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WORDS SPOKEN MAY BE FORGOTTEN, BUT THOSE WHICH ARE WRITTEN OR PRINTED STAND RECORD.

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CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

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AN EPISODE OF LOVE.
HEIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.
He Could Explain If He Would.

Many years ago, when Philadelphia was yet young, and before Fairmount Park was brought to its present state of perfection, there was in the southern portion of Wisconsin, near the river drive, a cave, called Indian cave, long since deserted, which was supposed at one time to have been the rendezvous of some of these warlike people. Various stories had been whispered about by the more superstitious of the people in the vicinity to the effect that a man supposed to have been murdered there long ago had risen to rise suddenly out of the cave, mounted on a black steed, and pursue the frightened narrators for a considerable distance and then vanish as suddenly as it had appeared.

Some distance north of this cave there lived a man named Richard Ashly, whose beautiful and accomplished daughter had suitors galore from all parts of our Quaker City. Among these was a man named George Royal, who did not meet with much favor in the eyes of his adored one, but who, nevertheless, continued to pay the most assiduous attention to the young lady, much to her displeasure and the utter disgust of his numerous rivals. His most bitter opponent was John Coleman, who openly expressed the utmost contempt for George and vowed to execute a whole catalogue of tragedies if that young gentleman did not cease his nightly transits over Girard avenue bridge toward Wisconsin.

But all this did not abate the ardor of the young suitor, and one particular evening he decided to pop the all-important question and risk the chance of acceptance, as he could not possibly endure further suspense in the matter. When an opportunity came he broached the subject with as much elegance and delicacy as he could muster to the object of his adoration, but received a rather flat refusal from the lady referred to; which so incensed our young hero that he abruptly left the house, and mounting his horse, immediately started for home. His anger, however, did not prevent him from feeling somewhat sacred at some unusual noises among the trees on the roadside, and his fear increased as he approached the cave.

When that point was reached he saw a dark object emerge suddenly from some bushes near by which looked like a large black horse, and on it the very identical rider he had often heard of at the Ashly house. The sight made him fairly sick. He fell each and every hair of his head rise suddenly upward, and a very chilly sensation took possession of his whole being as the apparition came prancing toward him. His horse shied violently and it was with the greatest difficulty that the animal could be induced to start forward.

When he finally got his horse started at a terrific gallop he looked back and saw to his great consternation the phantom horse and rider rapidly pursuing him and almost at his heels. He whipped up his horse in a vain endeavor to outstrip the speed of his mysterious pursuer, and reached Philadelphia unharmed. When he reached the brow of the hill and looked back he saw for an instant the figures of a horse and rider clearly outlined against the sky. Horrors! he was headless and carrying his head in his hand. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead in great drops and his poor horse was given out. If I could only keep ahead, he thought, until I reach the bridge I should then be comparatively safe, for as it is used to a great extent for travel, the spirit spook, or whatever it may be, would be very apt to disappear.

So on he dashed and finally when the bridge was gained he turned to see his terrible pursuer disaj; car amid fire and brimstone, but instead the rider raised the frightful head which he had carried and aimed it directly at that of our young hero. George tried to dodge the blow,

but it was of no use. The horrid missile struck him and he fell from his horse, badly stunned, just as the phantom horse and its strange rider dashed past him.

The next day, as George did not get up in an appearance, his Philadelphia friends started out to hunt him up and found his horse quietly grazing on the roadside, near the bridge, while not far away lay an old crushed squash, all that was left to tell the tale. Later on John Coleman married Miss Ashly, and when people speak of the phantom that chased George Royal out of town he laughs immoderately and his friends say, with a wink, that he could explain matters if he wanted to.

Lost Their Reason.
Washington Observer.

If the Bible be true, then there is a personal devil, and, if he go about as it affirms, like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, he must have been a frequent attendant upon the deliberations, both of the Cabinet meetings and of the Congressional sessions of the recent Congress. If, in the acts of the Fifty-first Congress, and the discussions of the Cabinet there is not traceable satanic influence, then verily no such power has been felt since the dark days of Medieval life. The systematic attacks upon the citadel of the constitution; the deliberate overthrow of the spirit and much of the latter of that precious legacy of our forefathers; the trampling under foot of the great writ of habeas corpus—that priceless monument of civil liberty; the constant ignoring of the Rights of the States; and the centralizing tendencies of the government threatening speedily to develop into a despotism of the most flagitious and bitter type; the attempt of the Reed-Hoar gang to pass a law aimed at the throat of the whole country and backed up by bayonets and bullets; the usurpation and revolutionary acts of conspirators in both Houses of the Congress—all this indicates that the Wicked One is the chief inspirer in these times of public profligacy and political trickery and usurpation.

The old Latin maxim so often quoted in the newspapers—*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*—“The man whom God determines to destroy, he previously deprives of his understanding,” may be applied to many men now running and ruining the Republican party and trying to ruin the country. The people will yet “destroy” some of these demagogues. Already some of the conspirators have been turned out and others will follow.

CHEAP SUGAR.
An Item of Importance to All Housekeepers.

The close of this month will bring about a change in the sugar market. Housekeepers who have been paying large prices for sugar can have the satisfaction of knowing that it will take a tumble of from two to four cents per pound, and that they need not be so sparing in serving it out either at table, to the servant, or for use in articles of food.

On April 1st, when the duty on raw sugars will be taken off, the price of the refined article to consumers will be dropped about two cents per pound, and the people will enjoy the cheap sugar ever known in this country. Granulated sugar, which now cost the housekeeper from six to eight cents per pound, will be sold at the grocery stores for four and five cents per pound. This drop in the price of sugar will not affect the refiners at all; on the contrary, it will benefit them, because there will be an increased demand for the article.

The price charged for sugar, two cents per pound, which is now paid to the government, as duty on the raw material has all been paid by the consumer indirectly. The refiners will, therefore, make a wider margin than at present. In consequence of the drop which must necessarily come, the wholesale and retail dealers are cleaning out their stocks and buying only small quantities, in order that they may get on the right side of the fence by April 1st.

An Advance representative to-day interviewed Mr. James T. Williams, senior member of the wholesale firm J. T. Williams, Son & Co., and one of the most level headed of business men, who stated that the reduction in the price of sugar could not be more than two cents per pound, that being the amount of duty which will be taken off under the new law. He added, that while the consumer would at first receive the benefit of the reduced prices, the manufacturers would, in the end, reap more than corresponding advantage, just as in the case of tobacco. Mr. Williams was also of opinion that it would be to the interest of every housekeeper who can afford it, to purchase a good supply of sugar during the month of April.

Sea-ick.
Yonk's Companion.

The following is a story told by an old sailor to Samuel Adams Drake, and should be appreciated equally by those who love and those who loathe “the thing they call the sea.”

“Most allus makes more or less folks unwell, the motion does. We had two gents aboard of us last trip. One of ‘em was a lawyer. My grief, wasn't he done up, though!”

“‘Tother wasn't a bit. There he sot, smokin', as calm as a kitten. He was a high-up judge, goin' down to hold court.”

“‘Can I do anything for you?’ says he.”

“‘Yes,’ gasped the seasick one, ‘I wish your honor would overrule the motion.’”

The Looted Treasury.
Philadelphia Times.

Secretary Windom, in his last annual report, estimate the revenues of the United States for the current fiscal year at \$472,000,000, and the expenditures at \$420,000,000. For the next year, ending with June, 1892, he estimated the expenditures at \$431,000,000.

As far as can be made out the Congress just adjourned appropriated \$462,000,000 for 1891 and \$527,000,000 for 1892. This will not only use up Mr. Windom's expected surplus of \$52,000,000 but leave a deficiency of at least \$71,000,000, if the late Secretary's estimates of revenue were anywhere near right.

The figures here given for the appropriations are those of Senator Allison, and are certainly understated. Other authorities make them nearly twenty millions more. The fiscal year of 1892 will be half over when the new Congress meets, and by that time the deficiency will have become apparent.

The Republicans, voted out for their extravagance and incompetency, have simply looted the Treasury and run away, leaving the task of restoring the balance to their successors.

Where, oh, where, is Granuy Blair?
Old man Hoar has lost his hair,
And Tommy Reed—
Emotion compels us to “let up.”

Five Dollars Clear Profit.
Drummer (to country merchant)—“How's biz, Mr. Sharp?”
“Can't complain; just made five dollars!”
“How was that?”
“Man wanted to get trusted for a pair of boots and I didn't let him have ‘em!”—Munsey.

STATE NEWS.
Rockingham Rocket: Dr. H. E. Shephard, president of the Charleston City college, may be the next President of our University.

LaGrange Spectator: The shad season has commenced in earnest on the Neuse, but up to this time a small number have been caught.

Kinston Free Press: There is some complaint of scarcity of labor by our farmers. The farmers are buying vast quantities of fertilizers. The supply is not equal to the demand.

Oxford Day: Wood is very scarce here just now, and some people are actually suffering for fuel during this cold spell. The roads are in such bad condition wagons from the country cannot get to town.

Mount Airy News: The condition of Mrs. S. H. Taylor, who was so seriously injured about the throat and shoulders by the robbers, is slightly better, and her son, Dr. W. S. Taylor, speaks very hopefully of her recovery.

Hickory Press and Carolinian: The log-boom of the Catawbas Lumber Co. broke last Sunday and before it could be repaired about 1,000 logs were carried down the river causing a very heavy loss to the company.

One day last week Messrs. W. H. Jones, A. C. Patterson and J. B. Field made a raid and captured three blockade distilleries. One about five miles from Hickory and the other two in the Britain settlement. Over 2,000 gallons of still beer was poured out.

Beaufort Herald: The farmers of Hyde county, on account of continuous rains have not been able to move in the way of farming. On Tuesday night the 17th of last month Mr. David Jones, of Cape Lookout Saving Station, about a mile South of the camp, found in the wash of the sea the dead body of a man. The body was without clothes of any kind. The arms were off at the shoulders and legs off at the hips.

Morganton Herald: The scores of deadly accidents that have resulted in North Carolina from rotten trestle work show that they are unsafe. The frightful occurrence on the Chester & Lenoir last week speaks eloquently for the abolition of the wooden trestle. No railroad ought to be allowed to carry passengers until its road bed is solid and substantial. Iron bridges ought to be less expensive than human lives. The wooden trestle must go.

Thomasville News: Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. W. G. Wood, who has been blind for a number of years, and who recently went to Raleigh to have an operation performed, has recovered his sight, and writes that he can see as well as ever. He will return to Thomasville shortly.

La Grappe is raging to a considerable extent throughout the country about town but very few cases have been reported in Thomasville.

Deluding the Poor Colored Man.
Last week three hundred negroes passed through Gainville, Texas, en route to Oklahoma to settle there. It is stated that nearly all came from eastern Texas and were a distressed and hard looking set, destitute of money, clothing, provisions, farming implements and everything necessary to prevent starvation and suffering in a new country. A white man from Oklahoma has been representing to them that they could secure a good farm at very little cost and has also sold to nearly every one of these migrating negroes a town lot for \$1 each. These lots were represented to be located in the heart of large towns and to be worth \$100. Every negro had a deed to some imaginary town lot.

Getting It Straight.
Cultured Barber (turning from suffering patron in chair)—“Say boy, where's that other razor?”
Boy—“I seen a razor.”
Cultured Barber—“Don't say I seen.” Say I saw.”
Patron—“With a razor.”

Doing Well.
Southern Tobacco Journal.

The Orinoco warehouse since its opening in October has been doing a splendid business. The influence of Messrs. Watt & Webb is bringing much tobacco to Winston from distant sections.