

The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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New Series—Vol. 2, No. 25—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., APRIL 29, 1874.

—Old Series, Vol. 54.

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

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THIS unrivalled Medicine is warranted not to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

PURELY VEGETABLE.

Containing those Southern Roots and Herbs, which an all-wise Providence has placed in countries where Liver Diseases most prevail. It will cure all Diseases caused by Derangement of the Liver and Bile.

Simmons' Liver Regulator or Medicine,

is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all eliminates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. As a Remedy in

Malarious Fevers, Bowel Complaints,

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It is the cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World!

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Feb. 1st.

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Important to Travelers.

THE Clover Hotel, situated on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, is in every respect a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL.

THE TABLE will at all times be supplied with the best of the Market affords.

The Hungry Traveler can always rely on getting a GOOD MEAL. And ample time given to enjoy the same.

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CONFECTIONERIES,

Canned Goods,

Nuts, Fresh Crackers and Cakes,

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

Viola and Guitar strings,

FANCY GOODS,

Toys, Baskets, Children's Carriages, Birds and Bird Cages,

Segars and Tobaccos. Don't forget.

BROWN'S VARIETY STORE.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Aug. 25 ly.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

ORANGE COUNTY.

Superior Court—27th March 1874.

William C. Cheek,

against

Nannie E. Cheek.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Nannie E. Cheek is a non-resident of the State; It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsboro Recorder for six successive weeks, notifying the said Nannie E. Cheek to be and appear before the Judge of said Superior Court to be held for the county of Orange at the Court House in Hillsboro on the 8th Monday after 1st Monday of March 1874, and answer the complaint which is deposited in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said county; and let the defendant take notice that if she fail to answer the said complaint at that time the Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GEO. LAWS, Clerk.

April 8th '74 9w.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unscrupled easiness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purpose of craft or design to answer cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, an smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

A colored citizen was boasting to a grocer of the cheapness of ten pounds of sugar he had purchased at a rival store.

"Let me weigh the package," said the grocer, and it was found two pounds short.

The colored gentleman looked perplexed for a moment, and then said: "Guess he didn't cheat his child much; while he was gettin' the sugar I stole two pair of shoes."

The Danbury News says that parts unknown is where they don't advertise.

NORFOLK.

Our Norfolk Correspondence.

NORFOLK VA. April 29 1874.

Dear Recorder—The people of Norfolk are looking forward with high anticipations of enjoyment to the arrival of Ex. Governor Vance who is expected to lecture here before long, but on what day has not been announced. The movement was inaugurated by a committee of citizens and the Odd Fellows both without concert of action, which is a compliment to your gallant countrymen, and on making this discovery they organized a joint committee of reception consisting of a number of our foremost citizens. On his arrival he will be received in a manner becoming his distinguished position and past services. I predict for him in advance a genuine oration.

Just now people are talking about General Kemper's letter, which the majority seem to think it would have been better for him to have kept in his portfolio. They are much gratified however, at the election of Mr. Hunter as State Treasurer in place of poor Mayo (who is a hopeless lunatic) and it is hoped the Legislature will enlarge the functions of his office beyond those at present prescribed by the existing laws. I have written you much in regard to the commercial prospects of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and in illustration of this let me tell you that to day we have two British steamers in port. One is filling up with cotton, the other is taking in coal in addition the ship Laurens is taking in cotton at Portsmouth, just across the river. The bark Labramus (English) is doing the same thing, and the Norwegian bark Mussel is also taking in a cargo of what the lamented Timrod beautifully called "the snow of Southern Summers." After this statement the most incredulous will begin to believe with your correspondent that this port is rapidly growing in its commercial importance not only to Virginia but to North Carolina also.

L.

Does Advertising Pay?

Here are some choice excerpts:

"My success is owing to my liberality in advertising."—*Bonner.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Stephen Girard.*

"He who invests \$1 in business should invest \$1 in advertising that business."—*A. T. Stewart.*

"Without the aid of advertisements I could have done nothing in my speculations. I have the most complete faith in printer's ink."—*Barnum.*

"Advertising has furnished me with competence."—*Anos Lawrence.*

CHEESE FOR CANNON SHOT.

The queerest ammunition heard of lately was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe of the Montevideo navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Brown of the Buenos Ayrean service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant. "We're not a single shot aboard—round, grape, canister and double headed are all gone."

"Powder gone, eh?" asked Coe.

"No, sir; lots of that yet."

"We had cheese—a round Dutch one—for desert at dinner to-day; do you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to; I broke the carving knife in trying to eat it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen; we took them from a druggist."

"Will they go into the eighteen pounders?"

"By thunder! Commodore, but that's the idea I will try 'em!" cries the first lieutenant. And in a few minutes the fire from old Santa Maria (Coe's ship), which has ceased entirely, was resumed, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his main-mast, and as it did so, shattered and flew in every direction.

"What the deuce is that which the enemy is firing?" asked Brown.

"But nobody could tell."

Directly another came through a port and killed two men who were near him, and then, striking the opposite bulwarks, burst into splinters.

"By Jove, this is too much! This is some new fangled paixhan or other. I don't like 'em," cried Brown; and then, as four or five more came slapping through his sails, he gave the orders to fall away, and actually backed out of the fight, receiving a parting oration of Dutch cheese.

CORRIG.

IT IS LEARNED BY A firm dealing largely in coal in one of our Western cities had in their service an Irishman named Barney. One day the head of the firm, irritated beyond endurance at one of Barney's blunders, told him to go to the office and get his pay, and added, "You are so thick-headed I can't teach you any thing." "Begorra," said Barney, "I learn was thing since I've been wid ye! What's that?" asked his employers. That stin-tin-bundred made a ton, Barney was retained.

THE SEARCH FOR JOHN SMITH.

John Smith married my father's great

uncle's eldest daughter, Malinda Byrne; consequently I was a relative to John.

John's family had often visited at our quiet country home, and at each visit had most cordially pressed us to return the compliment.

Last October, business called me suddenly to the city of B—, where our relative resided, and without having time to write or apprise them of my coming, I was intending to visit the family of Mr. John Smith.

With my accustomed carelessness, I had left his precise address at home in my notebook, but I thought but little of it. I could easily find him, I thought to myself, as the cars set me down and the smoke and bustle of—

I inquired for my relative of the first hackman I came across.

He looked at me with an ill suppressed grin. What was the fellow laughing at? To be sure my clothes were not of the latest cut, and it is not just the thing for any one out of the army to wear blue with bright buttons; but my coat was whole, and my aunt Betsy had sewed the buttons with whitening and soft soap until they shone like gold. I repeated my question with dignity:

"An you direct me to the residence of Mr. John Smith?"

"Mr. S-m-i-t-h?" he said slowly.

"Yes, sir, Mr. John Smith. He married my father's great uncle's eldest daughter, Melinda."

"I don't think I know a John Smith with a wife Melinda."

John Smith seemed to be a common noun with him, from the peculiar tone he used in speaking of that individual.

"Ah!" remarked I, "then there is more than one of that name in the city!"

"I rather think there is."

"Very well, then, direct me the nearest."

"The nearest is in West street, second left hand corner—you will see the name on the door."

I passed on, congratulating myself on the cordial welcome I should receive from John and Melinda.

I soon reached the place—a handsome house with the name on a silver door-plate; I rang the bell—a servant appeared.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"No, sir, Mr. Smith is in the army."

"Mrs. Smith is she?"

"In the army? oh, no—she is at the beach."

"This is Mr. John Smith's house is it?"

"It is."

"Was his wife's name Melinda, and was she a Byrne before she was married, from Squashville?"

The man reddened and responded angrily. "I'll not stand here to be insulted! Make off with yourself or I'll call the police. I thought from the first that you was an entry thief, but you don't play no game on me!" and he banged the door in my face.

"I, a thief! If I had not been in such a hurry to find the Smiths, I should have given that rascally fellow a sound chastising on the spot."

Inquiry elicited the fact that a John Smith resided in Arch street. Thither I bent my steps. A maid servant answered my ring.

"Mr. Smith in?"

"Before the lady could reply, a big, red faced man jumped out of the shadows behind the door, and laid his heavy hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, sir," he cried, in a voice of thunder.

"Mr. Smith is in. He stayed at home all day on purpose to catch you! and now by Jupiter, I'll have my revenge!"

"Sir, said I, 'there must be some mistake. Allow me to inquire if you are Mr. John Smith?'

"I'll inform you about Mr. John Smith in a way that you won't relish, if you don't settle damages forthwith. Five thousand dollars is the very lowest figure and you must leave the country!"

"I erred. 'What do you take me for? You'd better be careful or you'll get your head boxed in?'

"I'll save your head in for you, you young villain, you!" cried he springing at me with his cane.

"Oh, John, dear John!" exclaimed a shrill feminine voice, and a tall figure in a sea of fineries bounded down the stairway.

"Don't—don't for the love of heaven—don't murder him."

"Whom do you take me for?" cried I, my temper rising.

"It looks well for you to ask that question!" sneered the man, "you have won my wife's heart, and are here now to plan to elope with her! I've found it all out—you needn't blush, and—"

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you," said I; "but I have never seen your wife before. I perceive she is not Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle."

"Sir, do you deny that you are William Jones? Do you deny that you are in love with my wife?"

"I am not a Jones—I have not that honor sir. My name is Parkwell—Henry Parkwell, of Squashville!" and with a bow, I took myself off.

After that I called at the residence of

three John Smiths—none of them was my Mr. Smith, and nothing occurred worthy of note.

My next Mr. Smith resided in Portland street. Thither I bent my steps. It was a very small—evidently not the house of wealth and cleanliness. I made my way up to the front door, through a wilderness of old rags, broken crockery, old tin ware, etc., scattering a flock of hens and rousing a snappish little terrier from his nap on the steps.

A red-faced woman answered my rap, but before I could make my customary inquiry she opened on me like a two-edged butcher knife.

"Well, of all the impudent rascals that ever I see, you beat the lot! I want to know if you had the cheek to come back here again? You'd like to sell me another German silver pot, and another brass bosom pin to dear Araminta—wouldn't you?"

"By no means," said I; "I beg leave to inform you—"

"Oh, you needn't beg! We don't believe in beggars! I s'pose you thought I should not know you—but I did! I should know that black back of yours in California! Clear out of my presence or I'll lay my broun-handle over you! If there is anything I hate, it's a peddler—especially a rascal like you!"

"Allow me to inquire," said I, "if Mr. John Smith's wife was Melinda Byrne, the eldest daughter of my father's—"

The broomstick was lifted, I heard it cut the air like a minnie bullet, and sprang down the steps into the street, at my best pace.

An angry man I do not fear, but who can stand before an angry woman? I would rather face a roaring lion.

I called on two more Mr. Smiths—still unsuccessful in my search. It was getting near dark, and I was more than anxious to reach my destination.

My next Mr. Smith was located in Lenox street. It was twilight when I rang the bell at his door.

A smiling fellow admitted me fairly forcing me into the hall, before I could utter a word.

"Walk right in, sir, they are expecting you! The ladies will be down in a moment. Miss Hattie is in the back parlor. Walk right in, sir."

I was gently pushed toward the door of a shadowy apartment, and at the entrance I was announced:

"Mr. Henry!"

The gas was not lighted, and the apartment was in semi-darkness. I heard a soft, quick footfall on the carpet, and a pair of the sweetest lips in the world touched mine—and, good gracious—for a moment the world swam; and I felt as if I had been staved in honey, and distilled into Lubin's best tripe extract of roses.

"Oh, Henry—my dearest and best! Why don't you kiss me, Henry?" cried a voice like music. "Have you ceased to care for me?" and again the kiss was repeated.

Who could resist the temptation? I am naturally a diffident man, but I have some human nature in me, and I paid her principal and interest.

"Oh, Henry, I had so feared that being in the army had made you cold-hearted—good heavens! She fell back against a chair as pale as death. The servant had lit the gas, and I stood revealed.

"I beg your pardon, warm," said I; "there is evidently some mistake. May I inquire if Mr. Smith's wife was Melinda Byrne, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle?"

The red flush came to the young lady's cheek—she was handsome as a picture—and she replied with courtesy:

"She was not. You will, I hope, excuse me for this blunder I have committed? We are expecting my brother Henry from the army, and your blue clothes deceived me."

"For which I shall always wear blue," I replied gallantly. Allow me to introduce myself—I am Henry Parkwell, of Squashville, and in making my bow, bow, I stumbled over an ottoman, and fell smash into a china closet, demolishing at least a dozen plates and as many glass tumblers.

I sprang to my feet—seized my bag; and without a word dashed out of the house.

I knocked over a man who was passing at the moment, and landed myself on my head in the gutter. The man picked himself up, and was about to make a display of muscle, when the glare of the street lamp revealed to me the well known face of my John Smith.

"Eureka!" cried I. "Allow me to inquire if your wife was Melinda, the eldest daughter of my father's great uncle Byrne?"

"She was," said he, grasping my hand, "and I am delighted to see you! But, confound it if you needn't come at a fellow's door!"

"But I must out my story short, and I had a good visit; I saw Malinda to my heart's content. Nay, more—I met was properly introduced to Hattie Smith—and—well—I am having a new suit of clothes made—and in due course they will be married—myself in them, to the young lady just alluded to."

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