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THE DURHAM RECORDER.

BY MRS. F. H. FAIRBROTHER.
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLICATION OFFICE: Hillsboro.
THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

The editor of this paper is a free citizen and a free trader. Communications are solicited on all subjects. All letters for THE RECORDER or its editor should be addressed to THE RECORDER, Hillsboro, or Durham, N. C. Subscription price \$1.50 a year in advance. THE RECORDER is the oldest paper in the State, and therefore is established. We guarantee in Durham and Orange Counties a larger circulation than the combined circulation of all other newspapers.

Editor Hunt, of the Burlington News, not only prints all the local happenings, but also gives his readers six beautiful chromos of himself each week. He evidently wants it understood that he is the man.

There is one thing about the Recorder; those who take it will be sure not to see what they have already seen in some other paper. And the reason is, that it will be edited with the pen and not with the scissors, and will therefore be original.

The Norwood case goes over to the next term. It is very strange why justice is often delayed. We know nothing about the guilt or innocence of Norwood, but we think we know that for such a serious charge it is hanging fire a long time.

The Burlington people are having a bicycle fight. There are too many cycles, it seems, and they are getting to be a nuisance. An attempt is being made to prohibit their use on the sidewalks. But they can't do it. Just as long as old fogies, antidotal, half-living, remote and antique croakers get up and try to hurt a town by stopping progression, just that long will the town fail to progress.

The court proceedings of Orange county during the week just closed would seem to indicate that, while the law may not be, as Colonel Dickens one time expressed it, "a ass," the people who seek its aid in the hope of bettering their worldly condition are laboring under a delusion, which will only be dispelled when the costs have finally to be paid from a sadly depleted if not exhausted exchequer. As hath been before remarked, experience is sometimes a dear teacher.

It appears that Governor Tillman has never heard of the historic hospitable remark made by one of his predecessors to the chief magistrate of his commonwealth, and that he has no sympathy for the thirsty Tar Heel when he arrested the keepers of the refreshment car of the excursion from Charlotte to Atlanta at Chester last week, for serving the dusty travelers with beer. It was pretty tough treatment to neighbors passing through his territory, but on the public highway.

The Handbook of Durham, recently published by the Educator company, is a highly creditable work with one exception. One familiar face—the one most entitled to a place within its pages—that of Colonel W. T. Blackwell, is conspicuous for its absence. Of all the men who have helped to build Durham, and who have been from the beginning identified with the town, Colonel Blackwell has done more and been appreciated less. The Recorder regrets what it believes to have been a great oversight on the part of the Educator company in not devoting more space to the father of the town.

It seems that the restraining order against the late Colonel Fairbrother has been enlarged, and now covers the entire state. When asked what he was going to do about it, the colonel said that while he had had no notice of the enlargement he was going to do as he did under the other order, which was, to obey the mandate of the court; that he had other business than the newspaper business; that he would visit Hillsboro whenever he felt like it; that he had no connection with a newspaper, and wanted none. He said that the fact that he had a right to talk and a right to contribute to papers in some parts of the United States, and that he could give an opinion on any subject to any editor who wanted it, he was not in the writing business at the present time.

IS NOT AGGRESSIVENESS PROGRESSIVENESS?

Roundly, severely and mildly—the three in one—the one in each, separately and collectively, the new editor of the Recorder has been questioned, criticised and queried concerning the proposition of what she presumed they meant and which she chooses to term, being herself a professor of neology, aggressive-progressive journalism. That is to say, some dough-faced daubs possessing lungs and the leisure to breathe, have wondered in their wildness and the wildness of their thoughts if a newspaper editor, while possessing the privilege, should dare have the temerity to perform his or her duty to society and point out the faults and frailties of any "queen of the saddle" or "spangled prince." In other words, it has been accepted by those who possess gold, or those who fawn and flatter and lick the boots of the possessors of it, that gold was the Open Sesame to all happiness, and that a man who attempted to step upon that posted Holy Ground, was worse indeed than the scavenger of the land or the scavenger of the sea.

The editor of this paper views things in an entirely different light. To the honest man who has gold, and plenty of it, she doffs her hat in cordial recognition. But to the honest poor man who has no gold the same cordial recognition is extended. In other words, the possession of a million of dollars never made an honest man and never made a gentleman. Sad as it may seem, the honest man scarcely ever possesses the million, but the rogue, hypocrite and dissembler often does. When men appalled throw up their hands in some Awful Presence, and tell us to fall on our knees, that that man coming has a million, we continue to walk erect and smile. It may have been all right in the old days, in the days when Aaron took advantage of the absence of his brother Moses and wrung from his followers all the gold he could get and melted it, and called it a Golden Calf and commanded all those whom he had fleeced and robbed to bow down and worship it. And the history seems to point to the fact that the deluded ones did worship it. But this Old Recorder Woman happens to be built on a different plan.

And so, as an aggressive-progressive newspaper, we propose, as an editor, recognized in the journalistic field, to point out the follies and the foibles of mankind, rich or poor; we propose, in the way of progression, to progress, and we desire to distinctly state that we shall call a spade a spade and herewith inform all persons that we know a hawk from a hand saw.

In the venture of aggressive-progressive journalism, fearless and favoriteless, we ask all men who believe in honesty; we ask all men who believe in virtue; we ask all men who believe in morality and decency, to give to us that support which newspaper ability deserves and which a People's Tribune finds necessary in pointing out the flagrant private and public abuses which have so long honey-combed our government with corruption.

People who know the editor of this paper and who are acquainted with her editorial work for the past ten years know who furnishes the copy for these columns.

Prominent among the foremost educators of the country stands Professor James Dinwiddie, under whose management Peace Institute has gained its far reaching reputation. The true reason for such success arises from his liberal methods, his tireless energy and high christian principles. Every parent or guardian should send for a catalogue of this famous institution. It is well illustrated with pictures of the grounds, its beautiful buildings, and interior view of library, study and chapel. Offering as it does the advantages of an attractive home life, in addition to the high courses in literature, art and music, all under the direction of thoroughly competent instructors. The influence and reputation of Peace is extending even more widely than heretofore, both in our state and abroad.

HOLT'S FRIENDS REMEMBER

A Dozen Candidates Now in the Field.

FAIRBROTHER TALKS OF IT

It Seems That Col. Julian S. Carr Proposes to Chase on and For ever the Phantom Hope of Being Governor of the Tar Heel State.

Upon arriving in Durham from Hillsboro, where we last week issued the Recorder, we went to the Yam Farm and found Colonel Fairbrother in bed, where he had been for a week, suffering with a severe attack of acute pneumonia. On top of that he had pleurisy pains, and he confidentially informed us that upon one or two occasions during the week he had almost witnessed the White Horse of Death riding in. We asked him "why in the name of common sense he had not sent for us—why he wanted to lie there in agony and be eaten up with a fever when he should have had attention?" He looked out on the blue sky and said:

"I had rather have the mumps and the sweeny and the heaves; I had rather have chilblains, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, small pox, ingrowing toenails, the nomination for governor on the democratic ticket this fall—anything, and suffered ten thousand times ten thousand agonies I did suffer, than to have missed seeing you get out that Recorder. I knew that it was work. I believed that I was not restrained in Orange county, but still I had learned enough by the mode of procedure to know that there would be no better sport than to catch my lily white hands in the bear trap. I knew you could print the paper and could write it. I knew that the people of Hillsboro wanted it and I knew that hundreds in Durham county wanted it—so I sat or rather laid in the gloaming and didn't care what happened. I'm far from all right now. I did expect to be obliged to visit Hillsboro though, on that Scarlet-Norwood case, as you, I believe, told me the sheriff wanted me. Well, he couldn't have gotten me this trip, I guess, as I was actually as weak as a kitten."

"But, colonel," we interposed, "you talk too much about nothing. If you ramble that way I will wager that no one would ever think of restraining you—but might eject you from the premises. Why do you speak so sadly of the democratic candidate for governor next year? You rather indicate that the chance is not much better than the chance of a spring chicken at a free lunch counter. Do you know any news about politics?"

And then the colonel, who was always wildly at home in state politics, and who was once regarded as a sure prophet on general results in territory which he had known and studied, brightened up like a war horse at the smell of powder, and said: "Know anything new about politics? There never was a day, my dear girl, since Adam ran for mayor of the Garden of Eden and Eve got up her dander and wanted to vote for him, but that there was something new in politics. Nothing of a new nature, you might say, but what I mean is new situations, new hopes, new combines, new rings to down this fellow or that fellow, new lies invented to spring just when they will have deadly weight, new anything—almost an entire change of programme every day in the year, and you may put it down for your own information that there is the 'in' season but no 'out' season of politics—yet there is for politicians."

"Newspapers make many politicians. They want a raise. They want a favor. They whisper something into the ear of the vain and ambitious plausibility, even without the shadow of a hope, and he thinks he can see himself taking the oath of office. But as I talk more scattering than I write, I will not attempt any delicate distinctions with words, but generally give you some pointers which you can write out if you want to or can remember if you want to. Politics in North Carolina is a most too forward crop. The fellow who wants the per-simon gets in a hurry and the strange candidate swipes the platter. The dark horse is always a good one on which to bet. Take the papers to-day. I see where they are all talking

about the governorship. Julian S. Carr is being boomed. Jarvis has some sail out. Judge Armfield has not ordered the withdrawal of his name. Lieutenant-Governor Doughton is in it. Theo. F. Davidson is being pushed. Lee Overman, Tom Mason, Tom Holt and Bob Glenn with more of the West to hear from. And this over a year until the nominating convention. What sort of politics is it when a state must fess a whole year to whoop up one of its favored sons for a place like that? I do not suppose that Mr. Carr wants any of my sympathy, but it is my opinion that he was "played" pretty strongly the other time and sold out. Not perhaps intentionally—but that was a queer convention to me.

"By all the rules and usages anywhere Tom Holt was entitled to that nomination and should have received it. That is where the shoe will pinch this time, I hear, in Colonel Carr's candidacy, even if the democrats stood any show to elect their man, which to my way of thinking they do not. Holt's friends have got it in for Colonel Carr, and while they are not figuring on nominating Tom Holt, I have recently been assured, especially by strong politicians in the eastern part of the state, that Jule Carr can never make it. It is a pity, but pity 'tis—seems true.

It is one thing perhaps gratifying to Durham people to know that William A. Guthrie will be the fusion candidate, and there is no doubt that he will be elected by a rousing majority, if the friends of fusion and of Guthrie do not demolish the leader in dragging him around for the next fifteen months. Guthrie is popular, he is brainy and he is entitled to some recognition. But the trouble is, there are so many heelers and trimmers in this state who want the ball started early for the sole and only purpose, in my opinion, to get the purse strings loosened and bleed the victims. The last state convention was absolutely a disgraceful affair and amounted to almost a carousal.

"I don't know whether there is any sense in what I have just said, but I am in no mood to be interviewed by the great free and untrammelled press, the wonderful Archimedian lever which moves the world; which regulates the style of bloomers and corn liquor, and especially as I have been paying attention to book work the past month, my mind does not run on the vulgar things of a daily or weekly press. I will only say that I am glad you get out your paper and are meeting with success. You might say, as a master of news, that I expect to spend next week in Baltimore. If you get any information from me you will have to have your special correspondent in that city see me."

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The Recorder does not believe in the red-fire oratory of the silver office seekers. It does not believe in professional politics, no matter whether the ratio is sixteen to one or one to sixteen. The politician seems to be the one who is doing the most talking for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, while he takes the free and unlimited use of his lungs to abuse the gold bugs. Who are the prominent silver men? Senators Stewart and Jones—briefly and truthfully the largest owners of silver mines in America. Of course they propose to sell what Secretary Morton calls "junk." They have mountains of silver, and they want to rush the mountain into Washington and have the secretary of the treasury give them gold certificates for their silver. They know the gold is good. What legislation did it ever take to make gold current? Silver is flirting, and becomes a sort of summer girl at Saratoga and is trying to catch a "joke." If silver is worth its face, and it is, then it should be satisfied. Let it go at that. Copper does not blush and still circulates—but only at what it is worth. The turkey buzzard has not yet petitioned to be put on the basis of the eagle, or the pea fowl. Perhaps some statesman will soon advocate that it shall be done. Gold happened to exist, and gold simply goes for what there is in the gold. It is simply merit. All the legislation in the world could not depreciate it. Throw it out of the way as money and yet gold

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

is the true stuff. The government simply took it in. It was and is absolutely unnecessary to brand it. It is known on every range, and there is no use for your Uncle Samuel to blow his name in the bottle when it comes to gold. What we want is more silver money or more gold money. That is, the people say we want more of it. But the question is, shall we allow the few millionaires who own the mountains of silver to coin the mountains? No. Let silver be coined in moderation. But do not let this government endorse for it. If it does the government will pay well for its whistle. If the government ever assumes the responsibility and says "go ahead boys and coin all the silver you can dig and I'll back it up," the truth is that a thousand more mints could not handle the bullion which the earth holds and which would soon be melted into bricks and offered for coinage. Then money would become cheap—it would be like the greenbacks soon after the war. Gold, defying, brave and pure would sit around on the fences and command a premium, while your Uncle Sam would find that he was out of pocket and the silver bugs were rolling in riches. We want a safe money and plenty of it, but let us, in talking about silver, knock out that clause which calls for the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Let us have a business like restriction, a limit, for it has always been conceded that there is a limit to all things.

The Recorder is not a gold bug, and it is against the monopoly of gold—but it wants all things done on a business principle, and we insist that it would not be business to melt the mountains and have them endorsed by Uncle Sam. It would not depreciate gold, but you can never make a base metal a companion of gold and place it on the same basis. Leather is leather, brass is brass, silver is silver and gold is gold, and gold has and will always lead the procession.

TELL THE TRUTH.

Everybody says the times are getting better. It is all well enough to talk this way; it is all well enough to let Hope take the seat of Despondency; it is entirely business-like to brush back the cobwebs and look for the sunlit sky, but to tell the honest truth about it, the gold bugs and the millionaires are determined that, and have adroitly cajoled the people to believe that times are getting better. Yet there is not one single grain of truth in evidence to support their proposition. There is truth in evidence to prove that money is scarcer, that crops are lighter than last year or year before last. The American people will struggle on of course, but it makes us tired to have them read some gold bug seductiveness and with brightening countenance say that they believe that times are getting better.

There is no use to conceal the real facts, and no use to lie about it. The third party, while adorned with many superfluities, has in its platform the principle which will subdue the power of wealth and

put human toil on a basis at least approximating honesty. Strangle the devil-fish Monopoly. He is the father of Trusts and of Combines and of all the wickedness in the mercantile and commercial world. Every farmer in North Carolina should fervently bow upon his knees and ask the strength of God to lead him to the poles where, with his ballot, he can wipe out the corruption and desolation which to-day stands defiant and insolent. The old cry about "party, party" is a chestnut of the past. If to vote for principle is the duty of the sovereign, then he must, in this case, see that the total obliteration of the fanged and frightful hydra-headed monster, Monopoly, is swept into oblivion. The whole thing needs cleansing, and a new party, with new motives and new principles and new men is what is just now wanted. The farmer's roof, his home and his bed could be in no worse condition under the third party than it is to-day under the rotten domination of republicans and democrats. Let us have a change.

Are you a candidate for governor?

Hillsboro was born with half a dozen millstones about its neck, and it will never amount to much until enterprise and progression get to driving.

Attention is called to the announcement of the Young Ladies' college, Buena Vista, Va. The faculty is a strong one and the advantages offered are the best. Write for catalogue.

Six new passenger coaches of the latest and most improved pattern, and a number of combination cars, are among the recent improvements made by the Atlantic and Danville railroad for facilitating passenger travel on their line. The Atlantic and Danville is pushing ahead and will continue to keep up with the procession.

Attention is called to the removal of the La Fayette Military academy from Fayetteville to Wilson, N. C., and the changing of its name to that of the Wilson Military academy, as elsewhere announced in these columns. Major J. W. Yerex, superintendent, is among the best known and most popular educators in the state, and Eastern North Carolina is to be congratulated on the fact that he has seen fit to locate in the prosperous and cultured town of Wilson.

Regarding our location, our friends will find us comfortably and pleasantly located in the new wing of the N. W. Brown & Bro's. tobacco factory on Churton street, where is manufactured the celebrated brands of plug tobacco known as "Call Again," "Black Joe Twist," "Alliance Girl," "Rifle Shot," "Favorite," "Brown's Sun Cured," "Bottom Dollar" and "Old Red House Smoking." This progressive firm is prominent among those which have kept Hillsboro alive and enabled it to hold its own against all later rivals. Their manufactured tobacco is of the finest quality and among the most popular brands on the market.

Uses
Mexican Mustang Liniment

Sprain cured and crutches thrown away.
Bad Gall on his horse's neck cured in 3 days.

DURHAM, N. C., Jan. 11, 1895.

Lyon Mfg. Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gentlemen—For fifteen years I have used Mexican Mustang Liniment, and I consider it the best liniment on earth; I am never without it. I recently used it on a bad gall on my horse's neck and it cured it in three days. I had, also, a bad sprain in my leg and had to use crutches several days. As soon as I began to use Mustang Liniment I felt relief, and in a few days was entirely well. I recommend it to any one needing a liniment for horses or for self, with confidence that they will get their money's worth. Yours,
JNO. E. HUTCHINGS.
Of Carrington & Hutchings,
Prop's of Ream's Warehouse, Durham, N. C.

