

The Durham Daily Globe.

By AL FAIRBROTHER.

A CONFESSION.

THE GLOBE is printed every evening—Sunday excepted. It prints all the local news; it prints three columns of editorial slush daily. The GLOBE is independent—not neutral. It is honest and fearless and fair. It recognizes no faction, ring or clique. It talks politics when it feels like it, and will point out an abuse, no matter in which party it may be found. It is not concocted, but expects to make enemies and it will not be satisfied unless it does. It will oppose Wrong and always commend Right with as much vigor as it is able to command. THE GLOBE invites comparison with other papers published in the South. Its religion is TO DO GOOD. Its politics is to Build Up the South. THE GLOBE accords to every living person the right to an opinion, and will respect it, but at the same time it demands the right to express its own opinion and does not care whether it is respected or not. In the upbuilding of Durham and in the fight for the New South, THE GLOBE will always be found right. On other questions it will try to be right, but being human may err. It asks the patronage of all classes, and promises decent treatment to all citizens who deserve decent treatment. It is not muzzled. It is owned by the editor and he will pay his bills. It is not a mendicant and is not turning a hand-organ labeled, "I am blind." If you want it, we want you to have it. If you don't want it, you had better not take it. The price is six dollars a year—fifty cents per month—and we want the cash in advance if you have it with you.

DURHAM, N. C.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

Have you registered?

Wait for Thanksgiving.

THE GLOBE continues to increase in the matter of circulation.

HAD GRADY lived the New South would be further advanced than it now is.

AFTER to-night there will be but one more evening to devote to politics. And it is well.

THE street cars will soon be running. We then all can take a ride. Wait for the street cars.

AND now it is a wood famine. This suggests the thought a wood yard—run exclusive would pay in Durham.

THIS is the first day of November—two more months in the year of 1890, and some old cuss should remark: How times fly.

THE state of Tennessee has been visited by a great snow storm. Rather early for the South to catch the beautiful, but it came.

THE building and loan association will help this town. It will be a profitable investment to all who go into it, and will especially help the poor man.

MR. TURNER did not speak at the court house last night. There was no audience and the electric light did not shine. This is a tuff old world.

RALEIGH wants a new hotel; Winston wants a new hotel; Durham is talking about a new hotel—and it would seem that people were getting hungry.

THIS weather is good enough for us. It beats the world, and a few sample copies of it should be sent West and North. It would pay large returns.

A TOBACCO trust has been formed at Louisville with a capital of \$4,000,000. This is to control the prices on leaf tobacco, but the trust will not make it.

THE King of Holland has been pronounced insane. He probably did not like the job of holding down a throne. He should have sold the throne at a junk shop and made arrangements to take life easy.

ADVERTISERS are coming to see about the mammoth edition of THE WEEKLY GLOBE and they are going into it. This four weeks edition will not only be the neatest paper ever printed in Durham county but will give to advertisers a larger circulation. This fact we stand ready to prove.

STANLEY and his bride have sailed for America. MR. STANLEY's lectures will be interesting, and will be doubly so if he enters into a defense of himself. The charges of his bull-dozing in the dark continent grow stronger and stronger. To date MR. STANLEY has maintained a rigid silence.

GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, of Ohio, who made the legislature come to time, is the hero of the Buckeye state. He is out now showing up what he terms republican frauds with all the vigor of his soul. The republicans are following him, showing up what they are pleased to term democratic frauds. And so the mad world wags away.

WHILE you are waiting for Durham to boom, go and write your name for a few shares of stock in the Mutual Manufacturing company. This is the way to show that you have faith in your own town, and when MANAGER HAASE goes to invite strangers to co-operate, the Durham list will aid very materially. Go write your name at once. The terms are easy and the investment is safe. The men organizing the company are well known in Durham, and there can be nothing in the scheme but a good business proposition.

AN EVEN MONTH.

THE GLOBE has been running under the present management just one month to-night. During the month it has accomplished about all that any newspaper could accomplish in thirty days. It has been talked about, and the general impression up to date is that it is a winner. The subscription books are still open, and any man suffering with indigestion, or who is bothered with that "tired feeling," will find relief by taking a few copies of THE GLOBE. The following testimonial, unsolicited, is sufficient:

WINSTON, N. C., Oct. 21, '90.

EDITOR GLOBE:—I had lost the use of my lungs and had not been able to breathe for thirteen years. I was troubled with worms and night-horse. I also had the tuberculosis, the heaves and the influenza. I took two copies of your excellent household magazine, and yesterday my lungs were so strong that by merely blowing on boiler iron I could cut a hole through it. Please send me another copy.

Yours in the faith,

DARBY SMITH.

Hundreds of such testimonials could be printed, but we know where to draw the line.

WHIPPING POST NEEDED.

When tax-payers awake to the fact that they have enough to do without paying the board and lodging of every petty offender, for several months, then a legislature of this state will introduce the old time whipping post. Take for instance: Yesterday a negro was accused of stealing a lamp chimney. The law is plain and the fellow was thrown in jail to await his trial at the superior court in January. The tax-payer accordingly boards and clothes the fellow for over three months. Then they give him a trial at another expense, and if guilty, as it looks, he goes to the penitentiary. Suppose the case that the negro was in hard lines; was lazy and shiftless as so many of them are. He perhaps would jump at the chance of going to jail and remaining there in idleness until January. It has gotten to be that but very few of the negroes feel disgraced because of a sojourn in jail. On the contrary they come from their cells and are at once social lions. There is no shame—no good has been accomplished.

But suppose the whipping post was in vogue? Suppose that a man who stole a lamp chimney would be publicly whipped and receive enough lashes to make him smart for six weeks? Why the expense would be very light, and there would be less crime. The severer the punishment the less the crime—this is true over all the world.

In China if a bank president or cashier absconds, he is beheaded. No matter what explanation he wants to make—he is beheaded and that ends it. And so the history is that for hundreds of years there have been no defalcations. The cashier and the president remain in their places of business and carry their heads about with them.

THE GLOBE knows that a whipping post is the caper—and it should be in vogue over the entire country. A wife beater, especially, should be whipped publicly, and for every blow he struck his wife he should receive five hundred. The world grows slack on some things while it gets severe on others. A whipping post in this state would save the tax-payers thousands of dollars.

THE SCHOOL REPORT.

In another column the school report for the second month is published. The roll of honor is included, and we notice that times have not changed any, in one particular at least, since the old man who writes this went to school some himself. That is to say there are more girls on the roll of honor than there are boys. Just why this is we cannot determine, but the little girls are always better than the little boys, just the same as women are always better than men. It seems as though in the economy of nature, the girls, who are to become our women, were made better, and the boys are inferior when it comes to being nice and good. It has been many days since we went to school the first time. Many, many days—and mountains of sorrow and clouds of regret dim and obscure the path between the Tien and the Now. With light heart and tripping step, we carried our little primer, and with sister walked one bright spring morning out passed BENTLEY's blacksmith shop and entered the little school house with its rude benches and its noisy little boys who had arrived in advance of us. Mother had dressed us in a new waist—in those days kids did not wear suspenders until they were ten or twelve years of age—our face was clean and our aspiration led us away beyond. Until we got inside the building, all the world was ours. But a measey, dirty faced boy, a year older than myself, perhaps, with a slouch hat tucked in and pulled down over his dirty mug, wearing red topped boots and blue jean clothes, saw us and doubtless mentally said "there's a jay." He had his mouth filled with chewing gum, we called it wax, then, and he said something to us that caused a laugh—and we—why we cried! The heart climbed up in the throat, and school life became a burden from that

day on until we became acquainted with the gang; with its little deceptions; its slang; its simple, yet in those days, seemingly strong cuss words; its quarrels, its hair-pulling and its delight in tormenting the new boy at school. We bent pins and the new boy would sit down on them; we would lie to the teacher when she accused us of doing it—in short we were a boy at school ourselves—and our name did not appear as often on the roll of honor as did sister's—and we guess its the same yet.

We all have had our school days—and we all had fun then. In these new fangled times, these days of patent seats and patent desks; the "scientific" books and rules which teachers are forced to accept, we suppose there is some sport for the kid—but the kid missed it not living several years ago, and having fun as we had it.

TO THE VOTERS.

It seems to be a style of journalism in North Carolina to assume that people generally do not know how to vote. Accordingly THE GLOBE, as the custodian of the state's morals and prosperity, ventures some advice.

It is this: Tuesday is election day. Go to the polls, if you have registered. (Did you register?) Read over the tickets carefully and then walk up and cast your ballot for whomsoever you please. If you want to vote for a rascal, if any rascals are running for office, suit yourself. If you want to vote for honest men, if any are running, suit yourself. You should be the judge. If you do not know the candidates personally you know the principles they are pledged to represent. Then vote as you please—and the country will be safe.

If you vote for one party or another party your vote cannot effect the machinery of government. There is, behind all individuals and all parties, the supreme majesty of the law and before that all rogues must finally come. If a party is successful and betrays its trust or betrays the people, the agents of that party will be brought to time.

It is none of our business, but we would advise you to vote for men whom you believe to be honest and capable. When you do this your duty has been performed. Do not believe radical newspapers or radical speakers on either side. If you are in doubt vote as you please. There is no danger, no matter how it goes. This paper would always vote for a white man—but it has no advice to give. Suit yourself.

A PAINLESS HEART THROB.

Our good friend HENRY BLOUNT throws out in his weekly Wilson Mirror several gobs of thought which he calls heart throbs. They doubtless make him pant, but his heart throbs do not hold a candle to a bundle of bread and molasses gush which is printed this week in the Gastonia Gazette, under the caption of "Farewell to a False Lover." The verses are regular geysers of gush. They were written at Stanley Creek and the hippopotamus which sweats blood never had a harder job than the author of the wretched rhyme. The second jag of the second stanza reads:

The happy past I will not mar
With tears of sad regret,
Nor say when you are gone afar,
"I grieve that e'er met."

Now, who in the world ever read anything that struck the heart with a harder or a colder or a duller thud? Imagine a woman panting and screaming and groaning because her ear met. But there is no use to talk. The vigilance committee should organize and strike out and bring back the false lover. He should be banged in every town in the state and his clammy corpse sent back to Stanley Creek and given to the young poetess who has poured her soul out in these steer-melting goblets. The grass will sigh over her grave some day; the winds will sob, and the rain—the cold rain will fall over the little mound that covers the heart which the false lover yanked out by the long, lank roots. Justice should arm itself with a horse pistol and fly to the desolate scene on Stanley Creek.

AT RANDOM.

The McKinley bill is very bad.
But of talks on it we've had a fill—
The thing that makes us feel so sad,
Is YOUR unpaid subscription bill.

COLONEL PETE BRIGGS is now trying to make people believe that he was the original WILLIAM TELL. He claims that he and COLONEL ROBERT CARR were in Switzerland on a town looting expedition, and that the boom fizzled and they ran out of money. In order to raise money he would place an apple on COLONEL CARR's head and shoot an arrow through it, charging a small admission fee. From this fact the story grew as it has been read in the Fourth reader. COLONEL BRIGGS says that COLONEL CARR always called him BILL BRIGGS, and when they were discussing how they would get back to America, COLONEL ROBERT, in answer to COLONEL PETE's question, merely said, "WILLIAM tell—I can't."

Have you voted? If not, have you registered?

The cool winds chill the heart of the ice cart driver, and he now sits shivering on his box, a blue nosed victim of despair; the striking words "Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup" stare him in the face.

Worth its weight in gold, Salvation Oil, 25 cts.

NOTICE:

We will apply to the Clerk of the Superior Court of Durham county, at his office in Durham, on Saturday, November 22, 1890, to amend and change the Charter of the Durham Medicated Cigarette Company of Durham, North Carolina, in the particulars mentioned and shown in the petition which will be filed.

THE DURHAM MEDICATED CIGARETTE CO., Durham, Oct. 27, 1890.

THE Washington Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK,

Assets Over \$10,000,000,

—OFFERS—

A Most Desirable Contract of Life Insurance.

Non-forfeitable after three years. Incontestable after two years. Unrestricted as to travel and residence after two years. Secured by an invested reserve.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE!

Over 82 per cent. of the entire assets of the Company are invested in bonds and mortgages—first liens on real estate. A larger proportion than any other company.

T. L. ALFRIEND,

Manager Department of the Virginias and North Carolina, Richmond, Va.

SAMUEL L. ADAMS,

Special District Agent.

R. B. BOONE, Of Durham, N. C. L. L. PAMPLIN, Of Nelson Co., Va.

R. B. BOONE & CO.,

Office, Court House Building,

DURHAM, N. C.,

Real Estate Agents and Brokers!

Will Buy, Sell and Rent Property ON COMMISSION.

Personal Attention Given to All Property Placed in Our Hands.

REFERENCES:

The First National Bank of Durham, N. C., The Fidelity Bank, Durham, N. C.

STOKES HALL!

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

THE FAVORITES!

HI HENRY'S

Minstrels!

Presenting a Colossal and Unsurpassed Collection of Thirty Bran New Specialties.

—EMBRACING—

A Lavish Expenditure in the Procurement of Costume, Scenic, Melodic, Artistic and other Prominent Features, thus Delighting the EAR with Harmony Divine while Feasting the EYE on a Gorgeousness of Apparel Beautiful Beyond Comparison and Never Equaled in Minstrel History.

Special Minstrel Prices—25, 50 and 75 cents. Reserved Seats on Sale at Blackhall's Drug Store.

G. M. HARDIN, JR.,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables!

Near First Baptist Church.

THE BEST RIGS IN THE CITY

At Reasonable Rates.

Finest Carriages in the City.

BOARDING HORSES A SPECIALTY.

Gentle Teams and Careful Drivers.

GIVE ME A CALL.

Valuable Real Estate for Sale IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM.

I will offer for sale at Public Auction, on Saturday, November 15, 1890, to commence at the advanced bids affirmed, the J. L. Allen property, situated near the immense Cigarette Factory of W. Duke, Sons & Co., and comprises two very large and well-fitted Prize Tobacco Factories, seven nice Cottage Dwellings with good size Lots attached, and one Vacant Lot. This property is situated where it will annually increase in value, and is now paying over 12 per cent in rents, and will pay increased rents next year.

I also offer for sale, on same day, the property on Railroad street—two 3-Room and 2-Room Dwellings and one Vacant Lot. Property will be sold on premises. Any one wishing to look at the property will be shown by Mr. R. I. Rogers. Terms—One-third cash and balance at six and twelve months, with interest from day of sale. F. R. WARREN, Commissioner, October 18, 1890.

A. L. WIGGINS,

Steam, Water and Gas Fitter!

AND CONTRACTOR FOR

Heating by Steam and Hot Water

DURHAM, N. C.

Prompt and Personal Attention Given to All Orders.

BILLIE WOODIE,

The Well-Known Plumber, formerly with the Durham Water Company, is now with me.

FINE GRADE

JERSEY COWS FOR SALE!

Young and fresh. Also an excellent family mare. Address, Rt. 1, ST. JOHN'S, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Lynchburg & Durham Railway.

TIME TABLE NO. 12.

In Effect Tuesday, September 30, 1890.

South Bound	North Bound
Mail and Express. No. 2—Daily.	Mail and Express. No. 3—Daily.

Lv Roxboro, 9:35 p.m.	Ar Roxboro, 7:20 a.m.
Lv Helena, 9:53 p.m.	Ar Helena, 7:12 a.m.
Lv Lynchboro, 10:05 p.m.	Ar Lynchboro, 7:02 a.m.
Lv Balltown, 10:18 p.m.	Ar Balltown, 6:47 a.m.
Lv Fairmont, 10:30 p.m.	Ar Fairmont, 6:35 a.m.
Ar Durham, 11:00 p.m.	Lv Durham, 6:10 a.m.

W. N. MITCHELL,

Superintendent Transportation.

FIVE YEARS GRACE!

The new McKinley Tariff Bill will not take effect at

Summerfield's Clothing House!

UNTIL 1895.

\$40,000 worth of Goods were bought before the President signed the bill. Our Stock this Fall is the Largest and Best Assorted Selection in the City.

NOTICE PRICES.

1,000 All-wool Cheviot Men's Suits from \$5.50 to \$12.50. These Goods are worth double the money.

1,000 All-wool Worsted Men's Suits (rock and sack) we are selling from \$6.50 to \$20.00. Could not be bought at wholesale, according to the new McKinley Tariff bill, at less than \$10.00 to \$25.00.

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.

Our Store becomes Headquarters in this city for Styles and Prices. A fine line of Children's Knee Pants a Specialty.

OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS! OVERCOATS!

In large and endless Variety in all Styles and Colors, and at Prices that Defy Competition.

HATS AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!

We carry a Large and Well Selected Stock in every respect.

SHOES! SHOES! SHOES!

For Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. Don't buy before examining our Stock. We are sorry that we cannot display our Stock on the sidewalk to show the quality and prices, as it is against the city ordinance.

C. SUMMERFIELD & CO.

WE HAVE

The Best \$10.00 Cook Stove!

The Best \$12.50 Cook Stove!

The Best \$15.00 Cook Stove!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Crockery and House Furnishing Goods!

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Guns, Ammunition, Hunting Coats, Vests, Leggings!

THE FINEST STOCK OF

VASE, LIBRARY AND HALL LAMPS!

The Largest Stock of Hand Lamps!

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF, AT

LLOYD'S HARDWARE STORE.

FURNITURE!

Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits

DINING ROOM AND KITCHEN FURNITURE,

Of grades and prices to suit all.

Mattresses, Springs, Bed Lounges,

IN LARGE VARIETY.

BABY CARRIAGES!

We are HEADQUARTERS for the NICEST and LARGEST line of Carriages in the State. Be sure to see our Carriages before you purchase.

The Leading UNDERTAKERS in the City.

A full line of CASKETS, BURIAL ROBES, SHOES and all necessary outfit for the burial of the dead. Will give prompt and careful attention to all calls.

WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE LEADING FOLDING BED.

Be sure to call and see our stock.

THE DURHAM FURNITURE CO.

WYATT BROTHERS,

—DEALERS IN—

FEEDSTUFFS OF ALL KINDS.

Field Seeds, Sugar Cane, or Sorghum Seed.

Early Amber and Early Orange Varieties are Most Suitable for Our Climate and Soil.

—WE ARE ALSO AGENTS FOR BEST—

EVAPORATORS AND MILLS MADE.

Secure a Plant and make your own Molasses or Syrup.

DEALERS IN WOOD. WOOD YARD IN REAR OF STORE.

SEED IRISH POTATOES.

CAR LOAD JUST BEING RECEIVED.

EARLY ROSE, PEERLESS, BEAUTY OF HEBRON AND BURBANKS.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Main Street DURHAM, N. C.