

The DURHAM RECORDER.
SEMI-WEEKLY.
EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.
By ZEB. P. COUNCIL.
ESTABLISHED 1820.

Entered as second class matter August 8, 1903, at the postoffice at Durham, N. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates:
One year \$1.00
Six months 50 cents
Three months 25 cents
Rates for advertising made known on application.

DURHAM, N. C., July 23, 1907.

THE NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association was held in Morehead City last week—Wednesday and Thursday—and the attendance was gratifying, also the papers presented by those on the program were of a high order and they were helpful.

To give a detailed account of the proceedings would take up much space, and would not be as interesting possibly, as a disconnected account as one sees things passing:

The editorial party west of Durham passed here at 11:50 Tuesday and were joined here by Editors Robinson of the Sun, King of The Herald, and Council of The Recorder. The day was hot and the trip to the sea was not completed until the cool of the evening. Crop conditions along the way were better than we had been led to believe from the many reports sent out.

The accommodation at the Atlantic hotel was all that could have been expected, and the management did their best to make our stay pleasant, and from reports of the editors on the return they succeeded. The courtesies of the Norfolk & Southern Railway were such that each one had a good word to say for the management of that rapidly growing system that is doing so much for the development of the portion of the state through which it runs.

Wednesday afternoon Messrs. H. A. Foushee and T. E. Cecek, who were at Morehead with their families, gave the Durham editors, Messrs. King, Robinson and Council, and a few of their friends a complimentary sail, which was very pleasant and enjoyable. A visit to the Government Laboratory and Fishery and wireless telegraph station at Beaufort, Fort Macon, and several other places of interest was made.

The sessions of the Association were interesting and the papers read contained timely hints that were helpful. Officers elected for the next year were as follows:

President—Archibald Johnson, of Charity and Children.

First Vice-President—J. A. Thomas, of the Louisburg Times.
Second Vice-President—W. J. Jordan, of the Snow Hill Standard.

Third Vice-President—A. S. Carson, of the Alleghany Star.

Secretary and Treasurer—John B. Sherrill, of the Concord Times.
Historian—T. G. Cobb, of the Morganton Herald.

Orator—J. H. Cane, of Asheville citizen.

Poet—J. A. Robinson, of the Durham Sun.

Executive Committee—H. A. London, W. C. Dowd, R. M. Phillips, Josephus Daniels and D. T. Edwards.

The next place of meeting will be Charlotte, and the time of the meeting is to be decided by the Executive Committee.

The last session was held last Thursday evening and all that had planned to do so began looking forward to the excursion to Washington.

About forty of the editorial party arrived at Washington Friday about 11 o'clock. A commit-

tee representing the citizens of the city were at the depot to welcome us, and at once all were taken in carriages and buggies and carried for a drive over the city. Upon the return from the drive we stopped at Hotel Louise. During the afternoon the editors were given every attention necessary for their comfort, and at four o'clock were escorted out to the baseball park to witness a game between the home team and a team from Wilson. The Washington team was victorious, and the game proved to be rather one-sided as the Wilson boys went to pieces.

After supper the Chamber of Commerce had prepared a boat excursion which was greatly enjoyed by all. The pleasure of this excursion was made greater by the fact that quite a number of the citizens accompanied the editors. After the boat ride all went to the Elk hall where speech-making and refreshments were the order.

All the editors that went to Washington were high in their praise of the manner in which her citizens entertained them, and when a resolution was presented to express in words the feelings of their hearts it was passed with cheers.

Among others that visited the thriving city of Washington we were very much surprised at the size and possibilities of the place and the pluck and energy of its citizens. We learned many things not generally known about this thriving eastern city and hope in the near future to tell our readers something about it.

It is right amusing to see people that get their living either by raising of tobacco or the manufacture of it, cheering the words of someone denouncing the use of it.

WITH the Rowland case and the railroad troubles being heard in Raleigh there should be no lack of "something doing" for all that have nothing to do but spend their leisure moments about the court house.

THERE are many mysteries about many things, but it seems that something is wrong when one concern is criticised for making large dividends while another makes capital of the fact that they are paying big dividends. If it is wrong for cotton mills or railroads to make large dividends, why is it not equally as wrong for a trust company to do the same thing. If it is right to regulate one why not the other?

Miss Etruio Collins, of East Durham, was united in marriage to Mr. Henry Bennett, of Creedmoor, by Justice Owens this morning at 10 o'clock. The ceremony was performed in the justice's office and the happy young couple left on the Seaboard train for their future home at Creedmoor.

Blunt Dr. Dougal.
Dr. Dougal of Keith, who was made an honorary member of the Aberdeen society in 1795, had a reputation for bluntness. A talkative woman went to him one day and said to him, "Doctor, what is the matter with my tongue?" "Just needin' a rest," he replied shortly. On another day a patient went to him and complained, "I have a deal to suffer with my eyes, doctor," whereupon he answered, "Better suffer with them than without."

The Inundation.
"If you please, sir," said a yeoman to a churchwarden in a village, "the new rector is to be inundated next Tuesday week, and I have come to ask you whether you will be able to be present." "Certainly," replied the churchwarden, who was something of a humorist, "and I hope there will be an overflowing congregation."—London Answers.

His Change of Front.
"My view on coeducation," he said firmly, "is that it should be forbidden. It is deleterious to mental development. It leads to—"

"John," said his wife, entering unexpectedly, "are you telling Mr. Smith of the dear old days when we were college classmates?"

"Yes," said John.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A prudent haste is wisdom's leisure.—Italian Proverb.

The ... Rogue's March.

By
E. W. HORNUNG,

Author of "Raffles,
the Amateur Crack-
man," "Stingaree,"
Etc.

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were all the curlicue could possibly hold; also that there was more to do at the bungalow than the other realized, but he promised to receive them in all his buttons, and in less than ten minutes the dazed man started both horses at a gallop down the Point Piper road.

Tom heard him rattle out of earshot among the trees without audible mishap. He then ran back to the house, where Mrs. Fawcett was already beside herself in the kitchen, but Peggy had paused on the veranda with an anxious face.

"'Tis you should be wid 'm, Tom," said she reproachfully.

"There wasn't room, Peggy."

"Room enough the one way. I take shame o' ye for lettin' the masher go alone in his haste."

"Why?"

"'Tis thrown out an' kilt he may be on the way to meet his lady!"

"God forbid!" cried Tom, and the words came back to him next day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TOM had done well to stay behind. There was so much to make ready that none of the others knew where to begin until he showed them. At his best in most emergencies, he was resolved to strain every nerve in this one and so perhaps show some little gratitude at last. The opportunity was unique. Tom seized it with characteristic ardor.

He began by putting Mrs. Fawcett on her mettle, invented the dinner for her and got old Fawcett out of his wife's way by sending him to a neighboring nursery for the asparagus and the green peas. Peggy he set to work to make the beds, while he himself gathered flowers for the table, flowers for the ladies' rooms, flowers for the veranda upon which the bride must tread. The new flag, bought for this day, had never been unpacked. It was soon flying bravely from the flagstaff on the lawn. And by 5 o'clock Tom had his table exquisitely laid, but it was nearly 7 before the curlicue lamps shone through the open gate and the horses swept up to the veranda, where Tom stood in ardent readiness.

He had spent the interim in arraying himself most carefully in all his mental finery, in shaving for the second time that day, in laying out his master's evening clothes, in gathering the books which had been left upon the shore, in reading and re-reading the poem that expressed his case, in talking to Peggy and in thinking of Claire.

The whole situation put him sadly in mind of Claire, but he was not thinking of her as the horses trotted up. He had forgotten all about her when he heard her voice. Next moment the curlicue bridged the stream of lamplight issuing from the hall. And Tom stood among the roses he had strewn, stibonnetted against the doorway, without moving hand or foot or once lifting his unseen gaze from Claire Harding's face.

What followed seemed to be happening to another man. Daintree cried to him, and he helped the ladies to get down. He touched her hand. Their eyes never met. Daintree jumped down and led Claire on his arm through the roses. Fawcett came up, the curlicue was gone, and Tom stood alone in the drive, watching the ladies go upstairs within, followed by their maid and Daintree, and after that he stood watching the staircase until Daintree ran down it and had him by both hands.

"You dear, good fellow, you have thought of everything!" he cried. "You couldn't have done more if you'd been the happy man yourself, and I shall never forget it—especially the flowers."

"Nor I," cried Tom bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You might have told me who it was, sir. I recognized Miss Harding at once. Her family used to come to our village for the shooting, and her father was my father's enemy. It's hard for me to meet her like this after that. I'd have run away if I'd known."

"Precisely why I didn't tell you," rejoined Daintree triumphantly. "Come, come, my good fellow, I know all about the relations between the two families, and you mustn't flatter yourself that Miss Harding will remember you. You've altered considerably, for one thing, and I dropped your surname on purpose to spare you any such recognition. Miss Harding won't know you from Adam."

"I would rather not wait upon her all the same."

Daintree showed his teeth.

"Not wait upon the lady who is to be my wife and your mistress? You dare to say that to my face? Let me find you at your post when I come downstairs—or take care!"

And he stood a moment at the door, with the most significant and malignant expression, after which he went upstairs to dress, leaving Tom to regret for the first time his impulsive confession of complicity in the Castle Sullivan outrage and to reflect upon the many sides of the man whom Claire Harding had come out from England to marry. Memories lashed him by the score. He had seen how the tyrant would treat his servants and

his dog. He had pitied the bride in the abstract, and was it to be Claire Harding, and was he to stand there and see them married?

His head was in a whirl of conflicting emotions and anxieties. Still stunned by the mere shock of seeing her whom he had never thought to see again in that outlandish place and all but another man's bride, he was faced by an immediate dilemma which called for instantaneous decision. If Claire were to recognize him at dinner, then she was pretty certain to betray a secret which Daintree, on the other hand, was almost as certain to guess if his servant absented himself after what had just passed. Well, Claire knew best why she had made a secret where none was necessary. But if more trouble was to come of it, let him be there to take her part. Let him be there forever to watch over her in those passionate hands! And Tom found himself mechanically lighting the candles on the dinner table and lowering the shades to lessen the chance of his face being seen.

While he was so engaged the inner door opened, and Tom and Claire stood face to face.

Her eyes were great with horror. She shut the door behind her and then stood close against it, shrinking from him to whom she once had clung.

"I can't bear it!" she gasped. "I must either speak to you or go mad!"

Yes, yes, I know we may be caught! I can't help that! Tell me quickly, did you know who I was before I came?"

"No, indeed!"

"Is it by accident that you are his servant?"

"No; he sought me out. So you knew me again, Claire?"

"What did you say? Never call me that again. Of course I knew you! How could I forget you after all you have made me suffer? If I only could!"

The cruelty of this speech struck him dumb. He drew himself up and grimly challenged her with his eye. Her sufferings, indeed! What had she suffered? She was on the point of marrying a rich man. No doubt it was distressing to her to encounter him again at that juncture. His lip curled at such distress.

"She read his thoughts to the letter. 'You think I have not suffered?' she cried in a low voice. 'You little know, but this is the last straw—the punishment I so richly deserve! Mr. Daintree saved your life. You knew that, of course? But I don't think you know why he did it. It was because I asked him, it was for my sake!'"

"You?" he said hoarsely. "I see now—I see! I might have guessed it long ago."

"He wanted to do something for me," she continued in a choking voice. "I let him do that. I deceived him to save your life. I am here because I deceived him!"

He thought he had seen everything. He had not, but he was beginning to now. Good heavens! Why was his heart beating so fast? It ought to bleed instead. Here was the girl he loved, and upstairs was the man he had reason to love better still, and they were going to marry like that. He tried to forget, to think only of what Claire had done for him.

"God bless you!" he murmured. "He has saved my life twice over and much more than my life, and I owe it all to one brave girl who believed in me and made him believe in me when all the world—"

"Stop!" she cried. "I never believed in you at all."

"What?"

"I was sorry for you."

"You believed me guilty, even when you tried to save my life?"

"Of manslaughter—yes!"

"Let us split no hairs! You think—I did it—still?"

"I can think nothing else."

In the dead silence following these words the servant heard his master stamping into evening dress overhead; he felt his own crested buttons glittering in the candlelight that shone upon the table he had set so beautifully for the bride, and as she tossed back the ringlets that he knew so well and repeated with unflinching eyes what she had told him in so many candid words all that had distracted him up to this moment ceased to do so any more. Her coming was nothing to him now. Her errand was nothing; she was welcome to marry the next day. But he lieve in his innocence she must and should. Injustice from her was the last bitterness, the crowning wrong, the one intolerable misery which absorbed all that had gone before.

Something of this he showed her in his bitter, proud, inexorable look; then suddenly he retreated to the open French windows.

"You are going?" she cried. "I might have known. You were always—generous!"

"I am not now. I hear my master on the stairs."

"You are not going altogether?"

"Certainly not at present."

"When, when?" she cried below her breath.

"When you do me common justice." Daintree had gone into the wrong.

(Continued on third page.)

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