amused at the novel sight of this red-painted barn sheltering so numerous a family of seemingly contented tramps, I sought the comfortable mansion of the German farmer to get from him the true inwardness of his hospitality to the barn-storming nomads.

Beckenbach is a typical German farmer. Short, even stumpy, in stature, blue-eyed and with gray hair, well fed and evidently a scholar and practical philosopher.

When I asked him the true history of his tramp colony, he said:

"I comes to dot place ten years ago when no Beckenbach barn was now already on dese places. In summer time and in de woder ven it is d--a cold come dose tramps, mens and women, jus' like a small army in Alsace. Id was in December month when first dey reach my place, and mine frow find a peedle stove up in dose barns already. De dramps make no music wid deir fists; makes no salts and batteries before de courts in Campden. Dey fites not mit my peebles or in dose barns mit demselves, so I leaves 'em alone. One day his own peebles buries him in my back lodt and I say nodinks. Tramps pick me de peas in de summer time, and dese peebles swear hot at all and dey drinks rum; dey kill nobody, and I don't find it in my heart already to drive dese peebles out in de wintry time. For when de swallows fly up in de homeward time, dese peebles go away by demselves. Dese men and women doo like dose old red barn. Ven dey like it and be have decent I leaves him in the old barn, and I don't neber drive no dramps away at no-time at all."

A FARMER'S SPEECH.

Said the farmer Congressman McClaumy, in his speech before the house on the tariff question:

"Mr. Chairman, it has been the dream of my uneventful life to witness the spectacle that every day is enacted on the floor of this house. The farmer is abroad in this land. [Laughter.] Jew or Gentile, Swede, or Norwegian, German or Celt, Democrat or Republican, freetrader or protectionist, tariff reformer or tariff adjuster, mugwump or spoilsman, and above all, my friends from the First District of Ohio against the field--we are all "farmers" here, the Lord be praised! [Laughter.] There is a word in our vocabulary that silences all political, social, economic, or sectional differences.

"Farmers" is the countersign, and, God bless you, we have all got it. [Renewed laughter.] But Mr. Chairman, the farmers are not all fools. They know that house bill 7162 still sleeps in the committee which has produced this great big bill. They know with my distinguished friend from Ohio (Mr. McKinley) that the same hand of protection that stirs this toothsome omelette taxes sulphuric acid and muriatic acid, which enter so largely into the laboring man's fertilizers.

"Do you mean business, gentlemen? The farmers have got the vision to pierce a millstone, but, thank God, they can see through the diaphanous diatribes of desperate debaters. (Great laughter.) Why do you not cheapen our fertilizers? You have placed a duty on Canadian eggs; you boast about what you have done for the American farmer, and you refer to it as a complete vindication of your "American policy." It paralyzes me. [Laughter.]

"Why did you put cotton seed on the free list and make these farmer friends, whom you hug with so much delight to your bosom, complete with the world? Why did you put cotton seed on the free list unless it was for the purpose of destroying the manufacture of cotton seed oil, a struggling, an "infant" Southern industry! [Laughter.] Does your boasted protective system mean only protection to Northwestern wool and New England manufactures? If not, why do you place every Southern product that is susceptible of mechanical development on the free list?"

**GRAND AND NOBLE.**  
YOUNG MEN! YOUNG MEN!  
Young Men, Be Determined.

Old Homestead  
Young man, you are wanted from the street corners, from the dram shop, and from the card table. Turn your steps into the road of noble aims and earnest work. There are offices for every successful worker. There are crowns enough for one to be placed on the head of every young man who goes through the smoke of the conflict to victory.

There is within the young man's mind an upspringing of lofty sentiment which contributes to his elevation, and though there are obstacles to be overcome and difficulties to be vanquished, yet taking perseverance for his watchword and leaning on his own noble purpose he may crown his brow with honors that will not perish. He may not wear the warrior's crimsoned wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels, or fill the presidential chair. He may not do some great deed which will cause his name to be a distinguished star in the constellation of nations.

His name may not be heard outside the limits of his own neighborhood, yet his mission is none the less a high and holy one. Grand and noble lives have bloomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies full of fragrance on the slimy, stagnant waters. No possession is so productive as a highly cultivated mind. Wealth, birth, and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external superficial courtesy, but they never did and never can command the reverence of the heart. Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action.

As the great river rolling in majestic its waters onward to the ocean, owes its origin to the hidden springs of the mountain's nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of toil resolutely employed. The spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement. Young man, be determined to dig after knowledge as men dig after concealed gold. Remember that you can develop the mind by cultivating it. You may be what the world calls poor, that's nothing; most of the distinguished men of the day were the sons of poor men. Columbus was the son of a weaver, Homer was the son of a small farmer, Terrence was a slave, Franklin was the son of a candle-maker, Virgil was the son of a porter, Horace was the son of a shop-keeper, and Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler.

**THOS. DIXON, JR.**  
[Greensboro Patriot.]

This great and wonderful preacher will deliver a series of lectures in North Carolina during the month of June. His lecture on "Backbone" will be delivered in Greensboro on the 19th of June. This lecture has received the highest commendations from the press throughout the country. All North Carolinians should turn out to hear him. Mr. Dixon in his appearance is said to be very much like Mr. Lincoln, being quite tall and spare, yet possessing a perfect symmetry of form and impressive expression, which indelibly impresses all who see him. His congregation at 25th Street Church, New York, has grown so rapidly within the past few months as to compel them to retire to the Y. M. C. A. hall for accommodation, and still it grows in size and interest. Mr. Dixon is quite young and his ministerial career has been of short duration. He was at one time reader of the House of Representatives, and bid fair to be one of the leading lights of the Democratic party, but Providence ordered otherwise. He found he could not serve God and mammon, and believing he was called to preach sacrificed political ambition and entered the service of the Lord. Verily, he is a great man, and one of whom every North Carolinian should feel proud, and to whom every son of the Old North State should look on as an example.

The above gentleman will lecture in Durham on June the 18th.  
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