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POETRY.

PASSING--PASSING.

[The following poem, was copied from the Raleigh Farmer and Mechanic, and published in THE DURHAM RECORDER November 14, 1881. We are requested to print it again. It is from the pen of Gen. Robert B. Vance.]

Our life is like a mountain stream
Whose surging waters know no rest,
By hill and plain they flash and gleam
Till gather'd on the ocean's breast.

Sometimes in calm, sometimes in storm,
Now white with wrath, now fleck'd with foam,
Then, imag'd in the rainbow's form,
They onward move to find a home.

Sometimes their song is sweet and low,
Sometimes 'tis sad like funeral dirge;
And then they scarcely seem to go,
But steal along the woodland verge.

But oh! at length they shout with glee!
Old ocean's roar breaks on each ear;
With joy they cry "the sea, the sea,"
Our rest will be forever here.

When lo! the sunbeam, swift and true,
Shall kiss them from old Neptune's rod,
And fogs and mists, o'er fields of blue,
Shall bear them back through clouds to God.

Such is our life, asleep, awake,
Sometimes in smiles, sometimes in fears;
Sometimes sweet hope its flight shall take,
And leave us pain and grief, and tears.

Sometimes the hearts low and faint,
As troubles round our path increase,
And sin, and care, and earthly taint
Hide from our view the bow of peace.

We look ahead and joyful greet,
Some "spot of green," just on before,
And fondly dream our tired feet
Will nestle there forevermore.

Alas! when near the close of day,
We reach, what seem'd the spot so fair,
We find it farther still away--
Mirag'd upon the evening air.

This must we know--each pulse that beats,
Each step we take beside the shore;
Each day, each hour, the traveler greets
Shall leave him less than were before.

So, when, with us, the day is done,
When sight is dim, when life is past,
May God, through his beloved Son,
Bring us to rest with Him at last.

ROBERT B. VANCE.
Riverside, Oct. 1881.

"PLEASE SHUT THE DOOR."
He said: "Last winter I never shut
The door by day or night,
But wiser grown this summer I
Have always closed it tight."

"Mable," said her mother, "unless
you have pressing business this evening--"
"I haven't, mamma," interrupted Mable.
"This is George's evening. Harry doesn't come till to-morrow night."
--Chicago Tribune.

Ring rule--Marriage.
Particular Citizen. "These new red stamps are not as adhesive as they ought to be."
Postal Official. "I guess you never tried carrying a sheet of them in your pocket on a hot day."
--New York Weekly.

Lift her up tenderly,
Treat her with care,
The banana peel tripped her
And then she can't swear.

"What is that you're smoking?"
"Only a five-center."
"Well I'd think from its five or more different scents, as a Segar it ought to take pretty high rank."

The favorite figure with the dancing card player is hands all around.

A TRUE SOUTHERNER

THE VICISSITUDES OF A CONFEDERATE DURING AND SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.

In '61 He Was a Spy.
Commercial Gazette.

"In 1870," said Major George E. Vandegrift, "I met as typical a soldier of fortune as ever Lever imagined. I had gone from St. Louis to Grafton, sixty miles above, on an excursion, to witness an eclipse of the sun. On the boat returning to the city there was dancing in the cabin, and as I stood watching the dancers I observed a man staring at me. He was a typical Southerner in appearance, tall, handsome, and striking looking. His gaze annoyed me so that I left the cabin.

"Returning again, he renewed the stare, and finally, I found him standing by my side. He said, 'I beg pardon, but you don't know me, I see.' 'No,' I said, 'I don't.' 'I know you,' he replied, 'In 1861 you were a lieutenant in the Second Ohio Regiment in front of Washington, weren't you?' 'Yes,' I assented. 'In '63 you were adjutant of the Second in front of Murfreesboro, Tenn?' 'Yes.' In the latter part of '64 you were on the Little Miami Railway?' 'Yes.' I said, getting interested, 'but you've the advantage of me, for I can't recall ever seeing you.'

"I know you, you see," the stranger said, "and I'll tell you a story. In '61 I was a boy of 20; I was in your camp in front of Washington selling fruit and trinkets to men. I was a Confederate spy then. In '63 I was still a spy, and struck your camp at Murfreesboro. It was odd that I should get into the same camp again, but I did. There were so many officers there, you among them, whom I knew, that I feared detection and fled. The latter part of '64 I was captured--not as a spy, fortunately, but as a rebel soldier--and sent as a prisoner to Camp Chase, O. One night nine of us succeeded in escaping from prison and making our way as far as Alton, on the Little Miami, we boarded the midnight express. We were sitting together, concealed as much as possible, when the car door opened, and who should walk in but yourself. I told the boys the jig was up, and we jumped from the train and took to the woods. We thought you were an officer in pursuit of the fugitives. You were not? God, I wish we'd known it then.

"After the war," he continued, "I drifted down into Mexico and joined Maximilian's forces, where I was captured and came within an ace of being shot with Maximilian. From Mexico I went to South America and fought in two or three of their revolutions. I grew tired of that and came back to the States. I'm tired of it here and I'm off next week to enlist in the Papal Zouaves, as I see Victor Emmanuel and the Pope are having trouble, and his Holiness has advertised for recruits. Good-by!" and he was off. It was curious that he and I should have met so frequently and I've been rather sorry that I lost track of the fellow afterward. He was a true soldier of fortune and there were lots like him in the war."

Contemporary Opinions.
No wonder the Republican leaders want to cut off the light of discussion from the tariff and Federal election bills. Neither measure can stand examination by the people.--St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The chances of the Republican party in Nebraska are a simple matter of figures. Subtract the Alliance vote from the Republican vote and look in the soup for the Republican party.--Omaha World-Herald.

It would be time wasted for Secretary Blaine to consult Major McKinley before writing another tariff letter. All the advice the Major could give might be compressed into the one word "Don't."--St. Paul Pioneer Press, Rep.

Mr. Quay is simply carrying out his contract. He fried the fat out of the manufacturers, and promised them substantial benefits in return. Now he demands that the tariff bill be passed, and that everything in its path shall get out of the way. That is Quay's position in a nutshell, and it is only fair to say that he plays square.--Boston Herald.

It is correct to say "He don't go!" "Not if he does go."

TIN WARE AND THE TARIFF.

Scene: A Country Store--William Brown, Merchant; Jack Johnson, Laborer.

Bellied Magama.

Johnson.--Good-morning, Mr. Brown.

Brown.--Good-morning, friend Johnson. What can I sell you this morning?

Johnson.--I want a tin bucket, one that will hold about a gallon. Want it for a dinner bucket; my work is so far from home that I have to take my dinner with me.

Brown.--Well, here is a dinner bucket all complete for only thirty cents; how will it suit you?

Johnson.--Why, it is a very handy bucket, but something still cheaper will do me just as well.

Brown.--Here is a four-quart covered bucket which I can sell you for seventeen cents. How does it strike you?

Johnson.--That will do first-rate; seventeen cents seems pretty reasonable for a bucket like that. I don't see how they get 'em up for that price.

Brown.--Yes, tinware is! rather cheap. You see, we haven't any tin ore, to speak of, in this country, or if we have, it has not been discovered, and the duty on the foreign article being low, enables manufacturing tinner to give us moderately cheap tinware.

Johnson.--I reckon if they would find some tin mines in this country, tinware would be still cheaper than what it is now.

Brown.--No; the probabilities are that it would be higher.

Johnson.--How is that?

Brown.--Because the owners of the newly discovered tin mines would get Congress to put a fifty or sixty per cent duty on foreign tin for the purpose of excluding it from the American market, so they could control the tin business in this country. The result would be to advance the price of tin plate to about what the foreign article with duty added would cost. This advance in the price of tinner's stock would necessarily make tinware considerably higher in price than it is now. Your tin bucket would then cost you probably twenty-five cents, or eight cents more than you have just paid for it.

Johnson.--You think, then, that the discovery of tin ore in this country would be a misfortune instead of a blessing.

Brown.--It would certainly result in the price of tinware being higher than it is now, and this would certainly be unfortunate for those who have to buy it. The only persons who would be benefited would be the owners of the tin mines.

Johnson.--Yes, that's so. I see now how this so-called protection works. It protects the rich at the expense of the poor. It benefits the few by injuring the many.

Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

Was Columbus a Jew?
Jewish World.

Jews figure prominently in the history of the discovery of America. The plans and calculations of the Columbus expedition were largely the work of two Hebrew astronomers and mathematicians. Two Jews were also employed as interpreters by Columbus, and one of them, Luis de Torres, was the first European to set foot in the New World. When Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador he imagined that he was approaching a port of the East Asiatic coast, and he sent Torres, who was engaged for his knowledge of the Arabic, ashore to make inquiries of the natives. It was probably this Torres who was the Madrid Jew to whom Columbus bequeathed half a mark of silver in his will.

Another curious fact is that it has been curiously suggested--by Mr. Delitzsch, we believe--that Columbus himself was Jew or of Jewish birth. The name of Christopher was frequently adopted by converts, while the surname, Colon, belonged to a distinguished family of Jewish scholars. Christopher's father, Diego, bore originally the Jewish name Jacob, which sounds surprisingly like Shem Kadose. Perhaps, during the coming celebrations, some Jewish scholars in Italy will make inquiry into the validity of this daring suggestion.

THE DEVOTED GREEK
CLEMANTHE, I GAZE ON THY LIVING FACE.

We Shall Meet Again, Clemanthe

[By request we re-print the following.]

The fiat of nature is inexorable. This is no appeal from the great law which dooms us to the dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest; and the flowers that bloom and wither in a day have no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude who through the world to-day will disappear as the footprints on the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until its shadows fall across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence.

Death is the antagonist of life, and the cold thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all joys. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to lie down in the damp grave, not even with princes as our bedfellows.

In the beautiful drama of "Ion" the hope of immortality, so elegantly uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul.

When about to yield his young life as a sacrifice to fate his Clemanthe asks if they shall meet again, to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills, that look eternal, of the clear streams that flow forever, of the stars among whose fields of azure many raised spirits have walked in glory. All were dumb. But as I gaze on thy living face I feel there is something in love which mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish.

We shall meet again Clemanthe."

Drop Both Bills and Go Home.

St. Paul Pioneer Press, Rep.

If there is in Washington any due appreciation of the state of feeling of the country at large, the Senate will conclude to drop both bills (tariff and Force Election) and go home. There is no demand or necessity for either of them. There is, in the Republican ranks, a pronounced hostility to both, which is not worth while to encounter. There is hardly a deader, outside of Congress, except in a perfunctory way, for the elections bill. The people understand that it would not accomplish the object sought by its farmers. They have a lively sense of its inexpediency in other directions. And, while they neither forget nor condone the outrage on law and justice which is perpetrated at the South, they are not prepared to indorse an ineffective and dangerous remedy.

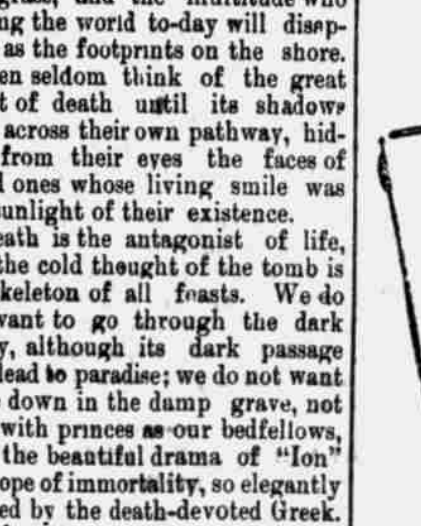
The case as to the tariff bill is even plainer. We cannot recall in recent political history any such general revolt against a measure brought forward in Congress, and supported by all the power and prestige of party leaders as that which the McKinley bill has had to encounter. It grows in unpopularity from day to day. Influential newspapers from one end of the West to the other, papers which are strictly loyal to the party and devoted to its interests, are outspoken in their condemnation of this bill. It stands absolutely without a friend, except the little knot of manufacturers whose interests it consults, and the numerically inconsiderable body of those who do not think on economic subjects at all, but call themselves protectionists and stand ready to accept anything that is offered to them under that name. The session has been prolonged unduly. The public is tired of it. Great national interests have found themselves imperiled by the pushing forward of these bills and the holding back of others as a menace. There is a spirit of discontent abroad which grows with every day that is wasted in consideration of the McKinley and Lodge bills. The Senate would do best for the national interest, and best for the Republican party, if it should postpone further consideration of either of them until the next session, gather up the ends of other unfinished and more important legislation and go home.

POETRY.

HIS GUARDIAN ANGEL.

'Tis the red nose of Bummer
Left snoring alone,
All his boozey companions
Are jaded and gone,
No drop in the bottle,
No remnant of pie
No cigar, no tobacco,
No fizz syphon nigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To sleep on the floor,
I've tried to get out,
But I can't find the door,
My legs they won't bear me,
The room's whirling round,
I guess I'll just join thee
In slumber profound.



THE YOUNG FELLOW GOT A LICKING.

Montreal's Pugilistic Parson--He Gives a Young Man a Deserved Lesson in Etiquette.

New York Star.

The Rev. Bartley, chaplain of Montreal's crack military corps and pastor of a swell West End congregation, gave a scientific thrashing to one of Montreal's best known and richest young sports a few days ago. The story that led to the result is as follows:

Some weeks ago the youth in question was engaged to wed one of the fairest daughters of Montreal. The lady in question happened to be a member of Parson Bartley's church, and also a particular friend of the minister. In consequence he was called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, and on the day appointed was on hand at the residence of the intended bride, as was also a large party of friends to assist at the wedding. To the consternation of the friends the groom failed to put in an appearance. The wedding was declared off. The clergyman, it is said, expressed himself in no indistinct way about what he called the reckless conduct of the gilded youth in question.

A few evenings ago the clergyman was invited to visit the young man, and, thinking he was to get an explanation of his strange conduct, he made the visit. He just entered the door, when his first salute was a stinging left-hander in the face. It was then that he divested himself of his garments and then the youth was taught a richly-deserved lesson in the many art. So badly was he done up by the reverend pugilist that he spent a week in a private hospital to recuperate from the effects of the thrashing. As the brother and father of his affianced had promised a similar proceeding, he, to escape further beating, married the girl, and Mr. Bartley performed the long-postponed ceremony to the general satisfaction of all. The affair has only leaked out, and has created a sensation of which the pugilistic parson is the hero.

Either the McKinley bill or the elections bill, if enacted into law, will throw the Congressional elections against them in every section of the country. If they abandon either, the situation is just as bad, for it will be clear to all that they do it through fear of the people and not with a desire to serve them. Like a turtle with its head off, the old party is groping about aimlessly and waiting for the end.--Oswego Palladium.

"I never realized what was meant by fingers of scorn," said a young Washington man, "until I proposed to a deaf mute and was rejected."--Washington Post.

Kerosene-oil can--Blow up hired girls for one thing.