

The Durham Recorder.

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HIGHER EDUCATION AGAIN.

The Biblical Recorder, organ of the Baptist denomination of North Carolina, is still using its efforts to get the state to reduce its appropriation to higher education. In this week's issue the Recorder has the following: "The principle of State-aid is wrong, manifestly wrong" so manifestly that there is no need to argue to prove it to the people of the state, though there are friends of the state-aided institutions who have persistently shut their eyes to this fact."

Why is the principle of state-aid wrong? Does not the Recorder believe that education has done much to christianize the world? Of course it does, and that being the case why is the "principle" "wrong" when the state wishes to give a few thousand dollars to be spent in raising humanity to a more lofty plane? How can the Recorder dare say that the "principle" which put it into the hearts of our former legislators and statesmen, as they looked out on a sin-cursed and ignorant world, was "wrong" when they decided to give a few dollars to educate the people and in so doing to make christians out of them?

The Baptist denomination, as well as the others, are annually spending hundreds and thousands of dollars for missions. It is very often the case that thousands are spent before a single soul saved, yet they tell us that if only one soul is saved a year the money is well spent. Why is not the case the same in regard to education? If ONLY ONE life is raised to a higher plane; if ONLY ONE soul is taught to see the beauties of higher life and is given power to go out into the world and tell it to others, is not the \$20,000 (which the state gives to the University) well spent?

Every church is called on annually for funds to support Wake Forest and Trinity colleges. Is that right? If it is, why is it not right for the state to assist also? The Church has about as much burden as they can carry now and why not let the state assist and not throw the whole responsibility of education on the Church?

Again the Recorder says: "There is no adequate argument to sustain the appropriation of the taxes of the people for the higher education of a few young men and women."

Yet the few who are today getting the benefits of the University are nearly equal to the combined numbers of those who are at Wake Forest and Trinity colleges.

We know, personally, of men today who are useful, educated christians and by their lives and works are winning souls for Christ that had it not been for the state aid they received through the University could never have been as useful as they are or had the influence they now have.

Is it not better then to spend this little money for education than it is to lock it up in the state vaults, where it can never elevate one soul?

It seems to us that the Church is jealous. That it wants the whole "honor" of educating the world. They ask and beg for funds for education yet stand back and say that the "principle" is "wrong" when the state steps up and kindly offers to shoulder part of the responsibilities by giving \$20,000 a year for education.

Give us the church that is broad enough to recognize and appreciate good whether done under their direction or under the direction of a sister denomination or the state. Give us the "old time religion" that was good enough to give its hearty support to the cause of the Master, let it be found where

it would. The church of today seems to say that "we would like to see you get religion but you must get it our way; we would like to see you educated but you must come to us for it." The church would do well to look into its inmost heart and ask itself the question: "Have we not wandered from the teaching of the Nazarene?"

CONTENTED AND HAPPY.

The easy contentment of the old time country press is thus happily described by the editor of the Lawrenceville, Pa., Herald, who says: "This paper will soon be sixteen years old. It is fairly prosperous as country papers go. The editor has been living on a minimum down to a science, the printer has long ago solved the problem of living without either food or raiment, while the business manager has joined the church and is so sure of his future that he doesn't care whether he lives or not."

"We've come out on our old hand press week after week without money and without price. We print a good newspaper, hold our old subscribers and get a new one occasionally. We are happy and contented. We may not have much to live for, but, owing to the uncertainty of the future, we have nothing whatever to die for. We believe that our cheerfulness is reflected in the columns of our paper. If you want to participate in this carnival of cheerfulness we are now having it will only cost you a dollar a year. Just think of it; fifty cheerfulnesses for a dollar—joy is frightfully cheap these hard times."

STAY ON THE FARM.

The Woodville (Mass.) Courier contains the following, which is of interest to the youth of the South:

"Many farmer boys are now undecided whether to leave the old homestead and press their way into the crowded city, there to engage in the severe and uncertain struggle of a business life, or to remain upon the old farm, adopting agriculture as their life work. These boys like the farm and hesitate to adopt farming, only that they fear that the return may not be commensurate with the effort put forth. But if the great financial troubles which recently swept over this country have proved one thing more conclusively than another, it has proved the uncertainty of business ventures in the city, and the certainty of competence, comfort and the best things of life to those who sensibly and systematically follow farming. Each day develops the fact that education and raining pay on the farm as they pay elsewhere in life, and other things being equal, the young man who fortifies himself by a thorough agricultural education will succeed better than he who neglects this preparation."

If we were not fully committed in the matter of the United States senatorship, we are not certain that we should be able to resist the impact of the Monroe Journal. Its argument in behalf of the vermilion-haired editor of the Progressive Farmer is well-nigh overwhelming. We should like to know how Otho Wilson expects to meet it. Can he set up any such claims?—Charlotte Observer.

Signor Crispi Predicts War.

LONDON, Nov. 27.—A Berlin dispatch to the Morning Post says:

"Signor Crispi, the former Italian Premier, in an autograph letter to a charity bazaar declares that it is delusion to suppose that Europe is in favor of peace. The ambitious and revengeful powers, says Signor Crispi, are only waiting until success is assured to plunge Europe into war."

BRYAN'S VOTE.

David McGregor, in the December Forum, says: "We exult in the great majorities against Bryan which were recorded in Chicago and New York and Brooklyn. But when we look at the enormous number of voters that deliberately cast their votes for him, when we reflect that without money, without flags or processions, deserted by the leaders, deprived of effective orators, despised by the intelligence of the community, the humble followers of Bryan mustered 77,000 strong in such a city as Brooklyn, 5,000 more than supported the last democratic candidate for mayor, we cannot look forward to the future with serene confidence."

Well may the gold side tremble. With all the trusts and money against him; with all the large newspapers on the side of McKinley; with the cry of "anarchists," "traitors," "repudiators" ringing in his ears, Bryan polled over 6,000,000 votes. He is the strongest man in America today, and without the aid of money on either side can command two votes to McKinley's one.

THE "MISSING LINK" AGAIN.

The "missing link" between the monkey and a human being has again been discovered. This time Paul D'Enjoy, a French explorer, is said to have made the discovery in the unknown regions of Indo-China on the frontier of Annam. He has been exploring in that region for some time and now comes out with the statement that he has discovered the "missing link"—a wild savage, part man, who can talk and has a tail. His account of the man-monkey is disappointing in detail. It does not even describe the features' tail and no height or color is given. The one he captured is said to have poisoned the Coolie in charge and made his escape.

This "missing link" is all a fake. Man was made and placed in this world as was also the monkey and all other animals. Each one is separate and distinct and there is and never was a "missing link," only in the imagination of some sensationalist who wished notoriety.

Revived After Being Hanged.

TUSKEGEE, Ala., Nov. 26.—Last Friday a negro named Henry Dawson was hanged here for murder by the Sheriff. He was a large, 200-pounder, and when the trap was sprung fell so hard he almost broke the rope. Fifteen minutes after the fall, he was cut down, and the physicians present pronounced him to be dead from strangulation. His body was turned over to his friends for burial, who put it in a large black coffin and started with it in a wagon for the Buchanan place, several miles distant, where they announced the burial would take place.

A negro named Reuben Rice now comes forward with a statement that Dawson is not dead, but that as soon as the wagon was outside of town the lid of the coffin was pried off and whiskey and other restoratives were applied, with the result that the supposed corpse was resuscitated, and after an hour or two was recovered sufficiently to walk. The evidence of the truth of the statement is that the negroes having the remains in charge have left the neighborhood and no evidence of a new made grave can be found about the Buchanan place.

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood-purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible diseases as catarrh, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly.

TRUSTWORTHY FRIENDS.

The Richmond Times pays a deserved tribute to the fidelity of newspaper people. At Jacksonville, Fla., last week a reporter went to jail rather than disclose the source of a piece of information which he had gotten hold of and printed. In commenting on the above the Times, among other things, says:

"That while it is the business of the reporter to print the news, he is the last man in the world to violate confidence. The public does not seem to understand that a reporter has a 'silent ear,' and that the only safe way of keeping a news item out of print is to confide it to the reporter. If you try to hide it away from him, the chances are ninety nine in a hundred that he will 'scoop' it. If he receives it from you in confidence, he will give up his job or go to jail before he will betray you. The Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, who has been active in politics for many years, and who has had to do as much as any man in the state, perhaps, with newspaper men, said some time ago, in talking on this subject, that he had never in all his experience, had a newspaper man to violate his confidence."

To this the Charlotte Observer says: "There is a silent understanding among newspaper people that a secret confided to them is sacred. If they print it after having received it confidentially, it is ninety-nine times in one hundred because they did not understand that it was given in confidence; and if they give their promise not to betray the source of an item they never do it. Wise public men quickly learn, therefore, to take newspaper people into their confidence and deal candidly with them at all times. There are newspaper men in North Carolina today who know enough to ruin many a public man in an hour, but they became possessed of the knowledge in such a way that those whom it would affect are as safe as if the custodians of these secrets were dead."

Remains of the Monnd-Builders.

CUMBERLAND, Md., Nov. 27.—Yesterday president of the Council, Robert Shriver, Rabbi J. L. Stern, Harvey Laney, and F. M. Offut left Cumberland in a boat as the guests of Mr. Offut for the purpose of seeking relics on the site of a mound, which the latter knew of years ago. After locating the mound the party found within it two graves, each containing a skeleton of a child, and one of an adult in a sitting posture facing south, with the elbows resting on the knees. Nearly all the bones of the large skeleton, which is thought to be that of a woman, were well preserved, and were brought to Cumberland and placed on exhibition, attracting great attention. Mr. Offut has one of the baby skeletons. Rabbi Stern, who has made a study of the mound builders, thinks the skeletons cannot be less than six hundred years old. The find was made on the farm of James Pollock, about midway between the canal and Potomac River, seven miles below Cumberland.

YORK, Pa., Nov. 25.—Driven

to desperation by her shame, Katie Klindinst, a nineteen-year-old girl, who was about to become a mother, sought a horrible death at Stoverstown, this county, today. She went into a cornfield on her father's farm, set fire to one of the shocks of fodder, and threw herself into the flames. Before she had entirely accomplished her end, she was discovered and carried home. Medical aid was summoned, but she was burned beyond all help, and a few hours afterward she died. Shortly before death she gave birth to a living child.

TOO MEAN TO BE CALLED MAN.

A hypocrite is the most despicable of all men. The very name itself carries with it all that is objectionable to God or man. An insignificant human being, who thinks he is smart enough to fool man and deceive the Great Ruler of this universe, is too small, too low and contemptible to bear the name of man—who, we are told in the Great Book, was made in the image of God Himself. Yet we meet them almost daily in the walks of life.

There are men who draw the cloak of self-righteousness around them and from behind its folds try to strike blows that will completely annihilate and wreck the lives of those who are not so fortunately situated in this world. Such men are more poisonous than the rattlesnake. They are meaner than the man who buries the dagger to his hilt in the bosom of a friend while he is off his guard.

It is the motto of these men to rule or ruin, and, while their own heart is a sepulcher filled with dead men's bones, they are ever parading the faults and mistakes of others before the world and stand ready at any time to crush those whom they cannot rule. Such a spirit is born of the Devil, and, while chained in the Bottomless pits of hell throughout eternity, they will be given plenty of time to brood over the fact that they were not the only men that ever lived.

We are told by the poet that "man's inhumanity to man causes countless thousands to mourn" and it is to such men as mentioned above that this applies with more force than to any one else.

Make us as poor as Job, strike us with sores from the crown of our head to the soles of our feet, let the dogs lick us at the rich man's gate, feed us on the crumbs that fall from his table, but forbid that we should ever act the hypocrite and behind the false face of righteousness strike blows that are intended to crush other men to the earth.

The Shepherd and His Sheep.

A gentleman and his wife traveling in the Holy Land, while resting by the roadside became interested in a shepherd as he sought to lead his flock over a stream. In vain he called to his sheep to follow him through the shallow waters, and again and again he coaxed them on. They would come so far and no farther. At last, as a final resort he caught a little lamb and bore it to the other side. Immediately the dam followed, and then the entire flock crossed safely to better pastures and cooler shade. There was a lesson in that little incident for the two travelers. It had been necessary in their case, too, that the Good Shepherd should bear their only child across the stream in order to draw them closer to Him. But their hearts had rebelled against the will of God and they had sought to bury their sorrow in distraction. As the meaning of the lesson came more fully upon them they accepted the great truth it taught; and not only did they find healing for their own broken hearts and shattered hopes but were used of God in bringing hope and comfort to many another burdened and darkened life—Dwight L. Moody in December Ladies' Home Journal.

A cup of muddy coffee is not wholesome, neither is a bottle of muddy medicine. One way to know a reliable and skillfully-prepared blood purifier is by its freedom from sediment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is always bright and sparkling, because it is an extract and not a decoction.

SPAIN RESENTS RECOGNITION.

A cablegram from Madrid, Spain says: "Madrid newspapers reflect the intense anxiety of all classes as the meeting of congress at Washington approaches. The strongest feeling prevails against any intervention in Cuba, even from the friendliest nation, which, the Spaniards contend, would be a tacit recognition of Cuban belligerency. Spain would prefer the risk of a conflict with the United States."

Of course Spain fears that this country will recognize Cuba. Her old, rotten and corrupt government is tottering now and our recognition of Cuba as belligerents would pull away the last prop that is now holding it in place.

Speaking of Spain preferring a "conflict" with the United States is all bosh. Instead of talking about fighting this country she had better whip the little island of Cuba first.

Beauty of the Creole Women.

"As you see his face," writes Ruth McEury Stuart in an article on the Creoles, "A People Who Live Amid Romance," in the December Ladies' Home Journal, "you will know that he (the Creole husband or father) realizes that no flower upon the lily-covered altar is half so fair or so fit for the temple's perfect adorning as his blooming wife and budding daughters, who sit in line beside him. If he does not think these things he is a dullard—or, maybe, only half-Creole. Perhaps his mother was an American, or Scotch. And then—? Perhaps he would not think them because they might not be true. They would be other things, other things just as fine and good, no doubt—they might even have rare beauty of a different type—but the Creole woman is a flower. She is a magnolia or a jasmine—occasionally, a camellia—or, especially when there is a good warm drop of Spanish blood in her veins, she is a red, red rose—a rose too sweet to pass untouched but for her perfect dignity and a piquant hauteur that is as protective as any thorn upon a rose's stem.

"Properly speaking, or rather narrowly speaking, the Creole is an American, born of French or Spanish parents, or of both, and, strictly, both parents should themselves be foreign-born, but the Creole is often only the great-grandson of a Creole, and some of their families of purest blood could not reach the mother country without going back through three or four American-born generations."

Ex-Slaves to Petition Congress.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 17.—The ex-Slaves' Pension Association of the United States concluded its first national convention here today after a three days' session. Rev. J. A. Moore, of Mississippi, was chosen president, and H. R. Hayes, of Mississippi, secretary. The plan providing for the pension of all former slaves by the government as promulgated at the convention of Kansas negroes at Topeka, last September, was adopted, and a petition to congress was drawn up, urging the passage of the bill for that purpose introduced in the Senate by Senator Thurston last February.

R. C. Myers, of Mississippi, and D. B. Garrett, of Oklahoma, were chosen as a committee to go to Washington on January 15 next to present the association's petition to congress, and urge prompt action. The petition claims that the government, by right, should pension 60,000 former slaves because they helped to develop the wealth of this country, and because many of them and their associates helped to fight its battles.

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