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NO. 34



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July-2

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Jan-25

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HER JIM.

MARGARET CARPENTER SMITH.

Mary Heth looked wistfully seaward. Her eyes were dimmed with tears. For her lover was going from her. Perhaps for many years.

He looked at her long and fondly. With his hand on her golden hair, 'Are you sure it is best for us darling?' He asked in tones of despair.

She turned her blue eyes to his brown ones.

And answered, "You know what I think."

"O help me to take what God sends me,

And not from his burden to shrink.

You know she is blind and decrepit,

With no one to aid her but me,

My duty is plain, to help grandma,

While you sail over the sea."

"And what if I come to you, Mary,

In the day that sometime must come,

When the 'Angel of Death' has released you

And called the weary one home?

Will you still be my own, my Mary,

With heart so tender and true.

May I live in the hope of some day

Being happy, my darling, with you?"

She turned her face once more toward him

As she said, "While your sky is blue

There's a heart in this old village

That will beat only and always for you."

So they parted out there in the starlight,

And years rolled on as they will,

And for two, old grandma had been sleeping

In that city so silent and still.

Mary worked on with her needle.

And watched, as each ship came in,

But no tidings came of her lover.

Her prayer at day's close was for Jim.

One night came a cry o'er the billows

A ship! Oh, God! 'twas a fire.

And the flames leaped upward and upward,

Then higher, and higher and higher.

Men, women and children stood gazing,

While the cries came blood curdling

And wild,

But no one moved in answer,

Not a man, not a woman nor child.

"Will no one go to them," cried Mary,

"Oh, men, what cowards ye are!

Will you stand while men are thus dying

Mid danger of water and fire?"

"Come, I can row with any.

Come with me!" Thus urged they set out.

And answered those crying for mercy,

With a long, cheery, comforting shout.

As they rowed, Oh! Heaven, how dreadful!

The waves dashed on as before,

While the moans of those in the water,

Were mingled with groans from the shore.

They rescued some from their peril,

And had turned once more for the shore,

When Mary felt a hand pulling feebly

At the seaman's coat she wore.

She saw a form quickly sinking,

With hands upturned to the sky,

As of one who was doomed in the darkness

Of such a night to die.

She reached in time to seize him,

And dragged him with all her strength

A long through the foam of the billows,

Fully the little boat's length.

Here, help me some one," she panted,

A man! take hold, quick! don't you see?

That's it. Here's a coat, put it around him.

Yes, there's room; put him here by me."

So they came to the beach, men and maiden

With their burden snatched from death.

And three cheers went upwards to Heaven,

For the men and brave Mary Heth.

On the floor in Mary's cottage,

That was near where they came to shore,

Lay the men, all drenched and exhausted,

For one of them, life was o'er.

The man that was saved by Mary.

Had revived through their efforts with him.

He stood up, turned his face to the maiden.

She looked, and lo! 'twas her Jim.

And now, by that sea girl cottage,

When the white capped waves come in,

Mary walks hand-in-hand with her husband

And thanks God for saving her Jim.

When the white capped waves come in,
Mary walks hand-in-hand with her husband
And thanks God for saving her Jim.

Woman's Suffrage.

If what the St. Paul Globe has to say of woman suffrage in Wyoming be true, it is evident that it has been a great failure in that territory, and deserves to be abolished. Woman suffrage in that territory was originally adopted by the Legislature as a piece of fun under the belief that the Governor would certainly veto it. But the Governor was not in a humor to do any such thing and signed the law greatly to the disappointment of the Legislature, who wanted to play a joke on him. The next Legislature promptly repealed the law, but the Governor as promptly vetoed it, and thus made woman suffrage a real fact.

In discussing the present workings of it the Globe says: "The better class of women very rarely vote at all, or cast the same ballot as their male relatives. The less worthy elements, and they are numerous in mining regions, as a general rule, vote for pay. This is true of very many respectable ladies. They look upon political races as upon horse races, and dresses, jewelry, and money are demanded for their votes. It is very common for girls under twenty-one to vote, no man daring to challenge them. To do so would subject him to ridicule, and very likely result in his being driven from the community."

If this is the way woman suffrage operates in Wyoming, where the population is exclusively white, how would it in Virginia and the South, where a very large portion of the population is colored? Of course the great masses of respectable and refined womanhood would instinctively remain from the polls rather than be thrown into contact with the political rabble that infest the ballot box, while the lower order of that sex might have no such scruples, and thousands of them make politics their trade and sell their votes for a song. There is already far too much man suffrage. To add woman suffrage would be an indelible blot upon civilization and good government.

South Carolina's Convention.

The South Carolina Democratic Convention which met at Columbia last Thursday adopted the following:

WHEREAS, Evil-disposed persons, causelessly hostile to the farmers' movement, and regardless of the fair name and credit of South Carolina, have caused to be circulated through the press of the country statements intended to prejudice the general public as to the relation of the Democratic party to the public debt of the State; and whereas such sinister statements, growing out of hostile political motives, are wholly at variance with the purpose of the Democratic party of the State, and if unnoticed would create wrong impressions and possibly do harm and be unjust to the people of South Carolina; therefore,

Be it resolved by the Democratic party in convention assembled, that the debt of South Carolina as now recognized is a public obligation of primary importance, and in the future, as in the past, it will continue to have the fostering care of the State Government, and should command the confidence of the investing public.

The new constitution was adopted, and the plan of primary election at this year's election for delegates to the State nominating convention was defeated.

Upon this action the delegations from Richmond, Charleston, Beaufort, Sumter, comprising the anti-Tilmanites, withdrew, formed a new convention and elected Hon. George Lamb Buist chairman and E. J. Brennon, secretary. They chose an executive committee to prepare an address to the people, and took recess. In the regular convention the old executive was deposed, and J. M. Irby, of Laurens, was elected chairman. The convention then adjourned sine die.

Conceited.

"I have this evening been preaching to a congregation of idiots," said a conceited young parson. "Then that was the reason you always called them 'beloved brethren,'" said a strong-minded young woman.

KING COTTON.

Everything Ready for His Coming--North Carolina's Big Crop.

Wilmington Star.

The movement of the new cotton crop is growing daily, and although Wilmington has not yet scored her first bale, it will not be many days before the "daisy staple" will be pouring in. The receipts of new cotton yesterday were 55 bales at Savannah, 52 at New Orleans, 83 at Galveston, 4 at Charleston, 1 at Augusta, and 1 at Mobile. The cotton crop in North Carolina from all accounts has not been so large for years, and farmers are said to be jubilant over the prospect. It is safe to assume, therefore, that Wilmington will handle more cotton than ever before. Norfolk, too, is anticipating largely increased receipts, based on the prospects of a big crop in North Carolina. The Norfolk Virginian quotes a cotton buyer of that city as saying that if the usual channels of trade were not diverted, Norfolk would handle a quarter of a million more bales of cotton this year than last, and probably more; that the reports received by the firm from North Carolina correspondents are the most encouraging sent in for years.

West Point, the Virginian says, will not be so great a rival of Norfolk's this year as last, as one of her cotton presses has been removed to Charlotte, N.C., and it is said that another will not open up this winter. Considerable cotton, which the Richmond & Danville road has heretofore carried to West Point, will, it is believed, find an outlet at Norfolk this season, over the tracks of the Norfolk & Carolina road.

Wilmington cotton men are ready for the opening of the season; the compresses are all in order, warehouses cleared and ready for use, and several steamers chartered and on the way to receive cargoes. The season it is expected will open here about the first of next month.

That Was Different.

Detroit Free Press.

A Detroit driver drove up to a lively stable the other day and said to the proprietor, who stood at the door: "I am going away, and I've got a horse here--"

"Which you want to sell? It's a bad time o' year to sell horses, and I never knew prices to rise so low."

"As I am going away I thought it would be best to--"

"Well, I will make you an offer, but it will be a low one. He's knee sprung, his sight is off, and he's all of 15 years old. I'll give you \$50 and take my chances."

"Oh, you mistake me. I want you to board him for me for a couple of months."

"O--h--h that's it. Of course. Fine, young animal, and worth \$250 of any man's money. Lead him right in. Eighteen dollars per month and the best care guaranteed."

The peach crop in southern New Jersey has been a disastrous failure this season. Orchard after orchard has barely enough fruit to furnish a dozen cans of preserves for the owners. The reason for this is said to be that the very mild winter caused the trees to blossom which was followed by blighting frosts. As a rule south Jersey farms are very valuable and give large net returns. In a number of instances farms that had been bought for \$2,000 five years ago have recently been sold for \$10,000 and \$15,000. A good deal of speculation is going on there, too, and some of the farmers are holding land with the expectation of continued increase in values.

What Is Good?

"What is the real good?" I ask in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;

"Knowledge," said the school;

"Truth," said the wise man;

"Pleasure," said the fool;

"Love," said the maiden;

"Beauty," said the page;

"Freedom," said the dreamer;

"Home," said the sage;

"Fame," said the soldier;

"Equity," said the seer.

Spoke my heart full sadly:

"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom

Softly this I heard:

"Each heart holds a secret;

"Kindness"

Fletcher Webster's Death.

Society Journal.

The battle was on, and the blue and the gray were at each other's throats. It was at Gainesville, and the Federals were getting the worst of the fight. The heat of an August sun beat fiercely down upon the long lines of glittering steel melting away in the fierce heat of war. On the right the earth trembled under thundering hosts of charging cavalry; on the left the men in blue heard their bones crash under the leaden rain like glass in a hailstorm. Over all rose the sulphurous clouds belched forth by the deep-throated guns whose terrible roar shook the rock-ribbed hills.

As the ranks of blue, shattered and shaken by the shower of shot and shell, slowly rolled back, a Federal colonel waved his sword over his head in the vain attempt to rally his men, and then staggered and fell on the blood-stained grass. The fallen officer was a man of striking appearance. His grand face and form caught the attention of the rushing legions of gray, and the men unconsciously swerved aside to avoid trampling him down. Desperately wounded, the colonel painfully crawled to a tree, and reclined against it with the life current flowing from a bullet hole in his breast. His anxious eyes looked into the stern faces of the Confederates as they charged on past him. In another moment his face brightened.

"Bob!" he shouted, "Bob, don't you know me?"

Gen. Toombs, riding at the head of his brigade, heard the familiar voice. He rode up to the tree and glanced at the speaker.

"Good God!" exclaimed the general, "it is Fletcher Webster--Daniel Webster's son!"

In an instant Toombs was kneeling by the colonel's side. He placed the helpless man in a more comfortable position, and gave him water from a canteen.

"He is my old friend," he said to a staff officer; "poor Fletcher Webster--Daniel Webster's son--stay here with him--I must go on to the front."

Gen. Toombs mounted his horse and charged on with his brigade to annihilate the rest of Webster's regiment.

The first lull in the fray brought the Georgian back to the tree.

"And so we meet as enemies," said Webster, returning the other's sympathetic hand pressure.

"Never!" replied Toombs. "Daniel's son must always be my friend. Just now we must fight for our differences, but there are happier days ahead for us both."

"My wound is mortal," said Webster. "God bless you, old friend, for your kindness. Gentlemen, I thank you. War is a bad thing."

Again the general took leave of the sufferer and returned to the front leaving a surgeon behind him.

The Confederates cared for their captive with brotherly tenderness, but it was of no avail. Weaker grew the dying man's pulse and more fitful his heartbeats. Quietly and with a smile he passed away. He whispered a message to his loved ones, and said:

"Tell Bob I loved him--God bless him."

Fletcher Webster was dead--the hope and glory of a proud father--the ideal soldier of New England--this was his end--dead on the battlefield with the sorrowful faces of his foemen bending over him.

"A true man and a brave soldier," said Gen. Toombs that night, as he wiped away a tear. "Let us send him through the lines with the honors of war."

It was done. Fletcher Webster's dead body was sent with an escort to the Federal camp. A funeral cortege accompanied it to Boston. It lay in state in old Faneuil Hall, and all New England mourned his loss. War is a bad thing!

One Kind of Knot.

Binghamton Leader.

A correspondent from up the country writes that he has often observed the expression, "a knot of people," and he is anxious to know how many people go to make a knot. The term is by no means arbitrary. A dozen persons may be regarded as a knot, and then again two well disposed people and a minister can make the most delightful of knots.

A DURHAMITE TALKS.

WHAT THE PEOPLE ARE SAYING AND DOING IN THE OLD DOMINION.

Watermelons--Mother Hubbards--Good Crops, &c.

Mr. T. R. Gwynn was in this country last winter making up a company of young men to go to Paraguay. He succeeded in getting about twenty, among them were several from Danville. Mr. Clarence Morris, of Durham, who was with the party, has returned. The other day, on his way home, he stopped a few hours in this city. He says, he will be satisfied hereafter to make bright tobacco in his native country. The fellows he left behind, he says, are the sickest set he ever saw--home-sick, and would all return, if they had the means.

"I have sold \$65 worth of watermelons this season," said a colored farmer Saturday, with an evident air of satisfaction with the nice supplement which he had made to his tobacco crop.

"A few years ago," said Mr. K., "when mother hubbards were more in fashion than they are now a young fellow just from the country, met two pretty young ladies walking out in dresses made in that style. He stopped and was looking at them with amazement and surprise, when one of the ladies remarked:

"I hope you will know me the next time you see me."

"Yes, madam, I shall, and I hope that, the next time I see you, you will have your clothes on."

"I have the finest crop of corn I ever had in my life," remarked Mr. W. H. Hodges to us Tuesday, and he is not the only farmer we have heard say the same thing.

"If you were to enter a cemetery and find on the first tombstone you approached this inscription: 'Here lies a man who killed himself drinking,' and on the second this: 'Here lies a man who killed himself eating,' and the third this: 'Here lies a man who killed himself smoking,' which would you think was the worst?" said one Danville gentleman to another, one day last week. "So far as I am concerned, he responded. 'I had as lief have one of those disgraceful epitaphs as the other; but for the sake of others, I had rather die from excessive eating or smoking than from excessive drink.'"

Vance and the Alliance.

Monroe Register.

We have talked with several leading Alliancemen recently in reference to the feeling toward Senator Vance, and every one we have spoken to about it was for him, first, last and all the time. One of them remarked that he would not vote for his own brother for the Legislature, if he was not for Vance and said he did not think there were any true Democrats in the Alliance in this county who opposed him. It is safe to say that no man can be elected to the Legislature from this county, unless he is for Vance. The Democrats of Union county are for Vance against the world, the flesh and--Col Polk.

Well! Well! Well!!!

Yankee girl--Mad! I should say I did come home mad. I shall never go out as a missionary to the Turks again.

Omaha lady--Would not they listen to your arguments?

"Oh, they listen respectfully enough; but when I talked to one of them about the sin of having so many wives, what do think the scamp said?" "I'm sure I don't know." "He said if Turkish women were like me, one would be sufficient."

"I Will be All Smiles."

A lady's umbrella had blown out of hand. A poor Irishman handing it to her, said: "If you had been half as strong as you are beautiful, it would not have got away."

Lady--Which shall I pay you for--the service or the compliment? Irishman--That smile of yours has paid for both.

If you can't see through a joke crack it and look through the crack.