

In health or sickness, joy or woe,
Or rich or poor, or high or low,
Still wand'ring thought will fondly go
To February 20th 1820.

THE DURHAM RECORDER.

When riper years reflection brings,
And all must share life's care and stings,
Still mem'ry with affection clings,
To February 1820.

VOL. 71. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 24, 1890. NO 52

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The man who invented seamless stockings is dead, but the man who makes tight shoes is alive and working full time.

FARTHING & DUKE.
WHOLESALE
Dealers in
Groceries, Dry Goods,
Notions, Clothing, etc

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.

OLD HICKORY
and Piedmont Wagons and Road Carts.
Ober's Fertilizer—The National and Durham Bull Fertilizers.

FARTHING & DUKE
DURHAM.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are made in his name and price stamped on bottom.



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
\$3.00 for Ladies
\$2.50 for Boys
\$2.25 for Misses

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
\$3.00 for Ladies
\$2.50 for Boys
\$2.25 for Misses

FARTHING & DUKE
Main St., Durham, N. C.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Jackson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. I have advised intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
E. W. F. Parker, M. D., "The Wintthrop," 115th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.
Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.
THE CHERRY COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

POETRY.

LOVE'S LANGUAGE.

Her lips have never yet betrayed
Her heart to me, but O!
What care I tho' she never tell
What I already know?
What care I tho' in common speech
Her love she ne'er confess,
When e'en her very voice doth come
To me as a caress?
What matters words, when but to take
Her hand in mine doth start,
Strange little thrills—each one to me
A message from her heart?
What need have I of words, perdy,
Who read as in a book,
Love write in ev'ry tender line,
In ev'ry timid look?
In vain with silence doth she seal
Above them, and, but now, I swear,
She kissed me with her eyes!

The Value of Small Farming

Little things sometimes amount to more than great things. Australia furnishes a fine illustration of it. The value of the milk produced last year in the colony of Victoria was \$23,000,000. The butter and cheese were valued at \$15,000,000. Thirty years ago Victoria's only attraction was gold. Nothing else was thought of. The gold mined in 1889 amounted to only \$5,000,000, less than one-seventh the value of the dairy's output. A great export of butter and cheese has begun to England, and a new source of wealth for Victoria is promised.

Such lessons as this should not be lost upon the South. Of course cotton, tobacco, rice, sugar and corn will remain her staple products, and as long as there is a small population spread over great areas the major part of agricultural industry will be diverted toward the cultivation of a few great staples, whether it be in the South or West. But as people begin to cluster in the cities and towns, dairying, gardening and small farming will gradually and profitably usurp the cotton and tobacco lands, and we will be much the better for it.

The Southern farmer raises what his land, his market and the quality of his labor are best fitted for. With the growth of cities in his section and the improvement of means of transportation, enabling him to reach the great Northern markets in convenient time, he can devote more of his attention to those miscellaneous small products which collectively amount to much. And with the removal of the tariff and the opening of Europe to him such industries would be given another tremendous impetus.

The absence of any considerable cities in the South has unquestionably been a bad thing, considered in an economical sense, for the Southern farmer. Every producer needs all the markets he can get, whether near or far, whether home or foreign, and while the South has been able to sell her great staples, under certain tariff restrictions, she has not had much to develop the small industries. A large city supports a vast circle of people, other than its inhabitants. The city is dependent upon the country, and the country upon the city. Especially is a city needed to consume the surplus products of the dairy and the garden, and to put the money in circulation for them. The South is getting there now, and she wants the whole world in addition as a market. Then she will grow wealthy and the great farmer and the small farmer alike will find prosperity.

A Darkey's Idea of the Force Bill.

An old negro came to a friend of ours the other day and said: "Boss, what is dat force bill I hears dem talkin' so much about?"
Our friend explained the Lodge bill to him in the simplest way he could command. After the explanation was concluded, the old man held his head on one side, and chewed his tobacco reflectively for a minute or two; and then delivered himself to the following effect:
"Hit 'pears to me dey's fixin' ter git some more niggers killed."

SITTING BULL'S DEATH.

Details of the Fight With Sitting Bull

STANDING ROCK AGENCY, Dec. 17.—The following are the actual details of the fight in which Sitting Bull was killed: The police, under Bull Head, Lieutenant of Police, Shave Head, First Sergeant, went into camp near Sitting Bull's village on the night of the 14th, and the next morning went into Bull's camp and made the arrest. Sitting Bull expressed his willingness to go with them, but wanted to make some preparations for the ride, and ordered his horse to be gotten ready.

While Bull Head and Shave Head were in the shack where the old chief was getting ready, two hicks, enveloped in blankets, entered the shack, and, throwing off their blankets, opened fire on the police.

Sitting Bull's wife had gone out and set up a bowl, which seems to have been the signal for the assault. In the fight which followed Red Tomahawk killed Sitting Bull. Ten or more of Sitting Bull's followers were killed. Seven police were killed and Bull Head and Shave Head were desperately wounded.

The police were now surrounded, but at this juncture Captain Fehet with his Gatling gun and a Hotchkiss, reached the scene and attacked the Indians, who, after an hour and a half of hot skirmishing, took to flight and disappeared in the timber.

The camp with the dead and wounded was taken at once. Occasional shots were exchanged between the troops and ambushed hostiles during the day. The officers and men under the gallant Fehet, who is a man of experience and unquestioned bravery, acted with courage and good judgment. The hostilities have gone up the Grand river and will undoubtedly make their way to the camps at Pine Ridge.

The casualties were as follows: Police killed—Little Eagle, Broken Arm, Bull Head was mortally wounded, Shave Head badly wounded and Alexander Middle wounded in the leg.

Hostiles killed—Sitting Bull, Crow Foot, Sitting Bull's son, Brave Thunder and his son, Catch the Bear, Black Bear, Little Assinaboine and Spotted Horn Bull.

Death of Sitting Bull.

So the wily Indian chief has bitten the dust. He was killed in battle by the pale face, and died as he doubtless wished to die—though he was not unwilling to postpone that event. Sitting Bull has been considered a very crafty, treacherous Indian. So he was, but let us be chary in denunciation of him, for he was dealing with a crafty and treacherous Government. If the Indian is treacherous has not the United States Government been treacherous in all its dealings with the Indian? Hasn't he been swindled time after time? The Indian agents are sent to him as representing the United States Government; and they have robbed him of even his rations and clothing. These are facts better known to the Indian than to any other people, and they are not denied by any officers who have a good opportunity of detecting some of the meanness practiced upon the Indians by the agents. Sitting Bull was the head of this Indian opposition. He rebelled, and he ought to have rebelled.

Twilight Reflections.

All day and all night is full of peace. The fever of the earth is gone, and we are no longer driven to dreamy indolence as the only resource from combustion or liquefaction. We may shut the windows now, with no hum of the industry outside to irritate or distract us. Only a little, while ago we had no evenings—now there are three or four hours for the books and the stars before bedtime. There are even new signs of a general housing; the wasp crawls feebly up and down the pane with all his fiery pluck gone out of him; the cricket sings in new quarters which he has found somewhere in the room; the great, ugly, moribund insects cling to the wall, and the beetles and the butterflies have passed into the reasonable stage of their metamorphosis. We, too, who are insects of a larger growth, find it comfortable to sit in the sun and to moralize. Winter is at hand. For us the springtime of life with its budding fancies many have gone; for us the summer of passion and the fruition of autumn; the hard season may be so near that already we feel its frozen breath. Pleasant and profitable before we go may be these same calm enjoyments of autumn. We may dream over again the old dreams; smile at our large promise and little performance, and wonder why nature should plant so much more wisely and generously, and harvest so much more plentifully than we. Only a little while all this life of the year will be gone; the forest will be naked; the streams frozen, the skies laden, the air full of sleet and fog. Only a few days and this bounding and rejoicing existence of ours will change to inertia and the immobility of the tomb. Well is it for us if our autumn can be one wise husbandry—a harvest festival of the affections, brilliant with the fruits of a generous life, and freshened by the flower of good deeds which will last our time at least. So we pass gracefully through the inevitable. So with every deep sigh we may join "the innumerable caravan" and bid the earth which has been so good to us, a cherry farewell.

At Roanoke, Va., on the 17th inst., snow fell to the depth of over thirty inches. The blacksmith shop of the Roanoke Machine Works gave way beneath the snow on the roof. Fire broke out in the debris, and the confusion caused by the whistles of the works and the numerous bells of the engines on the yards of buildings beggars description. The fire department rallied but their reels could not be dragged through the streets. The hose was put on a wagon and soon the flames were quenched. Attention was turned to the unfortunate people caught beneath the wreck. One boy was killed and several men badly hurt. The shop was about 150 feet in length filled with costly machinery and shafting.

"Do you mean to say Russians eat tallow?"
"Yes, what's terrifying about it?"
"What? Why it's candleless."

"Do you think marriage a failure?"
"Perhaps not," he replied sadly, "but so far trying to get a divorce is."

Warrenton Gazette: Even the girls are casting to the winds those old fogy and contemptible notions about the disgrace of hard work and are making themselves true, noble women, showing the world that they are not ashamed to engage in honorable work and to make an honest penny—"The old town is certainly coming."

Wilmington Star: A blinding snow storm put in an appearance at Asheville almost simultaneously with the Immigration Convention. This demonstrates the fact that Asheville has not only a broad expanse of climate but that she can on special occasions get up a first-class snow storm. In matters of this kind Asheville don't propose to be left.

Wife. "Do you believe coal dealers go to heaven when they die?"
Husband (a minister). "No, my dear, not unless they repent of their weights."—Detroit Free Press.

The greatest rogue is the pious rogue.

THE LARGEST FARM.

It is in the State of Louisiana and Contains 1,500,000 Acres.

In the extreme southwest corner of Louisiana lies the largest producing farm in the world measuring 100 miles north and south, and 25 miles east and west. It is owned and operated by a syndicate of northern capitalists. The 1,500,000 acres of the tract were purchased in 1883 from the State of Louisiana and from the United States Government.

At that time it was a vast grazing land for the cattle of the few dealers of the neighborhood over 30,000 herd of half-wild horses and cattle being thereon. Now this immense tract is divided into convenient pasture stations, or ranches, existing every six miles. The fencing alone cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000. The land is best adapted for rice, sugar, corn and cotton. All cultivating, ditching, etc., is done by steam power. A tract, say half a mile wide, is taken, and an engine is placed on each side. The engines are portable, and operate a cable attached to four plows, and under this arrangement thirty acres a day are gone over with only the labor of three men. Harrowing, planting and other cultivation is done in a like manner. There is not a single draught horse on the entire place.

Of course, horses are used for the herders of cattle, of which there are 16,000 head. The Southern Pacific railway runs for thirty-six miles through the farm. The company have three steam-boats operating on the waters of their estates, of which there are three hundred miles navigable. They have also an ice-house, a bank, a ship-yard and a rice mill.

Reading the Signs of the Times.

Our national obituary should be in the sturdy virtue of our people rather than in the variety and richness of material resources or the rapid increase of our wealth. What does the history of the dead government teach us? First, a hardy, primitive people, with few wants and great personal virtue. Then the gradual increase of wealth, the cultivation of artificial tastes, the love of luxury and the growth of effeminacy. Finally the division of the people into two great classes—the very rich and the wretchedly poor, followed by national destruction. Let us hope that such a fate will never befall our great Republic. But it cannot be denied that there are some signs pointing that way, signs that are not always hidden from the most optimistic and of which it is a patriotic duty to take notice, that the results which they foreshadow may be avoided. It is a present imperative duty to teach the rising generation that the life of a nation consists not in the abundance of its material possessions.

Happened So.

A Missouri farmer set a trap on the edge of a pond for a muskrat. A goose got a foot in it and then an eagle dropped down and seized the goose and couldn't carry her away. The man was nearby, of course, and all he had to do was to grab the eagle and run him into a coop and sell him for \$25.

Advice to Skaters.

Skating is a delightful and salutary pastime, but drowning has its disadvantages. This suggestion is intended for those who find an ample excuse for venturing on thin ice in the fear that it will never be thicker.

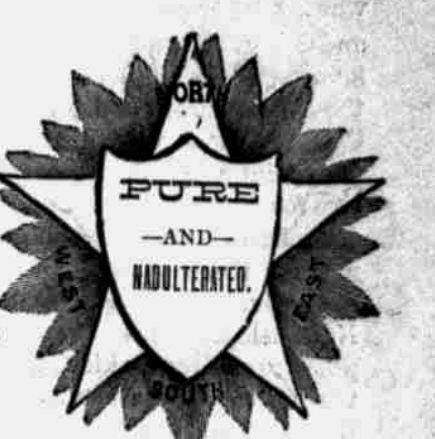
"You ought to take a mud bath for your trouble," said the doctor.

"I got one on Broadway yesterday," said the patient. "A furniture van crossing a loose car-track did the business. But I can't see that it's helped me any."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Nextdoor. "Where's your husband?"
Mrs. Athome. "Down cellar, inoculating the gas meter. He says it's consumption of gas is something awful."—Boston Traveller.

Mercer Republican: Fossils and Balm of Gilead are admitted free by the McKinley law.

THE STAR.



BAKING POWDER, THROUGHOUT THE STATE

What the People are Saying and Doing.

Winston Daily: It is astonishing to see the amount of lumber that is shipped to Winston-Salem over our several railroads.

Gov. Fowle has been invited to be present at the celebration of "Andrew Jackson Day," in Philadelphia, on January 8.

There is a project on foot to hold a big State exposition in Raleigh in 1891, and it is probable the State Fair will be merged into it.

An effort is being made to organize a tri-state base ball league in Winston, comprising teams from North and South Carolina and Virginia.

The Supreme Court, in an opinion filed on the 15th, sustained Judge Merrimon's ruling in the Marion liquor cases and the bar rooms will have to be closed.

The business agency of the State Farmers' Alliance during the first year of its existence did a business of \$324,700, and expects to double this amount the second year.

A farmer in Hyde county is the father of six children and they are all twins—three pairs—and in addition to that, the birthday of every one falls on the 6th of October.

While the workmen were engaged in clearing away the debris of the wrecked train at Swannanoa Tunnel the other day, the dead body of a man was found among some cotton bales. It was identified as the body of Wm. Ebbert, a brakeman on the Cincinnati Southern.

We hear that an earnest effort will be made at the coming session of the legislature to have a house of reformation established in connection with the penitentiary so that youthful criminals may be separated from more hardened criminals. Such an institution is much needed.

Rocky Mount Argonaut: A great many people are moving into Nash county from Granville and other old tobacco counties, to engage in the cultivation of tobacco. We are informed that Messrs. Hackney Bros. will rebuild their coach factory here in the spring, and put up first-class fire-proof buildings. We are told by the farmers that unusual preparations are being made for next year's crop. Much land is being cleared for tobacco and a very large crop will be planted.

Warrenton Gazette: Tobacco is too low to be remunerative to the farmer, and the bulk of the crop is hardly paying expenses of production, if so much it seems to be admitted, however, that the crop is not near so good as it promised to be, while on the hill, having neither the expected texture nor color. But the best tobacco, excepting small lots, is not fetching much more than half it did last year.

Yeast. "Why is it that a loafer is like a postage-stamp?" Crimmonbeak. "Well, I suppose it is because he seems to be stuck on the corner."—Yonkers Statesman.

First Colleague. "This newspaper talk about the brutality of foot-ball is perfectly ridiculous."

Second Ditto. "Simply idiotic—hand me the arnica, will you?"—Puck.

Harrisburg Patriot: Sitting Bull's scalp dangles from the belt of death.