

# THE DURHAM RECORDER.

State Library

WOODS SPOKEN MAY BE FORGOTTEN, BUT THOSE WHICH ARE WRITTEN OR PRINTED STANDS RECORD.

VOL. 72. DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY JUNE 3, 1891. N. O. 24

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 Off.

### ROBERT SLAUGHTER

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

### FARTHING & DUKE.

WHOLESALE  
Dealers in

Groceries, Dry Goods.

Nothings, 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 Ball 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. SHERMAN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its benefits so well known that it is a work of supererogation to endorse it. For any the medicinal qualities who do not know 'Castoria' within easy reach." H. A. SHERMAN, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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

THE CHERRY COMPANY, 17 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

### THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

#### Laughter That Make-One Forget the Daily Grind.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Why we laugh" is a question often asked, but the sources of laughter are so many and lie so far apart that it would be no light task to enumerate them. The jest has not all seasons for its own. A large and respectable class of persons are unable to recognize a joke as such, unless they see it duly labeled in the "funny column." But if you are "no such man," the veriest trifle may set you off, and cause you to quake helplessly with mirth. You grin when you find that your friend is described in the morning paper as having had "houses," instead of "honors," showered upon him; or when, in his sonnet, the "viewless train of poesy" masquerades as the "viewless train of palsy." Yet were the case your own, there would be nothing diverting in it; for no matter how robust your sense of humor may be, it will scarcely carry you far enough to make you appreciate a joke of that sort at your own expense. If a goat or a dog marches into church, a subdued titter runs through the congregation—either because of the incongruousness of such an episode, or because anything that breaks off a long continued train of thought is welcome. Intercourse with those unconscious humorists whose blunders and absurdities are treasure trove to their acquaintances yields a double sense of gratification, not only amusement, but a soothing consciousness of your own superior mental qualities. But whatsoever the provocation, if you are not in the mood the jolliest quip falls flat; for sorrow is more easily compelled than mirth. We hear of crocodile tears, but never of crocodile laughter, though the genus is noted for fine teeth. You can, at a pinch, weep with those who weep; but to counterfeit enjoyment of their old stories would be a much more difficult matter.

#### DIFFERENT STANDARDS.

Each grade of society seems to have its own standard of humor. The delicate finesse of polished wit, as exemplified by "The School for Scandal" or "The Rivals," worthily staged and acted, is lost upon the disciple of McGinty. It can be imagined that primitive man's conception of a jest must have been of the same crude nature, and that the grimace of pain or the spectacle of a fellow stumbling into a ditch was needed to call forth his infrequent guffaw. Hence, probably, the growth of the practical joke.

We can mark the traces of such rough-and-tumble ideas of wit in the horse play of the old novels and comedies. The jests were driven in with a bludgeon. Cracked pates and bleeding noses spoke more forcibly to the groundlings than the swift thrust and parry of dialogue; if one person tripped and tumbled it was irresistibly droll, and when two or three sprawled in a heap the mirth became boisterous. Such a simple method of quadrupling humorous effects must have been a boon to the dramatist. The public of that time laughed because they felt like it, after the manner of children; but today, since we have stopped to ask ourselves why we laugh, our laughter has naturally become less loud and frequent. Nothing better illustrates this change of standpoint than the recent theory that Omar Khayyam's praises of love and wine are really chants of religious ecstasy. Regarding Don Quixote rather as a pathetic than a comic figure, we find it hard to understand how the recital of his misadventures 'laughed Spain's chivalry away.'

Our ideas of what is laugh-worthy shift with age. "Vergil's Green," with its jolly adventures of Bouncer and "Gig Lamys, Charley Larkins and Pretty Patty Honeywood," Fair and sweet and plump, is side-splitting at fifteen, but does not spoil a cheerful memory by attempting it again at thirty. "Midshipman Easy" is another essentially young book. The middle aged man who can still grow hilarious over "Pickwick" has preserved a childlikeness of heart that should be envied, not despised. To careless youth the quarrels, the love making, the merry poverty and queer make-shifts of Mimi and Rudolphe, Musette and Marcel, who figure in Murgar's "Scenes de la Vie de Boheme," may seem pretty enough, but at fifty we pause to

question, "What of the decline of such lives?" Perhaps Murgar realized this when he "killed off" several of his charming grissettes in the flower of their days. But while time has no chemical action upon the eternal charm of wit, nothing soon becomes musty and out of date as humor.

#### IN THE FILE WITH DOMESTICS.

Last year's humorist has often vanished as utterly as last year's snow flakes. Will the trolling of Mark Twain and the delicious absurdity of Bill Nye be swept away into that same rubbish heap where Doesticks and John Phoenix and the rest lie buried?

We pay the tribute of a silent and sometimes a bitter smile to the nimble cleverness of French wit, so utterly unlike the good natured, dancing ben clausiness of German humor. Who can imagine being stung to uproarious mirth by Savarin's pictures? That great portrait gallery of his, D'Apres Nature, cuts almost too close to the quick of human life to be amusing.

With what subtlety he manages to hint at something wicked and sinister amid the curves and dimples of his exquisitely pretty women! With what a profound, cynical insight into human nature he has contrived to write a whole history of character and circumstances upon such face—the youth so good for nothing that his parents think of making an artist of him; the dandin, with his foolish profile; the fatuously important workman whose marriage with Picheux's daughter has been interfered with "by the government," the forlorn, frowsy headed creature, with her ragged broom over her shoulder—what evil youth has led to this foul old age—who has "figure dans les ballets;" the shabby, general bibliophile indulging in an intellectual "orgy" at a book stall; the two hags discussing their "brigands" of husbands, and expressing the pious wish that the one might be hung for murdering the other; the father with his good, simple face, so proudly escorting his daughter, whose pretty, trivial features already bear the imprint something that is not candor or purity. No—we do not laugh at these.

#### Look to Your Own.

The good book says "If any man provide not for his own he hath denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever." A curious fellow asks what word is to be supplied after "own"—"his own pocket?" Is the injunction to "put money in thy purse," without reference to the pockets of other people? Is it to provide for your own interests to the neglect or injury of those of your neighbors? Just the reverse. What is enjoined is for a man—every man to look out for his own interests rightly understood. As society is constituted a man cannot provide for his own advantage without a wise and prudent regard for that of his neighbors. This does not imply attention to the affairs of others to the neglect of his own. A man cannot well cultivate his own farm and his neighbors, too; but he should have regard enough for his neighbor to see to it that his stock does not destroy his neighbor's crop.

"Mind your own business" is a good rule; and if everybody heeded it, then everybody's business would be well cared for; and what is more, business would thrive, society would prosper. Self-interest, rightly understood, is true benevolence, the broadest public spirit. It is sometimes said that a man may be so much interested in the heathen in other lands, as to neglect those at home, as some women who are very active members of the Sewing Society have very ragged children.

As a rule, one who does not look well to his own affairs, will be of little service to those of others, as it certainly is not a mark of great prudence to neglect your own for the sake of building up others. In these booming times it is well to consider these things. If one is able to help others, after providing well for his own, it may be wisdom to do so, and he may find it to his own advantage; but it is not the part of wisdom to neglect your own in the expectation of greater gains elsewhere.

President Stickney, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, has written a book under the title of "The Railway Problem." He advocates state ownership of all railways.

### Alliance Enemies.

The Lumberton Robesonian has the following to say about Alliance enemies all of which we endorse. It says: "It is easy to see the great importance attached to the organized farmer's movement known as the Alliance, by the old political campaigner and caucus hack. It is a great disturbance in his calculations, and the more he fears it, the more apt he is to profess to underrate its importance and volume. Anything the old party manager and wire puller can't manage, he teigs to consider of little importance. When he sees he can't twist and turn the Alliance to suit his views, he will profess great friendship and admiration for its principles and actions and stab it every time he can get a chance in the back. He don't like it. It don't consult him. He is not invited to plan and work for it. He can't get any pay from it and his chances for office lessen as it grows and flourishes.

There is no disguising the fact that the Alliance has many bitter enemies among old party hacks. Ingalls is its deadly enemy in the West, and many politicians in the South who have been shelved by its influence are, no doubt, bitter and secret enemies of the order. It is almost unnatural to suppose they could be otherwise.

Even the peerless Hampton, whose elevation to fame and office was, mainly due to former soldiers and former votes, cannot look upon his old comrades and constituents with the same confidence and esteem that filled his bosom when they poured out their blood and laid down their lives at his command and worked night and day for his election. It is not natural that he should, and there will be few to blame him for his feelings.

The Alliance knows this is natural and knows it has many secret enemies among Republicans and Democrats who have been defeated by its power and they are fully alive to the danger it threatens to their magnificent order.

But all this seems to strengthen and cement the farmer brotherhood. They are keenly alive to all insidious approaches. They are sternly determined to secure their rightful place and power and influence in the government.

President Harrison will not fool a farmer, for there is scarcely one so ignorant who does not know he put his hand to their death warrant when he signed the McKinley bill.

All the enemies of the Alliance and the demands of the farmer are not so honorable as Senator George of Mississippi, who is canvassing that State as a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate and who openly attacks many of the demands of the Alliance platform. Such honorable and brave opponents as this, the farmers will have to meet, for if they have no orators so glib of tongue, they can, when the day of election comes around, put their votes in the right box, and when they are counted it will be found the farmers have used the most powerful argument known in American politics to uphold their side of the question.

But the worst and most dangerous enemies they have to overcome is the fellow who smiles in your face and frowns when your back is turned. There are numbers of these insidious foes to the order, who would like to use it, if they can, to promote their individual schemes and selfish purposes, and if they can't do this, they would like to see it stabbed to death.

### A MAIDEN OF MUSCLE.

#### One Girl Who Doesn't Faint Away at a Mere Fleabite.

Washington Star.

One dark night last week, a slender blonde young lady, who has gone in for gymnastic work till her slender limbs have muscles like steel springs, was walking along a dark street alone. It was only 8 or 8:30 o'clock, and the young lady wasn't timid anyway. One particularly dark place on her way home was where there was a dead wall all along one side of the street for nearly a square. As she was passing this dead wall a half-grown negro jostled against her, and before she knew what he was after grabbed her pocketbook and started to run. But before the negro had time to get out of reach she sprang at him, and had her strong fingers hooked into the collar of his ragged coat. A quick jerk threw the negro on his back on the brick pavement. Then she dropped on her knees on the scared negro's chest, and seizing his head between her gloved hands she bumped it up and down on the bricks till he prayed for mercy. Then she picked up her pocketbook from where the negro had dropped it, and went on her way home, her cheeks very red, but the glorious light of an athletic victory in her blue eyes.

This particular young lady, by the way, can jump and catch the top of the cornice over an open door, and, clinging to it merely by the strength of her dimpled fingers, raise herself up till her chin is on a level with her hands eight or nine times without stopping.

#### The Sub-Treasury Scheme.

Said Farmer Squash to Farmer Corn, While grubbing stumps one day: "The glorious time is comin' nigh When I can soak my hay." Said Farmer Corn to Farmer Squash, "Why, drat my old gray mule, What's that you say about yer hay? Yer talkin' like a fool!" Then Farmer Squash he straightened up: His eyebrows lifted he; "I'll soak my hay in '92 In some sub-Treasure. "My cabbages I'll also pawn, And punkins, oats and rye; I'll soak 'em all with Uncle Sam, And yet he'll keep 'em dry. "And up the spout I'll shove my wheat, Hypothecate my beans; My carrots red'll sandwiched be With antiquated greens. "And fruit of hen of ancient date I'll leave in Samuel's shop; And when my mules get off their feed I'll just put them in hock. "An' I cotton, too, jes' hear me talk, I'll soak it, every bale; And there she'll stay, for many er day, Till greenbacks all turn pale. "What's that you say erbout the cash, About taxpayers' means? Why, what's the odds, when farmers hold Get plenty in their jeans?" Then Farmer Corn open he his mouth, And said, said he, he said, "Then first thing, Squash, that you should soak Should be your d-d fool head." —Memphis Commercial.

#### A PLUCKY MAIDEN.

One of Greensboro's Fairest Women Travels Three Thousand Miles to Wed a North Carolina Boy.

Greensboro Patriot, May 20th.

All Greensboro is stirred up over the romantic marriage of Miss Cordie Hagan, eldest daughter of Mr. A. Hagan, of this city. Last Saturday night just a week ago, Miss Hagan left ostensibly on a visit to relatives in Maryland. But the next thing heard from Miss Hagan was through a telegram from Mr. Wallace Wharton, from Fair-haven Washington, stating that Miss Hagan had arrived and they would be married that (Monday) night. It turns out that she and Mr. Wharton have been engaged for three years. Greensboro will not soon recover from the surprise occasioned by this little romance. Mr. Wallace Wharton is the eldest son of Mr. W. D. Wharton, who lives north of Greensboro. Wallace is a "lucky dog," and ought to be proud of the girl that came 3,000 miles out of pure love for him.

#### Looking After His Relatives.

Claiborne Sandridge, a colored man who belonged to Thomas I. Sandridge, deceased, and who sold south over thirty years ago, is in the city looking after his relatives. Claiborne has the appearance of having lived a sober and industrious life, and has acquired some property. He has resided in Florida and Georgia since leaving old Guilford, and tells us his mother, whom he was seeking is dead; but that he understands several of his brothers are living in Clatham, and he will endeavor to find them before he returns home.

Mr. T. R. JENNIGAN begun his work as associated editor of the Raleigh News and Observer today. He is a valuable accession to the staff of that journal and with Capt. Ashe's ready pen and ripe experience they will not fail to make a most acceptable journal. Improvements are promised which will add to the paper's usefulness and appearance. We are glad to see the progress our Raleigh papers are making. It speaks well for the State.

First Fisherman—There's a trout there; I'm going over to see. Second Fisherman—Don't trouble yourself; I'll drop him a line.

The editor of the London Review has failed for \$1,250,000. That's nothing. Lots of us have failed for 35,000,000—failed to get it.—Hazelton Sentinel.

It's with towns as with men; they seldom tackle anything of their own size.—Easton Express.

A serious drought south. A drought prevails over a portion of Louisiana and Mississippi, which is becoming a serious affair. Corn and cotton are already seriously injured.