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RICHMOND, VA.

The Common Cord.
BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

The Rappahannock's stately tide, aglow with sunset light,
Came sweeping down between the hills that hemmed its gathering nights.

From one side rose the Stanford slopes, and on the other shore The Spottsylvania meadows lay, with oak groves scattered o'er;

Hushed were the sounds of busy day; the brooding air was hushed,
Save for the rapid flowing stream that chanted as it rushed.

O'er mead and gently sloping hills, on either side the stream,
The white tents of the soldiers caught the sun's departing beam—
On Spottsylvania's slopes the Blue, on Stanford's hills the Gray;

Between them, like an unheated sword, the glittering river lay.
Hark! Suddenly a Union band far down the stream sends forth
The strains of "Hail, Columbia," the psalm of the North.

The tents are parted; silent throngs of soldiers, worn and grim,
Stand forth upon the dusky slopes to hear the martial hymn.

So clear and quiet was the night, that to the farthest bound
Of either camp was borne the swell of sweet, triumphant sound.

And when the last note died away, from distant post to post
A shout, like thunder of the tide, rolled through the Federal hosts.

Then straightway from the other shore there rose an answering strain.

"Bonnie Blue Flag" came floating down the slope and o'er the plain,
And then the Boys in Gray sent back our cheer across the tide—
A mighty shout that rent the air and echoed far and wide.

"Star-Spangled Banner," we replied; they answered, "Boys in Gray,"
While cheer on cheer rolled through the dusk, and faintly rolled away.

Deeply the gloom had gathered round, and all the stars had come,
When the Union band began to play the notes of "Home, Sweet Home."

Slowly and softly breathed the chords, and silence fell
Over the valley and the hills—on Blue and Gray as well.

Now swelling and now sinking low, now tremulous, now strong,
The leader's organ played the air of the beautiful old song:
And, rich and mellow, horns and bass joined in the following chords.
So voice-like that they scarcely lacked the charm of spoken words.

Then what a cheer from both the hosts, with faces to the stars!
And tears were shed and prayers were said upon the fields of Mars.

The Southern band caught up the strain; and we who could sing, sang;
Oh what a glorious hymn of home across the river rang!

We thought of loved ones far away, of scenes we'd left behind—
The low-roofed farmhouse 'neath the elm that murmured in the wind;
The children standing by the gate, the dear wife at the door;
The dusty sunlight all afloat upon the old barn floor.

Oh loud and long the cheer we raised, when silence fell again,
And died away among the hills the dear familiar strain.

Then to our cot of straw we stole, and dreamed the live-long night
Of far off hamlets in the hills, peace-walled and still and white.

In an interview with the Rochester Union (Dem.) Bob Ingersoll says: "I believe in protecting what are called the infant industries, but after these 'infants' get to be six feet high and wear No. 12 boots it is about time to stop rocking the cradle, especially when the 'infant' tells you that if you stop rocking he will get out of the cradle and kick your head off."

Great Men's Rivals.
Lives of great men may leave foot-prints
As old Time his scroll unfurls,
But no doubt they find great rivals
In the dear Chicago girls.
—Washington Post.

He Has Come Back.
Alexandria Gazette.

And now ex-Gov. Alcorn, of Mississippi, has come back to the Democratic party. He like Gen. Longstreet, has at last discovered that Republican supremacy in the South means negro dominance in this section; and no white man, possessed of the natural instincts of his race, could stand that.

Save The Ship.
[New Bern Journal.]

Our ship of State is on a treacherous sea. Never have the waves been so high, never was her path across such dangerous reefs and giddy whirlpools. How is she manned? Experienced seamen are on deck. Every man knows the lurking place of every danger that crouches beneath the waters and the ability of the craft to resist them. There is but one danger which their skill, their experienced and their courage cannot successfully meet. That danger is mutiny! The wildest storm that ever shook old ocean is as nothing to a mutinous crew.

What would be thought of the owner of a merchantman, freighted with the riches of the East, who, in a dark and stormy night, would take the captain from the deck, the pilot from the wheel, the engineer from the engine, and fill their places with unskilled seamen ignorant of the duties they were required to perform? There is not a man who would not say that the owner of the vessel deserved the fate his madness courted.

Our ship of State is built of seasoned oak and tempered steel. Every inch of her canvas is spread before the tempest as she walks the waters like a thing of life. The night is dark and tempestuous, but onward she keeps her steady course towards her destined harbor. But hark! there is a cry, a midnight cry that curdles the blood, and frenzies the soul. It is mutiny! mutiny!

This is no fancied picture; it is the faint outline of a terrific fact. At a moment of national peril and political danger unacquelled in the history of the Republic, it is gravely proposed and rashly determined to throw experience and statesmanship to the winds, and turn over the affairs of State to men who have not learned the alphabet of the science of government. But they tell us they have the right to do it. Aye, the same right which a man has to shear a wolf.

The mad man says, "I have a right to shear the wolf, and I will shear the wolf." "But have you not considered the danger of the undertaking?" "No, man has dominion over the beasts of the field, and I have a right to shear the wolf and I will shear him."

But we deny that any man, or any combination of men, be they patriots or conspirators, has a right to block the wheels of progress, trample upon wisdom and experience, change this paradise into a hell and riot in the ruin they have made. There is a terrible mutiny aboard, and it becomes every man, who is really a man, to do his utmost to save the ship! They say "throw Vance overboard, and with him every other man who has trod the deck in time of storm." We reply, we will not throw him overboard, for there is no heart so brave and no arm so strong as his; none in all the land so able to save the ship.

Few people know that Brother Wanmaker's Bible class contains 516 members. It is probably the most extraordinary Bible class in the world. Like Brother Wanmaker himself, it is not confined to a single line of business. It includes the Wanmaker Bible class orchestra, the Wanmaker Bible class base-ball club, the Wanmaker Bible class glee club, and the Wanmaker Bible class Hotel and Land Improvement Company. The latter organization is the result of Brother Wanmaker's desire to teach the class simple lessons in moneymaking as well as the moral precepts of the scriptures. In pursuance of his wish to inculcate the rudimentary principles of getting rich, about two years ago he gave a shining new nickel to each member of the class, with the remark: "It isn't much I give you, but if you apply shrewd business principles to its use you can multiply it many times for the benefit of a class fund." Two years went by, and lo! the 516 nickels invested in various ways, approved by Brother Wanmaker, amounted to \$5,000. On this snug little capital the Wanmaker Bible Class Hotel and Land Improvement Company was organized. It bought land near Atlantic City, and has just celebrated the opening of its new hotel for public guests.

The Breakers.
"Oh, look at those big waves," said the little girl at the seashore. "Those are breakers, aren't they, pa?" "Yes," said the old gentleman, as he gazed at the hotel bill, "they are breakers."—Washington Post.

A PALACE OF SILENCE.
The Sad Story of a Beautiful New York House.

There is in New York, upon one of the most fashionable thoroughfares, a magnificent house, a veritable palace, which can never be looked at by the sentimental woman without a tear coming to her eye because of the story attached to it.

It was designed and built, says the Ladies' Home Journal, by one of the richest men in New York—he head of an old Dutch family—for the woman he loved. Throughout the whole house, which might have been called "The House Beautiful," were the colors, furnishings, ornaments, and dainty touches that wore the young bride's taste.

The ball room, in which she expected to trip so many merry measures, was walled and ceiled in many colored marbles, but the lover himself directed the building of the porte cochere, under which her carriage was to roll, so that, stepping out, she would not be touched by a drop of rain or a flake of snow. Everything was ready; the horses were pawing in the stable, waiting for the day to come when they would carry their new mistress out; the coachman and the footman had their big white roussets at hand to wear on the wedding day; the house was full of fragrance, for beautiful flowers were massed to please the coming mistress, and everything seemed to be in harmony with all this thoughtful loving care, for the sun shone bright, and it was somebody's wedding day.

Yes, but it wasn't an earthly wedding, for when, with quick footsteps, her mother went to wake the expectant bride, she found her dead. The last kiss she had given had been to her lover the night before. The last kiss he ever gave to any human being he gave to her as she rested in her coffin. But he lives in the beautiful house and does with his great fortune a deal of good, all in the name of the woman he loved. The shutters are never open in the wonderful house, the carriage has never been used, no feet have danced in the ball room, but it and the solitary man are there as evidences of the fact that a love can so completely fill the heart that all life is nothing without it.

That Surplus.
[Lynchburg Advance.]

When Mr. Cleveland went out of power a year and a half ago, there was \$100,000,000 of surplus money in the treasury, and the leading question with both parties was "what should be done with it?" But that can no longer be a question now, for not only has the whole surplus been squandered by the Harrison administration in pension bounties and other profligate legislation, but it now appears from the statement prepared in accordance with the Edmunds resolution in the Senate that there will probably be a deficit this year of nearly \$130,000,000, including \$50,000,000 of possible reduction of revenues by the passage of the McKinley tariff bill.

What do the people of the country think of that sort of republican financiering? One hundred millions of surplus squandered, and a deficit of \$130,000,000 left to be supplied in the immediate future, after a year and a half of administration! At the same rates of computation at the end of Harrison's administration the federal treasury will be bankrupt and the people loaded down with an increased taxation and national debt.

The Patience of Masses.
Clarion Democrat.

The Philadelphia Times says this is a time when the classes count for more in legislation than the masses. Nobody cares what the masses want; the laws are made to buy the favor of the influential classes. The whole people are taxed and their industries burdened to placate a small class of wool-growers. Another tax is laid upon the masses to enrich a still smaller class that would like to make tin-plate. Some of these days the masses will get tired of being ridden by the classes, but thus far they have been wonderfully patient.

A young lady in Bristol, who was a little behindhand in her spring outfit, surprised her parents the other day by asking why she was unlike George Washington? When they gave it up, she told them because she had no little hat yet.

There are two Indians in the State penitentiary.

"COMING THRO' THE RYE."
Burns Meant a River in Scotland and Not a Grain Field.

The Atlanta Journal has received the following inquiry:
"Did Burns mean a river called 'Rye' or a field of the grain of that name when he wrote his song of 'Coming Thro' the Rye?'"

Burns found this old song, replies the Journal, as he did the song of "Auld Lang Syne" and others, floating in the mind of the common people of Scotland, and gave to it the brilliance and grace of his own genius. The poem is founded upon a singular custom in connection with the crossing of the little river Rye. This is a shallow stream, crossed by means of stepping stones. "If a lassie met a lassie coming through the Rye," and he kissed her, it was plainly nobody's business but theirs, and the custom permitted it.

The lassie in crossing was not in a position to resist such little passages of love, as she had to use her hands to hold up her skirts. Hence the lines in the song:
Druggled all her petticoats
Coming through the Rye.

Clearly it was a stream that was meant, as any reading of the poem and a little knowledge of Scotland will show.

A DANDY POSTMASTER.
A Mississippi Colored Postmaster Serves Notice on the Whites.

When Thomas Richardson, colored, was appointed at Port Gibson, Miss., by Wanmaker, he wrote a letter to the Jackson, Miss., Clarion Ledger, from which the following extracts are made: "I now give notice, through your paper, that the present Democratic incumbent will soon have to step down and out, and I will show her no more courtesy than she did me when I had to turn the office over to her under Cleveland's short and wicked rule. Many times I have had to use policy with the palefaces because I could not well get along otherwise under Democratic rule; but I thank God the bottom rail has again made its appearance and I hope it will again get to the top of the political fence in the native State of old Jeff Davis, who ought to have died before he helped to bring on secession and the war. * * * If Mr. Harrison is re-elected and if we get possession of the State offices, as we expect to do under the leadership of Messrs. Chalmers, Hill, Lynch and Kernaghan, we will show the world that the colored people have some rights, even in Mississippi, and my wife and the wives of other colored men will travel in the same coach and dine at the same hotel and our children will go to the same school along with the white women and children, and colored men will stand shoulder to shoulder with white men in every respect. We have the numbers and the will. * * * To all the whites interested in the Port Gibson Post Office I have simply to say that it would be just as obnoxious for you or your wives to deliver mail to myself or to my wife as it may be for us to deliver mail to you, your wives or your children, as we are your equals in every respect."

Bismarck and His Dogs!
New Orleans Picayune.

Bismarck is very fond of animals, as is natural in a landed proprietor. When his favorite dog Sultan was poisoned in 1877 he watched beside the poor beast with deep sorrow. His eldest son tried to lead him away, but replied, "No, leave me alone," and returned to poor Sultan. When the dog was dead he turned to a friend and said:
"These old German forefathers of ours had a kind of religion. They believed they would meet again in the celestial hunting grounds all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that."

Charlotte News: Esquire John P. Hunter and Mr. J. R. Wallace have taken the contract to supply an English syndicate with a large quantity of ash timber. The contract calls for ash lumber 2x12 and 2x12 feet long, clear of knots. The contractors get \$36 per thousand feet and the lumber is shipped direct to New York, thence by steamer to Europe.