

# The Hillsborough Recorder.

J. D. CAMERON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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New Series—Vol. 3, No. 8—

HILLSBOROUGH, N. C., DECEMBER 23, 1874.

—Old Series, Vol. 54.

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**UTILIZING THE THISTLE.**

What if the Canada thistle, scorned, hacked at, hoed up, plowed down, poisoned, despitely belabored, by a million tongues and pens, should, after all, prove to be, as it were, a veritable angel in disguise, and rise in judgment to prick in vital parts the army of obtuse husbandmen who failed to recognize its merits? Yet it may be. It is possible there is more in it and of it than is dreamed of in our agricultural philosophy. Only a little while ago we had the report that a farmer in New Zealand had discovered that no crop is better to prepare the surface for grass than one of thistles; that they kill the ferns, clean the soil, and in three years die out themselves, leaving the land in the best condition. And now a farmer in Canada claims that a heavy crop of thistles turned under is in point of fact more valuable than clover to prepare the ground for wheat.

There are said to be half a dozen American artists in Rome who are starving for food, and yet they can't be induced to come home and go to sawing wood.

Said a Missouri preacher: 'There's a powerful sight of giggling back that in the corner, and it's got to be stopped or the Lord will delegate me to open the door and throw some one out!' It was stopped.

Henry Clay describes a mule as 'an animal that has no pride of ancestry and no hope of posterity.'

## POST MORTEM LOVE.

Why is it that so many people keep all their pleasant thoughts and kind words about a man bottled and sealed up until he is dead, when they come and break the bottle over his coffin, and bathe his shroud in fragrance. Many a man goes through life with scarcely one bright, cheering, encouraging, helpful word. He toils hard and in lowly obscurity. He gives out his life freely and unstintingly for others. I remember such a man. He was not brilliant; he was not great; but he was faithful. He had many things to discourage him. Troubles thickened about his life. He was misrepresented and misunderstood. Everybody believed that he was a good man, but no one ever said a kindly or pleasant thing to him. He never heard a compliment, scarcely ever a good wish. No one ever took any pains to encourage him, to strengthen his feeble knees, to lighten his burdens, or to lift up his heart by a gentle word of love, or by a cheerful word. He was neglected. Unkind things were often said of him.

I stood at his coffin, and then there were many tongues to speak his praise. There was not a breath of aspersions in the air. Men spoke of self-denials—of his work among the poor, of his good qualities, of his quietness, his modesty, his humanity, his pureness of heart, his faith and prayer. There were many who spoke indignantly of the charges that falsehood had forged against him in past years, and of the treatment he had received. There were enough kind things said during the two or three days that he lay in the coffin, and while the company stood around his open grave, to have blessed him and made him happy all his fifty years, and to have thrown sweetness and joy about his soul during all his painful and weary journey. There was enough sunshine wasted about the bleak coffin and dark grave to have made his whole life-path bright as clearest day. But his ears were closed then, and could not hear a word that was spoken. His heart was still then, and could not be thrilled by the grateful sounds. He cared nothing then for the sweet flowers that were piled upon his coffin. The love blossomed out too late. The kindness came when the life could not receive its blessings.

But meantime there is a great host of weary men and women toiling through life toward the grave, who need cheering words and helpful ministries. The income is gathering to scatter about their coffins; but why should it not be scattered in their paths to-day? The kind words are lying in men's hearts and trembling on their tongues, which will be spoken by-and-by when these weary ones are sleeping, but why should they not be spoken now, when they need them so much, and when their accents would be pleasing and grateful? It costs but little to give men a great deal of joy and help. One brought a bunch of flowers to my table, and for a whole week they filled my room with fragrance. One wrote me a cheering letter, breathing a spirit of gratitude and love. It came when I was weary and depressed, and was like the meal prepared by the angel for the old prophet. I went on in his blessed strength for many days. One met me on the street, and spoke an encouraging word and grasped me warmly by the hand; and for hours I felt that warm grasp and heard that word echoing through my soul. A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those that mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil a man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell his so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he can write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgment? If you know a weary or neglected one, would it not be Christ-like work, to seek every opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart stilled. Do it now. Post mortem kindness do not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*Rev. J. R. Miller in S. S. Times.*

Very seldom does one see a greater amount of homely hard sense put together in compact space than appears in the following to the Legislature of North Carolina from the Hickory Piedmont Press:

It is to be hoped that the present Legislature will make some improvements on our game laws.

Lay a heavy tax on pistols, bow-knives and dogs.

Make some provision for the accommodation of the insane persons in excess of what the present asylum building will accommodate.

Settle the public debt in some way or other.

Do something handsome for our common schools.

Talk little, do much, keep sober and write regularly to their wives or sweethearts, as the case may be.

## LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. My pen is not wanted. I can go back to the type-case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—news-paper work, job-work, book-work, and press-work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is a work upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boy-hood to manhood—On the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him: "Very well! Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come you have a good trade always in reverse."

The young man saw the wisdom and understood.

Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote: "It is a great source of consolation to us that when the public shall be tired of us as editors, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts ten thousand blockheads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poor house."

And so may a man become truly independent.

**KEEP OUT OF DEBT.**—Half the perplexity, annoyance and trouble that men have in the world, is in consequence of getting into debt. It seems to be natural for some people to buy and incur obligations without measure, so long as they can avoid paying ready cash. Give one of this sort a chance to buy on credit, and the questions of price and conditions of payment, are matters that he cares but little about. But what a crop of trouble springs up from the seed of debt! How many sleepless nights result from it. How many gray hairs it brings, and how often it shortens life—sometimes leading men to commit suicide or murder. And yet how easy it is to keep clear of this terrible monster.

Every young man should form a fixed and unalterable determination, before commencing his active business career, not to incur one penny of indebtedness, under any circumstances. Never by anything, unless you have the money to pay for it at once. Pay no attention to 'splendid opportunities,' 'bargains,' 'rare chances,' and the like. Such are only traps set to catch victims. If you see anything that you would like to accept, look first at your money pile, and make the answer depend upon that. Always pay as you go. If you are short of money, gauge your demands accordingly.

## HORSES.

For worms in the bowels, give, daily for a week, a ball made of sulphate iron (green coppers) two drachms; pulverized ginger, one drachm. Wet up with oilmeal and boiling water, sufficient to make into a ball. At the end of the week give linseed oil sufficient to physic the animal Repeat another if necessary. A drachm of tartar emetic may be substituted in place of the coppers, but is not so safe a remedy. For ascariæ or pin worms in the rectum, give an injection of linseed oil, one quart daily for two or three days; and repeat after a week.

**A HARD CASE.**—A New York mercantile house held an unsettled claim of long standing against a lame duck 'out West,' and hearing he was becoming 'well to-do,' sent their claim on to a lawyer to collect. In due time they received a reply, which effectually 'laid' any hope they might have entertained of receiving their money. It ran in this wise: 'Gents, you will never get any spondulicks from Bill Johnston. The undersigned call upon him yesterday, and found him with nary tile (no'er a hat), his feet upon the naked earth, and not clothes enough upon him to wad a gun.' We call that an expressive simile.

## HOW MIKE RODE THE BULL.

One of the most laughable stories of a bovine kind that has ever tickled the ribs, of the only animal that laughs, is the one in which Mike Fink describes his ride in the "natural state" on Deacon Smith's Taurus.

We defy a cynic, in fashionable trousers, to read it and not burst a button or two off the places to which his suspenders are hitched. It is simply 'enormous.'

Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off, when he saw Deacon Smith's bull making at him. The bull was a vicious animal, and had come very near killing two or three persons, consequently Mike felt rather 'jubus.'

He didn't want to call for help, for he was naked, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive, was the meeting house, which was at the time filled with worshippers, among whom was the 'gal Mike was paying devotion to.' So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him by the tail.

He was dragged around till he was nearly dead, and when he thought he could hold no longer, he made up his mind that he had better 'holer.' And now we will let him tell his own story.

"So looking at the matter in all of its bearings, I came to the conclusion that I'd better let some one know what I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it wasn't long before I see the Deacon's two dogs a coming down like as if they was seeing which could get thar first."

"I knowed who they war arter—they'd jine the bull agin' me. So, sez I, 'Old brindle, as ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this route, if you have no objections, I'll just take a deck passage on that ar' back o' yourn.' So I warn't very long getting astride of him."

"Then, if you'd been thar, you'd have sworn thar war nothing human in that ar' mix, the sile flew so orfully, as the critter and I rolled round the field—one dog on one side and one on the other, trying to clinch my feet."

"I prayed and cursed, until I couldn't tell which I did last—and neither warn't of no use, they were so orfully mixed up."

"Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it war time to stop and take in a fresh supply of wind and cool off a little. So when we got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted, so sez I, boy, you'll lose one passenger certain. So I just clum up a branch, kalkulating to roost till I starved, afore I'd be rid round that ar' way any longer."

"I war making tracks for the top of the tree, when I heard euthin' a makin' an orful buzzin' overhead, kinder looked, and if thar wasn't—well, thar's no use in swearin'—but it war the biggest hornet's nest ever bit. You'll gin in' now I recon, Mike, 'cause thar's no help for you."

"But an idea struck me then that I stood a heap better chance a ridin' the bull than whar I was. Sez I, old feller, if you'll hold on, I'll ride to the next station, anyhow, let that be whar it will."

"So I just dropped aboard him agin, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changin' quarters, and gentlemen, if I ain't a liar, if thar warn't night half a bushel of the stingin' varmints ready to pitch into me when the word 'go' was gin."

"Well, I recon they got it, for 'all hands' started for our company. Some of 'em bit the dogs—about a quart struck me, and the rest charged on brindle."

"This time the dogs led off fust, dead bent for the old Deacon's and as soon as old brindle and I could get under way, we followed, and as I was only a deck passenger, I had euthin' to do with steerin' the craft; if I had, we shouldn't have run that channel anyhow."

"But, as I said before, the dogs took the lead—brindle and I next, and the hornets directly arter. The dogs yellin'—brindle hollerin', and hornets buzzin' and stingin'."

"Well, we had got about two hundred yards from the house and the Deacon heard us and come out. I see him hold up his hands and turn white. I recon he was prayin' then, for he didn't expect to be called for so soon, and it warn't long neither afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—cum out, and then all hands went to yellin'."

"None of them had the fust notion that brindle and I belonged to this world—I just turned my head and passed the whole congregation. I see the run would be up soon, for brindle couldn't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead."

"Well, we reached that fence, and I went ashore, over the critter's head, landing on the other side, and lay thar stunned."

"It warn't long afore some of them as was not scared, cum runnin' to see what I war; for all hands kalkulated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle walked off by himself, they seeed how it war, and one of 'em said—"

"Mike Fink has got the scutsmage once in his life!"

"Gentlemen, from that day I dropped counting blues, and never spoke to a gal since, and when my hunt is upon this yearth, thar won't be any Finks and it is all owin' to Deacon Smith's brute bull."

## THE PROPOSED TWENTY-CENT PIECE.

In a note to the Baltimore American Mr. M. V. Davis writes from the office of the directors of the mint, as follows:

"In your issue of to-day, I noticed a paragraph stating that at the next session of congress it is proposed to have two new silver coins authorized, viz.: A twelve-and-a-half and a twenty-cent piece, and asking the question: 'Why not adhere to decimal coins?' I think the idea of a twelve-and-a-half and a twenty-cent coin is erroneous, and has arisen from the fact in telegraphing to the press a synopsis of the director's report for the last fiscal year, the proposed twenty-cent coin was referred to as a twelve-cent coin, the mistake being with the operators, not in the report. The necessity for such a coin does not exist: A bill authorizing the issue of a twenty-cent silver coin was introduced in the senate by Senator Jones, of Nevada, and passed that body at its last session. Not reaching the house, however, until the closing hours, it failed for want of time, but will probably become a law at the next session of congress. The object in providing for such a coin was to relieve an embarrassment which has long prevailed on the Pacific coast in making change in consequence of a ten-cent silver coin, or 'bit,' being the lowest denominated coin in circulation—our five cent copper nickel coin being almost unknown in California, and all efforts to introduce them having thus far proven unsuccessful. Under the 'bit' system which obtains there, if a purchaser offers in payment a twenty-five-cent coin for an article, the price of which is a 'bit,' or ten cents, he receives only ten cents change, and consequently loses five cents in the transaction. The issue of a twenty-cent coin will relieve this difficulty, and at the same time conform to our decimal system of money."

A Frenchman intending to compliment a young lady by calling her a gentle lamb said: 'She is one mutton as is small.'

According to a Cincinnati paper, John Thomas was recently sued by Hester Prim for breach of promise. 'John Thomas, come into court!' shouted the constable. 'John Thomas needn't come in to court me say more,' said Hester, primly.

A Colorado exchange says: "The Canon city girl don't take kindly to croquet. They say it is too high-toned for them. Leap-frog is their best hold."

Don't stand still and point the way to heaven. Spiritual guideboards save but few sinners.

When a young wife made her first boy's pants precisely the same behind as before, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

Don't linger where your 'love lies dreaming.' Wake her up and tell her to get breakfast.

Died in a vain attempt to twist the tail of a male, is a western obituary on the unfortunate subject of a practical joke.

It must make a man feel mean to pay an old debt because he thinks he is going to die and then have the doctor pull him through all right.

"What's the use, in these days, in trying to be honest?" exclaimed a grumbler. "Oh, you ought to try it once and see," retorted one of his companions.

Raleigh has a Grange hotel.

Two field sportsmen of Murphy, Cherokee county captured 500 lbs of venison in one day.

The contributions to the Oxford Orphan Asylum for November amounted to \$1080.75 in cash.

Spier Whitaker, Esq., an Enfield lawyer, has gone to Colorado to make his residence there.

A revival is in progress at Wake Forest College.

A grand Temperance rally at Knap of Reeds, Granville county, Christmas—News.

A petition has been in circulation in Wilmington for signers, requesting the Governor to commute the sentence of David Martin, the boy murderer, to imprisonment for life in the Penitentiary.—Observer.

The Greensboro Patriot says: We will venture the assertion that there is more improvement going on in that city, than any in the South of its size.

The Legislature has determined to adjourn on the 23d of December, to meet on the 31st Monday in January.