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The "Has Been."
"Vanity of vanities; all is vanity, saith the preacher."

What is more pitiable to behold than a "Has Been," in public life? Here is a young man lured into politics. He has been quite successful in business. He has married well. Children have been born unto him. His home life is happy. There seems to be nothing more for him to desire.

In an evil moment, says the New York Mercury, he is tempted to enter the political arena. He gets elected to the legislature. He makes a hit. He thinks there is a great future before him. He sees looming up a seat in the national house of representatives, beyond that the senatorial toga. In his wildest dreams he gets a misty view of the white house.

He has won his first inning. Now for the second. He is sent to congress. One term follows another. At last he secures a seat in the senate. He is there for six years. He can eat in the senate restaurant. He can frank his letters. He can ride on free passes. Life is all sunshine and roses.

But at last the turning down time comes.

He is told to get off of the perch. If he does not get off he is shoved off. For twelve or fifteen years he has neglected business. He has forgotten everything useful that he ever knew. He has made no provision for old age.

All that is left him is dignity and he has no money to maintain that. He is nothing but a poor old "Has Been."

Six months after he steps down from his estate nobody knows him or cares about him. The world has rushed past him.

Other tools are eagerly pursuing the pathway that he trod.

That pathway leads to the same goal—disappointment.

Such is a political career for ninety nine out of a hundred who follow it.

Every state in the Union has its full quota of ex-governors, ex-senators and ex-congressmen, whom everybody has forgotten—or, if anybody does remember, he cares nothing for them. They are ciphers in the community.

Owing to the swift rotation in office out in the extreme Western States these ex-statesmen are very numerous, and they are always cursed with longevity. Very little or no satisfaction is to be got out of a political career in this great republic of ours.

The worst of the whole matter is that almost every man, whether he has brains or not, thinks he is a born statesman. Many such there are who prove the truth of the old adage: "Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

Congress is full of just such fools. But wait a few months or years, and they will be relegated to the great army of "Has Beens," and there will be none so poor as to do them reverence. Their great future will be all behind them.

The Ideal Panacea.

Lames L. Francis, alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for coughs, colds and lung complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physicians' prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgess, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial bottles free at R. Blacknall & son's drugstore.

The Lewiston (Mo.) Journal says a Bangor merchant set a trap for mice in his room, and woke up to find that he had made a captive. So had the mouse. He was a veritable Diogenes, and finding that he couldn't get out, and the night very cold, he reached out, gripped a sock, and hauled it through a small hole in the trap, making a nest of it.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

BRUNSWICK STEW.

When the originator of that now popular and famous dish known as Brunswick Stew was asked for a recipe to make it, after mentioning some twenty different ingredients, he added, "and any other kind of meats or vegetables you may happen to have around."

If he had lived till to-day he would probably have named his dish, more aptly, "Politics." Certainly the parties of to-day have as many elements, creeds, dogmas, isms and other discordant ingredients, stewed up in one conglomerate, unrecognizable heterogeneous mass as ever boiled in an iron pot or soiled a pewter bowl.

Think of it—Gold Democrats, Silver Democrats, Tariff Democrats, Bond Democrats, Free Silver Republicans, Gold Republicans, free trade Republicans, anti income tax Republicans and Democrats, Fusion Republicans, Fusion-Populists, Straight ticket Populists and others too numerous to mention. Everything so mixed that when a man says he belongs to this party or that, it will take him a half hour to explain what sort of a Democrat, Republican or Populist he is, for there are sorts enough to go round.

Such is the mystification to the average man, who has a natural curiosity to know what part of the stew he is getting, whether chicken or crow, he is very much disposed to decline the dish, and confine himself to plain corn bread and fried meat, something he can understand, and that his stomach can digest. For this reason party bossism is not as potent as of yore.

THE CUBAN QUESTION.

The fighting continues in Cuba, with apparent brightening prospects for the Insurgents. Meanwhile our Congress and the President are having some little unpleasantness as to what they are going to do about it. Unquestionably Cuba should be free, but whether the United States should assume the role of God-father and guardian to every waif of the ocean at the expense of ruptured commercial relations, and war with half of Europe is what our statesmen differ about. One thing is pretty evident; if we are going to recognize Cuba at all, we should do so at once.

A dead Cuban will render no thanks, and the live ones, if unrecognized in trouble will scorn our offers of help when they no longer need it. We never knew before this crisis that a neutral power was expected to act as spy and police as this country has done for Spain; but, this country seems to have gotten in the wrong road on several trips lately.

Those people up at Washington were sent there to attend to these matters and they should do it. If they are afraid of the political effect of tackling the tariff and the financial problem—if these issues are to be side-tracked, let them at least dispose of the Cuban question.

"We Owe Nothing to Spain."

Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, who is a North Carolinian, in the prelude to his sermon delivered last Sunday spoke of the duty this country owed to Cuba.

He said "I want to congratulate the house of representatives at Washington and the United States

senate on the noble stand they have taken in the behalf of the oppressed in the island of Cuba. Congress has risen to its duty as the representatives of the people, but it has not gone far enough. I believe that the time has come to recognize the independence of the island of Cuba. This nation owes such an act to its history. Its cardinal principle has been liberty, and upon liberty this nation is founded.

"I believe that the mass of the American people agree that the independence of Cuba should be recognized by this nation.

"We owe nothing to Spain except diplomatic courtesy. Between a Bourbon dynasty and the flag of stars and stripes there is eternal warfare."

Mr. Dixon closed by saying he would like to hear Patrick Henry speak on the seizure of filibusters by the order of the state department and to hear Daniel Webster on the constitutional questions raised.

Hen That Sings.

J. W. Walker of McConnellsville, Ohio, has a remarkable hen. Ruby, as she is called, is a genuine Plymouth Rock fowl, and she has taken more than one prize for the purity of her breed and other good qualities.

What is not generally known about her is that she sings. As soon as Ruby hears the sound of the piano she will start on the run from wherever she may be and scamper up the steps and enter the house by door or window, as opportunity offers.

She is a great pet with the only child of the family, and if the little girl wishes for her company, or wishes to display Ruby's talents, she will take her up on the piano stool beside her, where from that much-prized position Ruby will hold forth.

She will roll her head from side to side, croak and croon, sometimes softly, sometimes loudly, but always following the music, and apparently with rapture at her own performance. Nor is she soon tired of singing, either. She will keep it up as long as the accompanist is willing to play, and even after a lengthy performance retires reluctantly.—Philadelphia Times.

Death Held the Reins.

JERSEY CITY, March 12.—Policeman Wilcox noticed a beer wagon and team of horses standing still in the car tracks on West Side avenue yesterday morning. The driver was sitting upright on his seat. The policeman yelled to the driver to move on. The driver paid no heed. Then he threatened to arrest him, but the teamster did not move.

Officer Wilcox became angry, jumped upon the driver's seat and preceded to yank the man off to the station house for allowing his team to obstruct the street. Then the officer was horrified to find that he was arresting a corpse. The driver had died of apoplexy. He was Joseph Ziegler of Newark.

According to the Salisbury World, Greensboro has another sensation in high life—a wife too intimate with another man. If white caps are to be tolerated under any circumstances, they should administer punishment to the wretch who invades the sanctity of another's home and hopelessly wrecks the peace of husband and wife.

She Died for Love.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., March 12. Lena Hill was the name given by a pretty lassie from Wyoming county who registered at the Luzerne House Tuesday evening. From appearance she was attired as a bride. She told the proprietor of the hotel that she had missed the only train for her home and would have to remain over until morning.

In the morning there was a strong odor of gas coming from the girl's room. The door was broken open and she was found on the bed unconscious. Two notes and the photograph of a man were found on the bureau. One of the notes was addressed to Lena's mother, asking her forgiveness for taking her life, and the other was a request that "Abe's" photograph be buried with her.

"Abe" is believed to be the girl's lover. The girl's right name is not Hill, but Ellston. She is still alive this morning, although the physicians have no hope of her recovery.

McKinley Captures Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., March 12.—The McKinley forces have practically captured the Georgia vote in the National Republican Convention. Eight of the eleven congressional districts have acted so far and of the sixteen delegates chosen, thirteen are according to the statement of A. E. Buck, chairman of the state executive committee, pledged to McKinley, the other three being for Reed. The first, seventh and eleventh districts have not acted.

Home-maid Philosophy.

Luv iz the only diseze you kin cure bi neglect.

Life is a faleure only tu them whoo air purely seifish.

God repented that he had ever maid man, and lots uv wimmen jine in with him on that skore.

Darwin sez men use tu be munkies; if that is so the change seems tu konsist cheefly in havin uv a shorter tale and less sents.

There iz lots uv people who worship God that don't let it interfere with enny munny makin' skem tha hav on hands.

It don't maik enny differents whair a man parts hiz hair jist so he keeps hiz hed level.

There air several waze tu git offis, but the shortest kut and the one most used iz but bi square to-de lyin'.

The most sublime faith in humanity iz eggsibeted bi the "mi daddy wuz" demokrats still stikin tu the party.

"Polisy politix" iz only only a thin eckskuse fur takin a short kut tu git the salerize.

If a man wants tu ware old cloze let him buk agin the powers that be.

War iz a kontest between fules so that the raskels kin divide the plunder.

The wize politishun iz the feller what kin talk the most and sa the leest.

Flattery iz sumthing you rub on fules to git them tu du what you wood be ashamed tu du yourself.

A man kin be billin over with religin and not hav a speck of Kristchianity.

A hen whoo pursists in usin uv the nest aig tu set on mite be turned a single plaker.—Tobe Spilkins in Morgan's Buzzsaw.

The most definite answer to a letter from a constituent was sent last week by a Western Congressman to a friend who proposed to ship a car load of horses to Washington city. It was: "The people ride bicycles, the street cars are run by electricity, the government is run by Jackasses, and there is no sale for horses in Washington." The horses went to Goldsboro.

English Aid For Italy.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 13.—Persistent reports are circulating to the effect that England will give financial support to Italy.

Apropos to this subject the Novosti says:

"England may aid Italy, in order herself to keep a better hold on Egypt."

The Viedomosti expresses alarm at the fact that the Japanese have given large orders for building war ships. It says that Russia must rouse herself and build to the same extent.

A Direct Vote.

WASHINGTON, March 13.—At a full meeting of the committee on privileges and election today, Senator Mitchell, chairman of the committee was authorized to report his joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States providing for the election of United States Senators, by a direct vote of the people. Senator Mitchell was also authorized to prepare the report of the committee. The joint resolution and report will be submitted to the senate in a few days. The vote in committee was five to four in favor of the amendment three republicans and two democrats voting in the affirmative and two republicans and two democrats against.

McDOWELL county has the meanest man on earth, undoubtedly, in the person of Pink Carver, who is now in jail for kicking his 6-year old child to death. He sent her after wood in the yard; she was not quick enough to please him and he attacked her like a brute. He went out after a whip when she crept into the yard and feel dead on the wood pile. Such a mean, degraded, contemptible scoundrel, as this man should not be allowed to breathe the breath of life. He should be dealt with as we would deal with any other vicious animal.

Gladstone's Pudding.

Shelley once blurted out that pudding was a prejudice, but according to a contemporary, which tells the following exciting story, Mr. Gladstone merely regards the habit of eating it too hot as a prejudice: "One day, not long ago, he was going for a drive into Chester after luncheon. His pudding was very hot, so he went away from the table, changed his clothes, got ready for the drive and came back and finished his pudding, thus saving the ten minutes during which his pudding cooled!"—Chicago Chronicle.

New York proposes to put a stop to her rich heiresses going abroad as the wives of bankrupt noblemen without paying for that privilege. A bill has been drawn, and will be introduced in the New Legislature this week, levying a tax upon the dowries of all women marrying foreign noblemen in the State, or having dowries paid out of the revenues of property in this State. The tax is to be twenty-five per cent. of the total amount of the dowry, and the revenues thus secured are to be devoted to founding manual labor schools for women throughout the State, and for building and maintaining homes for aged women.

As THE sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their interiors.—Fuller.

It May do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price 50¢ and \$1. At R. Blacknall & Son's drug store.

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The Money Question Again.

The question of the hour is the question of dollars. Men who own gold mines want the standard to be a single gold dollar. Men who own silver mines want the standard to be silver. Men who own both gold and silver mines (there are only a few of us left) want a gold and silver standard. We've got a scheme. Why not make our dollars out of rubber? That's a great scheme. Then they'll stretch. It's pretty hard to make a five dollar bill stretch over a ten dollar purchase, and even we can't do that for you, but until they make rubber dollars we'll come nearer to it than any store you know of. We'll stretch one dollar fifty cents so it will cover an all-wool knee-pants suit worth a dollar more. We'll stretch five dollars in common silver money so it will cover a splendid all wool fancy Cassimere Suit to fit young men up to 19 years worth \$7.50 (the suit, not the young men.) We'll stretch \$6.00 over a suit for men that ought to cost you \$8.50 and it would if this store wasn't here. We'll stretch your money. We'll make you think its made out of rubber. See if we don't.

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