

The Durham Recorder.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."
"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."
"The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

"Remove not the old land mark; the profit of the earth is for all; the king himself is served by the field."
"Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do."

VOL. 71. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 17, 1890. NO 38

You are in a Bad Fix
But we will cure you if you will pay us. Our message is to the weak, nervous and debilitated, who, by early evil habits, or later indiscretions, have trifled away their vigor of body, mind and manhood, and who suffer all those effects which lead to premature decay, consumption or insanity. If this means you, send for and read our Book of Life, written by the greatest Specialist of the day, and sent (sealed) for 6 cents in stamps. Address Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn. Aug. 27 17.

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Haywood White Sulphur Springs.
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July 23.

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POETRY.

"WAIT DES A MINIT."
I have a gallant lover,
He's true as true can be;
But it's come to this, when I want a kiss
He always says to me,
"Wait des a minit."
He does not love another;
His heart is all my own;
But I grieve to know, when he treats me so,
That mine to him has flown—
"Wait des a minit."
His face is very fair;
His eyes are violet blue;
And the light they send as on me they bend
"Most breaks my heart in two—"
"Wait des a minit."
His hair is like the sun
That shines upon the dew;
But he likes not girls, and he shakes his curls,
With words that pierce me through—
"Wait des a minit."
When I talk of love,
In moonlight or by day,
He just looks at me, and in mocking glee
Remarks, and runs away,
"Wait des a minit."
I'll tell you what I'll do
To punish this young man:
When he wants a wife, if it takes his life,
I'll say to the young woman,
"Wait des a minit."
—Sandy Broad, in Harper's Weekly.

THE UNKNOWN DRUMMER LAD.

BY TUCKER POLE
Over the crest of Malvern Hill
The midnight stars were glowing;
A youthful form lay hushed and still,
His life's blood fastly flowing.
As drummer lad he donned the gray,
When he heard the muskets' rattle;
And madly rushed into the fray,
Into the fierce-fought battle.
He fell where the bravest fell that night,
At the breach in the barricade;
Where gallant Magruder charged on right,
Through the hell of the cannonade.
The battle ceased, the hero lay forgotten and alone,
Gasping his gallant life away—
Above, the bright stars shone.
A stranger, searching for some trace,
Of comrade, friend or brother,
Stooped down to gaze upon his face,
And heard him whisper, "mother!"
With that sweet word, which was his last,
His life's thread snapped asunder—
A distant cannon's random blast
Rolled through the sky in thunder.
"Unknown and lone," the stranger said,
"By friends and foes left lone,
With none to weep their youthful dead,
And none to claim their own!"
He raised the rigid form so cold,
And felt in the soldier's pocket,
And found a letter, worn and old,
And a little golden locket.
He took the letter in his hand,
Whitish his manly tears fell free;
"Twas headed 'Carolina's Land,'
And said: 'Ned come home to me!
Come back, my boy, from the land of strife!
Come back to your father's hall!
Come, leave oh, leave your soldier's life!
Heed, darling, your mother's call!
To my country I have given
Three sons, so manly and brave;
And my heart is drear and riven,
For they sleep in an unknown grave.
Like you, they heard the tramp of steeds,
The fierce, mad rush of the battle;
Like you, they planned immortal deeds,
And smiled at the musket's rattle.
Where now are they, my boys so brave
Who fought for freedom's glory?
I cannot tell! unknown their grave,
Unheard their bloody story.
O, you, the last! the last, my boy!
O, Ned, you must not stay!
Come back, my life, my pride, my joy!
Come back, come back I pray!"
The stranger's grief was true, sincere,
As he read this letter o'er,
And dropped upon it many a tear
Where the mother's dropped before.
And there, by the light of the silver night,
Which the silent starlight gave,
The stranger laid him out of sight,
In an unknown, nameless grave.
No requiem o'er him there was sung,
No flowers bedecked his grave;
A stranger's tears, by pity wrung,
Was the burial of the brave.
Then weep, ye Carolina mothers!
Weep, maids of the "Old North State!"
For ye had sons, and ye had brothers,
This might have been their fate.
They, dying, might have left no trace
On the bloody battle-plan;
No stone to mark their resting place,
No death-dirge for your slain.
—Wilmington Messenger.
Warronton, N. C.

FOR THE FARMERS.

THE GOVERNMENT IS UNSOUND FOR THEM.
MONEY DOES NOT GROW IN THE TREASURY.

Taking it Out for Bounties Makes it Necessary that Larger Sums Must be Paid In.
From Reform Magazine.
Not all the gudgeons belong to the water. The land not only has its share of them, but largely belongs to them. Of all classes among us, the farmers have probably exhibited the least sagacity when it came to looking out for their own interests. They have permitted themselves to be taxed for the benefit of others without receiving anything in return. Having, as a rule, nothing to sell that could possibly suffer from foreign competition, a tariff on imports could be of no advantage to them; while they have been unwittingly paying higher prices for home-made wares than free-trade would have cheapened every time. They have been pulling the manufacturers' chestnuts out of the fire at the expense of their own fingers. And yet their vote has been the principal bulwark of the so-called protective system.

Slowly and surely, however, the farmers have been opening their eyes to the true situation. They have begun to see that "protection," so called, means discrimination; and that discrimination means extortion from certain classes for the benefit of others, and that they furnish most of the victims. Hence they are not likely to be so pliable hereafter as in the past. Their political leaders, realizing that they will no longer bite at the naked hook with old-time avidity, are busy preparing certain deceptions by which it may be baited. The first of these will be a bombastic pretence of looking out for the farmers' interest in the preparation of a new Tariff Bill, by putting upon the dutiable list a number of things which they produce. At one of the open sessions of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, at Washington, a gentleman describing himself as the "Worthy Grand Master of the Patrons of Husbandry," from Ohio, recently appeared, and very ostentatiously submitted a list of articles that he said the farmers wanted added to the protective schedule. The transaction was significant, and strongly suggestive of prearrangement. There is no doubt of the tariff-manipulators, now busy at Washington, being ready to make a display of zeal for agriculturists by so enlarging the circle of protection as to appear to include them. But what will it amount to? Putting a duty on imported wheat will not advance the price of that cereal as long as no one ever thinks of importing it. And so with most of the farmers' productions. Putting their names on a tariff list, and announcing that they are "protected," will amount to nothing more than a false pretence and an attempt to deceive.

Another bait for the political hook, which is especially designed for the farmers' consumption, is the bounty. Quite an ado is being made over the proposition to give the producers of certain unprofitable and experimental articles a bonus from the national treasury. The three S's—silk, salt, and sugar—must be pecuniarily assisted, says the congressional representative from an agricultural district in Kansas. It would be impossible to conceive of anything more dishonest or fallacious. In the first place, the suggestion is largely designed to offset and cover up certain subsidies in aid of steamship lines and other robber schemes. And in the next place, the whole idea of government bounties is unsound. The bounty system is wrong in principle. It means simply that some shall be taxed for the benefit of others. It increases the general burden; for money does not grow in the treasury, and taking it out for bounties makes it necessary that larger sums shall be paid in; and as the farmers, being the most numerous class, either directly or indirectly pay most of the taxes, they in the end would be the principal sufferers.

ern communities, and against the best interests of his own immediate commonwealth. He led the movement in the last Congress in opposition to the Mills Bill, (the reader of THE RECORDER, will remember that we published Mille's address to the farmers of Texas last June,) which was calculated to afford some relief to the burdened taxpayers of the country. But Mr. Allison's constituents were not so blind as he supposed, and the indignant farmers of Iowa came very near defeating his re-election. The result was that Mr. Allison began to discover that he was wrong on the tariff issue, and he now seems anxious to have his former friends believe that he looks at matters in that connection in the light that is altogether new and improved. But who seriously questions that, having secured a renewal of his seat in Congress, he will be less the servant of the monopolists than heretofore? As long as he retains his present political affiliations he cannot be otherwise.

A similar, and perhaps more striking case is furnished by Iowa's next door neighbor, the State of Minnesota. The present Governor of that State was elected as an avowed protectionist. His majority was not large, and there is every probability that if he were to run again upon the same platform he would be defeated, and by the farmer vote. There are said to be nearly eight hundred branches of the Farmers' Alliance in that State, and all are more or less imbued with tariff reform ideas. The effect of this situation upon Minnesota's governor is, that he has suddenly seen a wonderful light. Instead of now holding, as he declared during the recent campaign, that "it is immaterial, practically, what things are protected and what is the amount of protection," he has just given utterance to the following sentiments before a farmers' convention: "The expenses of administration have to be borne, but in my judgment the necessary revenue for the purpose should fall upon the shoulders able to bear it. Tax the silks, the diamonds, the liquor, and tobacco, and remove it from those necessary articles most widely diffused in their use. Selling our products, as we do, in competition with the markets of the world, and compelled, as we now are, to accept unremunerative prices, the people should not be hampered by legislation effected for the benefit of any special classes, which deprives them of an inconsiderable portion of the fruits of their toil. The tax levied upon articles of food of various kinds, as well as upon many staples of common requirements, is a burden upon every farmer of the State, and the laws governing these levies should be changed or nullified at the earliest practicable moment. It is certain that the Western farmer should be relieved from taxes that are instituted in the interest of any particular locality, industry, or aggregation of capital."

Does Polk belong to the Alliance, or does the Alliance belong to Polk? This question just now seems both proper and pertinent, because he is trying to create the impression that he is the Alliance, and that everything said in disparagement of him is an attack on the Alliance. With all due deference to the "Karnel" we do most emphatically insist that he lacks a great deal of being the Alliance, and we would even mildly suggest that probably the Alliance could get along as well without him as with him. But he might not be able to get along so well without the Alliance, if the future may be judged by the past. Before he joined the Alliance he had signally failed at everything he had undertaken, and was in a most impetuous condition. But now after holding a lucrative office in the Alliance he has just had a handsome dwelling built at Raleigh, and is drawing a salary of \$3,000 a year. How many other members of the Alliance have been so fortunate? Doubtless it would please him very much for the members of the Alliance to think that he was their own peculiar champion, and that he was being persecuted as a martyr for their sakes, and all the while drawing a big salary. But there are too many intelligent members of the Alliance, for them to be beguiled into any such ridiculous idea. The more when he attacks Zeb. Vance, and the latter's friends in turn attack him, it will not do for him to try to hide behind the Alliance, and claim that the Alliance is being attacked. It is not fair or manly, nor is it true. None of Vance's friends have made any attack on the Alliance, or said a single word in disparagement of that grand organization. Indeed many of Vance's best friends and warmest advocates are true and staunch members of the Alliance, and they are members from principle and not for office. Can this be said of Polk?—Chatham Record.

The number of newspapers published in all countries is estimated at 41,000, 24,000 appearing in Europe.

THE JEWSHARP OF THE OZARKS.

A Lover Practices His Songs in the Arkansas Mountains.
Arkansas Standard.
The sun had just broken over the tops of the Ozarks one warm morning in July. The mist that always settles thickly over these half mountains with the nightfall was going to pieces and disappearing as the sun rose higher, leaving the green and dense verdure heavy and wet with the dew. In a cozy nook on a log overhanging the wild little stream that dashed down from a gushing spring above, a native was seated earnestly playing a jewsharp. He twanged the vibrant metal with his thumb, keeping time by splashing one of his bare feet in the clear water. After ten minutes, during which time the sun had got high enough to shine straight in his eyes, he took the harp from his mouth and, wiping it on the leg of his trousers, exclaimed:
"That! Ef that don't settle'er, what will?"
Before he had spoken another word a stranger stepped from behind a big tree and addressed him:
"That was the best tune I ever heard played on one of those instruments."
The mountaineer looked at the stranger a moment and then, drawing himself up in a knot on the log, said:
"D'ye mean it, mister?"
"Mean it? Of course. Why do you ask?"
"It's like this, mister. Yer see I hev been jest on the age o' jinnin' th' Simpson gal, over'n th' holler, fer more'n er yar, an' when th' poppin' time kem, she up an' says thet I kaint hav'er less I kin play ther jews'p. I bin practicin' hyar on this log fer nigh a month now, I reckon, ev'ry day in th' mornin' fore sunup, an' I wuz thinkin' ez I sot hyar, ez ef I did get th' hank o' it purty soon, it'd be good-by, Sal. But yer made me feel better, stranger, an' ef yer roun' these parts nex' week jes drop over on the slope 'cross th' way an' ye kin be my best man."

As the stranger moved on down the path the mountaineer struck up his tune again and played with a vim that was evidence that the stranger had been telling him the truth.
Along with the fiddle, the jewsharp still ranks high as a musical instrument in the mountain regions of Arkansas and Missouri. A native who can't play the jewsharp is looked upon as having very poor prospects.

SUNBURN AVOIDED.

Imitate the North Africans and Blacken the Face Thoroughly.
From the Table.

The fair sex often seek eagerly for a preventative against sunburn. Some researches made by Dr. Robert Bowles have resulted in the discovery of an infallible one, but one which, I am afraid, the woman with even the most beautiful complexion will find too exacting in its conditions.
It is an acknowledged fact that sun on snow burns more quickly than on rocks or in heated valleys at a low elevation, and Dr. Bowles remarks that sunlight reflected from freshly snow acts much more energetically on the skin than that reflected from older snow. One brilliant day he painted his face brown and ascended the Gorner Grat, where there was much snow. There were about eighty others making the ascent. In the evening all excepting Dr. Bowles were smarting from the effects of sunburn. He points out that in Morocco and all along the north of Africa the inhabitants blacken themselves round the eyes to avert ophthalmia from the glare of the hot sand. In Fiji the natives abandon their red and white stripes when they go fishing on the reef in the full glare of the sun and blacken their faces. In the Sikkim hills also the natives blacken themselves round the eyes as a protection from the glare of the sun on newly-fallen snow. Dr. Bowles concludes that heat is not the direct cause of sunburn, but that it is probably caused by the violet or ultra-violet rays of light which are reflected from the snow.

VANCE IS ALL RIGHT.

(Monroe Register.) (Alliance organ.)
Col. Polk is doing the Alliance no good by his unjust attacks on Senator Vance. Vance's record for thirty years is familiar to the people of North Carolina, and every intelligent man in the State knows that he has been faithful to the many high trusts committed to him. When Col. Polk asks the sensible members of the Alliance to believe that Senator Vance is an enemy to them he offers an insult to their intelligence.
I know her fact is very plain—
It goes against my will;
But the fact she's her rich pa's child
To me is plainer still.—Phil. Times

KNOCK BOLDLY.

"BRING GOOD NEWS AND KNOCK BOLDLY."
Youth's Companion.

Saying Something and Nothing.
The conversation of the best bred people is delightfully free from personalities. "What did she talk about?" asked one lady of a friend who had just made a call upon a newcomer in the town.
"She talked of people," was the quiet answer. "She told me news about persons I had never seen and unknown to me, and called them by their Christian names."
The fact was significant; it indicated the stranger's characteristics, and settled the position which she was thereafter to occupy in the place.
Sometimes mere carelessness prompts such personal gossip, and again it springs from poverty of mind.
"I didn't have anything to say," replied a worthy old lady whose husband had rebuked her for entertaining some guests with personalities, "and I had to say something."
So that "something" becomes gossip, and gossip degenerates into scandal. One cannot always remember that good breeding as well as the Christian religion requires him to consider things and ideas rather than people.
A gentle and kindly old minister had rather an alarming way of checking the conversation when it touched personality.
"Of course," he would say when a parishioner told him "in confidence" some tale which detracted from the reputation of another, "of course I shall feel at liberty to tell him exactly what you say. He ought to know for his own good." And after that depressing threat the tale bearer was usually very willing to hold his peace.
The well bred man not only refrains from speaking evil, but seems to notice it when it assails his own name. The daring motto belonging to the Keiths of Scotland, "They say. What they? Let them say!" is that of gentlemen the world over.

It should be the resolution of every guest in any house to carry thither no shred of personal gossip. On the great archway of an English residence are inscribed the words:
"Bring good news, and knock boldly."
There is none living among us who will not be the better for resolving to carry his hosts not only good news, but clean speech, and with that upon his lips he may indeed "knock boldly."
THE FAILURE OF CROPS IN THE WEST.
Bishop Fitzgerald in the Nashville Advocate of the 6th inst., thus describes the effect of the severe drought:
"The effects of the long, drought were distressingly visible in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. We only got glimpses of St. Louis and Kansas City. Wide, flat, fertile Kansas, we found in a bad way. Leagues upon leagues of corn fields were 'burnt up' as the farmers expressed it, by the drought; they were as yellow as broom-sedge and as dry as tinder. In many places, the failure is total. They were cutting the blasted stalks for fodder in many fields, but in others the stalks were not worth cutting. The farming outlook was not cheerful. I liked the spirit of one citizen who, in reply to some remark concerning the blasted corn-crop, said thankfully, 'We made lots of good wheat.' It is good to mix gratitude with even our sorest griefs.
Kansas looks like a vast level farm. The sight of a Tennessee forest, hill, or cool spring would have been refreshing that hot, sultry day as we rolled on mile after mile with the parched fields stretching way on either side until the tired eyes ached. Next year it is likely that this desert will bloom again as a garden. Kansas is a land of extremes, one year having a great drought, and the next a great harvest."

Richmond State: A Georgia editor, in resigning a country post-office, writes: "The receipts of the last month have been \$6.40, the rent \$4 and clerk hire \$10. Being a Democrat, we can no longer get our consent to hold office under a Republican administration, hence, we resign."

Greensboro Patriot: The people of Western North Carolina are considerably excited over what they term the "Smoking Peaks," 212 miles east of Asheville. If it is not caused by a young volcano, it must be one of our illicit distilleries. There is a rumor in New York that President Cleveland contemplates moving to Massachusetts. "Nothing definite can be learned however. Mr. Cleveland is the choice of the Southern Democracy for President in 1892, whether he lives in Massachusetts or New York."