

THE DURHAM RECORDER.

J. C. HACKNEY, Proprietor

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 9, 1895.

The bluff subscriber will never be a success.

We are like a pine tree, we can stand any weather.

The Republicans and Populists took charge of the State today.

Robust people only come into court, such weather as this, says Esquire Barbee.

Tom Settle is in Raleigh helping the Legislature to elect a Republican to succeed Senator Jarvis.

There is no swaybacks among the boys in this town, and in a few days the news will be wallowed to your door by a Herald boy.

Geo. Poythress brought us a good load of wood Monday, and says the worst hole that he runs across these days is at the top of his pocket-book.

We must not carry our sympathy to the front gate, says Geo. W. Poythress, Esq., and he drop us a good load of wood. Why can't you all do likewise?

The Republicans in Congress have notified the Democrats that they will do nothing with the measure providing for the collection of the income tax until after three Senatorial vacancies in the northwest and one in this State are filled by Republican Senators.

We wore our straw hat until it caused a sensation, but as luck would have it, the police saw to it that we didn't go out of Durham. If we were in the trust business we would wear a silk hat, but at present, we will let it go at that.

Whack up, and that will enable us to whack up with those we owe. The man who owes the printer and is able to pay him in some way can't lay down at night, singing, 'Bringing in the sheaves.' It is no plea for help for service not rendered, but a demand for services rendered and a just debt.

The Democrats should be up and doing—frame a financial bill which will successfully meet the present situation. If they fail to do this it may be the last time for many years that they will have power to do so. The country from the Pacific to the Atlantic are looking to Congress for financial relief, and they should act promptly in the matter of framing a suitable bill.

Our law-makers met today, and the weather is tough, and Col. R. E. Carr says, upon touching scenes sometimes the heavens rain tears. If by their labors we are made better, well and good, if not we must take what comes. We have nothing to suggest to that body. They do not want counsel from this paper; they accept it only from nearer and dearer ones. They will attend to the affairs of the State, and what they do we will know hereafter.

DURHAM'S young pugilists fought last Thursday. He nailed pretty hard on the horn. The fellow that received the blows was one of the best behaved of men we ever saw. These two pugilists ought never to fight outside of a ring. One of them was afraid his glasses would be broken on the second round. The smallest was a winner from the start, and could not wait for the regular round. Jo King says if these fellows ever fight again it will certainly be an attractive one.

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

This great play will be presented at Stokes Hall tomorrow night (Thursday night). Of the performance in Charlotte Tuesday night News of yesterday says: A rousing big crowd saw the rising of the curtain over Uncle Tom's Cabin at the opera house last night. It was the first time this old play has appeared before a Charlotte audience in years, and partly at-

tracted by curiosity and partly through the enticing strains of their really clever band, a crowded house assembled to see it through. The troupe has some very good people with them, and the specialty work was in all cases very good. Little Eva was the star of the performance, and her skirt dance a la Lottie Collins was capital, and a very generous encore was given her. The characters of several slaves would have been decidedly more realistic, had a little burnt cork been brought into service. They were in several cases the whitest of the white. But taken everything into consideration the play was decidedly better than the usual productions of the same show. Old Tom was very clever and received a liberal round of applause on several occasions. The tableaux and scenic effects, were very good with the exception of the ascension of Eva. This scene was very beautiful, had it not been for Eva's heavenly flight with a background ordinary red brick. But this was not the fault of the troupe. Tickets on sale at Vaughan's drug store. Prices, 75 cents for reserved seats, general admission 50 cents, gallery 25 cents, will be reserved for colored people.

FROM THE WEST TO THE SOUTH.

Surely the "Star of Empire" Has Changed Its Course.

The fact that on the first of new year Mr. St. John came from the great city of Chicago, laying aside the position of General Manager of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railroad, and takes his position in Norfolk and Portsmouth, ("no mean cities" of the South,) as Vice-President of the great "Seaboard Air Line" system of railroads, indicates that in one notable instance, at least, the "course of empire" has changed leaving the prairies of the West for the pine forests and cotton fields of the South.

While the people of the South sorrowfully shake the hand of whole-souled Maj. Winder, as he gracefully lays aside the responsibilities of active business life and retires from official position to a well-earned rest from its cares and perplexities, they welcome to their midst, Mr. St. John, whose name and the name of the road he was so lately associated with, are known from one end of the United States to the other.

True it is that some have looked with apprehensive eyes upon the coming of Mr. St. John to his new field of labor. They have even claimed that the popular Seaboard Air-Line system was to pass into the central of New York and western capitalists, to the injury of the South. Their fears, however, are groundless. The Seaboard Air-Line is still in the hands of Southern Managers, and will continue to be a benefit and blessing as long as a wheel rolls over its rails.

The coming of Mr. St. John means a glance at business from a new standpoint. It seems to set new ideas in motion; and if you don't get an idea in motion it is like "faith without works." It means a reaching out on all lines, a broadening of plans and policies. It means that the local interests of the road will be pushed vigorously. His coming means the South will be added to, and not taken from; that there will be a development—a building up—and that energies that are now lying dormant will be infused with life and activity.

Mr. St. John can properly be called a self-made man as far as there is any meaning in the expression. At an early age he began the bread and a place in the world's ranks, supporting a widowed mother when only a mere lad. He was caught in the western current of immigration in 1862, going from his New England home in Connecticut to Quincy, Illinois, where he began work in the offices of the Quincy, and Toledo Railroads at \$30 a month. From

there he was sent to Springfield to assist in the general ticket department of the Great Western Road of Illinois. In 1863 he entered the service of the railroad with which he has been associated ever since. From one position to another he was advanced until, in September, '87, he was appointed General Manager of the entire Rock Island system.

As a general manager Mr. St. John took a deep interest in the patrons of his road. He has been a persistent advertiser, acting on the principal of letting the people know if you have a good thing. To his employees he was ever kind and considerate. They could approach him and receive his attention. This conduct gave Mr. St. John the respect of all his employees, even the humblest of them, realizing that there was a bond of sympathy between General Manager and himself.

Not only did Mr. St. John have the esteem and confidence of the humbler railroad employees, but the General Managers Association of Western railroads, of which he was Chairman, adopted resolutions on his retirement that tell the story of the estimation in which he was held by competing railroads.

The new Vice President of the Seaboard Air Line has come South to cast in his fortunes with the Southern people. The remainder of his life will be spent here. He will devote his energies to advocating and pushing forward on the line of development of the great and diversified resources of the South and surely he will be met with a hearty welcome from a generous and hospitable people.

FRANK P. WOODWARD. Dec. 27th, 1894.

BROKE UP THE CLASS.

Answer of a Small Boy Whose Papa Disliked Church Gossip.

The hands of the clock pointed to three forty-five and school would not be dismissed until four. So the school-ma'am, who was a strict moralist, thought she would give the young ideas a short lecture on goodness and morality. After explaining to the little folks the various grades of punishment for infractions of the law, she resolved to ask a few questions to ascertain if her words had been comprehended.

"Now, children," she said, "I've told you what becomes of bad men, and how good men get bad by loitering around saloons and associating with bad men. Now, let me see how many of you have profited by my remark. I wish some of you would tell me where your papas have to go."

"Nobody answered. It was plain the school-ma'am was in too deep water for the youngsters. She seemed to think so, too, so she said: "I'll make that a little easier. Tell me where your papas don't want to go" (expecting such answers as prison, penitentiary and jail.)

There was a painful wait, but finally a little fellow in one of the rear seats slowly raised his hand.

"Ah, there's one boy that can answer that question. Tell us, Tommy, where your papa doesn't want to go?"

"To church," replied Tommy. "He says so every Sunday morning."

Whereupon the school was dismissed.—Truth.

He sold it. "Don't want soap, nor pictures," said the hard faced woman to the strange young man at the door.

"I'm not a peddler, madam," said the stranger; "my business is of an entirely different nature. Do you remember a weary, ragged and hungry tramp calling at your kitchen door about a week ago?"

GRIZZLIES OF IDAHO.

A Taunt Agreement with Men in the Early Days Not to Molest Each Other.

"Speaking of grizzly bears," said Judge Henry L. Warren to a New York Sun man, "we didn't look on these animals as particularly dangerous in Idaho when I was the United States district attorney of that territory. If a man attacked one at close quarters he sometimes got killed, but at a little distance not much more attention was paid to bears than if they had been so many hogs or cattle. Between human beings and the bears there seemed to be at that time a tacit agreement to let one another alone."

"One of my hardest horseback trips led me through a wild region where I often saw bears. At one point the trail crossed an open valley, dotted with scattering big trees and clumps of underbrush, and on the further side wound up a steep mountain side through thick oak and pine woods. Coming down into that valley one day I saw, a little way off on my right, five bears, two very large ones and three smaller ones, constituting possibly a family party. They were running about here and there nosing the ground, turning over stones and knocking to pieces rotten logs, hunting for mice and grubs. They apparently paid no attention to me as I rode past, one hundred and fifty yards away. My horse looked a little wild and fidgeted some at the sight of them, but I kept him in the trail without difficulty."

"At another time a bear gave me considerable of a scare. I had just crossed this same valley and was just beginning to ascend the wooded heights beyond it. I had dismounted, and was leading my horse up the steep hillside when a bear broke out of the bushes a little behind me and came for me furiously, showing her teeth and growling. I stood still, expecting to be torn to pieces the next moment, from the determined way in which she came—it was a she bear—but she stopped just short of seizing me and turned to dash in the same way at my horse, and at that I dropped the bridle and made up the trail as fast as I could go. My horse, instead of turning back to run for life in the clear open ground of the valley, when she charged at him, made a detour up the hill and came back on the trail behind me. The bear, looking mighty ugly with her frothing mouth and bristling hair, kept up her demonstrations, directing them principally at my horse. You know how a horse, when thoroughly frightened, will seek the company and protection of humanity, and so, do all I could to drive him away, my beast all the time kept right behind me with his nose at my shoulder, trembling with fear, but refusing to leave me, as the bear kept making dashes at us out of the bushes, sometimes from one side and sometimes from the other."

"I didn't know then what I have learned from the habits of the animals since, that the bear was running a bluff on us and did not mean so much to harm us as to scare us away. She undoubtedly had ears concealed close by in the bushes and resorted to a common trick of the female bear to drive away intruders. Probably if I had stood my ground she would have tackled me and in that case it would have been all up with me. She followed us one hundred yards or so and then, seeming satisfied that she had got us fairly on the run, fell back into the bushes and watched us out of sight."

TWO BIG POKER HANDS.

Upon Which Two Mississippians Bet Everything They Owned.

"It takes something very good to beat it, I tell you," said one of Atlanta's most prominent lawyers the other day. He had reference to three aces and two kings, says the Constitution. "Yes, sir," he resumed, blowing a great curl of fragrant tobacco smoke high in the air and looking after it longingly, as though there were a lot of money going up in it. "Yes, sir, it takes something good to beat a full house of this variety, but I once heard of the strangest game of poker that ever was played, I know. It was in the old days and there were two wealthy old Mississippi planters in the game. One of them caught just what I have described, three beautiful little aces and two of the knightliest kings in the deck. He was dead in it and sent the bets up right lively, indeed. After the others had fallen out except the other rich old planter the man with the full house became more enthusiastic and sent the bet higher and higher. They put up everything they had, borrowed all they could get around the board, and, being hot-headed old southerners, still held out against each other. Their plantations were decided on condition of the bet and the deeds sealed in envelopes with everything else they had on the face of the earth, and they went home to sleep over it and decide the next day what should be done. Neither of them was willing to call and neither would drop out. So the envelopes were entrusted to the county clerk and kept until the bet should be determined in some way or other. Neither of the men ever called as long as they lived, and when both of them were dead and the will of the last one of them was to be probated, it was found that in the envelope of the one there was, together with his deeds, a bright flash, and in the hand of the other the three aces and a pair of kings. The sons of the two men made the changes in ownership of the lands as indicated by the value of the hands held by their fathers in that memorable game."

The Crocodile's Guardian Birds.

Two or three species of birds are known to accompany the crocodile whenever he appears above water. Many a hunter has had his prospects for a shot spoiled by the alarm given to the reptile by his watchful attendants. When they see anyone approaching they will fly at the crocodile's nose, giving loud cries, and the beast never waits to investigate, but instantly shuffles into the water at his best speed.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Him, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c and \$1 per bottle at R. Blacknall & Son



A LIFE SAVER.

What it Means to be a Survivor—Hardship and Injury His Chief Reward.

From the Whittaker (N. Y.) Reporter. One midwinter night, in a blinding snow storm, Captain Arthur E. Nickerson, in command of the gallant little schooner "The Whittaker," ran out from Vineyard Sound to meet the northeast gale and made for the open sea. The storm was at its height when the skipper realized his situation his ears caught the sound of the breakers booming on Point Judith's treacherous shore. Fifteen minutes after the Allen Green struck, Captain Herbert M. Knowles' crew of hardy life savers had begun the work of rescue. Captain Nickerson, when brought ashore, was in a pitiable condition. As he later stated in his official report of the disaster (see Government Report) made to Superintendent Kimball of the Life Saving Service, "I suffered much from cramps and pains caused by the bruises I received before I went ashore, having been at the wheel fifteen hours continuously."

The life savers wrapped the brave young sailor in warm blankets and gave him Pain-Killer freely. The famous old remedy accomplished an immediate relief, and Captain Nickerson slept peacefully as a child that night and awoke next morning in a condition to see another voyage, if necessary. He feels that the prompt use of Pain-Killer after his fearful experience rescued him from utterable suffering and even saved his life. Brave Captain Knowles is now assistant superintendent of the life saving district. He says the life savers all use Pain-Killer, and consider it the best and most reliable "all-around" remedy they can have by them. Captain Aza Church, of Point Judith station; Albert Church, of Narragansett Pier; Davis at Watch Hill; Saunders at Quonochontaug—and their gallant crews, endorse Captain Knowles in his unstinted praise of Pain-Killer as an invaluable remedy for emergencies encountered in daily life.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion featuring the text 'Babies and Children thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow strong, plump and healthy by taking it. Scott's Emulsion overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for twenty years. No secret about it. Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE. Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and \$1.

Advertisement for Furniture featuring the text 'FURNITURE. Royall & Borden. (Opposite Hotel Carolina.)

Advertisement for Miles Goodwin Manager featuring the text 'Miles Goodwin Manager. DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Advertisement for Mexican Mustang Liniment featuring the text 'Mexican Mustang Liniment for Burns, Caked & Inflamed Udders, Piles, Rheumatic Pains, Bruises and Strains, Running Sores, Inflammations, Stiff joints, Harries & Saddle Sores, Sciatica, Lumbago, Scalds, Blisters, Insect Bites, All Cattle Ailments, All Horse Ailments, All Sheep Ailments. Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue Quickly to the Very Seat of Pain and Ousts it in a Jiffy. Rub in Vigorously. Mustang Liniment conquers Pain, Makes Man or Beast well again.

Advertisement for Clothing House featuring the text 'Clothing House, Established 1885, Now is the time and here is the place to buy your WINTER CLOTHING. The oldest established and only two story clothing house in the city. Goods bought under the new tariff, and much lower than ever before. Much the largest stock in the city to select from. Give us a look. Five polite salesmen to wait on you. No trouble to show goods. T. J. LAMBE, THE CLOTHIER AND GENTS' FURNISHER. CORNER MAIN MANGUM STREETS. DURHAM, N. C.

Advertisement for A Cotton Fertilizer featuring the text 'A Cotton Fertilizer. Purchase only such fertilizers for cotton which contain at least 3 to 4% actual potash. For Corn, Fertilizers should contain 6% Potash. Poor results are due entirely to deficiency of Potash. We will gladly send you our pamphlets on the Use of Potash. They are sent free. It will cost you nothing to read them, and they will save you 60%.