

"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."

The Durham Recorder.

America discovered by Columbus, 1492.
THE RECORDER established Feb. 20th, 1820.
"My age is as a lusty winter, frosty, but kindly."

VOL. 71.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 8 - 1890.

NO 41

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 5 cents in stamps. Address Dr. Parker's Medical and Surgical Institute, 151 North Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn. Aug.-27 ly.

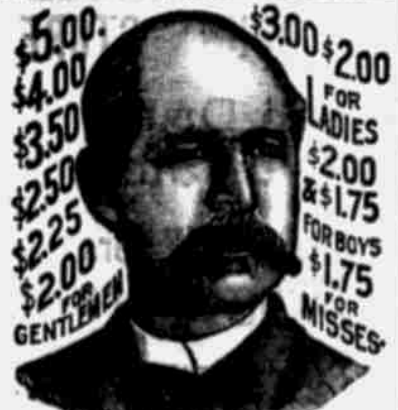
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We carry in stock everything you can find in any general store.
We carry large stocks of **W. L. DOUGLASS Shoes, Satter & Lewis & Co.'s Shoes.**

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ABSOLUTELY SAFE! PERFECTLY ODERLESS!
Burns in any Lamp without danger of Exploding or taking fire. See that you get the genuine. For sale by BALTIMORE UNITED OIL CO., RICHMOND, VA.

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THE MOST APPROVED and WHOLESOME BEVERAGE IN THE WORLD.
Ask your Druggist or Grocer for it.
C. E. HIRES, PHILADELPHIA.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength U. S. Government Report Aug 17 1889

Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by N. M. JOHNSON & Co., Druggist Durham, N. C.

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We keep constantly on hand Religious Books, School Books and Stationary. We make a specialty of

BOOKS FOR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

All of which we sell at NET PRICES for cash. We keep a full supply in stock. A large assortment of BIBLES, POCKET BIBLES, OXFORD TEACHERS BIBLES and FAMILY BIBLES.

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Main Street, Durham, N. C.

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Fall Term opens Wednesday, August 27, 1890. Spring term, Monday, Jan. 5, 1891. Handsome new building, experienced teachers, low tuition, board at \$8.00 in refined, cultured, Christian homes, healthful and morally pure village; boys and girls attend perfectly safe here.

Write for a neat catalogue at once.
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MEDICAL COLLEGE OF VIRGINIA.
RICHMOND.

53rd Session Commences Wednesday, October 1st, 1890. Continues Six Months.

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Follow the Crowd to Lockhart's Banner Warehouse.
You will find it Headquarters of Durham for Buyers and Planters. Durham stands Head and Shoulders above any town or city in North Carolina.

SHE ACKNOWLEDGES THE LEAD TO NONE.

Her pluck and get up and get has made her what she is. Look at her Graduated Schools, her Colleges, Electric lights, Street Railway, her Railroads, sixteen passenger trains daily: Gussos factory, Cotton, Wooden Mills, Land Companies, with capital stock of millions of dollars. We have three banks equal to all demands that can be made on them; in fact, they have more surplus capital than has ever before been known in the history of Durham.

DURHAM, as a Tobacco Market, is known all over this broad land. No market can boast of the advantages she has. With over 50 regular Buyers; more than 100 large and magnificent houses for handling leaf tobacco, to say nothing of her factories. She is in possession of two the Largest concerns of the kind, in the world, any pays more revenue to the Government than any Tobacco Market in the South. These are facts. Think about them.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Company, for the manufacture of Smoking Tobacco, used last year over 6,000,000 pounds of Leaf Tobacco, and the indications are that

EIGHT MILLION POUNDS will be used this year. Their business is increasing and spreading constantly. This concern will have their own buyer on every sale.

W. Duke, Sons & Co., manufacturers of Smoking Tobacco and Cigarettes, are firm believers in Durham. They used last year between

EIGHT AND NINE MILLION POUNDS of Leaf Tobacco, and as an indication of their intention to use more the coming year, they are now building an enormous Storage House in connection with their already large and magnificent house, with a frontage 125 feet, a depth of over 212 feet, and four stories high. Their regular buyer is on every sale with instructions to pay more for Tobacco on this market than any market in or out of the State. They will make things lively! If this does not sound like business, what does?

What does all this mean? It means in plain words, Durham is Headquarters of all Tobacco Market.

John S. Lockhart, proprietor and owner of the Banner Warehouse, bought this year 750,000 pounds of Wrappers, Cutters, Fillers and Smokers, and wants 1,500,000 pounds next year. This means he must have it, and will not try to see how low he can buy it, but how much he can pay for it.

Farmers, sell your Tobacco where it comes in direct contact with the manufacturer. Where your Tobacco is bought and paid for, put on the drays and taken direct to the factory. You have saved the money paid middle men to buy and ship your stock here.

Who pay the order men? The Farmer.

Who pays for pricing? The Farmer.

Who pays the freight after it is bought? The Farmer?

Now, to save this expense, come to Durham, sell your Tobacco at the Old Reliable Banner Warehouse, where you will find every attention and get the outside value of your Tobacco, and then go on your way rejoicing that you have been to Durham, seen the sights, and sold with Lockhart.

Empty Hogsheads and Tierses furnished at any point on the Railroad.

Correspondence solicited.
Yours truly,
JOHN S. LOCKHART,
Proprietor.

RALPH D. WILLIAMS,
Formerly of Danville, Va.
General Manager.

Harrisburg Patriot: Rev. Dr. D. H. Wheeler, president of Allegheny College, thinks Delamater ought to be elected because "he goes to church on Sunday and identifies himself with the good causes of the community." According to Dr. Wheeler's theology if a man goes to church on Sunday it doesn't make any difference how he puts in his week days.

QUICKSANDS OF TORO

A DANGEROUS MAN.

"He Wants Me to Marry for Money."
Belmont Magazine.

The story properly begins at midnight on the San Luis, Obispo coast, California, twenty years ago, when the September moonlight shone down upon Stoner's cattle ranch, near the Pacific Ocean, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains.

Stoner had been a Texas Ranger, and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier community. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region, years before, had brought her to the rocky California coast, and had purchased a settler's claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

Here he farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands, and kept a sort of a rude hotel; for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, twenty miles south, to the northern settlements in the pines. He had five daughters too, the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of seventeen. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark-eyed, half-Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all the news that was afloat, and somehow, most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly, and patient, secret in his methods, and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and his four elder daughters were uneducated, and in complete subjection to his will. But Tessa had more brains and energy than all the others put together, and quite as much beauty, so that the old Texan Ranger took a certain pride in her, and had even allowed her to attend a distant school for two years.

This midnight, when, as I have said, the story begins, a person of a prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performances in progress around the Stoner adobe. On the north side of the house, quite in the shadow, Tessa was leaning from her window, conversing in low tones with a blond, fair-haired, and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, you do not know my father. He is not the careless, warm-hearted man you suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, but if he is, he will not speak to you or to me about it. But if he knew that you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has other plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the school-teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character, and was already popular in the county that he had just been elected sheriff, although the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking, a scene of a far different nature was being enacted on the south side of the old adobe, which overlooked a deep ravine, and a camp of five or six men in a field below. For several years these men had spent their summers there, ostensibly hunting, fishing, and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Everyone knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old raw-hid chair, outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, sinewy, grizzled night-owl of a man. "That infernal knuckle-head at the camp ought to have reported before now," he thought to himself, as he smoked.

A man came out of the brush and spoke deferentially:
"Capt'n, good-evenin'."
"You're late."
"Dick was shot."
"Well?"

"Just as the driver threw off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck and shoulder."
"He mustn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the Point, and leave him in the cave there."
"Yes, capt'n."
"How much was aboard?"
"About two thousand dollars for the Josephine miners."
"Send it over the cliff before morning, and I'll divide it up soon. But you be extra careful; that new sheriff is a smart one."
"All right, capt'n;" and the man went back to the camp.

A moment later, just as Stoner was going into the house, there was the slow thud of a horse's hoofs, and Tom Warren, the young sheriff, rode down the trail, around the corner of the old adobe building, into

the main county road that lay to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "Go, go, this minute Tom."

Impossible as Stoner was, he felt a little startled by the sight. "Where in the devil did you come from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no; not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains, and took the short trail home, down Cayucos."

This was plausible enough, for there was a blind trail that entered the canon just east of the angle of the house. Stoner felt a little relieved.

"Won't you put up, and stay with us all night?"
"No, Mr. Stoner, I must go down to Keastral to see friends there. It's only an hour's ride."
"That settles it," thought Stoner.

"Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces, and is going for help." He sat and smoked, and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to shoot the fellow," he said to himself.

"Well, good-by, Stoner," said Warren, suddenly; "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?"

"Perfectly safe only when you cross Toro Creek, keep on the sand-bar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there to-day."

"Thank you. Adios."
Simple, smiling speech, those words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet of pistol or pellet of secret poison.

Stoner took an extra twig of brandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward, and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were fifty to three hundred feet high, and full of wave-worn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts throbbled with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would lift her into happier and better circumstances. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her, and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared, in the midst of sand-dunes, breakers rolling in, and the steady river flowing out. Here was the long sand-bar, ten feet wide, and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the watery surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicions of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sand-bar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long-compact bar, and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light-footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward; he had crossed sand-bars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods as he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heart-breaking, breathless descent, noiseless but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down; and the soft, slimy sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes utter.

Tom knew the peril. He had thrown his feet from the stirrups and drawn them up at the first downward throbb, but the sand began to grasp him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water were running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggle to escape.

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly, resistlessly, the mighty force drew him downward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt his horse sink out of sight; the sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Two inches more, and the end by suffocation was inevitable. Up to this time he had not shouted; only his horse's wild death-scream had told of the tragedy. What was the use? Who would be passing along that lonely road? Then he thought of Tessa, and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help, again and again repeated.

Far off, along the deep ravine, came a cry in response, and a horse's hurrying feet; and hope awoke in his heart. The margin of life was five minutes now—not longer. Faster, faster, O fearless rider.

"Tom, where are you?"

"Here, Tessa; don't come too near."

But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping down-stairs for a drink of water she had heard her father's words to Warren, had thrown a shawl about her shoulders and run to the pasture. Then she caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back, seized a riata as she passed the stable, and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine, hoping against hope, for many minutes had necessarily elapsed since Warren started.

She sprang to the ground and tossed the rawhide rope to the one arm he held above the sand. She folded her shawl and put it over her horse's shoulders, and tied the riata around like a collar. Then she led him slowly away from the quicksands, and Warren thought his arm would break; but slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him to-day that the bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa, go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us be married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared, leaving his family, the ranch, and the livestock. It was said that he made the best of his way to Mexico, and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a pasty they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis, Obispo, cottage, with orange-trees over it, and La Marque rose on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.

\$30,000 WORTH

Of West Lynchburg Lots Sold Yesterday to Home Parties.
(Lynchburg Advance.)

\$30,000 worth of West Lynchburg lots were sold in a lump yesterday to a number of well-known citizens who clubbed together in the purchase. The sale was a bona fide one and at the prices fixed by the Company, the purchasers taking alternate lots from among those not in the hands of real estate agents. In order to "take fair" with the agent the Company will collect the usual commission on the sale and divide it among them.

We learn that the sale of another large block of these lots (\$40,000 worth) is on the tapis and is likely to be consummated to-day.

To paraphrase Sam Jones, "Don't you forget it—Lynchburg is a comin'!"

We drove out to West Lynchburg last evening behind the fine boys of Messrs. Cosby & Menefee. Things are rushing on there. It is a revelation to behold and is inspiring to the highest degree. Two gentlemen in the same vehicle brought a dozen lots on the drive. The danger is that there won't be enough left when the great sale comes on. Truly has the flood-tide set in which leads to fortune.

Lancaster Examiner: During all these later years Ex Senator Emory sat silent, making no attempt to condemn Mr. Delamater at the bar of public opinion or in the criminal courts of the Commonwealth. Now Mr. Emory comes to the front and challenges Mr. Delamater to prove a negative—to sue him, the ex-Senator! The public prosecutor should be Emory himself if he has any faith in his charges.

Norristown Herald: Pettison is unfortunate in his votes, in his strong free trade proclivities, in his general bad management of public affairs during his administration of public affairs. The enmity of the Wallace faction of his party is an additional load—enough to overthrow even an otherwise popular candidate. It will make his defeat in November all the more overwhelming.

Pottsville Miners' Journal.—Mr. Blaise is said to be of the opinion that the Republican party will have to unload Quay or be unloaded by the people. President Harrison quietly entertains the same opinion; so do the Honorables John Sherman, George F. Hoar, George F. Edmunds, John C. Spooner, Joseph R. Hawley and one or two other leaders who lead.

The only question seems to be as to how and when the dumping is to be done.

Chester Times: It is quite a fashion for old men to leave a recipe accounting for the longevity. The oldest man in England spanned out his life, he says, by plenty of oatmeal, whisky, tobacco and fresh air. It should be noticed that the last article came dirt cheap.

A NEW RAILROAD.

A MUCH TALKED OF SCHEME DEVELOPED—SURVEYORS AT WORK BETWEEN MURPHY AND DAYTON.

A Charter Already Procured—Chattanooga to Join in the Prosecution—Fine Farming and Mineral Lands to be Brought into Market and Developed.
[Dayton Times.]

The Times has of late received several private communications making inquiries as to certain mysterious horse back riders and others, which indicated that a new railroad was heading towards Dayton. Gradually these indications have assumed a tangible shape, as to-day's developments show. The Times learns from trustworthy sources that men prominent in railroad circles, among them some enterprising Chattanooga men, notably Dr. N. L. Mays, J. G. Oarler and others, have already procured a charter for a railroad from Murphy, N. C., down the Hiwassee river to the Tennessee, thence through the coal fields at Fiedmont and Dayton, with a branch or main line to Chattanooga. Whether or not a junction will be made with the Cincinnati Southern or an independent line built to the latter city remains for an after consideration. However that may be, the new road is regarded by the projectors as a certainty. Men have for months been working on different rights of way, which are easily procured. There will be but few heavy cut or fills to make on the line, as all the routes chosen lie mostly between ridges from this city to the Hiwassee river, nor will there be many heavy grades along that river from its mouth to Murphy.

The road when built will pass through many rich farming and mineral lands, and will develop untold hidden wealth which will always find a ready market.

In North Carolina it will pass over veins of magnetic and specular ores, mica, talc, slate, copper, granite, free-stone, and various other useful metals and stones. In Tennessee it will cut the Coker creek gold fields, the Starr's mountain brown hematite, the Connesauga, Ochsena, Betanellie and White Oak mountain leads of red ore, lithographic stones, marble, lead, fine farming lands and timber, all of which will need the coal and the farm products of a valley heretofore cut off from the world. The incorporators are negotiating with the company that built the Knoxville Southern and the matter of constructing the line or lines is being considered by them.

This road will cross the Knoxville Southern at the head of the Savannah farm on Hiwassee river, and the East Tennessee at Charleston, and tap the Tennessee river at some suitable points.

CAN'T BOTTLE THEM.
That the Western North Carolina road will reach Murphy in a very short time everybody knows, but not to hitch up here as some would think. An organization such as the Richmond and Danville are not addicted to bottling themselves up, having the stopper ramed in and sealed. No indeed. The R. & D. will have the best connections that money can secure and we are of the candid opinion that when the W. N. C. reaches Murphy it will take a "bee line" for Chattanooga, and in order to do this it will require the adoption of the route via Ducktown and down the Ocoee river. This route is decidedly the most direct and practicable, as has been demonstrated by numerous surveys. The Engineer who made a survey of this route for the late Capt. J. E. Rahl, of Ducktown copper fame, informed us that the Ocoee river route was exceedingly easy and cheap to build for a mountainous country.

A road from Murphy to Chattanooga via the Ducktown and Ocoee route, and one from here to the same city via the Hiwassee Gap route will give Murphy two of the finest developing roads that could possibly be constructed. The two roads would be almost independent of each other with the exception of the item of through freights.

By the completion of the Knoxville Southern Railway we are now enabled to reach Knoxville in less than ten hours. It is rumored that that road will build a branch from Hiwassee Gap to Chattanooga and also a line up the river to Murphy provided they could get control of the charter now held by a syndicate for no other purpose, it is believed, other than speculation. As there is always a remedy, if taken in due time, for any disease, we would suggest as a cure for this malady that the next legislature of North Carolina be petitioned to repeal the present Hiwassee Railroad charter, and thereby throw the gate wide open to the Knoxville Southern or any other company that desires to build the line to Murphy. The general interests of this people needs protection regardless of the speculative desires of any individual or set of individuals.