

THE DURHAM RECORDER.

WORDS SPOKEN MAY BE FORGOTTEN, BUT THOSE WHICH ARE WRITTEN OR PRINTED STAND RECORD.

VOL. 72.

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY APRIL 29, 1891.

NO. 16

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

W. A. SLATER & CO.

NEW FIRM! NEW GOODS.

FIRST IN THE FIELD

with Spring Opening

WE HAVE JUST OPENED A FINE STOCK OF FINE CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS.

Our line neck-wear is the prettiest you ever saw, and our line of HATS in all shapes will be sure to please you. Remember you have a special invitation to examine our stock. We trust by fair dealing to merit a share of your patronage. Be certain to give us a call when you come to Durham.

W. A. SLATER & CO
WRIGHT BUILDING, Next door to Post Office.

ROBERT SLAUGHTER

Insurance and Real Estate.
LAW BUILDING.
ROOM NUMBER 2.
Lynchburg, Va

FARTHING & DUKE.

WHOLESALE
Dealers in
Groceries, Dry Goods.

Noions, 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.

The most goods for the least money
FARTHING & DUKE.
DURHAM, N. C.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me." H. A. AMERICA, M. D., 311 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is an universal and its benefits are well known. It is a safe and intelligent medicine for all ages. It is the only medicine that does not keep children awake." CARSON MANTON, D. D., New York City, Late Pastor Bloomingdale Methodist Church.

"For several years I have recommended 'Castoria' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CURTAIN COMPANY, 17 MONROE STREET, NEW YORK.

DAVIS MUST HANG.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE COUNTRY DISMISSES HIS PLEA.

A History of the Murder For Which He is to Pay the Penalty in His Life.

Post Worth Gazette, April 19th.

J. W. Davis, the convicted murderer of the lamented B. C. Evans, has now but one possible chance for life, and that lies in executive clemency. Telegrams were received yesterday from Washington, D. C., announcing that the supreme court of the United States had granted the petition of the state of Texas and dismissed the petition of J. W. Davis on the ground that the court had no jurisdiction whatever in the case. Davis has now been tried in our district court, found guilty and the death penalty assessed. He has twice been heard by the highest court of Texas, and his execution then stayed by the supreme court of the land until yesterday, when they dismissed his petition. When the mandate from Washington is received Judge Peckham will sentence him a second time, and he will be deprived of his life by hanging.

Davis heard the news calmly; he has always been calm when spoken to on this subject. He is a constant reader of the Bible, and is seeking Divine support and comfort.

Why is J. W. Davis to be hung? The following account printed in the Gazette July 6, 1889, will tell.

The most woeful occurrence ever chronicled in the city of Fort Worth is that which took place at 3:40 yesterday afternoon in which B. C. Evans lost his life, and a whole city is plunged in grief. The blow stuns, it paralyzes, men stand aghast with horror, grief and rage while the poor, heart-broken widow weeps and the fatherless children gather about the sacred dust of the once loving parent. Better had Fort Worth been laid in ashes than that B. C. Evans should have been robbed of life in the way he was, for Fort Worth would have risen from her ashes more beautiful than ever, but the taking off of the good man, the loyal citizen, the fond husband and father, the great merchant and the promoter of public affairs cannot be undone.

At 3:40 yesterday evening J. W. Davis shot and killed B. C. Evans. Hundreds who were within a few blocks of the B. C. Evans company's establishment on Main street heard the sharp ring of a pistol fired five times with remarkable regularity, and from the interval between the shots, with apparent great deliberation. Men standing a block away could see the smoke from the pistol curling out through the entrance to the carpet department of the house and carried away by the gulf breeze. At the first shot hundreds started to the place, and when the last shot had been fired and Davis was putting the pistol in the inside breast pocket of his coat scores of men were at the store. Marshal Farmer was there, and at once took the pistol from Davis and took him in custody. Charles I. White, an employe of the company, ran to Mr. Evans, who lay on the floor of the little office in the carpet room, his head and shoulders projecting under the baize curtain, and partially lifted him up. Physicians were summoned at once, but nothing could be done and in ten minutes the soul of B. C. Evans was with the Creator. A scene of wild confusion was witnessed both in the house and on the streets. As if on the wings of the electric current the news had flown down the streets, "B. C. Evans is dead."

"B. C. Evans has been murdered!" flew from lip to lip and passed from house to house.

MEN PALE AND EXCITED

came running from every direction—the laborer, the mechanic, the banker, the lawyer, the merchant, the clerk, pressed forward to the point where the mortal remains of B. C. Evans lay. The clerk in the house came from every point and floor, and from every counter and gathered about the remains. The doors were closed hastily to keep out the crowd and hide from those without the body of the dead and the weeping employes. Yes, many wept, as there was cause, for the best friend many a man and woman in that house had would never again speak a kind word or lend a helping hand.

BREAKING THE NEWS

to the widow was a heart-rending task. Two lady relatives went at once to the family residence on Lamar street and told the wife with choking sobs that Mr. Evans was badly hurt. Then Mr. Whit Dryden, a brother of Mrs. Evans, came and told her that the injuries were severe; that the doctors had little hope; that Dr. Burts said there was no hope. And then came friends bearing the corpse of him who had been so much to her, and who but a few hours before had kissed her and his children good bye, stopping at the threshold to take little Ethel, his two-and-one-half-years old baby girl in his arms and embraced her for the last time on earth. They bore the form into the parlor and laid it gently down, and even then the widow could not believe him dead and the agonized children called for him and to him.

In another home friends came and told a stately old lady of sixty-five that her son was in jail and why he had been placed there. That boy was her all, he was her son and she wept for him. He had supported her and been kind in her old age and she grieved, she would have given her own life to have undone that day's work, but too late and the inexorable laws of time and God went on with their work.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

As far as careful and rigid investigation could arrive at the facts, they are these: Six years ago J. W. Davis entered the employ of B. C. Evans. Previous to that time he had been with the St. Louis dry good company. He was a trusted employe of Mr. Evans, who had been very kind and lenient to him on many occasions. When sick the employer had gone to see him and saw that he wanted for nothing. Davis was addicted to drinking, and Mr. Evans had repeatedly spoken to him about the evil effects of the habit and its damage to his business prospects. Davis was in the clothing department, and some time ago his drinking was so bad that he was placed in a separate department making him superior in rank to Davis and at the same time reducing his salary. Yesterday morning Davis came to the store and it is said had been drinking. Mr. Evans had a conversation with him in the morning and told Davis he could stand his drinking no longer; he must stop drinking or quit his employ; he must begin new Monday or get another place. About noon Davis went to A. J. Anderson's and bought a 41-caliber pistol, saying he wanted it to kill dogs. He returned to the store and it is evidence that he abused Mr. Evans to the other clerks and made threats against his life. About 3:15 the conduct of Davis and the threats made, induced Robert Sandidge, one of the clerks, to go to Mr. Hollingsworth, the treasurer of the company, and tell him that Mr. Evans should be warned. Not believing that Davis intended harm but feeling that if Mr. Evans were told of Davis' actions the threats of Davis would be executed, nothing was said to him and he was utterly unconscious of his danger.

Mr. Fleming, who was in the store about 3:30 talking to Mr. Evans noticed Davis walking up and down the carpet room while he was there, but thought nothing of it. He left about 3:35 and Mr. Evans seated himself in a chair at the desk in the office, and picking up yesterday's Gazette, began to read it. Mr. P. D. Hollingsworth, who was in the back part of the carpet room with Hugh Ellison saw Davis walking down the store to where Mr. Evans was seated. He turned his head for a second when he heard a shot. He faced about and saw Mr. Evans hold up the paper with both hands, and heard him say, "Don't, Davis; don't." He saw Davis fire again, and Mr. Evans fell from the chair forward on his face, Davis continuing to fire into the body of the prostrate man.

Charles I. White, the man who went in the store just after the last shot was fired, says he and Marshal Farmer entered about the same time. Farmer went to Davis, who was standing about the middle of the room, took the pistol from him and arrested him. White ran to Mr. Evans and lifted him up, the dying man gazed into his face and a gush of blood issued from

his mouth. He gasped and said, "Oh, my God." Again he gasped and the blood flowed from his mouth a second time, in a feeble voice he said: "My God," and his eyes closed and his head dropped. Mr. White says: "When I got to Mr. Evans he still had the Gazette in his hands, his right hand clutched the fifth page, his left rested on his right pocket. I gently took the paper from his hands and as I did so the blood gurgled from his throat onto my hands. I sent for blankets and we placed his head on them as a pillow. I then went for Justice Reynolds and he came and viewed the remains and took testimony as to the cause of death."

When Marshal Farmer said to Davis, "We had better get to the jail," Davis remarked, "I must get my hat," and not finding it he picked up a straw hat and told a clerk to change it to him; it wasn't his, but to change it. Arriving at the jail his shoes were taken off and he was given a pair of slippers, he removed his coat, vest and hat and was placed in a cell.

The Commercial Congress.

The Lynchburg Advances says: The proceedings of the Commercial Congress, which closed its labors at Kansas City last week, were watched with more than ordinary interest. Everybody felt a considerable degree of anxiety to know what would be its outcome. Whether its deliberations would result in the determination to form a new party, or whether the discussions would disclose practical unity in the advocacy of any fixed policy. Now that the session is over the timid may breathe more freely. Party lines are unbroken. The apprehension of a third party is set at rest for the present at least. Of course there was much diversity of opinion on many subjects, but it is gratifying to observe that there was practical unity on one point and that one of paramount importance—viz: the necessity for tariff reform. Nearly half the membership was Republican and yet protection was at a discount in the Congress. Some of the speakers tried to hedge and straddle, and inject a little of the protection poison into the resolutions, but they were rewarded with small success. The overwhelming sentiment of the body was in favor of the reduction of tariff burdens and the report of the majority had the clear Democratic ring. As was to be expected, the silver question played a prominent part in the proceedings, but it is encouraging to observe that it did not assume the place of the paramount issue. According to the indications of the Kansas Congress, tariff reform holds its place as the leading issue in the grand contest of '92. On this question, the West and the South are and will remain practically united. Under this banner they will march on to glorious triumph.

Bring in Another Mule.

Clay county, Missouri, will be represented at the World's Fair by a span of mules 18 hands high, and which weigh 3,800 pounds.

A Good Walker.

A correspondent writing from Abernethy, N. C., to the Statesville Landmark says: A well known old lady who lives in this county, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, aged 85 years, can very easily walk 18 miles in one day. There are not more than half of the young girls who can walk 18 miles in one day.

"Do extra others as you would have others do unto you" is a rule that should govern the daily life of every good citizen, whether he is a church member or not. It is a rule that embraces the whole duty of man to his fellow man in every department of life. It is a safe guide in politics, society and business. A man need never be afraid of doing wrong, under any circumstances, as long as he keeps this precept in view, and is controlled by it.

FRANK MAYO, traveling salesman, who was ejected from a Lake Erie and Western passenger train for refusing, in default of a ticket, to pay 10 cents more than the regular fare, has just recovered a verdict for \$2,000. It is a test case.

Subscribe to THE RECORDER.

FINANCIAL RUIN.

Toledo Blade.

It may be set down as a fact that the drinkin' man can never accumulate money, unless he is the fortunate possessor of a bonanza—a business that is, as to profits, beyond any consideration as to expenditure, no matter how reckless. Rum has burned a hole in his pocket which leaks faster than any ordinary business or money-making avocation will replenish it. Bankruptcy and financial ruin are inevitable. The drinking man is at a disadvantage in his business, because the money which should be used to push trade, or tide over dull times, or extend his operations into new lines or new territory, is spent for rum and in the excesses which follow in the trail of that demon. He becomes more and more involved, and tries retrenchment in all ways but the one which is his ruin. He will lop off all needless expenditure save that for rum and its attendant vices. But they are like the horse-leech's daughters; they cry, "Give, give," until the man becomes desperate; he who was reckless incidentally, now becomes reckless habitually. The crash of financial ruin comes and his course from that time is a direct plunge into habitual drunkenness, poverty, and finally death.

Reader, did you ever consider the grim fact—for fact it is—that ninety per cent. of the men engaged in legitimate lines of trade in this country fail sooner or later? And did you ever trace this back to its cause? The path-way of trade is strewn with wrecks, and nine out of ten of them were caused by rum. It should be plain to all that in these days of fierce competition in trade, the legitimate profits in any line of business are too small to stand the drain on the pocket imposed by the rum habit. Apparently the cheapest of all dissipations, drinking is the most costly. All other extravagances have a limit, but the thirst for rum is limitless. It is like the ocean which receives all the rivers of the world; yet it is never any fuller. The more you drink the more you must, and there can be but one end to both the drinker's money and his physical endurance. Rum not only cost frightfully in money, but it takes away the power to make money. It is as dangerous to a man's finances as it is to his body, his mind and his soul.

But though it is a fact that ninety per cent. of our business men fail, sooner or later, the influence of rum in causing the failure of at least nine out of every ten is not so clearly seen. We do not mean to say that these all fail because they drink up the money that should be used in business. While many do this, there are many others who do not, and yet whose downfall is just as surely the result of rum as if they had done so. To do a successful business in these rushing days, when every avenue of trade is the arena of keen competition, requires brains. It will not do that a man shall have business sagacity, that he shall be sharp in bargaining and quickwitted to avail himself of every opening for profit. He must not only be all these, but he must remain so; and he must give all his attention to business. Now, he cannot do these things and dally with rum. With many men a single glass of the infernal stuff benumbs the brain; and the man in this condition, with his mental faculties clouded with the fumes of rum, can never hope to succeed in the struggle with a competitor of equal natural ability who never touches rum, and so keeps his head clear, his wits keen, and all his faculties on the alert. He who drinks will surely fall behind, through his dulled wits. His trade asserts him, he has lost the ability he once possessed through soaking his brain in rum, and he goes to the wall. The cause is stated as "bad investment," "too great competition," "bad debts," or something similar. But these are the result of drink, and rum is really the cause of his failure.

The business man who begins to drink might just as well close up his establishment at once if he intends to continue the unequal effort to cope with rum and with his business rivals at the same time. There is no line of safety but in the entire abandonment of rum. He may keep his head above water for a few years, but the inevitable end will as surely come. Viewing these facts, is there not pertinency in

the claim that it is the highest duty of man to save his brother man from himself? This insidious devil of rum, when he once gets his claws fastened upon a victim, never loosens his hold till he has him at the mouth of the pit of hell.

Happenings in Our State Outside of Durham.

Lumberton Robesonian: There was an abundance of cotton planted in this county last week. From different sections of the county comes in the report of a hail and rain Thursday afternoon. It is said to have been the largest ever seen by the people. Gardens and orchards were badly damaged.

Carthage Blade: An old white man named Jno Maness, an inmate of the County House for the Aged and Infirm, committed suicide last Saturday afternoon by hanging. He was a lunatic, and had not been an inmate of the Home long, but ever since his entry there, had been threatening self destruction in various ways.

Asheville Citizen: J. C. Clarke of Riceville, Buncombe county killed a sheep and sold him in Asheville for \$8.58. Nine pounds of tallow were taken from the carcass worth 36 cents; before slaughtering, the sheep was sheared and five pounds of wool gotten which sold for \$1.67; the skin was worth 25 cents, making a total of \$10.86. And yet there are many people who raise more cogs than sheep.

Asheville Journal: About nine o'clock Saturday night considerable excitement was created by the report that a dead man was found in the rear of the Buck hotel. The body was standing on its head in a barrel of water. The crowd was prevented from disturbing it until the arrival of the coroner. When that official did appear it was discovered that he was about to hold an inquest over a rag man. The crowd disappeared and I have not shown up around there since.

Maxton Union: Mrs. Isabella McRae, relict of the late John McRae, died of her residence in this township Sunday morning about 6 o'clock. She was about her three score and ten.—Sam Brown and his wife, colored, show up a pretty fair average record. Sam is 77 years old and his wife is 78. They are the parents of 11 children—7 boys and 4 girls—and they have 114 living grand children and 26 dead Sam and his wife were born and raised in Robeson county.

Raleigh Chronicle: Yesterday noon, according to a notice published in several papers the Holden residence on Hargett street was sold for the benefit of the execution in favor of Mr. Josiah Turner in the old Turner-Holden suit Mr. Turner bought the property for one dollar, no one else bidding against him. Unless the sale of Mr. Holden's interest in the estate, which took place several years ago, is proven void, Mr. Turner cannot derive anything from the sale.

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AN EXCHANGE says they have invented a new kind of amusement. It is called "avoidupois party." All the girls are weighed and the weight of each girl is written on a slip of paper and put into a hat, and the young men draw. The young man must go to supper with the girl whose weight he draws and pay one-half cent per pound. It is very exciting as far as the young men are concerned, and it is great fun to see their faces when they draw a fat girl.

WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE! European physicians now insist that cows' milk is a deadly poison to the system when taken unboiled. The millions who have been drinking the lectal fluid in its natural condition for years will simply be horrified when they realize what might have been their fate. Boil the Durham reservoir water, if you wish. Take good, pure milk straight.

LAST week a facetious member introduced in the Illinois legislature a bill requiring every railroad in the state to employ a man on each train to be known as a "hog-killer," his duty being to club passengers who pay for one seat, but occupy two while other persons are standing.

R. v. Father Sherman, son of the late General Sherman, has been placed in charge, temporarily, of St. Michael's parish, in St. Louis, in place of FATHER DE ST.