

THE DURHAM RECORDER.

"I KNOW NOT WHAT THE TRUTH MAY BE; I'LL TELL IT AS IT WAS TOLD TO ME."

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Working in Debt.

Many years ago a large, intelligent and well-to-do shipper of leaf tobacco in Lynchburg, Va., of honorable name, was a chief patron of our immediate family as commission merchants of Richmond. The shipper lost on his invoices year in and year out and always complained accordingly of his losses, and as often was reproved for shipping, and at last was requested to ship no more tobacco at such ruinous rates and losses. This remonstrance, however, only brought forth the laconical reply that he was bound to keep shipping and had no other way to support his family. It seems to us that not only this Virginia shipper, but our Virginia and North Carolina planters, lose their wits alike. The planter who makes two and three cent tobacco knows he is losing year by year, in money, labor, land improvement, etc.; still he repeats the exhaustive process, with no expectation of improvement in quality or price. The lower the previous crop and the meager, the more seems to be the incentive for planters to attempt still a worse prepared and larger crop the next season, hoping for some mysterious luck to get them out of the mire of debt. The time and labor and outlay thus lost, if it were employed in enriching the farm, leaving out exhausting tobacco as a crop for several years, and then making, on the rested and prepared land, one good crop where three poor ones are now made, would give the world some rest of poor tobacco, and would improve prices and profits and the farm-while planters could live all the better and learn more by experience and practical application to other crops, that could be consumed at best on the farm. There is no end to the diversity of farm products, and paying ones, but, like gold, they must be hunted for intelligently and mined out.—Southern Tobaccoist.

Chairman Holton

Chairman Holton was interviewed in Raleigh last week by a correspondent of the Statesville Landmark. We take some extracts:

"There will in all probability be a special Superior Court judge, at the Governor's command, to try cases speedily. For such a judge there is a general public demand and need.

"There will be a constitutional amendment submitted to the people for ratification, engrafting certain cardinal principles into the election laws. This will be the culmination of the whole work of co-operation of the two parties. The salient features of this amendment will be in regard to the manner of holding the election and the matter of registration. This amendment will be made one of the principal issues of the next campaign, in case the Democrats oppose it. If such an amendment is not submitted the fruits of this victory might be soon swept away by a tidal wave or the restoration of a Democratic Legislature.

"Much money is to be saved in the public printing, not so much in the prices paid as in the lopping off of a great part of the printing by the passage of the bill giving the county authorities the right to grant charters, etc., thus cutting off the incorporation bills, private measures, etc., which so engross the time of the Legislature. Very many of such bills are thoroughly covered by the general law.

"An effort will be made in the line of an extension of public education by a plan for local assessments by school districts, towns or counties."

The Great Suit

The contemplated suit against the American Tobacco Company in North Carolina and other States, it is related that quite a smart jurist says that the fight will be at issue as to which is the best lawyer, the Attorney General or the lawyers that the American Tobacco Company will retain for the defense. The American Tobacco Company will furnish the best talent that money can procure. The North Carolina suit can't come up till April, and decisions will much depend upon those suits against other trusts, now pending.—Southern Tobaccoist.

Lynching at the North.

Whenever a case of lynching occurs at the South, though for the most heinous of all crimes, it is always paraded at the North as evidence of our lack of civilization and want of regard for the rights and life of the negro. But when such events occur, as they frequently do, at the North, and for crimes of far less magnitude, little notice is taken of them that quarter, even though the victim be a white man of their own blood and kindred! The most recent and diabolical case of this kind is just presented in Holt county, Nebraska, where Barrett Scott, the ex-treasurer of that county, was overpowered by a mob of lawless citizens, shot while in his carriage with his wife and children, taken to the river near by, hung by a rope to death, and his mutilated body thrown into the cold stream, from which it has just been recovered. The only charge against him was that he was short in his treasury accounts, which pales into insignificance beside the atrocious crimes that cause lynching in the South. In speaking of this monstrous offense, the Washington News puts in the following well timed remarks:

The victim of this lynching had lived honored and respected. Doubts as to his guilt were entertained, and yet a law mob of self-righteous conservators snatch him from the side of his wife, treat him with the indignities of the lamed, hang him till dead, and then cast the clay that held a living soul in its keeping into a frozen river. The passions of the Southern man are aroused by desecrations of virtue; but these Nebraska self-constituted saints are wrought to frenzy by a loss of money. Madness of materiality fades into contemptibility when contrasted with vengeance for a ruined home and outraged virtue. Oh! the inconsistency of a people who see a mote in the eye of their brother and fail to discover a beam hiding their own infamy. Nebraska and her sympathetic sisters should veil their countenances in a mask sufficiently thick to hide their own shame. They should purge themselves from their own leprosy before leading a crusade against the wickedness of others. There are hundreds of good people in the State of Nebraska, who, like the better element of the South, condemn in the strongest terms such acts of violence.

Jay Gould's Children.

An exchange says, the Goulds are certainly a family with some sense of possibilities and responsibilities of riches. George found it made a great business, a respected and honorable position, a beautiful wife, and a big family some of the things which make life worth living. Edwin has followed his example. Howard maintains that gaiety and revelry come before solidity, but he enjoys life to the full. Helen has accomplished in charitable work what Dr. Parkhurst has in poli-

tics. She has completely reorganized two or three tenement houses, cured crippled children by placing them in hospitals and making difficult operations possible, and given hundreds of poor children nearer glimpses of heaven than all the missionaries who go to the Cannibal Islands will give the savages from now to doomsday. Anna, the second and much engaged sister, believes in glory, titles, position and all the adjectives accessories which go with a "brilliant match." But she has the low brow, the piercing dark eyes and the family characteristics of common sense and calm speculation, and is quietly studying law as well as learning how to enter a room after the footman has shouted: "The Princess of So and So."

Reminiscences of Judge Mangum

Prof. Stephen V. Weeks, who is doing a great service for North Carolina in collecting data and writing a history of her great men, is at present engaged on a biography of Judge Willie P. Mangum.—Statesville Landmark.

A New Year's Query

Business—like a slaughter house, No matter where you're at, Is pretty full of gristle, With a precious little fat; A little lean And lots of bones, And some of this And some of that. A feast one day, A famine next, No matter where you're at.

The ups and downs are many, With a surplus of the downs; They come to one and all of us, In cities or in towns. We're up today, Tomorrow down, In palace Well as flat, And the question That comes home to all

Is this, Where are you at? Now you are at in business What requires nerve and brains, To bring about the best results And show the proper gains; You got there, But your own reward Was neither this Nor that, You worked last year For every one else, And this (o) is where you're at.

No Rabbits There

Last Saturday a Democrat of Concord wanted to go out in the country hunting. He saw in town a well known Populist farmer, and asked permission of him to shoot rabbits on his place. He was promptly and peremptorily informed that neither he nor any other Democrat could hunt on his land. Another Democrat remarked that it didn't make any difference anyway, as he had been hunting for weeks and hadn't jumped a rabbit in a mile of a Pop's place yet.—Times.

"Reform"

The Raleigh News and Observer has made an investigation of the number of clerks and other employes who hold places under the present Legislature. It says there are 21 more "laborers" than were employed by the last Democratic Legislature, one more assistant engrossing clerk and two more pages. "The total increase in the payroll thus entailed," says the News and Observer, "amounts to \$3,570 for the session." And this is "reform." Let the work of "reform" proceed.

THE CONDITION OF THE TREASURY.

In speaking of the condition of the treasury the Washington Post editorially says that it is no longer possible to disguise or prudent to ignore the fact that the condition

of the treasury is gravely discouraging. Neither can any intelligent person hope for relief from any of the temporary and empirical remedies that have been proposed. Nothing could be clearer than the fact that the trouble calls for constitutional treatment and heroic methods. Primarily, the drain of gold from the treasury must be arrested, and, next, the conditions that favored and promoted that drain must be eradicated.

In other words, it is necessary, first, that we replenish our stock of gold by an issue of bonds, and, secondly, that we provide for such an abundant national revenue that the motive for further depletion will be permanently removed.

No one, we assume, now believes that any measurable relief is possible as a result of such homeopathic expedients as have been resorted to within the past few months. Experience has shown us that to obtain \$55,000,000 or \$57,000,000 gold by a sale of bonds is to change nothing. The gold comes in, to be sure, but it does not remain. There is not enough of it to restore confidence, and the old process of depletion, made so practicable by our currency laws, sets in afresh almost before the ink is dry upon the signatures to the bonds. Within a fortnight the situation is as deplorable as ever. We have added \$50,000,000 more to our debt, but the gold supply is as scant as though nothing had been done. The government might go on at this rate indefinitely, supposing that the bonds could be sold indefinitely, and it would get no nearer a solution of the difficulty.

What is needed to meet immediate emergencies is an issue of not less than \$500,000,000 of bonds—a measure that will bring in an abundance of gold. We want a supply that cannot be exhausted within a month by the endless chain process of redeeming paper—a supply so large that its mere existence will quit the apprehensions of the country and destroy the incentive of hasty and indiscriminate withdrawal. A loan that can be taken up by half a dozen banks or capitalists avails nothing, as we have seen. Now let us try the experiment of a loan that will be distributed among the markets of the world; that will embrace all classes of our people that will be too large for any New York syndicate to handle, and that cannot be robbed of its beneficence within a month by the simple but effective expedient of the endless chain.

Even that, of course, will not achieve a permanent and final cure, or until we provide the treasury with a revenue in notable excess of its expenditures the forces of depletion will remain in active and unceasing operation. But it will give the country a breathing spell of security and congress leisure for an intelligent and effective reconstruction of our tariff and financial systems. We know, now, that we can maintain our gold reserve without difficulty, once we make it clear that the government has reached a solvent basis. All we need, therefore, is legislation which puts us permanently on that basis, and meanwhile, a supply of gold that will suffice pending the desired consummation.

A terrible boiler explosion shook Mendota, Ill., and the surrounding country for miles Friday afternoon. Six dead and seven injured are the known victims of the calamity. The explosion was in the brewery of C. Henning & Son's. The names of the known dead are: C. Keifert, David Cheer, David Wells, Adam Berscheidt.

The news that U. S. S. Raleigh was ordered to sail at 6 o'clock Friday night and that officers on leave in Boston had been hurriedly recalled, created considerable surprise yesterday. The vessel did not get away until late yesterday evening. Commissioner Wallace, commandant of the naval station, said yesterday that there was no special significance in her hurried departure. The Raleigh will join Admiral Mead's squadron in Hampton Roads.

MAYOR I. N. LINK DEAD!

He Died Suddenly in Greensboro Saturday Morning.

A GOOD MAN IS GONE

Durham mourns the Demise of One of Her Best Citizens, Cut Down in the Prime of Life.

Our community was almost swept off its feet Saturday morning when a telegram was received announcing the death of Mayor Isaac Newton Link. Men hurried here and there to ask: "Can it be so?"

Alas! the dread tidings were only too true. To all men it is allotted that they must die, and Mayor Link had answered the final decree.

For many years he had been afflicted with a heart trouble, which became more pronounced as the years rolled by. The day he left us to visit Greensboro his physician told him that his heart was in a precarious condition, and told him to take good care of himself. His death proved clearly that the doctor's diagnosis was correct.

Saturday morning, while riding in a carriage to the depot in Greensboro, his spirit left his body so peacefully that those riding with him knew not of its departure till the depot was reached.

To be born and to die is the common fate of all, and it is very sweet to die with the friendship of everybody to hallo your memory.

No man in our midst, perhaps, enjoyed the friendship of all classes more thoroughly than did Mayor Link. He was a friend to the people, and the people were his friend. Twice they elected him to the mayoralty of the city, and their loyalty to him had not abated at the time of his taking off.

The deceased mayor was 46 years old, and from his boyhood had been loved for his kind-heartedness. Mature age intensified this fine trait of character, and his great popularity may be ascribed to it. If you accounted New Link as your friend you would never misplace your confidence. His heart was as big as his body, and unkindness was a thing unknown to him.

He was a man of honor. If he made you a promise, it was sure to be fulfilled. If he represented anything to you as being true, you might count on it as being a certain fact. If he professed friendship for you, you could never truthfully say that you were friendless.

Saturday his corpse was brought back to us from Greensboro. A large crowd met the remains at the train, and the body was escorted to the mayor's office, which had been appropriately draped, by a detachment from the Durham Light Infantry, and a large number of citizens.

As an evidence of his sterling worth, it may be stated that throughout the afternoon a continuous stream of friends poured into the mayor's office to pay their respects to his memory, and to take a last look at him, who, in death, seemed but asleep.

May God rest his soul in peace.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24.—Today in the house of representatives Messrs. Settle and Swanson made two very good speeches, in support of their amendments to strike from the Sundry Civil bill \$50,000 appropriated for those who inform on illicit distillers. Both gentlemen denounced this method of finding out violators of the internal revenue law. On its face, it encourages a very discreditable practice and offers a premium to the disreputable habit of informing on one's neighbors. If the internal revenue officials are unable to perform their duties in tracking moonshine whiskey, it seems to me it is much better not to have an army of spies paid to help them do so.

Messrs. Settle and Swanson will lose nothing among their constituents for the bold stand they have taken in this matter.

Mr. Richard Busbee, of Raleigh, N. C., has been appointed a cadet at West Point.

Senator Jeter C. Pritchard took the oath of office yesterday afternoon in the senate chamber. He was escorted to the vice president's desk by his predecessor, ex-Senator Jarvis. He did not intend to come here until next week, but was telegraphed for by his republican colleagues to come on at once and be present at the republican caucus, which has just adjourned at the capitol.

Senator Jarvis accidentally christened him "Jeter C. Phillips" but after this, the formality of making him senator came off in good order. Immediately after he took the oath he was congratulated by Senator Chandler, Teller and others, who

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

will take him in hand and teach him the ropes. He promises to be an apt pupil. He is a fine looking man and as he strode down the aisle of the senate his mountain brogans made the floor of the senate creak.

There was an elegant dinner given to the diplomatic corps at the white house last night. It is the first state dinner of the season and all the foreign legations were present.

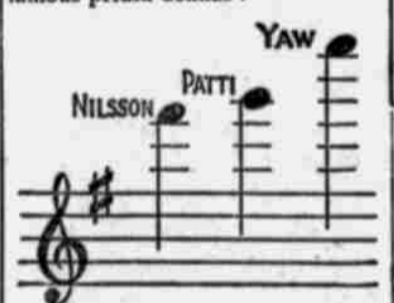
Last night at Metzereit hall Frank G. Carpenter, the well known newspaper correspondent, gave a very entertaining lecture on China. The illustrations of the Great Wall were marvelous. His pictures of scenes from the court of the Emperor of China and his sketches of Li Yung Chang were very entertaining.

A MUSICAL MARVEL.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw is coming to Durham, Monday, February 4, is the date.

It is not frequent that the management of attractions in this city can offer such a high grade entertainment as the coming of Miss Yaw, the wonderful high ranged soprano promises to be. We give below a notice and scale showing the comparison with the highest notes of two noted artists:

Such great interest has been manifested throughout the country concerning the remarkable talents of Miss Yaw, the charming young California soprano, that we publish herewith an interesting illustration of her highest note in comparison with the highest notes of two famous prima donnas:



When it is remembered that Cassie Renz only touched G on the fourth, Di Murska F above the third, Christine Nilsson F sharp, and Patti G on the fourth, Miss Yaw's voice will be the better appreciated by musicians. When Nilsson sang the high F sharp in Mozart's "Magic Flute," her listeners fairly labored between rapture and hysteria. Miss Yaw sings high F sharp without the slightest effort, and sustains the note with the sweetest quality. If any have supposed that Miss Yaw, with her marvelous range, is merely a musical freak, they are very much mistaken. Her voice throughout its entire range is sweet, expressive and sympathetic. She reaches the highest and lowest notes with

much less effort than the ordinary singer, and sustains them with faultless accuracy.

The expressions of a critic upon Miss Yaw's remarkable voice serve very aptly to define the sensation which fills the auditor when listening to her phenomenal pitch E above high E. He said: "Human comprehension may follow her voice to high C and fairly keep its feet on earth, but when the seventh tone above that is vibrated with a clear, bell-like charm, it is then that one ascribes the effect to some supernatural instrumentality; it is not earthly enough for our faltering concertation." In Paris the critics marveled at her prodigious voice, as indeed did the famous Nilsson. When Miss Yaw sang C above high C the great prima donna could not comprehend the great altitude and was not satisfied that Miss Yaw had really reached this great height until she had struck the key on the piano.—N. Y. Musical Courier, '94.

FIRE AT HILLSBORO.

One of the largest fires Hillsboro has had in several years occurred Friday night about 2 o'clock. The fire destroyed the residences of Dr. Hooker, Mrs. Porter and Mrs. Sallie Rosemond. We have not heard how the fire originated.

NOTICE.

I WANT every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. Box 52, and one will be sent you free.

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Special attention given to repairing all kinds of musical instruments. Old pianos and organs stained and varnished and made to look new. Can give lowest prices and best of references. Satisfaction in every instance. Specimen work can be seen at my office on Mangum street, and I will take pleasure in visiting adjoining towns or residences of parties in the country upon notification. Jan-16,